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ART. I.—*Winckelmann, sein Leben, seine Werke und seine Zeitgenossen.* Von Carl Justi. 3 Volumes, Leipsic, 1866-72.

THE book at the head of this article will well repay perusal. Though Winckelmann exercised an electrical influence in his day, and attained an European celebrity, inspiring contemporaries with a new conception of Art, and kindling their imaginations by a flashing revelation of the Antique, these volumes first give us a real life of him. Full justice has been done to the virgin subject thus taken in hand. Dr. Justi has performed his part with discriminating love and an exhaustive research which has made his composition more than a mere biography: it is an encyclopædic history of whatever can in any way bear upon or illustrate the influence of Winckelmann's individual action. We tender our warm acknowledgments for the indefatigable industry which has cleared every speck of haze from the memorable and dramatic career of an extraordinary man—a career bespeaking interest on many scores; at its outset painful, at its close deeply tragical, at various points marked by curious psychological features, and from first to last pre-eminently distinguished by indelible vigour in one particular pursuit.

In the sandy plain known as the Old March, which stretches with dreary flatness from Magdeburg to Hamburg, lies the dilapidated town of Stendal, with grass-grown streets and tumble-down houses, an image of desolation, though once a stately stronghold of those indomitable German colonists, who won this tract for their race from the Slaves, and monuments of whose vigour are yet vi-

sible in massive gate-towers and lofty church-steeple, rising like solemn ghosts of the past over the surrounding solitude and decay—monuments of striking character, but as removed from the forms of Classical architecture as is the monotonous landscape from the type of Greek scenery. In this grim phantom of rugged Mediæval existence John Joachim Winckelmann was born, December 9, 1711, and passed those earlier years during which the mind is apt to receive from surrounding objects the impressions that permanently influence after life. Nothing could be well humbler than the conditions of fortune which attended his birth. His father was a cobbler, of such scanty means, that the family dwelling consisted of a thatched hovel, with only one room for all domestic purposes. Poverty, in the full sense of the term, was the lot of Winckelmann's infancy, as dilapidation was the marked feature of all which the boy looked upon. Notwithstanding such eminently unfavourable conditions for development of intellectual ambition, he manifested an early desire to seek higher culture. The father had reckoned on his helping in the cobbling business, but the lad besought to be allowed to attend the town school, a foundation due to the liberality of former ages, where Latin was professedly taught. It was not a flourishing institution. The general decay pervading all Stendal life was also on this school; still, such as it was, a course of Latin and kindred subjects was given, and the young Winckelmann eagerly desired to have the benefit of admission thereto. His request was acceded to, and it is recorded how the parents, simple-minded and devout adherents of the reformed faith,

comforted themselves with the thought that such learning could not fail to make their son a stout preacher of the Bible. Trifling as were the school expenses, they were yet more than the family means could afford, and the boy was therefore enrolled amongst the recognised charity scholars—they were called *Currendeschüler*—who received a few pence as choristers at funerals and church services, while as wandering minstrels they sought to pick up from charitably disposed townsmen some trifling additional alms wherewith to defray indispensable payments. This practice was not peculiar to Stendal. The *Currendeschüler* was a standing institution in Germany. Not a few distinguished men began life as such; and it is noteworthy that, besides Winckelmann, two other conspicuous promoters of classical studies—Gessner and Heyne—owed their first instruction in Latin letters to doles they earned as wandering minstrels. Winckelmann attained such proficiency that he became præceptor of the band; but his progress was still more remarkable in other branches, notably in classics. The only lessons at which he showed inattention were those of divinity. 'It was no uncommon occurrence,' Rector Paalzow writes many years after, 'for Herr Winckelmann during such lessons to occupy himself surreptitiously with making extracts from some ancient writer,' a proceeding vainly visited 'with due severity,' for the orthodox old pedant adds with an almost audible groan, 'that for all this there was no changing him therein;' and the fact had better be acknowledged at once, that by all instincts and sympathies of his nature Winckelmann was, and ever remained, a pagan in sentiment—one to whom associations connected with Olympus and Parnassus were more familiar than those connected with Sinai and Calvary.

In this manner, however, the boy contrived to acquire a quite amazing amount of knowledge, when the very elementary character of the teaching is considered. It is noteworthy how at this early period we find foreshadowed qualities eminently distinctive of the man. Already at school he was called the 'Little Librarian,' who carried in his head all the literature garnishing the Rector's shelves, while out of inconceivable economies he would contrive to scrape together money wherewith to buy himself some books. Throughout life his indefatigable faculty for accumulating knowledge was only equalled by his wonderful knack for saving out of miserably stinted means enough wherewith to purchase coveted volumes. A youth of such temperament needed a higher class of instruction, a fact recognised by the

Rector, a worthy man, who generously assisted his promising pupil by introduction to a comparatively superior gymnasium in the neighbouring town of Salzwedel. Here Winckelmann pursued his studies under guidance of one who was a thorough specimen of the dry pedagogue. In return for board and lodging, Winckelmann gave private instruction, and so contrived to continue his schooling until his nineteenth year, when definite plans for life became urgent. Winckelmann was painfully conscious of never having yet done more than knock at the outer gates of classical lore. To penetrate into the inner sanctum would need an University course, and in the way of obtaining this there were grave obstacles. In the first place, Winckelmann was divided in his mind as to the faculty he should enter. He knew that those he revered expected him to embrace theology, and the thought brought little comfort to his mind. He himself inclined at this period towards medicine, as the most likely study to prove remunerative; but the sense of dutifulness towards his parents, at all times strong in Winckelmann, got the upper hand, and he matriculated as a student of divinity at Halle, which, under the spirit of criticism originally quickened by Thomasius, was then the most renowned school in Germany for Protestant theology and kindred branches of learning. But this influence, while elevating, also narrowed the spirit of this University, confining excellence to particular subjects not the most congenial to Winckelmann's tastes, while his cherished classics were but poorly cultivated. Winckelmann perceived that he would not gain in the lecture-halls that flood of light he was in quest of. He soon ceased to be regular at lectures—those of divinity he was indeed compelled to attend, but it was with a wandering mind—and he sought to slake his thirst for classical reading by private study in the public libraries, pursued with a passionate ardour which made him an object of observation. Notices by contemporaries of Winckelmann during his two years' University attendance, show his life to have been still of the same penury as previously. From a pauper schoolboy he had become a pauper student, the only difference being that whereas he had been a *Currendeschüler* he now was a *Famulus*, the recognised German University fag, who did themes and exercises for wealthier and idler students in return for book-loans and occasional free tickets to students' messes.

It deserves to be noted that notwithstanding his insatiable love of study, Winckelmann had nothing of the prig about him.

The man whose whole nature brightened joyously at contemplation of the beauty in classical form, and who revelled with keen enjoyment in the glowing charms of southern landscape, necessarily entertained a genuine relish for social pleasures and sprightly conversation. He possessed eminent powers of animated talk. His numerous letters attest at once his urgent need for active intercourse and the copious flow of his thoughts. They are genial, and animated, and chatty, full of matter that wells forth unaffectedly like a gushing stream, charming and spontaneous effusions of a teeming mind and of a soul brimming over with buoyant sentiment. The enduring proneness through life to contract and keep up ardent, even passionate, friendships was also a characteristic feature in him. What love is to some, a passion irresistibly awakened by contact with a graceful woman, that male friendship was to Winckelmann. His correspondence is couched in tones of exuberant affection—of a soul that hangs dotingly on the bosom of a confidant and rejoices in the sense of unreserved effusion, without yet becoming sentimental in expression. There was indeed no shred of sentimentalism about him, and the natural accent of his epistolary outpourings is in striking contrast to the unreal tone of a certain school of letter writers then considerably in vogue. This point stands in close relation to the essence of his mind and tastes. Warm at heart, and susceptible of keen pleasure, his nature was yet cast in a severe and an abstemious type. Throughout his system there ran an antique fibre—a fibre of antique thought and antique sentiment that partook in several respects of the Stoic element. Abounding in male friends, ecstatic and enduring in his attachment to them, Winckelmann never entertained for any woman a passion which laid hold of him. There is no trace of a real love passage in his life, though, from some allusions in letters from Rome, it may be inferred that while living in the free society of artists, and amidst varied objects of beauty, as well in the flesh as of marble, he may occasionally have shown himself for moments not quite insensible to the physical charms of some persons of the other sex. But a genuine fit of healthy passionate fondness for, or even confirmed flirtation with, a woman, unless exception be made for his relations towards the wife of Raphael Mengs, to which we shall allude hereafter—such a fit as will for a while control and make a man the slave of fascination—does not occur in the life of Winckelmann. It is essential to understand this peculiarity of temperament

in the otherwise inflammable nature of this warm-hearted man. The Damon and Pythias' vein, the conception of Platonic intimacy, was prominent in his nature, even unto becoming a *cultus*. He said himself that the friendship of his conceptions was not 'that which Christians were told to practise, but the one revealed only in some few everlasting examples of the antique world,' a friendship involving 'absolute repudiation of all selfishness.' On another occasion he repeats this idea yet more clearly, making it a specific charge that 'private friendship, far from having temporal and eternal rewards set on it, is not even once mentioned by name in the New Testament.' These utterances date indeed from a later period, but they are not out of place here, for they express a sentiment springing from the inner essence which moulded his personal relations throughout life.

Such then was Winckelmann the student, a pleasant messmate and cheerful companion, who often appeared at the ordinary with Aristophanes or Cicero under his arm, and yet, in his frugal fashion, contributed to the mirth of the gathering, and keenly enjoyed conversation, particularly if it turned on travel into foreign parts. Two circumstances are recorded of this period which deserve to be noticed as very characteristic. The one is Winckelmann's singular self-denial. There is no record of his having ever at any period of his life fallen into debt, notwithstanding the often painful peccury of his circumstances. The other is the marked longing shown by him for travel into a foreign world in which existed those objects on which his imagination ran. On two occasions Winckelmann did impatiently set out on journeys, in the character of a begging student, with his letters of matriculation as vouchers in his appeals to the charitably disposed for a night's lodging and board: once to Hamburg, under the irresistible desire at least to look at, and in some sense handle, a celebrated collection of classical books advertised for public auction; and another time to Dresden, under the then Elector a capital of splendid pageantry and renowned art-treasures, the yearning to gaze on which he could not withstand. Zealous as Winckelmann had been in his own way, that way had not been in the prescribed academical groove, and at the end of his two years' term he received the merest pass certificate. He neither ventured on the customary public disputations nor did he graduate; and his sole University diploma, which he kept to the end of his life as a curiosity, was a testimonial from the Theological Faculty, attesting that

Winckelmann had attended lectures, and expressing a hope 'that he may have reaped some fruit from them,' though, it was significantly remarked, that it had not been possible to 'learn anything conclusive as to the actual condition of his mind.' But though thus arrived at the close of his academical career with but a poor testimonial of qualification, Winckelmann had contrived to establish a reputation which now did him service. The Chancellor of the University, Ludwig, was owner of a considerable library, which was in disorder, and he engaged to catalogue it the ardent though desultory student, of whose insatiable voracity for reading he had heard. Winckelmann afterwards spoke of the six months spent in this service as wasted time, but it would seem that the Chancellor's recommendation helped him to get a place as private tutor, whereby he was enabled to visit the University of Jena, and qualify himself for a course of life certainly more in accordance with his natural disposition than the duties of the pulpit.

After a stay at Jena, which on the score of diplomas was as little productive of results as the Halle residence, and a course of tuition in a family, resulting in a violent affection for his pupil, Winckelmann obtained, in 1743, the place of *Conrector* or second master at the grammar-school in the town of Seehausen, in the Old March. His salary was only 120 thalers (about 20*l.*). During five wearisome years he continued helplessly tied down to the thankless drudgery of having to din some elementary instruction into the brains of a few Seehausen lads. The reader has been told what kind of place Stendal was. Seehausen was a second Stendal, a forlorn and dilapidated hamlet, with some not unpicturesque vestiges of former stateliness, but then shrunk into the dimensions of a mere village with only two hundred and fifty inhabited dwellings, the inmates of which were sturdy Low German yeomen, whose minds were engrossed with thoughts about crops and the farmyard. A more thoroughly disheartening residence it is impossible to conceive for an ardent lover of Greek letters. The tone of the Seehausen notabilities in religious matters was that of undoubting Protestant orthodoxy. Winckelmann had shown himself most ready to conform to all observances, 'taking the communion with his colleagues as often as he was asked to do so,' but still he had not succeeded in escaping grave suspicion. The frightful discovery had been made that on Sundays he carried into church a Homer instead of the Lutheran prayer-book, for which grievous

offence he was reprimanded 'with all spiritual fervour.' This Winckelmann would have borne meekly, but his very soul was exasperated that the Rector ventured to carry his religious indignation so far as to cast doubts, not merely on his orthodoxy, but even on the correctness of his Latin. Winckelmann could not brook this insinuation, and it whetted his eager desire for finding perforce some means of escape from an intolerable slavery. To this end he strove now to intensify his economy, and subjected himself to a course of asceticism worthy of a Trappist. Bound during the day to drill his classes, Winckelmann devoted the night to the reading of his favourite authors. It is recorded that for one whole winter he never gave himself more than four hours' rest in an arm-chair before his writing-table and without even a fire, his only protection against cold being an old fur cloak. At four he would light again his lamp to study till six, when he had to repair to the schoolhouse. It was not merely the love of study which induced Winckelmann to adopt this severe system; he was actuated also with the idea that to harden his body was indispensable for emancipation from his present circumstances. His mind was afire with plans for realising his ardent desire to look on the actual configuration of the southern world; and while chained to a Seehausen class-room his imagination ran on wanderings to the Pyramids with a body trained to extreme abstemiousness, an oaken staff, and a Herodotus as the whole outfit for the expedition. The very irritation at his circumstances gave a morbid stimulant to his fancies, for his letters at this period exhibit a hardly intelligible feverishness of wild scheming. It is also extraordinary to note how varied and well-nigh omnivorous was his study at this time. There is preserved a number of scrap-books filled with extracts, and nothing can convey a livelier sense of Winckelmann's enormous diligence in the acquisition of knowledge than the laborious transcripts in these note-books. We find sections of early German history written out in careful detail, followed by pages from French and English authors, with numerous extracts from the Leipzig 'Learned Transactions,' then the chief organ for literary announcements. Winckelmann devoted no ordinary labour to the acquisition of foreign languages, especially of English and Italian; whereas French literature had little attraction for him.

Schemes of distant travel were, however, only the dreams of fevered moments, and what he really had to hope for was a trans-

fer to some less distasteful locality. In vain he offered himself for every vacancy he could hear of; it was only to encounter failure, aggravated at times by humiliation. Family grief came in addition to these repeated disappointments. In March 1747 he lost his aged mother, to whom he was dotingly attached, and so between aggravated official worries, sadness of heart at bereavement, and general despondency at failure in every effort to procure some improvement in his position, things had got to a plight which drove him to exclaim in a confidential letter, 'I am now resolved as soon as possible to decamp from here.' At this juncture, just as he was ready to rush into some reckless, and possibly irretrievable, resolution, a beam of comforting light shot most unexpectedly through the black bank of clouds that seemed to be closing with impenetrable denseness around the horizon of his existence.

In the summer of 1748, Winckelmann met by accident a young graduate, who had just given up the post of amanuensis to Count Bünau, owner of a private library that had no parallel in Germany. Winckelmann listened intently to the young man's account of the life he had just quitted, and was seized with longing to become his successor. Under the impulse of 'desperation,' as he afterwards acknowledged, Winckelmann sat down, and, without introduction or testimonial, wrote to Count Bünau offering his services. 'Oh employ me in whatever manner it may please you,' are the terms of entreaty in which he presented his petition. 'Most readily will I devote myself absolutely to your Excellency's service; only place me in a corner of your library to copy out curious anecdotes.' Henry, Count Bünau, to whom the appeal was addressed, was a remarkable man, in many respects. He was a scion of an old noble family of Saxony, and had himself acquired eminence as a statesman in the political fortunes of his country. Eclipsed in the favour of his frivolous sovereign by the more supple and less scrupulous Brühl, he had withdrawn to the retreat of his ancestral château, at Nöthenitz, where he became engrossed in literary pursuits and the composition of an exhaustive 'History of the German Empire.' He was no superficial student. At a period when historians were wont to look seldom below the surface of things, and to take readily their material at secondhand, Count Bünau made it the special object of his conscientious research to marshal original sources and sift the substance of original authorities. He had in his mind a conception, that has become familiar to the present age, of the

indispensable necessity to have as a foundation for true history a critical collection of records. What has since been done in Germany, under the direction of Pertz, floated already before Bünau's mind—namely, a careful edition of early chronicles and documentary evidence. To this purpose he devoted an amount of industry which justly elicited the admiration of contemporaries (Lessing said that he only needed the one faculty of being able to extend time indefinitely), and he collected at Nöthenitz a library of such extent, that he kept actively employed three assistants in copying the materials out of which he was to compile his great publication. To this stern student and great nobleman—bearer of an historical name enhanced by personal distinction, a magnate of high lineage, and a renowned statesman who had withdrawn from the giddy eddies of court intrigue to the proud seclusion of his splendid domain and self-made library—the son of the Stendal cobbler addressed himself point-blank in the terms of impetuous supplication we have seen. He fervently told the whole story of his life—his yearning from childhood for literature, his strenuous efforts resulting only in reiterated disappointments and a wretched position—and then, after a painful recapitulation of baffled hopes, unconsciously burst into words (which can hardly have failed to strike so observant a judge as Bünau), characterised with that indelible self-confidence inherent in superior minds. 'Still I could become of use to the future of the world,' he exclaimed, 'if only I were somehow dragged out of my obscurity, and could find employment in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.' In his reply Bünau expressed himself not absolutely disinclined to entertain the application, as he had enough work to occupy an additional amanuensis; but he asked for testimonials, and then considerately warned Winckelmann of the risk incurred by the exchange of a permanent appointment, however humble, for one which must be dependent on another's life. On receipt of this letter Winckelmann was beside himself with joy. Entirely overlooking the fact that it contained no pledge, that all it conveyed was a demand for testimonials, with characteristic impulsiveness he considered himself assured of nomination, and actually resigned off-hand his teacher's place. Happily these sanguine anticipations were not falsified. After a short interval Bünau wrote expressing readiness to receive him at Nöthenitz, on trial for a year; and in September 1748, Winckelmann proceeded thither to continue for six years a member of the Count's household.

The entry into Bünaus service constitutes an epoch in Winckelmann's life. He was now upwards of thirty years of age. Till then he had vegetated in a soil every fibre of which was uncongenial to his nature, and it is a marvel that the elasticity of his intellectual constitution had not been crushed out. At last he was transplanted into a world such as he had been longing for—a world of high culture and intellectual atmosphere, combined with the presence of objects to gratify the taste for art. In considering the moral effect on Winckelmann's mind of this removal, it is necessary to have a clear idea of how marked was at that time the contrast between the public aspect of things in Prussia and Saxony. The latter was pervaded by a conspicuous spirit of lavish splendour, manifested in gorgeous Court revels and costly displays, and combined with a general geniality of temperament; while throughout Prussia there prevailed a positively relentless spirit of parsimony, and an administrative system that was one sheet of rigid compulsion, enforced by the switch of the drill-sergeant. To get out of Prussia into Saxony was for Winckelmann what for many has been the getting out of Russia—escape from a land of tyranny and serfage. Though born and bred in Prussia, Winckelmann's detestation of it amounted to frenzy. He called it 'the land of despotism.' 'My skin shivers from head to foot,' he writes once from Rome, 'when I think of Prussian despotism, and of that flayer of mankind, who will continue to be an object of universal detestation, and to blast with an eternal curse the country already blighted by nature, covered with a Libyan sand. *Meglio farsi Turco circonciso che Prussiano.*' And on another occasion he says, 'My country is Saxony; I recognise no other, and there is not one drop of Prussian blood in me.'

This rabid repudiation of his own specific place of birth is the more curious, as coming from one who in a remarkable degree felt the patriotic sentiment. It has been often noticed that earlier German classics evince a want of national feeling. Winckelmann is most certainly not open to the reproach. While his tastes and studies were in the direction of objects far removed from the interests of the age he lived in, we find Winckelmann always giving expression to a strong German feeling. Over and over again the word '*patriot*' recurs emphatically in his correspondence in reference to pending political events, and it is never applied otherwise than in a decidedly national sense. There is, indeed, one circumstance narrated, quite touching in its indication of the strong love of olden home-associations, which to

the last kept its hold on Winckelmann. When domiciled in his self-chosen Roman country, a voluntary alien to the land and the faith of his birth—himself become an Abate—clothed in rustling robes of silk, the domestic familiar of a Prince Cardinal, amidst the soft-warblings of southern notes, and the luxurious enjoyment of all the pleasures his heart most delighted in, Winckelmann would in the early summer morning solace himself on the terraced roof of the joyous Albani Villa with reading—not in Aristophanes, nor in Cicero, nor yet in light Italian verse—but in the well-thumbed copy of the old Lutheran hymn-book, out of which, as a Currendeschüler, he sang in Stendal. The fact is one well to remember, if we would know what sort of a man this Winckelmann really was; for there is something inexpressibly affecting in this echo of Teutonic sentiment vibrating poignantly to the heart of the expatriated cobbler's son, athwart the folds of sybaritic existence, in the melody of a rugged hymn that breathed overpowering sweetness, because associated with the recollection of having first heard it when rocked far away on his parents' knees in the sand plains of the Old March. The man who under such peculiar circumstances of life could retain such genuine affection for the associations of his early and dreary existence, however he might profess to be an apostate, never could become a renegade to his kith and kin. This strong German vein manifested itself in a not less characteristic sentiment of instinctive dislike of the French. 'Amidst other things I praise God for, is also this, that I am a German and not a Frenchman,' he writes from Rome. He detected the literary conceit which disfigured the genius of that nation, and it is quite remarkable to what a degree he carried his antipathy. This sentiment, no doubt, had much to do with a milder view he took in later years of Frederick the Great. During the occupation of Saxony and the catastrophe of its Royal House, Winckelmann's indignation at the success of 'the flayer of nations' grew to white-heat. But when peace saw his patrons back again in Dresden, and subsequently the Prussian freebooter came out in the character of a commander, who thrashed foreign armies gloriously, and notably the legions of swaggering France, Winckelmann's heart could not restrain the quick beats of delight at the tidings of great national victories. Indeed he became so appeased that for a time he seriously entertained a proposal that would have made him exchange as his permanent residence Rome for Berlin. It is of no substantive importance what Winckelmann's political feelings

were; his fame for posterity rests intertwined with antiquarian labours. But psychologically for comprehension of what he was in the flesh—of the wide and lively sympathies embodied in his nature—it is well to note how little antiquarian studies warped away his sympathies from contemporary occurrences, and how, in this fact, resides, no doubt, in great degree the secret of that fascinating influence which Winckelmann's conversation is acknowledged to have exercised on those with whom he came into personal contact.

Nöthenitz was not above an hour's walk from Dresden, offering every facility for enjoying the many advantages of that city, while proximity to the capital brought thither a continued flow of visitors. The notices of Winckelmann's life during the first years of his stay are meagre, but there are enough traces of his activity as a copyist to show that he had no idle time of it. He was set to compile a division of the Count's library catalogue, and as if an evil fortune would pursue him, the division assigned him was that of books connected with Church History, and particularly the lives of saints and martyrs. That was not however his whole occupation. Note-books made at this period show with what assiduous industry he sought to profit by the varied stores in this great library. Subjects the most foreign to his favourite classics, as for instance, early German chroniclers, and the origin of Feudal and Imperial rights, occupied his attention, while he besides made copious extracts from an astounding number of English and Italian writers. We find him studying Burnet, Clarendon, and Shaftesbury,—the latter was evidently a favourite,—while one volume is wholly filled with manuscript transcripts from English poets. This volume really constitutes an anthology from writers of the Restoration and Queen Anne period. Milton (whom Winckelmann admired greatly), Butler, Pope, Waller, Cowley, Congreve, Addison, and Thomson, are all laid under contribution. Nor is Shakespeare omitted, though Dr. Justi has observed that the extracts could all have been found in quotations, so that the evidence is faulty as to his ever having read the text. This wide range of study, branching out into fields the most remote from classical associations, is particularly curious as having been pursued at the very period that immediately preceded his taking a capital step, to which he was solely actuated by the irrepressible determination to secure access—no matter through what means—into the longed-for Elysian fields situate for him on the other side of the Alps.

The chief interest of this Nöthenitz period concentrates itself in the circumstances that led Winckelmann to determine on making a profession of the Romish faith. On this head much mystery prevailed at the time, resulting in not a few incorrect statements. Contemporaries at a loss for precise data had recourse to guesses. A prevalent story was, that having been employed by Büнау to buy books in Italy, Winckelmann had fallen under the influence of Italian blandishments, according to some, or had become affected by the reading of Greek Fathers, according to others. Goethe was nearer the truth in his indication of personal agencies that had been at work, though he was wrong in charging Büнау with having shown selfish indifference to Winckelmann's wants. There is no foundation for the assumption that Büнау's conduct had anything to do with Winckelmann's resolution. The whole process of his conversion is now unrolled before us in uncomfortable detail. Never was a change of religion made with so absolute an absence of religious fervour. Henry IV., when he ventured on what he called his perilous leap, was a paragon of fervour in comparison with Winckelmann. Desperate impulsiveness prompted the step which landed him in the Büнау circle: but the step which removed him out of it was exclusively the result of deliberate calculation. He had come to the conclusion that to attain the cardinal object of his life—a protracted visit to the land teeming with classical associations and the choicest specimens of ancient art—it was indispensable, in his pecuniary position, to secure the assistance and abiding favour of certain powerful interests; and these he had satisfied himself he could not insure more certainly than by making a profession of the Roman Catholic belief.

Already during the second year of his residence at Nöthenitz, Winckelmann showed signs of inward restlessness, and revolved how to make his present situation a stepping-stone towards the goal upon which his eyes were ever intently fixed. There was much in the atmosphere of Dresden life to inflame a mind already disposed to ruminate on Italy. The tone of society resembled that which prevailed in this country under James II., one of frivolity combined with religious professions. The country was Protestant, but the dynasty was Catholic; and its gay members readily compounded for a career of dissipation by promoting the stealthy operations of proselytism. Italians were special favourites at Court, for they were at once skilled in the arts of diversion and adepts in the service of the true Church.

An individual of very high influence was the Court physician, Bianconi; so was likewise the Elector's Jesuit confessor, Leo Rauch, by birth a German, but an Italian by education; and particularly the Papal Nuncio, Court Archinto, who seems to have been admirably qualified to play the courtier, the diplomatist, and the churchman; a man of pleasure, who kept a mistress, and yet a priest who was a first-rate hand at angling for converts. It was this wily Roman ecclesiastic who performed the chief part in the drama of Winckelmann's change of faith. On the occasion of a visit to Nöthenitz, the Nuncio is related to have been shown over the library by Winckelmann. The shrewd Italian noticed the intelligence of his *cicerone*, and an acquaintance sprang up that was not allowed to drop. In a letter of March 1752, Winckelmann hints at some negotiations with the Nuncio, which promise to secure him an improved position. But the Nuncio, though always most affable, never would enter into specific engagements, confining himself to merely vague though encouraging declarations. Suddenly it reached Winckelmann's ears that a report of his intended apostasy was abroad; and he was seized with terror lest Bünau should hear of it. He accordingly sat down and wrote a truly painful letter to the young Count's tutor, one Berendis, who was one of his confidential intimates. He authorised Berendis to contradict the report emphatically, and yet with the inconsistency of a flurried mind virtually admitted that he was hanging back only because he would insist on satisfactory preliminary conditions. In reply, Berendis tendered truly friendly advice; he urged that whatever Winckelmann might resolve to do, he should act openly towards Bünau. The advice so given was followed, though the effort cost much pain, for Winckelmann nervously dreaded the manner in which his patron would receive the communication. He announced that he had entered upon negotiations with the view of becoming for a year or two librarian to Cardinal Passionei, as great a book-collector as Bünau, and a man of European reputation, for whom even Voltaire expressed his high respect. Bünau was a strong Protestant, and, as an historian he showed decided bias against the Roman hierarchy. He bluntly stigmatised apostasy as an act which branded a mark of shame into conscience. But uncompromising though his principles were, Bünau on this occasion again displayed the considerateness that is inspired by knowledge of the world. Disregarding the little *suppressio veri* in the omission of all reference to the fundamental

condition to profess Romanism, Bünau went straight to the point. The shrewd diplomatist at once laid his finger on the pith of the bargain. He warned Winckelmann not to act lightly, without having previously secured the *quid pro quo*. There can be little doubt that the statesman's caution made impression on the hovering neophyte. The decisive step was again adjourned several times, although the day had been fixed. Nor was Winckelmann satisfied when at last the Nuncio was induced to come to particulars. Pushed into a corner, the latter showed a paper containing an offer from Passionei to assign Winckelmann lodging and the paltry salary of 36 ducats a year. This disclosure operated like a shower-bath on his religious fervour; and a rupture seemed imminent, when the Jesuit confessor stepped forward with the assurance of an annual allowance of a hundred florins. It deserves to be recorded that this priest proved a true friend. Whatever motives may have actuated him, he never failed to be as good as his word to Winckelmann. Nevertheless, the decisive resolution still hung fire on various grounds. He was to have been received on June 1st, but once again he contrived 'to evade the fatal step.'

It is as if Winckelmann had been torn inwardly with distracted feelings, and that the final resolution was taken under the spur of a chance impulse. There is a story, resting on the authority of a statement purporting to have come from Winckelmann himself, that what determined him was the fact of his happening to hear himself pointedly alluded to from a Protestant pulpit 'as a stray sheep,' to be held up to reprobation. An account of his actual reception into the Church is given in a letter to his dear friend Berendis, written immediately after the event. It furnishes so vivid a narrative of the painful struggles he went through, and the circumstances connected with his resolution, and is so curious from the ingenuousness of its admissions, that, though it travels over ground already trodden, we here subjoin a long extract. Let the reader especially bear in mind that this letter was written very few days after the solemnity:—

'UNIQUE FRIEND AND BROTHER,—*"When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long,"* Psalm xxxii. 3. Brother mine, I have, alas! made the fatal step I avoided with difficulty a year ago. Oh, friend, hear me and weigh my grounds. My health is not to be helped but by change. Here all mental recreation fails me, and loneliness becomes bearable but through uninterrupted work. . . . No happiness is before me (think well on this), no retreat is any more open. I sought to drag on the matter. After

Easter I went to the Nuncio, as he was reported to be on the point of departure, to take leave and recommend myself to his good recollections. It was more than a year since I had seen him. He overcame me with his unexpected affability; he almost embraced me, and I am at a loss whence he got of me so high an opinion, as I could not expect from the Father Confessor. "My dear Winckelmann," said he, while continually squeezing my hand, "follow me; come with me; you shall see I am an honest man who does more than he promises. I will make your fortune in a way you have no conception of." All this made no impression. I said I had a friend I could not leave.

A whole month elapsed, during which I revolved within myself in indescribable disquietude. . . . When, at last, I saw that there was nothing for me to hope in the future, then I took my resolution, and, through the Confessor, informed the Nuncio that I was ready to make my profession secretly into the Nuncio's hands, but not to go away before having completed my work here. The joy of the Nuncio at this first conquest during his Nuntiature, perhaps in his life, was intense, and the act was performed in his chapel, where he appeared in *Pontificalibus* with two of his priests, and with the assistance of the Confessor. I afterwards entered his closet with the Confessor, where the Nuncio reiterated his assurances, with the declaration "I shall inform their Majesties the King and Queen, and you Reverend Father will ask of the King the money for his journey when he is able to come. You are personally known to the Electoral Prince," he said to me, "and can reckon on the protection and help of the Royal Family. I will again strongly recommend you, and, as I have to depart, you Reverend Father must look after his health." . . . That Father was desirous to administer to me the Sacrament, but was prevented by his having to leave next morning, and so this was done *privatim* on the 8th. . . . *Alia jacta est*; nothing more can now be done.'

And then comes a postscript, with this astounding ejaculation from a neophyte, but which is painfully illustrative, in the unveiled crudity of its expression, as to the inner workings of the mind:—

'By our sacred and everlasting friendship, brother mine, I here solemnly affirm, that if only I knew of some other way I now still would take it. For what do I care for the Court, and these scoundrelly (*hundesföttische*) Priests.'

These words, as written at that particular moment, may well shock. Yet, in their coarseness, they are the forcible expression of such a paroxysm of inward uprising as momentarily overcomes control. At no time did Winckelmann trade in hypocritical masquerade, but his nature was too refined to indulge habitually in coarseness. There is another utterance of his from a later date

which, in the withering simplicity of its confession, has something overwhelmingly tragical:—'At no time have I let the word expire on my lip; truth has ever been in all matters my device;' and then, with the low hushed tone of conscience speaking to itself, he added, '*except in one point—Religion.*'

The immediate consequence of Winckelmann's profession was a change of residence to Dresden. The final parting from Büнау was painful, though it did not involve a rupture. Büнау's feelings were those of commiseration, while Winckelmann retained grateful affection for the 'protector, benefactor, and friend, who, on my own application, plucked me out of darkness without having any knowledge of me.' He used to write to him from Rome, and mourned Büнау's premature death with heartfelt grief. It was due to no failure on the part of his Catholic friends that Winckelmann's departure for Rome was postponed for a year. He was desirous of completing in Dresden the publication of a book on which he was engaged, and which, as his first literary effort, constitutes a singular instance of late development notwithstanding precocious genius and great mental activity. The 'Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works' were inspired by a feeling of the inferiority of modern art. It was a protest against the principles of the Rococo style, at that period generally in fashion, and nowhere more so than at Dresden. In this respect the treatise was calculated to wound personal susceptibilities. But, in addition, it already contained the germ of Winckelmann's subsequent teachings, and the expression of his cardinal doctrine in *Æsthetics*, that the distinctive feature constituting the superlative excellence of Greek Art consisted in 'the dignified and calm grandeur of attitude' in which its works were moulded. Here already Winckelmann waged war against the contortions and distortions of the Bernini school, then so much in vogue. Notwithstanding the pronounced taste of the Court for the bagwig style of Art, this book was received with marked favour, and produced considerable sensation. The Father Confessor took it under his especial countenance, and obtained the Sovereign's permission to have it dedicated to him. 'This fish shall get to swim in his proper water,' was the King's gracious expression, and Winckelmann saw himself a popular author, and a man publicly countenanced by high protection.

It was September 24th, 1755, that Winckelmann at last set out on the pilgrimage he had so long yearned to be able to perform. His stay in Rome was to be of two

years' duration, for which term he had assurance of an allowance out of the King's privy purse. Ultimately, the grant was extended over six years, though at a reduced scale, for during the last three years it amounted to only 100 instead of 200 Thalers. The distresses of a disastrous war then weighed heavily on the Saxon Court, or the interest of his ever staunch friend, the King's Confessor, would certainly have secured him an ampler provision. The fatherly care of this watchful Jesuit visibly hovered around Winckelmann throughout his progress towards the Holy City. We find him travelling in company with priests, and at various stages hospitably lodged at Jesuit houses. The road taken was through the Tyrol, by Verona, Venice, Bologna, and Ancona—the same Winckelmann travelled again on his last and fatal journey; and it is noteworthy how different were his feelings on the two occasions in regard to every object that met his eye. The votary who, after years of hope deferred, is now at last entering the garden of his soul's yearning, actually manifests no sensation of pleasure as he advances into Italy; on the contrary, all his expressions of delight are expended on the beauties of the northern world which he is leaving. The loveliness of Tyrolean scenery, the grandeur of its Alpine landscape, are the objects of his ecstasy. 'On the whole journey the passage through Tyrol has been to me the most charming portion.' . . . 'I felt happier in a village at the bottom of a hollow, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, than ever in Italy.' He inwardly vowed on his return to make a halt here 'to enjoy moments of delight.' As he passed near Trent into an Italian population, he was disagreeably affected by the immediate appearance of 'poverty and dirt.' Even Venice could not fascinate. 'The first glimpse,' he admitted, 'took by surprise, but admiration vanished very soon.' The weather was raw, and he hastened away, without even having visited the Library of St. Mark. With Bologna he was somewhat better pleased, which was due to the kindly reception he encountered from the brother of the Dresden Court physician, Bianconi. But during the remainder of his journey he felt much out of humour at the dirt in the wayside inns, and the first view of the Roman Campagna produced only the depressing impression of 'a veritable desert.' In this anything but cheerful frame of mind Winckelmann entered the Eternal City through the Porta del Popolo on November 18th, and took up his quarters in one of the many lodging-houses frequented by strangers in the Pincian region. Even Rome seems

for some time not to have been able to awaken a cheerful temper. In his first letters he grumbles at countless discomforts—eating is very dear, and of 'swinish quality;' the noise in the streets at night so intense as to prevent sleep. (It is well to remind the reader that at this time the Piazza di Spagna and neighbourhood constituted a sanctuary under the ex-territorial privileges of the Spanish Embassy, an Alsatia swarming with bad characters, who defied with impunity the Pope's Sbirri on the watch in the adjoining streets.) But after some weeks Winckelmann's tone shows symptoms of acclimatization. In May already he gives expression to the hackneyed sentiment that 'the longer one knows Rome the more one grows to like it.' He now recognises the delightful fact of his having got into the atmosphere of a congenial existence—of his actually moving in a world of Art, where, free from the social conventionalities to which he had hitherto been tied, he could indulge in the character of an Artist, and live in unrestricted intercourse with men wholly given up to either the study or the practice of Art.

The foremost intimacy struck up by Winckelmann in Rome was with Raphael Mengs, then only twenty-seven years of age, but already an artist of European reputation, on whom exceptional honours had been conferred, the Academy of St. Luke having elected him one of its body. The circumstances which led to Mengs' presence in Rome illustrate well the singular estimation in which he was held. Having as a mere lad attracted the notice of King Augustus III., he had been named Court painter, and when the Catholic Court Chapel in Dresden was being constructed, he received an order to paint the altar-piece. This Mengs affirmed he could do only at his leisure in Rome, where, accordingly, he was allowed to take up his residence for many years. He had an artist's fondness for display and magnificence, and was fortunate enough to be able to indulge these likings. He was a petted favourite with Royal personages and the recognised prince of contemporary painters, maintaining an ample establishment, and living upon a footing of equality with the magnates of society. The pride of art—the punctilious sense of what was due to the intellectual excellence of his calling—was strong in Mengs, even to arrogance, and he keenly resented the slightest fancied disrespect to his claims. At the same time, he was not a mere conceited worldling, who valued the relations of life solely by the standard of selfish advantage. In the streets of Rome his eye was caught by the beauty

of a young girl at a time when he was engaged in sketching the head of a Virgin. 'Ecco la Madonna che tanto cerco!' was his exclamation; and, attended by her mother, the girl sat to him. Her name was Margherita Guazzi, a beauty of the people, such as are not unfrequently met with in Rome, and furnish models for painters—splendid types of animal beauty and passionate natures in the rough. There is little culture in these creatures, and Margherita was no exception, for she never learned to read or write. Nevertheless, the fashionable artist not only made her his wife (which was nothing out of the way, for similar ties have repeatedly been contracted by the most fastidious men), but the painter of His Spanish Majesty, who had a ship of war assigned for his transport when he travelled, who was lodged in the palace, and lived as a member of the Royal Household, compelled the stubborn rigidity of Spanish etiquette to recognise this unlettered Roman model as the legitimate partner of the King's Painter, and to admit her to all the privileges of his court rank. There is no instance of a more thorough bending of the knee by conventional grandeur in homage to talent than this triumph of Mengs over the pride of Spanish ceremonial.

At the time of Winckelmann's arrival, Mengs was still engaged on the interminable altar-piece for the Dresden Court Chapel. It might have been thought unlikely that these two men could have contracted a violent friendship for each other. Winckelmann was boiling over with enthusiasm and passion; while the fastidiously methodical and punctiliously haughty Mengs was a lump of frigidity. The one was ever animated with the volcanic fire of intuitive genius; while the coldly eclectic nature of the other was in its intellectual actions solely moved by the unimpassioned mechanism of studied calculations. Yet one bond of affinity existed, which instinctively knit together these souls spun in so many different fibres. Each in his own method, and with widely different powers, had made the attainment of the same goal the object of his lifetime—namely, the understanding of the principles of classical Art. Mengs' pictures have long ceased to have attractions. The want of all individual character, the thinness and methodical frigidity of both composition and execution, have made them distasteful to our generation. But this type of academical lifelessness resulted from the artist's absorbing devotion to the strict imitation of classical prototypes. Winckelmann therefore found in Mengs the very complement he stood most in need of, namely, that acquaint-

tance with the technical manipulations and exercises, without which no work of Art can be actually produced. In Mengs he met with one who with unrelaxing assiduity sought, in antagonism to the licence of the Rococo school, to revive the grave correctness of classical form in reproductions worked out with elaborate care. To us the result achieved seems indeed painfully meagre, the feeblest possible imitation of the mere externals of classical composition, colourless copyings of high-Art designs bearing stamped on their face the marks of constitutional impotency in execution. To Winckelmann, however, the works of this imperfect imitator appeared as the productions of one who was the reviver of genuine Art principles. He calls him a 'Phoenix rising out of the ashes of the first Raphael to teach the world what beauty in Art signifies;' and again he ventures ecstatically to affirm that the 'essence of all recorded beauties in the figures of the ancients is to be found in the immortal works of Anton Raphael Mengs, court painter to the Kings of Spain and Poland, the greatest artist of this and possibly of all times.' It is true that Winckelmann's taste in painting was in many respects open to challenge. Nevertheless, his sense for beautiful forms always appreciated the excellence of Raphael; and already in Dresden he emphatically expressed intense admiration for the San Sisto Madonna, when the pre-eminent qualities of this painting were by no means generally admitted by critics.

Under these circumstances, an enthusiastic friendship was established between the two. 'This acquaintance,' writes Winckelmann, 'is my greatest bliss,' and he became all but an actual member of Mengs' establishment; the daily welcome guest at his well-appointed table, and his inseparable companion in peregrinations through galleries. 'Many are the hours we spend together; he nourishes me with his knowledge, and, when he is tired, then I begin to expound my ideas.' The correspondence soon affords evidence of the practical fruits of this perpetual exchange of mutual outpourings. Hardly more than a month after his coming to Rome, we find Winckelmann alluding to an important work on the anvil, much of which was already sketched, and for the execution whereof he greatly relied on the advantage of Mengs' counsel. Shortly after we hear that this great work is to be a treatise on the taste of Greek artists, and that the beginning had been made by a description of the statues in the Vatican Belvedere. 'This labour absorbs me to such a degree, that I think of it wherever I go and wherever I

am.' But as day after day the marbles in this gallery were inquiringly scrutinised and discussed between Winckelmann and his 'sole critic' Mengs, the scope of the work enlarged in his eager mind, until what originally had been conceived as a mere descriptive catalogue, an improvement on Richardson's 'Guide to Roman Collections,' ripened into the grand idea of a *History of Art*. Once conceived, the plan was strenuously pursued, and from this time almost every letter written by Winckelmann contains some allusion to the great task in which his heart and mind were henceforth engrossed. The true vein had been struck, and instantly recognised with the keenness of intuitive genius; nor did Winckelmann's mind ever allow itself to be seriously diverted from the vast field it had alighted upon. For a season he did indeed contemplate publication of a critical essay on Modern Restorations of Antique Fragments, but after having completed the manuscript, he threw it aside as calculated to interfere with his great work. The spirit of this treatise may be gathered from the following characteristic reference to it in a letter:

'I am vexed that from regard for some modern artists I should have conceded to them certain superiorities. The Moderns are donkeys by the side of the Ancients, whose finest works we have not got; and Bernini is the greatest of modern donkeys, barring Frenchmen, to whom the palm in this manner has to be allotted. I tell thee *never admire the work of a modern sculptor*. It would be a subject of surprise to compare the choicest pieces of *Modernité*, which undoubtedly exist in Rome, with the middling works of the Ancients.'

But what had become of Winckelmann's ecclesiastical patrons, Archinto and the Father Confessor's allies, the men who had encouraged hopes and held out dazzling prospects? It cannot be said that during the first year of his residence Winckelmann met in these quarters with the reception that he might have reasonably anticipated. His first visit to Archinto, now Governor of Rome and promoted to the purple, proved decidedly disappointing. The courtly Prelate welcomed his neophyte with nothing more substantial than glib expressions of general goodwill, and Winckelmann left the Cardinal's palace with the resolution not again to darken the oblivious dignitary's threshold with his shadow, and to be content 'to live and die a free man' on his slender pension. During upwards of a year he steadily eschewed contact with Roman circles. But in the course of 1756 events occurred which suddenly obliged Winckelmann to bestir himself. In rapid and

alarming succession came tidings how the Prussians had advanced victoriously, how Dresden had been taken, and how the whole Saxon army had been made prisoners of war. The fortunes of the Royal House of Saxony appeared to be wholly blotted out, and in this apparently absolute ruin Winckelmann had reason for apprehending that the King's purse would be unable to defray even the paltry pension which was his whole sustenance. The sharp edge of necessity now drove him perforce to look around with the view of seeking from Roman sources that indispensable support, with the imminent loss of which he saw himself menaced. It will be remembered how in Dresden a prospect had been held out of becoming Cardinal Passionei's librarian, and that even positive offers had been made to him. Such, however, had been Winckelmann's mortification at Archinto's behaviour, that he had never even waited on this distinguished Prince of the Church and lover of letters. His tardy introduction was now due to the intervention of an acquaintance picked up in Mengs' society, who himself deserves notice as an example of the eccentric characters to be found in Rome beneath the sable domino of the ecclesiastical garb. Monsignor Giacomelli was domestic chaplain to the Holy Father, Prebendary of St. Peter's, and subsequently Secretary of Briefs, about the only appointment in the Court of Rome that, as a rule, has remained outside the area of mere favouritism, in consequence of the special knowledge of Canon Law and Latinity demanded for its duties. In this capacity Giacomelli, under the next Pope, evinced himself a pungent organ of extreme anti-Jansenist sentiments, and his name is connected in Church history with composition of the most vehement Apostolical utterances that fanned into an unquenchable blaze the embers of this theological controversy. But this bitter Churchman no sooner got within the precincts of his private study and shuffled on his dingy dressing-gown than he became a transformed being. In that innermost closet, accessible only to the most intimate associates, the folio of Canon Law and Dogmatic Doctrine were absolutely banished from the shelves around the wall to make room for choice volumes, the repositories of sparkling wit and unbridled humour. Giacomelli has the reputation of having been the best Greek scholar of Italy in his day, and his delight was to read Aristophanes with the regularity a priest should expend upon his Breviary, shaking his sides with convulsive laughter at the jokes of the Attic comedian. Closely guarded from the scru-

tiny of puritanical censors, in a locked desk, lay the pet production of Giacomelli's literary activity, a manuscript version into Italian of Aristophanes' plays, without expurgation. He had laid down for himself a course of humorous reading, appointed for the seasons of the year, like the lessons in the Breviary, which always finished with a story of Boccaccio, to be perused before going to bed. This quaint light of the Church instinctively recognised in Winckelmann a brother in classical sympathies, and took him to his bosom. He made him known to Roman litterati, and, despite Winckelmann's reluctance, insisted on carrying him to his friend Passionei.

The Cardinal was, perhaps, even a greater original than the Pope's domestic chaplain. The Romans had nicknamed him Cardinal Scanderbeg and Pasha of Fossombrone (his native place), from his notoriously passionate, despotic, and bearish humour. His growl was, however, often worse than his bite. Though Passionei would exhibit himself as the veriest bear to casual strangers, he showed himself the most cordial of hosts to persons of real merit, notwithstanding an often perplexing affectation of whimsicality. He received, for instance, the President de Brosses stretched at full length on a couch with wig and red cap lying in different corners of the room; and when the latter, somewhat disconcerted, showed signs of withdrawing from fear that he had inadvertently intruded on the Cardinal's repose, the latter arrested him by unceremoniously jumping up and pulling the President down on the sofa by the collar of his coat. Passionei was not merely an eccentric. He was a man of genuine learning, the devoted patron of literary merit in every quarter. He it was who presented to Benedict XIV. a poem by Voltaire, with whom he corresponded, as indeed he did with the most eminent spirits of Europe. His library, which he was indefatigable in enlarging, constituted the darling object of his existence. He called it jokingly his wife, though he was no jealous husband, for he rejoiced in freely admitting scholars to the enjoyment of its contents. Passionei was also, in a marked degree, what is called in Rome an Opposition Cardinal. His independent humour took pleasure in uttering sarcasms on men and things. He neither respected persons, nor did his pungent tongue practise reserve. 'I laugh,' he said on one occasion, 'at the ignorance, the grumbling, and the petty scheming of my colleagues.' He entertained an undisguised aversion to the Society of Jesus, and it was mainly due to his determined protest that

Bellarmino's canonization was defeated in Congregation. He took a wicked pleasure in professing Jansenism at Rome, where that doctrine was looked upon as something yet more infernal than Lutherism, or, as Dr. Justi observes, even than Atheism. It is affirmed that Benedict XIV., who was a wag, played upon the Cardinal's well-known antipathy to the Jesuits: he caused the 'Medulla Theologica,' of Busenbaum, a great luminary of the Society, to be slyly introduced amongst the books which, every morning, Passionei's servant laid on his master's table as the literary novelties of the day. The story goes that his Holiness nearly died with laughter when, from an adjoining window in the Quirinal Palace, he espied the Cardinal, purple with rage, rush impetuously to the casement and throw the hateful handbook vehemently into the street. To the presence of this whimsical Prince of the Church Winckelmann was now conducted, and was welcomed by him 'with extraordinary civility.' The Cardinal not only opened his library without reserve, but admitted Winckelmann within the circle of choice spirits he loved to congregate in his delightful retreat on the Alban Hills, where, divested of every shred of ceremony, wearing a flowery dressing gown and high riding boots, a huge coarse straw hat on his head, and a big cane in his hand (so he is depicted in a drawing by Ghezzi), he would ramble about his beautifully laid out pleasure grounds, given up to the undisturbed enjoyment of his humours and the society of friends. The most complete Italian freedom from constraint prevailed in the villa of this high dignitary. 'One is with him,' writes Winckelmann, 'on a footing of freedom which has no parallel. At table one appears in jacket and slippers (if I did as he likes it I should come in shirt sleeves), and the conversation in the evening is like the din of a Jews' school, for it requires the lungs of a preacher to outcream the Cardinal.' But it was not all mere Epicureism and diversion in this delightful sojourn. Study was not forgotten amidst the charms of nature and of art. The mornings were devoted to serious readings, and while the Cardinal, seated before a portrait of Arnauld which decorated his own special sanctum, would read his daily portion of the 'Lettres Provinciales,' Winckelmann sought his daily edification in the pages of Plato.

Winckelmann discovered before long that it would not be prudent to frequent much this delightful retreat. Passionei was not a Cardinal who could help to obtain what he was urgently in need of—a provision; on the contrary the favour of this caustic pre-

late was only too likely to alienate the powers on whose good-will depended preferment. A circumstance had besides occurred which might secure unexpected advantages. Archinto had been promoted to the Secretaryship of State, the fountain head of all patronage. On this occasion again the supple Giacomelli offered to act as intermediary, and again he did so with the dexterity of an old hand in the ways of Rome. Conscious of Winckelmann's qualifications, and glad of an opportunity to entice away from Passionei so distinguished a follower, Archinto met him with offers of a more substantial kind than on former occasions; and in the beginning of the year 1757 Winckelmann took up his residence in the Cancelleria Palace (Bramante's well-known masterpiece in Campo di Fiori) as his Eminence's Librarian. The post was virtually a sinecure, but the emoluments were also little more than nominal, only free lodging and occasional gratuities; but the change wrought in Winckelmann's social position was immense. By becoming a member of the Cardinal's household he acquired that which in Rome is as invaluable as it is difficult to obtain, the recognition of citizenship. Until then he had been an outsider, one of that swarm of birds of passage who periodically visit Rome but are hardly ever admitted to penetrate beyond the mere shell of Roman society. By virtue of admission into Archinto's household Winckelmann had received, so to say, letters of full naturalisation, and become as one that had passed the rites of esoteric initiation, an accepted member of the august College of Augurs, to whom the carefully guarded doors of Roman interiors and the close circles of Roman conversazioni are open without reserve. Many a man has spent half his life in this most jealous region without ever succeeding in stepping across the magic line of demarcation which separates the Roman world into an outer and an inner area. Conversion to the faith is a powerful lever in Rome, and yet of itself it hardly secures the warrant for unrestricted admission into the penetralia of the Roman world. To attain to this privilege it is well-nigh indispensable to go through the semblance of some more specific profession, to wear, at least as a badge of enrolment, an ecclesiastical robe. Stringent vows are not indeed incumbent; but as a Court dress is exacted at levées, so for a stranger from beyond the Alps to be enabled to be really at home in the Roman world, it has ever been a tacit condition that he should don an uniform of priestly fashion. Accordingly we now find our friend going about in a black velvet robe with silken

mantle and white neckbands, for henceforth he is styled the Signor *Abate* Winckelmann.

When Winckelmann set out for Italy, Rome did not constitute the only point of attraction. There was yet another spot in the Peninsula, which glittered before his longing eyes with the mysterious fascination of a magnetic attraction. Wonderful rumours were current as to the discoveries made in the Herculean excavations, their nature being matter for eager speculation, as the objects found were jealously kept from the gaze of all but the few employed, under stringent pledges of secrecy, in the slow compilation of an illustrated publication, which the King of Naples fondly fancied would constitute an imperishable monument to his royal fame. Any scrap of authentic information about, much more a glimpse at, the objects found, were prized by scholars as the most precious boon. Winckelmann had not been a month in Rome when we find him impatiently revolving an expedition to Naples in conjunction with his inseparable companion Mengs. As often as twelve times the date was fixed, only to be postponed because the dilatory Court painter neither would finish his altarpiece nor go away leaving it unfinished on his easel. The disappointment was the greater, as Winckelmann inwardly flattered himself that he could get access to privileges rigorously denied to other *savants*. The Queen was a Saxon princess, to whom Winckelmann was specially recommended by her brother, the Electoral Prince, in an autograph letter; while the ever faithful Father Rauch had written strongly in his behalf to his fellow Confessor at the Neapolitan Court. In addition, Roman friends of influence provided him with other letters; so that when on Ash Wednesday, 1758, Winckelmann at last started by himself in the public coach, he seemed fully equipped with the certain means of forcing the bolts and bars of Neapolitan jealousy. 'On this journey a great part of my future fortune must depend, for it is the most important step I have ventured on in my life,' Winckelmann writes on the eve of departure. 'I pray God for intelligence to turn to good account this journey, which may prove a providential step for me.' These words indicate his secret hopes. When Charles III. mounted the Neapolitan throne, he had brought from Tuscany various men of letters, whom he made members of an Academy, to which were entrusted the guard of the Herculean discoveries. Would admission into this favoured body be impossible for a stranger, with the advantage of special recommendation to the Queen whose ascendancy over her husband was no

torious? This was the ambitious hope which floated before his mind. But despite so many favourable auspices, Winckelmann not merely failed in this object, but for a while seemed doomed not to obtain a whit more than lay within the reach of any chance visitor. The enviousness of Neapolitan cliques was intensified at the flourish of trumpets which heralded Winckelmann's eminence. His first rebuff came from a quarter he most reckoned upon for support, the Royal Confessor. 'This priest, by birth a German, was in the plot against me, and told me to give up all hope of being admitted to see the Queen.' It was not until he had solemnly assured the priest that he would certainly not presume to make a petition of any kind, that he was allowed to present himself before the Queen. The Court habitually resided at Portici, where in the palace were deposited the shrouded treasures of Herculaneum. Here Winckelmann had a short and formal audience of the Queen, after which, true to his pledge and to a line of policy he had now laid down to himself, he cautiously abstained from again approaching the royal presence, as if wholly indifferent to court interest. There was, however, one powerful man in Naples who could dispose of most things as he liked. This was the Minister Tanucci, originally a Pisan lawyer, who came to Naples with Charles III., a statesman of high capacity and vigorous intelligence, the chief actor in the subsequent expulsion of the Jesuits, who had captivated in equal degree the favour of both royal spouses. Through Count Firmian, the Austrian ambassador, Winckelmann was introduced to Tanucci, on whom he quickly exercised the fascination which his lively conversation hardly ever failed to produce. The powerful Minister invited him to his table and conversed with him freely, asking particularly for his opinion on some antique frescoes recently brought to light. The French Envoy, who was present, echoed fawningly the ideas of the Premier in regard to them, but Winckelmann expressed himself with perfect frankness, differing entirely from the opinions expressed by Tanucci and repeated by the obsequious diplomatist. The result produced by this exhibition of independence was a permission to visit the precious collections of Portici. He had indeed to sign a pledge 'to make no drawing nor any touch of a brush' of any object contained in them, but otherwise he was allowed to inspect as often and as long as he liked the much prized articles within the closely guarded Museum.

Winckelmann lost no time in availing

himself of the precious concession, and to that end took up his residence for several weeks in Portici itself. The Head Director of the Museum was Camillo Paderni, a broken-down Roman painter, who had contrived to captivate the King's favour, but who possessed no one quality for his duties. He was ignorant, envious, and stupidly impatient of advice. Yet to this illiterate impostor, and moreover not immaculate custodian, was confided not merely the Keepership, but also the arrangement and critical explanation of articles dug up, as likewise the very delicate operations of excavation. No spade or pickaxe could be put into the ground except by his direction, and the opinion of Paderni was oracularly absolute in regard to every discovery made and every proceeding to be undertaken. It was natural that an inflated impostor of this water should be bent on not letting competent eyes look upon the daily exhibition of his own incompetency. But Winckelmann had already lived long enough among Roman ecclesiastics to acquire the art of wearing a mask with ease. Without the goodwill of Paderni even the Minister's permission would have been a mere piece of waste paper, and therefore Winckelmann laid himself out to disarm the pious Keeper's envious suspicions. 'I act the part of a simpleton,' he writes on April 26, 'towards the Head Inspector of the Museum, the Queen's confidant, a big cheat and arrant ignoramus, who already before my coming concocted plots against me.' The stratagem proved quite successful, and Winckelmann could afterwards say, 'Paderni's friendship had procured him ample opportunity to observe everything at ease, and to be in the Museum as if it were his own domain.' In these inspections Winckelmann had the advantage of the society and experience of the one meritorious individual connected with the Museum, with whom he took up his quarters as a guest during his stay in Portici. This was Father Antonio Piaggi, a Genoese by birth, and as different from Paderni in the unostentatiousness of his bearing as he was by the solidity of his labours.

In 1750 a library of Papyri rolls had been brought to light in Herculaneum. At first their nature was not understood, and not a few rolls were destroyed as worthless logs of calcined wood. When their character came to be recognised, the intensest interest was excited in the world of letters, only to be followed soon by as intense disappointment. Device after device, each more absurd than the other, was tried by the wise men of the Herculanean Academy, with the same want of success, to unfold the charred manuscripts. One sage suggested the applicator

of a hemlock wash as an infallible dissolvent, while a second recommended saturation with mercury; then the bright idea was entertained of undoing the stiffening effects of volcanic heat by the action of the sun's softening rays through the lens of a burning glass, until a transcendent wisecrack crowned all this tissue of folly by a free use of boiling water, only to become bewildered at the very natural consequence of having reduced the objects under experiment into a mess of nasty black paste. Then, in 1754, Paderni pompously affirmed the conclusive tests of science to have established the impossibility of ever unrolling these calcined manuscripts, so that he considered it better to leave them in the excavations with the view of saving the space of the Museum from the mere accumulation of rubbish; and this opinion was generally, though regretfully, concurred in. The idea of recovering the lost decades of Livy and other treasures was therefore discarded as an exploded delusion, until the proceedings of Piaggi again unexpectedly revived hope. One day King Charles happened to give vent to his regret at these confirmed failures to Asseman, the celebrated librarian of the Vatican, when the latter observed that he thought he knew one individual to whose skill it might still be worth while to have resort. This individual was our Friar, then a subordinate copyist in the Vatican Library. The King's curiosity became awakened, and Piaggi was summoned to Naples. Carefully and deliberately did he examine the black rolls that had baffled so many efforts, and with the imperturbable phlegm of an immovable patience, he maturely designed and slowly completed a method of procedure. After some months the delighted Monarch beheld in operation that ingenious machine which every traveller to Naples cannot fail to have watched with keen interest, as it is still at work slowly unwinding the gummed leaves, which during forty years Piaggi himself never tired day after day in trying to unroll. This triumph of patient skill was rewarded by a permanent appointment in the Museum and a free apartment, in which he entertained the German scholar, whose merit he heartily appreciated. But Naples was no soil where foreign merit could thrive in peace, especially when it had succeeded where Neapolitan ignorance had ignominiously failed. Notwithstanding the favour of the King, Piaggi had to suffer much from the malignity of his colleagues, especially from the spiteful Paderni; and many were the stories about the gross blunders and the duplicity of this

^s 'dishonest custodian' which, over bottles of
^A good Lacrima, he confided to the bosom of

his guest, as, after the day's labours in the Museum, they sat together on the balcony overlooking the loveliness of the Bay in the balmy atmosphere of a Neapolitan spring season. For more than four weeks Winckelmann resided in this most enjoyable abode, dividing his whole time between the genial society of his host and the Museum, the objects in which he scrutinized with lynx-eyed assiduousness, so as to be able from memory to make those records which a narrow-minded jealousy forbade his delineating with more satisfactory precision.

Ardent as were his occupations at Portici, they did yet not so engross Winckelmann as to make him insensible to the many other objects of interest in and around Naples, to which he found in Count Firmian a willing and most intelligent guide. To him it was due that Winckelmann visited the then almost unknown remains of Pæstum. The effect on his imagination was prodigious at the sight of these majestic monuments, rising in the severe grandeur of Doric simplicity over the solemn surroundings of the weird landscape, on which they frown in impressive loneliness. In these massive temples of pure Greek masonry, the first he ever set eyes upon, there flashed on him a revelation of style in architecture, while he fondly beheld in them an earnest of many more such remains along the southern seaboard. His mind became fired with the ambition of bringing to light hidden marvels of Hellenic art. His letters are full of plans and schemes for this enterprise. He had heard a tale of whole temples standing at Velia, Zeno's birthplace, and he confidently trusted 'that many remains still existed along the desert and forsaken coast where stood the great cities of Magna Græcia.' A journey to Tarentum was on the point of being undertaken. With enthusiasm he writes: 'I must procure myself the satisfaction to look on things never beheld by any German. I have put by a little money, and want nothing but a pilgrim's smock-frock. I cannot expect anyone to accompany me on so laborious a journey, but this will not detain me, for I shall be rewarded by the pleasure of seeing things on which no other being has ever set eyes.'

In the midst of these eager preparations Winckelmann was arrested by tidings which recalled him to the realities of life. Benedict XIV. had breathed his last, and amongst those believed to have the best chances of elevation figured Cardinal Archinto. Winckelmann felt how much might depend on his being close to his protector at the moment of accession, and, as fast as he could travel, he hurried back to

Rome. As he entered the city by the Lateran Gate he heard the big bell of the Capitol tolling the funeral knell, which ushers in the Conclave. The hopes built on Archinto's success were, however, doomed to disappointment. After two months' immurement the Conscript Fathers of the Church proclaimed Cardinal Rezzonico Pope. Winckelmann was profoundly vexed at an issue which seemed to close all prospect of his being put in a position to indulge the longings quickened by Neapolitan experiences. Between the irritating sensations of cramping impecuniosity, impatience at the servitude in which he stood towards Archinto, and the dazzling visions kindled by reminiscences of Portici and Pæstum, Winckelmann fretted painfully. At length in September 1758, he suddenly quitted Rome. Florence was the goal of his flight, and its cause an urgent call to perform a literary task. His absence lasted more than nine months, and this visit to Florence constituted an episode little less important than his journey to Naples.

Readers of Horace Walpole may remember occasional mention of a Baron Stosch as a great connoisseur in articles of virtue, with some references to his character not exactly complimentary. The individual in question was one of those mysterious personages compounded of the adventurer, the courtier, and the man of letters that figure in Memoirs of the last century. By birth Stosch was a Prussian, from Cüstrin; his father had been a medical man, but the son appears early to have practised the supple faculties by which he contrived, without having any patrimony, to pass his days in luxury at the expense of princes; whose plans and purposes he lent his peculiar talents to promote in the guise of a secret agent. He was, in short, a diplomatic spy of rare dexterity, possessed of all the qualities which facilitate familiarity with the most varied circles and enable a man to get on an intimate footing with the most exclusive society. For nearly forty years he resided in Italy, first in Rome and then in Florence, being in the secret pay of the English Government to watch the Pretender, while to the world, he was known only as an indefatigable collector of works of art who outbade all competitors, and a connoisseur whose eye was of unerring acuteness. It was quite in character that the agreeable, pleasant, charming man of the world, a sybarite in his domestic arrangements, and a wit in his intercourse, hail fellow well met with Cardinals and diplomatists, with savants and with artists (a sketch is preserved of him by Ghezzi, with the subscription *veramente Barone anzi Baronissimo*), should have exhibit-

ed a fondness for pretty knick-knacks. But Stosch was much more than a mere dilettante; he was gifted with that superior instinct for the exquisite in Art which frequently characterises the refined man of the world—the instinct by which, as a rule, he is a first-rate judge of wine and cookery, able instantly to detect adulteration and falsification by the instinctive keenness of a natural sense. Stosch had made it his especial object to collect antique gems and intaglios. These were then much sought after, and the Stosch Collection ranked as the choicest in the world. 'He has drained Italy,' wrote Barthelemy, and the opinion entertained by contemporaries of the excellence of Stosch's collection has not been reversed by posterity.*

This unrivalled collection of antique intaglios had long been an object of special attraction for Winckelmann, who ardently desired the benefit of the unparalleled experience acquired by so pre-eminent, a master in connoisseurship. 'I have as intense a desire to look on that man's countenance,' he wrote, 'as I have to look on anything in this world.' That desire was not, however, destined to be fulfilled, though Winckelmann lived to receive much kindness at the Baron's hands. Being at a loss for an intermediary, soon after his arrival in Rome, he had ventured on introducing himself by a letter accompanying the presentation of a copy of his Dresden publication. Stosch replied in most gratifying terms; and, unreservedly opening the stores of his own knowledge, he also recommended Winckelmann to friends of a congenial spirit in Rome. It was through Stosch he was first brought into contact with his future patron and benefactor, Cardinal Albani. An active correspondence ensued between the two, and Stosch, who felt himself growing old, pressed Winckelmann to visit him, and, with the benefit of his own assistance, employ the powers of his pen and the resources of his classical reading in the composition of a catalogue of his intaglios, with a critical elucidation of their subjects. The execution of this project was deferred in consequence of the journey to Naples. In the interval the old Baron died, leaving as heir to the considerable fortune he had contrived to amass a nephew, a man of the world, like himself, fond of good living, of diversions, and of adventure, but who wished to convert into money collections which absorbed a considerable dead capital. He urged Winckelmann to carry out at leisure

* The collection was ultimately bought after Stosch's death by Frederick the Great for 80,000 ducats, for those times a stupendous price.

his uncle's desire for a descriptive catalogue, preparatory to the intended sale of the collection. The invitation was responded to, and this was the cause of Winckelmann's abrupt departure from Rome.

The first impression produced by Florence was one of intense delight. 'It is the loveliest spot I have seen in my life, and much to be preferred to Naples,' is Winckelmann's enthusiastic exclamation. His introduction to Florence happened, indeed, under exceptionally favourable auspices. The younger Stosch welcomed him with the warmth of a devoted friend, who sought to divine every wish in his mind, and was indefatigable in contributing to every conceivable pleasure. He made Winckelmann known to the best society; notably to Sir Horace Mann, whose house was the centre for whatever was agreeable in Florence; and soon Winckelmann spoke of the English Envoy as 'his special friend and patron.' Notwithstanding this accumulation of attention and diversion (it would even seem that he entertained a passing admiration for a lovely ballet girl), Florence before long ceased to have attraction, and for reasons eminently characteristic of Winckelmann's turn of mind. This city abounds in splendid works of art, in noble monuments of architecture, in a perfect galaxy of masterpieces in painting; but all these glories so inseparably intertwined with its name are the outgrowth of Modern, as distinguished from Antique Italy. Unlike Rome and Naples, it is the distinctive feature of Florence to be emphatically the city of Catholic, Mediæval, and Renaissance Italy. Nowhere is the spirit of Classicism visible on the face of this city, which bears the indelible impress of the great Mediæval times, presenting at all points mighty monuments and glorious associations that group themselves around such typical memories as those of Dante and Giotto, of Brunelleschi and Michel Angelo. Stirring as are these names for most persons, beautiful and majestic as are the creations with which they stand particularly identified in Florence, it is yet the fact that both the world out of which these masters drew their inspirations, and the style and form in which they gave shape to them, were of an order indifferent, and, in some material respects, even distasteful, to Winckelmann's nature. It has been seen how varied had been his reading, how many-sided the sympathies manifested in the copious selections made for his private use. To bring against Winckelmann's mind the charge that it was capable of taking in but one angular conception, and one specific expression of beauty, would be manifestly incorrect. If, then, though able to appre-

ciate what in form was so little classical as Shakespeare and Milton, the Idylls of Gessner, and the Hymns of Luther, Winckelmann still persistently showed dislike for the grandeur of Dante and the beauties of the Italian masters, the cause must be sought in the circumstance that whereas the former stand identified only with creations in the vaguer forms of verse, the latter are indissolubly connected with concrete Art-forms and Art-representations, which offended pointedly against what, in his opinion, were fundamental canons of Greek Art. *A priori*, it was not in Winckelmann's nature to warm spontaneously to the cycle of religious subjects constituting the groundwork for Italian Art—Madonnas and Angels, Annunciations and Nativities. The quarter to which he would instinctively turn for congenial subjects of artistic design would have been the world of Antique Mythology, the world of Olympian Gods and Goddesses, of Homeric legendary lore. Still this disposition would of itself hardly have made Winckelmann absolutely ignore the very pronounced beauties in Italian Art, had it not been for a special circumstance which grievously wounded his most cherished principle in *Æsthetics*. In presence of Raphael's most perfect creation as a mere work of Beauty, the San Sisto Madonna, Winckelmann eagerly acknowledged its consummate Art-feeling as embodied in emancipation from any directly visible influences outside the range of pure *Æsthetics*. This freedom was, however, very decidedly not a characteristic of the general run of Italian works of Art.

The Italian schools bore conspicuous impress of being animated by specific inspirations, that overlay, with the weight of an impelling and a controlling sentiment, the free force of self-contained Art-feeling and spontaneous sense of Beauty which constitute the incomparable freshness and fulness of symmetry embodied in works of Greek Art. Nor was this all. Throughout Italian sculpture (and it was sculpture which Winckelmann looked on as the form of true Art) there was a marked absence in composition of that severe tranquillity in outline, of that principle of repose, which Winckelmann preached to be the cardinal canon of Greek Art, the corner-stone on which rested the true system of Beauty in Art. The skill of workmanship, the vigour of expression, the boldness of execution, so strikingly discernible in many statues by Italian masters, were for him but so many aggravated sins against the essence of *Æsthetics*, most reprehensible aberrations from the true doctrine which, in precise proportion to the skill displayed in execution, proved danger-

ously mischievous to sound taste. Hence was it that, though Winckelmann appreciated the exquisite charm of outline and surpassing sense of Beauty in Raphael, he never would recognise in Michel Angelo, the Artist as distinguished from the Poet, more than a mischievous genius, who, by force of powerful example and stupendous skill, has done an enormous amount of evil in furthering a depraved taste for what was contorted and exaggerated in form.

'Michel Angelo occupied himself with contemplation of the highest beauty; his poems are full of it. But his imagination was too vehement for tender emotion and the charms of grace. His soaring mind and immense knowledge disdained to be confined to imitations of the Antique. . . . Thus the tender sentiment of beauty became hardened in him. He is wonderful in big-limbed figures, but in his female and youthful figures he has made creatures of another world. . . . His recumbent statues on the Medici tombs are in so forced an attitude as in life could have been maintained only by a strain, and by this mannerized attitude he has erred against the fitness of Nature and of the locality for which he was working.'

Winckelmann ventured to affirm not only 'that Michel Angelo had laid the foundations and constructed the bridges leading to vitiated taste in sculpture,' but he even dared to couple his name with Bernini's as the two chief perverters of taste, making, however, this notable distinction, that 'the path, along which Michel Angelo went to impassable regions and inaccessible heights, only served to lead Bernini into swamps and puddles.' We have given these opinions as written from Florence, for they thoroughly define what quickened in Winckelmann an enduring dislike, at first sight perplexing, to the works of Tuscan masters in general, and of Michel Angelo in particular, though he fully recognised the latter's powerful genius.

The task undertaken for Stosch proved far more laborious than Winckelmann had any conception of at the outset. Instead of two months, as he had calculated, sufficing to accomplish it, it was not till February 1760, that the volume was actually published. High as his expectations had been as to the choiceness of Stosch's collection, it exceeded anticipation, and the sight of its treasures instantly fired Winckelmann's mind with ideas which expanded into a manual of art what had been meant to be but an attractive catalogue. 'The Cabinet du Roi cannot compete with this collection,' Winckelmann writes from Florence. Exclusive of cameos, it comprised upwards of 3000 engraved stones, many of them with inscriptions. In presence of this vast amount of

intaglios, offering unique opportunities for comparison, Winckelmann was not content with merely elucidating the subjects from classical authors and trying to identify the heads engraved, but was led to attempt classification according to intrinsic marks of style and date, a critical labour in which he had no precursor. No wonder that he found himself involved 'in an ocean of research.' The more his eyes dwelt on the objects before him, the more his mind was overcome with the fascination of its occupation, and the magnitude of the task that suggested itself. 'My labour, big enough to crush an ass's back, is not to be overlooked,' he writes from Florence, 'and I do not know whether I shall ever finish it.' When he eventually carried his manuscripts and whole boxes of paste impressions to Rome, with the view of there obtaining in various collections the assistance he felt in need of, the burden of his song was still the same. 'I study, read, and work, like a very devil,' he exclaims in October 1760, in reply to Stosch, who began to be impatient at a procrastination apparently interminable, every week's post bringing sheets of manuscript corrections, not seldom in entire substitution for what was already in type. Remonstrances at last obliged Winckelmann to curtail investigations so discursive that he had hoped to make the volume into 'an inventory of all the best works of Art, so that whoever cared to see Rome with benefit, would necessarily find it to be indispensable.' It was not without a degree of nervous excitement almost morbid that Winckelmann saw the issue of the book. This was his first essay in the avowed character of a classical critic, venturing to lay down canons and expound obscurities by the light of his learning. 'My fame and my disgrace are at stake; may Heaven grant a happy issue,' he exclaimed. The issue was decidedly happy. The volume met with a favourable reception, and enhanced Winckelmann's reputation in the world of letters. The two most approved scientific periodicals in France, Mariette's '*Journal Étranger*' and the '*Mémoires de Trevoux*,' warmly acknowledged the merits of this publication. The author was eulogized as 'cet amateur doué d'une heureuse sensibilité que les impressions du beau élèvent jusqu'à l'enthousiasme, et d'un génie qui pénètre dans la poésie des artistes.' Viewed from the vantage ground of modern criticism, the volume will not be considered a safe guide in the connoisseurship of ancient engraved stones. We apprehend it would weigh little with the present experienced Keepers of the British Museum collection, in reference to the genuineness of an

intaglio and the identification of an engraved head, that Winckelmann should have warranted the one and affixed to the other the name of an ancient worthy. On these heads he was without the indispensable aid of that accumulated experience which can be acquired only by a converging process of close investigation through successive generations of connoisseurship. Nevertheless this catalogue was marked with the intuitive divination which characterises genius alone, and deserves to be remembered as a publication marking an important stride in archaeological science. In it are found the first hints of Winckelmann's capital discovery of different types in character and style that distinguished the Art of various ancient peoples, and again divide Greek Art into distinct periods and schools. Moreover, making two remarkable intaglios of archaic style serve as specimens of a particular school, he was the first to draw attention to the fact that there was an Etruscan Art distinct from Greek, with a character and a style of its own. Whatever the hand of Winckelmann grappled, though the result might prove imperfect, always showed the touch of superior power; but in none of his productions is the vivifying force of genius more apparent than in this composition of what had been originally meant for a mere advertisement—the puffing inventory of a valuable collection to be put up for sale.

Winckelmann's return to Rome was accelerated by an event which was attended by enduring consequences. He had been scarcely two months in Florence when Cardinal Archinto died suddenly of apoplexy, and he saw himself cut adrift with the temporary hospitality of Stosch and his small Saxon pension as his whole fortune. 'Perdidi fructum longi obsequii' was his exclamation at this apparent extinction of prospects, and his thoughts began to turn away from Rome as a quarter in which he was destined not to prosper. But before long a letter from his old friend and perpetual go-between Giacomelli brought an offer which wrought a complete change in his feelings and his position. Cardinal Albani, 'the chief of all connoisseurs in the Antique, and a man who delights in kindness without caring to take out its full equivalent in return,' offered Winckelmann free quarters and maintenance in his palace, in return for the duties of a Librarianship, which consisted in the unrestricted enjoyment of a collection, amongst the contents of which were numerous portfolios and volumes, with drawings and precious engravings. The appointment in name was the same he had held with little satisfaction in

Archinto's household; but Albani was a totally different personage, and Winckelmann 'without hesitation' accepted the proffered call, which he never for an instant had subsequent occasion to regret, continuing for the rest of his days not merely an inmate but the intimate companion and bosom friend of this munificent and Art-loving Prince of the Church.

Alessandro Albani, even if he had not stood in such close connection with our hero, would deserve the attention of the reader. He was the last specimen of the type of *Cardinal Grand Seigneurs*, those purple-clad Prelates who reared the stately palaces which are masterpieces of architecture, and had the refined tastes which gathered the glorious collections that as heirlooms have rendered familiar in every country the names of certain great Italian houses. There have been subsequently promoted to the Purple scions of Italian aristocracy, but we cannot recall to mind one who showed traces of the openhandedness, the lavish fondness for beautiful things, and the grand style of life which have surrounded Cardinal Albani's memory with a halo of splendour, and combined to make him rear to himself an enduring monument in that Roman villa of his construction, still peopled by a host of marbles of his own collection, and which, though it has passed into the hands of strangers, yet bears his name—a mansion that is the very embodiment of what Goethe's fancy has pictured in the verses:—

'Kennst du das Haus? auf Säulen ruht sein
Dach;
Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach,
Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn dich an.'

In his youth the Cardinal had been no rigorist, though at this time, having attained his sixty-seventh year, he had finished sowing wild oats. He was the younger nephew of Clement XI., by whom he was early entrusted to the care of a Bolognese pedagogue, a personal friend of Stosch, and himself an antiquarian, who inoculated his pupil with his tastes. While the elder nephew was made to enter the Church, and ultimately became likewise a Cardinal who played a prominent part in several conclaves, Alessandro was destined to a worldly career, being named Colonel of Pontifical Dragoons and Grand Prior of Armenia before he had attained his twentieth year; but on his uncle's promotion to the Papacy he adopted the dress of an Abate, and was installed in the Quirinal. The spirit of the dashing cavalry officer was, however, not quelled in his breast, and manifested itself in diversions in which ladies and dice constituted a conspicuous element. To relieve his favourite

scapegrace from embarrassment, the Pope sent him as Nuncio to Vienna, but here again he plunged vehemently into the dissipation of that gay city to an extent involving scandals, which caused his uncle profound sorrow at the end of his days. It is affirmed that he even meditated at one time extricating himself from debt by a marriage. His astute brother happily came to his relief by contriving to obtain from Innocent XIII., in return for special services, the Cardinal's hat for Alessandro, who, when only just twenty-nine, had the distinction of being promoted to this high ecclesiastical dignity on the same day with Dubois. Thanks to his birth, he now managed to accumulate various highly-salaried appointments, which gave him a large income, no whit too great, however, for his lavish expenditure. Already, in 1717, we hear of his having carried on simultaneously excavations at Tivoli, Civita Lavigna, and Nettuno, while it was notorious that he readily purchased every antique article of value brought to him. The consequence was that he found himself before long deeply in debt, and was driven to have recourse to two sales of marbles, one to the Elector of Saxony, and the other, which formed the nucleus of the Capitol Museum, to the Pope, to be soon followed by that of his valuable collection of coins. No sooner had he thus relieved himself than, unable to endure the privation of being without works of art, he again began to collect with unabated passion, instituting afresh various diggings. The story is recounted how the Cardinal in person carried off in his state coach, from the spot where it was found on the Aventine, the bronze Apollo Sauroctonos, still to be seen in his Villa, for fear of losing it. In addition, he now embarked in building a house for the decorative arrangement of his beautiful collections. No expense and no labour were spared in getting together precious stones and rare columns. 'He builds as if he were certain of living twenty years longer. The man gets deeper and deeper involved therein, and can set no limit to his Villa. He is a thorough Cartesian in building, for he will not tolerate an empty space.' The inevitable consequence ensued that one day the Cardinal's steward had to announce with a long face that the exchequer was utterly drained; and then the spendthrift Prelate perforce had again to make up his mind to part for money with a portion of his treasures; the sacrifice on this occasion consisting in a choice series of sketches by great masters, which were purchased for England. When Winckelmann joined the Cardinal, the Villa was not yet completed; and those artistic arrangements of choice

marbles and beautiful ornamentations, which we still look upon with admiration, were in great degree the result of his tasteful suggestions. To him also was it especially due that the fresco of Parnassus on the ceiling of the large saloon was entrusted to Mengs, to whom, with his family, the Cardinal gave quarters in the Villa, that he might paint at ease; his Margherita being put in requisition to serve as model for a Muse.

It is the last eight years of his life, spent under the hospitable roof of Cardinal Albani, which constitute the really sunny period of Winckelmann's existence. Until now he never had been in a position really to enjoy. Paroxysms of pleasure had alternated with paroxysms of disappointment. The element of ease—of assured and cheerful stability—had been wholly wanting in the snatches of enjoyment he had been able to cull. For ever had precariousness and uncertainty dogged his steps, casting the sensation of a chilling shadow over the brightness of happy instants. But from the hour Winckelmann entered the Cardinal's household all the cloud was dispelled, and he henceforth basked in the undimmed sunniness of genial intercourse, and experienced the fostering kindness of unabated protection and uninterrupted goodwill. 'Every morning,' he writes in 1764, 'I raise my hands in thankfulness to Him who let me escape shipwreck, and brought me into this land, where I enjoy peace and my own self, and can live and act according to my desires.' Never indeed did any patron bear himself towards a *protégé* with a more absolute divestment of all air of superiority. In the fullest sense of the term he was a friend, not a master. 'We are such intimate friends,' writes Winckelmann, some months after having entered the Albani household, 'that I sit of a morning on the Cardinal's bed chatting with him.' . . . 'I open to him the most secret corners of my heart, and I enjoy the like confidence from him. He is to me friend, companion, and all in one.' After four years' experience he again expresses himself thus: 'I firmly believe that I have obtained the happiest lot I could possibly have fallen upon in Rome, for I have in the same person master and friend, and no confidence could possibly be greater. Had I been made to select a friend, I would have sought out a heart such as the Cardinal possesses.' The Prince-Prelate from Urbino, and the cobbler's son from the North German March became, in short, bosom friends with one heart and one thought. Doubtless the construction and arrangement of the Villa proved a cementing bond to knit together the tasteful Cardinal and the artistically-

mind Antiquarian. It formed the incessant pre-occupation of every hour how to perfect this fancy creation, and the Cardinal in no degree lagged behind his friend in the energy of his enthusiasm. No day was spent inactively, excursions were made all over the Campagna, while 'Sunday was set apart for poking about in all the corners of Rome with the view of ferreting out antiquities.' Nor had the Cardinal lost the tradition of the princely hospitality which used to grace the state of noble Italian houses. His palace was the habitual resort of whatever was distinguished in Rome, whether of native or foreign blood. The conversazioni during the winter season in the vast saloons of the Palazzo Albani at Quattro Fontane constituted the centre of attraction for foreign visitors, who there beheld the grace and beauty of Roman society, while admitted to the privilege of meeting its choicest talents, and enjoying the exquisite vocal performances of Pompeo Battoni's two lovely daughters, of whom Dr. Burney said, 'that the perfection of their performance divested it of all semblance of Art.' It was in the Villa, however, that the sumptuousness of the Cardinal's style of living was fully displayed. At the approach of spring he used to remove to it, and then this spot of delight 'became quite the Court of Rome.' The Pope himself 'generally paid a visit every year, while in the evenings there would be music and dancing, to which foreigners were in the habit of resorting.'

Though travelling in those days was a cumbersome undertaking, Rome was yet already a much frequented point of annual pilgrimage, and many are the names occurring in the autobiography of distinguished individuals from all countries, with whom Winckelmann established relations in the Cardinal's saloon. Of our own countrymen, then as now furnishing the most numerous contingent of tourists ('believe me, the English are the only people who know what they want,' exclaims Winckelmann; 'what poor creatures are our German travellers!'), we will only enumerate Wilkes, with whose society Winckelmann was so much taken that, notwithstanding the company of a notorious lady, he was ready to have gone with him to Naples; Wortley Montagu, at whose excellent German he was astounded, and whose invitation to accompany him to the East, Winckelmann seriously thought for a while to accept; the mad Lord Baltimore, 'one of those bestial and unhappy Englishmen who are tired of everything in the world; he saw the collection in the Borghese Villa in half a quarter of an hour!'—and Jenkins, the dealer in antiquities, often

mentioned by Goethe, a man so fond of works of art, that to part with one, at no matter what price, always cost him a severe struggle. The Cardinal's doors were hospitably open to all who brought letters of introduction:—

'To have a conception of the life in the Villa, let it suffice to tell you,' wrote Winckelmann to his friend Volkmann, in May 1764, 'that often as many as sixty remained of late for supper. My Lord Cardinal was nearly a fortnight unwell and in bed, notwithstanding which the gormandizing, dancing, card-playing, and singing went on just as before and since, until finally the Pope interposed to check these excesses. . . . But as for myself I am in the midst of all this turmoil, exactly as I would be. I live always in the same way, so that I never fail to be already before the sun on the flat roof of the palace and contemplate the first rays of dawn.'

Little ecclesiastical as was this style of dissipation, there had been a time when the Cardinal's mode of life would have afforded still more serious cause for the Pope's censorious remonstrance. The days were gone by when he furnished topic for scandal by the unblushing manner with which he would entertain in his box at the Teatro delle Dame, ladies distinguished for beauty and wit, though not for immaculate virtue. At the time we write of, the numbing effects of age had perforce confined his attention to the fair sex to two visits every fore and afternoon (Winckelmann had to accompany him in his coach) to the Countess Cherozzini, an old flame and once celebrated beauty. For whoever is acquainted with the dense domino of outward decorum, under which it is now the studied care in Rome to muffle from public gaze the frailties that members of the ecclesiastical body may be guilty of, nothing can be more typical of the change wrought in the tone of society than the public recognition of the intimacy between the Cardinal and this lady, testified to by almost all writers of travels to Rome, who concur in paying tribute to the Countess's charms and to her position as a Queen of fashion. The aristocratic Count Lynar (a man not to demean himself by mingling with second-rate company) speaks in his diary of her social ascendancy, the still striking vestiges of her singular beauty, the delightfulness of her entertainments, and the loveliness of two accomplished daughters, of whom the eldest (as to whose paternity gossip had much to say) afterwards brought against her husband in the Roman courts a suit for divorce, that is remembered as an extraordinary *cause célèbre*. However innocent on the score of morality may have been

these daily visits of ceremony paid from old habit by a worn-out *roué* to his quondam love, they did not prove so harmless to the purse of the infatuated admirer. Countess Cheroffini had acquired the costly tastes of her friend, and the Cardinal was ever distinguished for lavish generosity. She too affected to indulge in the prevailing passion for antique intaglios; while it was a point of honour with her to make her concerts and entertainments superior in attraction to any in Rome. The Cardinal happening to find himself in one of his periodical money straits, his confidential agent, Marcus Agrippa, drily advised him to burn down the Cheroffini palace with all its contents, live and dead, as the removal of so engulging a drain for ready money would amply compensate for any pain which he might temporarily sustain.

It was in the Cheroffini *salon* that the notorious Casanova made acquaintance with Winckelmann, as is recounted in his profligate memoirs. He had been brought thither by his brother the painter, and fancying a slight to be put on him, which he ascribed to the comparatively humble position of his introducer, Casanova resented this with characteristic impudence. 'Hearing it remarked one evening, "There is Casanova's brother," I turned sharply round, saying, "That expression is incorrect; it should be said Casanova is *my* brother."—"That is six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other?"—"By no means Signor Abate." The tone in which I spoke these words made effect, and another Abate observed, "The gentleman is right; it is *not* the same thing." The other held his tongue. He who had taken my side, and with whom I immediately struck up a friendship, happened to be the celebrated Winckelmann.' The following day Casanova was conducted by his new friend over the Villa Albani, an attention Winckelmann was chary of showing, where he made the acquaintance of Mengs, and was invited to remain a guest for dinner, at which wine was drunk so freely that the whole company became very merry, and Winckelmann finished with cutting summersaults with Mengs's children. Casanova, who was a shrewd observer, remarks, 'Ce savant philosophe n'avait rien du pédant, il aimait l'enfance et la jeunesse, et son esprit jovial lui faisait trouver du charme dans les plaisirs.'

Let not the reader, however, assume that under the anodyne of pleasure and dissipation, Winckelmann allowed his mind to be enervated. During all this period, not only had he sedulously laboured to accomplish the History of Art which he had sketched

in his mind, but he had besides thrown off minor compositions. Of these productions, one alone must be glanced at for a moment, a 'Letter to Count Brühl' descriptive of the explorations in Herculaneum. For Winckelmann, the interest of these was supreme. A few hours spent in the Portici Museum were of greater avail for insight into the spirit of the Antique than months of arduous study over Greek and Latin texts. Twice, in 1762 and 1764, Winckelmann seized opportunities for adding to his knowledge by flying visits to the cherished spot. In the interval since his first visit much had been brought to light. Excavation was no longer confined to the dark and underground vestiges of Herculaneum. Pompeii was being uncovered, and here explorations had been attended with a success that filled the minds of antiquaries with rapture. Again after twenty years of impenetrable mystery, the long expected first volume of 'Le Pitture di Ercolano' had at last been issued, lifting, in some though very inadequate degree, the dense curtain which hitherto had jealously veiled everything appertaining to these interesting discoveries.

Either oblivious of the intensity of Neapolitan jealousy, or else presuming that indiscretions perpetrated in the German tongue must necessarily be beyond detection by Neapolitan *savants*, Winckelmann was so imprudent as to indite an account of what he had observed. In accordance with the letter of his pledge, no stroke of the pencil illustrated his pages; but something infinitely worse gave them a particular zest. His sarcasm was unable to resist the temptation of showing up the ludicrous ignorance with which things were managed in Naples. The satire on would-be erudition and inflated conceit, to be scathing, needed but a statement of the dry truth, and this Winckelmann was malicious enough to give with a diabolical simplicity of narrative. He escaped notice for a considerable time. So utterly was German literature a blank to Neapolitan erudition, that he could venture with impunity on his third trip after this publication, nor would its knowledge in all probability ever have reached these regions but for a French translation. Count Caylus, beyond challenge the greatest living connoisseur of ancient art next to Winckelmann, had fretted for many years in angry impatience at the dilatoriness of the arrogant dunces in charge of the Portici mysteries. In vain had he sought to obtain access; it was only to experience the surly rebuff of insuperable illwill and the malevolence of crass ignorance. The exposure in Winckelmann's pages of these wretched impostors gratified

the Count's spleen, and he caused a French translation to be published, which, thanks to his position and Winckelmann's reputation, attracted at once very great attention in Paris. Intense were the rage and fury of the Neapolitan clique when this pamphlet from the pen of a 'Gothic barbarian, who by dint of routine has sought to screw himself up into an antiquary like our *ciceroni* at Pozzuoli,' fell like a bombshell; and the united talent of its members was put in requisition to compose a reply to this lashing castigation. This pasquinade, compounded of scurrilous abuse and uncontrollable frenzy, did not make Winckelmann wince, but what he did feel was that all necessity was at an end for delaying the completion of his History in regard to any lights that might be derived from further studies at Portici. 'This publication has shut me out of the Museum, which relieves me from any more journeys to Naples.'

The great work which has surrounded his memory with an imperishable lustre, saw the light of day early in 1764, just eight years after he had first set hand to it. 'How many times have I not transcribed my "History of Art," and what piles of draft copies have I not heaped up!' Already, in 1756, Winckelmann had sent to his publisher, at Dresden, the manuscript of the first portion, which he subsequently cancelled. His alterations and recompositions were interminable, nor did they cease even after publication. He had only just received the volumes from the press when he insisted on a remodelled edition, incorporating the results of new experience and fresh discoveries; and as the publisher not unnaturally demurred, he made a supplementary volume of this additional matter. The success of the book was complete. A French translation followed immediately; an English one was announced; a Dutch bookseller pirated the history, and, to checkmate both the latter and his own original publisher, whom he found too little enterprising, Winckelmann undertook a second and entirely rewritten version, that was to appear in the French tongue in Berlin. To give here a detailed survey of this bulky composition is quite impossible. It would require an article by itself to enter into a critical disquisition of all the characteristic points in Winckelmann's arguments. We would here only emphasize the fact that the importance of the book, and the deep impression produced by it, were due not so much to the correctness of its detail, as to the comprehensiveness of its conception and the vigorous freshness of its vivid insight into the essence of Art. What Niebuhr did for the comprehension of Roman History,

the same did Winckelmann for that of Antique Art. On special points the views of both have been shaken by subsequent criticism, itself due to their initiative; but all subsequent criticism has confirmed the intuitive accuracy of the leading observations attained to, and promulgated by, these great pioneers—the wonderful correctness with which, by the insight of individual genius, they recognized and fixed the main outlines of things as it were through the flashes of divination. In some respects Winckelmann was the more astonishing of the two, for he had no forerunner as Beaufort or Vico might be considered to have partly been, in that specific field of critical investigation to which Niebuhr devoted himself. The History of Art, viewed as a living organism, with its epochs, its schools, and its sign-marks, was an absolute blank, the book of Art-Æsthetics was a farrago of mere empirical common-places and vapid formulas, when Winckelmann ushered in his volumes with this high-sounding introduction: 'The History of Ancient Art which I have undertaken to write is no mere narrative of its chronology and contemporary modifications, but I take the word *History* in the wider sense borne by it in Greek, and my intention is to attempt the structure of a system.' 'A History of Art should teach its origin, growth, modification, and decay, along with the differences in style between peoples, periods, and artists—proving all this as far as possible from the surviving works of Antiquity.' This was not a vain and pretentious boast. Winckelmann did lay down positive and valuable canons for the solution of these high problems, and to the vigour and precision of his efforts in this direction is due the enduring effect wrought by his compositions. It is true that he has laid himself open to the charge of having evoked a school of strained Idealism and mannerized Classicism. This charge, however, holds truer against those who sought to tread in his steps—pale satellites of a mighty luminary—than against himself. The pith of Winckelmann's teaching is to be found in the division of his book that treats of the '*Essential in Art*,' where, from specimens of antique sculpture, he illustrates what in these works is indicative of elevated conception. These criticisms, so fresh, so vivid, so incisive, establish the keenness of his insight into what constitutes artistic excellence, and conclusively confute the notion that his taste was the matter of a mere string of canons learnt by heart.

'No modern,' says Rumohr, a most acute Art critic, whose fondness for the mediæval Italy which Winckelmann depreciated makes

his favourable opinion the more noteworthy, 'has ever felt the Beautiful and the Grand in natural forms with such antique sentiment, and has guessed at their true relation to Art with such keenness.'

Still, in the first edition of this History, Winckelmann committed the most glaring slip in connoisseurship into which he ever fell; and that slip was attended by cruel circumstances, which broke up one of the capital intimacies of his life. Some years earlier a painting had turned up in Rome, which was surrounded with extraordinary mystery. Only with 'the greatest difficulty' could Winckelmann get a sight of it, and its origin could only be guessed at. It represented Ganymede embraced by Jupiter, and suspicion was made to point tolerably plainly to Herculaneum as the spot whence the painting might be surmised to have been brought surreptitiously—a circumstance of itself to justify the studied secrecy with which it was surrounded. 'If all works of art in Germany were not destined to be demolished,' wrote Winckelmann, with the exaggerated reports in his mind as to the destruction wrought in Dresden during the siege, 'no one could be worthier of this prize than the King of Prussia. . . . Beyond doubt it is the finest thing in the whole world, and as I am one of the three or four who alone knew about it, I might have treated for it.' This superlative praise was repeated and stereotyped in the History, when the confounding fact became revealed that the painting was a work of Mengs' (then already in Spain), who had deliberately made it with a view of trying his powers of mystifying connoisseurs of the Antique. A more heartless act on the part of one who stood in such intimate relations as Mengs did to Winckelmann cannot be conceived. The rupture between the two was absolute, and extended also to an intimacy with Mengs' wife, which has been too much dwelt on by all writers who have touched upon Winckelmann, to allow us to pass it over in silence. As the only passage in his life approaching to the resemblance of an attachment to a woman, it is marked by circumstances that will shock the delicacy of finer feelings, but are eminently characteristic of both the man and the eighteenth-century morality.

At the time of Winckelmann's visit to Florence, we find him writing in Italian to Margherita a letter of no special import, but which incidentally is mentioned as the first he had ever written to a woman. There is evidence that the presence of this young and handsome woman in the family circle constituted from the first an object of attrac-

tion to Winckelmann. In 1763, Margherita returned unannounced from Spain on the plea of bad health, and at her husband's request she put herself in all things under the guidance of Winckelmann. The peasant girl, who was admitted to the King of Spain's Palace, never acquired the art of writing, and Winckelmann acted as her amanuensis—the confidant of all her thoughts and wishes—so that here we have the old story often told of a handsome young woman and a fascinating man thrown together under circumstances calculated directly to foster intimacy, and allowing themselves to be imperceptibly drawn into it. How far was the intimacy in this case carried? If Winckelmann was as most men, then certainly circumstances would seem to point to the assumption of extreme lengths. We find him continually in her society, accompanying her into the country, living in the same house, taking his siesta on the same couch. There are allusions in his letters which would warrant the gravest conclusions, were they not connected with such naïve utterances as seem quite incompatible with guilt. At last this intercourse was suspended by the lady's return to her husband. From that moment Winckelmann never failed to write every post day to Margherita a letter full of exuberant sentiment: and this correspondence, so far from exciting the husband's jealousy, stimulated him to one of those acts of unintelligible sentimentalism, which occasionally distinguished the unhealthy generation that cherished Rousseau as the prophet of a 'superior moral revelation. 'With my Mengs the olden friendship has not only revived,' says Winckelmann, 'but it has attained the transcendental degree of intimacy that he is willing to share with me his *most cherished possession*.' The revolting construction, that these words imply a readiness on the part of the husband to share his wife with a friend, would appear impossible of rejection. Unless words are deliberately used in a non-natural sense, it seems as clear as anything can be made so by words that Mengs in his delight at Margherita's restored health and spirits—in the morbid desire to promote her physical well-being—distinctly proposed a tripartite arrangement that would have made her the common wife of both friends. It is not necessary to establish the positive existence of this repulsive combination by repulsive quotations from the correspondence. It may well perplex to understand how a man, so haughtily proud and exactingly punctilious as Mengs, could stoop to an aberration so flagrantly in violation of the most indelible sentiments of

human dignity, unless, indeed, the solution of the enigma should be found in a cynical conviction that the licence conceded to Winckelmann must needs prove forever a dead letter. Be that as it may, it stands, written in terms admitting of no misapprehension, that formal articles for this monstrous arrangement were drawn, and actually signed by Margherita, while Winckelmann bound himself faithfully to reject every offer that might take him away into Germany, when the discovery of the Ganymede fabrication abruptly put an end to all intercourse between the parties, without the slightest trace of heartache in the supposed lover at his separation from Margherita. Nay, a short time after he incidentally made the following admission in a letter to a friend totally unconnected with this affair, which is worth noting: 'As many passions manifest their force by silence, and this might possibly be the case with love, of which I have never had knowledge, as one without experience therein, I am ready to infer its strength from your brevity.'

Winckelmann had now attained the pinnacle of fame and the meridian of prosperity. He was not merely a man appreciated in select circles of the erudite world, but he had become a European celebrity, whom it was considered a privilege to approach, and whose society princes and sovereigns on visiting the Eternal City made it a special point to seek, as of the greatest living sage in Archæology and Art. The long flight of stairs leading up to the top floor of the Albani Palace was trodden by not a few German Serene Highnesses—as, for instance, those of Dessau and Brunswick—in pilgrimage to the modest rooms of the Stendal cobbler's son, of which this description is given. 'Homer, Euripides, and some Greek authors constituted his collection of books, for he had at his disposal the Albani Library. His whole wardrobe comprised two black suits and a big fur cloak brought with him from Germany, which he wore in winter against the cold, for he lit fire only to make his chocolate. No one waited on him, and his furniture was in character, the only article of price being a Faun's head, which afterwards stood in the Cardinal's bedroom.' A spirit of happiness and of joyous contentment pervaded the closing years of Winckelmann's life, making his days thoroughly bright and sunny. 'After much toil,' he writes, 'I have here found the peace in which one of the Seven Sages made the highest good to consist, and as my desires always were very moderate, I find myself in that rare condition, which is the case with very few, of being able to

boast that there is nothing which I can still wish for.' Again he exclaims, 'All things are indifferent to me in comparison with friendship! I have no cares about heirs, and as we must needs be serious during the infinite duration of Eternity, I have no mind to act the Sage during this life, which possibly is the reason why I do not appear to be growing aged.' This sensation of enjoyment—of exultation at his existence and at the world that surrounded him—did not, however, divert Winckelmann from incessant intellectual activity. It was not in his nature to be rocked into indolence in the lap of soft delight. Independent of his indefatigable labours to make his History worthy of its name (he not only rewrote, but actually enlarged it to double the original size), he published a 'Treatise on Allegories,' and three very costly illustrated volumes on 'Ancient Monuments,' with the text in Italian. His pecuniary position had much improved, so that with his singularly frugal habits, he was at this time in quite comfortable circumstances. Besides his salary as the Cardinal's Librarian he had an office given to him in the Vatican Library, to which was subsequently added the appointment of Archæologist to the Apostolical Chamber. This post was one of high honour. The occupant was Director-in-Chief of all Papal collections, and had absolute control over everything relating to Antiquities in the Pope's dominions. Every object of antique origin brought to light within the Papal States had to be submitted to this officer's inspection, without whose sanction it could not be exported, and his authority was supreme in all matters falling within the department of Art.

Notwithstanding all these good things a certain impatience was visible in him at times. It proceeded from the intensity of his mind as it worked in its old and natural direction. The more he studied the Antique the more did he become aware that even Rome did not contain all which he needed to scrutinize, and the more keenly did he feel a longing to proceed to those places where he might behold other remains of Art. Naples was such a locality, and near at hand, but that he had closed to himself by his own indiscretion. There were, however, beyond it Sicily and the shores of Greece, to which his thoughts became feverishly directed. Amongst the friends of later years whom he had made was Baron Riedesel, a German nobleman of fortune and classical tastes, the author of several books of travel which are still in repute, particularly one through 'Magna Græcia.' He then contemplated an expedition to Greece with the view of exca-

vating the site of Olympia, and Winckelmann seriously thought of accompanying him. Riedesel ultimately sailed alone, because Winckelmann found it impossible to extricate himself from his Roman ties, and also because very unexpectedly the door was opened which, of all others, he had believed hopelessly closed against him. Sir William Hamilton, then already our Minister in Naples, was engaged in the composition of the splendid volumes he subsequently published illustrative of his precious collection of Vases. His critical eye had long appreciated Winckelmann's merits, and an interchange of letters had established personal relations between these distinguished connoisseurs.

Sir William now exerted with success his powerful interest at Court to remove the prohibition against Winckelmann's return to Naples. An unknown Abate might be snubbed with impunity, but to proscribe from the precincts of the Museum the author of 'The History of Art,' the acknowledged greatest judge in Europe of the Antique, would be to heap irretrievable ridicule on Neapolitan science. Tanucci was far too intelligent not to be sensible of the fact, and availed himself of the opportunity offered by a presentation copy of 'The History of Art' to address a markedly gracious letter to Winckelmann. Accordingly, in September, 1767, he proceeded to Naples, where for some months he was hospitably entertained by Sir William, and even graciously received at Court, though his movements were so jealously dogged that in the Museum his very strides were watched lest he should be taking measurements. According to his own testimony this visit was, however, the most thoroughly delightful of all he paid to Naples. Every circumstance concurred to fill to the brim the measure of enjoyment to be derived from Hamilton's society and stores of knowledge, and to make absolutely complete the possible series of memorable sights; for Vesuvius contributed the spectacle of one of the most tremendous eruptions on record. In the company of Hamilton, as diligent and scientific an observer of the Volcano as of Antique Vases, Winckelmann, not without some serious danger, spent four nights on the mountain amidst the terrific scenes. This was the closing incident of his last Neapolitan excursion. He went away with the firm purpose of returning the following year for a lengthened visit to Sir William Hamilton, but, before the year had run round, death had violently overtaken him in the vigour of life.

It is noteworthy how Winckelmann's genuine friendships (if we except that for

Cardinal Albani, towards whom he entertained the affection inspired by gratitude) were confined to countrymen. He never contracted with Italians more than comparative acquaintances, mere efflorescences of a superficial intercourse. Those passionate ties of the soul, so distinctively characteristic of his nature, occurred only with Germans. Throughout his lengthened stay in Italy correspondence with old friends in Germany never slackened, and never showed abated warmth of enthusiasm. The reader has seen how, amidst the dissipations of the Villa Albani, Winckelmann would take pleasure in reading in the old German hymn-books in which he had learnt his early lessons as a child. These Teutonic reminiscences and associations retained an indelible hold on his mind, and though facts ultimately proved his system to have become too thoroughly acclimatized to the softer atmosphere of Italian life to support the roughness of northern zones, his imagination at this period had become morbidly home-sick. Directly after his return from Naples the yearning to revisit the haunts of youth—to look on the face of the cherished friends of his soul—became fanned into one of those paroxysms of white heat into which it was in the nature of Winckelmann's imaginative passions to get inflamed. This sentiment overcame him momentarily with such ungovernable vehemence in the presence of obstacles which seemed to stand imperatively in the way of his desires, that he actually meditated breaking violently with his Roman ties. It is impossible not to recognize symptoms of morbidness in these recurring manifestations of mental restlessness—the signs of a disturbed nervous system. The difficulties to be overcome were twofold; there was the consideration for the Cardinal, whom, at his advanced age, he felt concerned to leave; and then there was the question of obtaining from the Court of Rome the leave which would enable him to go away without forfeiting his appointment. It is an interesting fact that Winckelmann proposed as a substitute during his absence in the office of Commissioner of Antiquities a then quite unknown Abate, who, on his death, succeeded in his place, and that this Abate was the first of the Viscontis who, through successive generations, have succeeded each other in the same office with a distinction that has become European. The present Commendatore Visconti, the distinguished representative of an illustrious chain of eminent Archaeologists, preserves as the title-deed of his family distinction the pencilled scrawl with which Winckelmann the night before his departure hastily informed his ancestor that he

at the last moment got the Cardinal Camerlengo's approval of Visconti acting as his deputy during his absence in Germany.

The fatal journey on which Winckelmann thus set out with feverish impatience has of ten been narrated. It was the 23rd March, 1768, that he obtained his official leave; and on the 10th April he left Rome with the sculptor, Cavaceppi, who accompanied him out of friendship. The plan was to visit Berlin (where he longed to see Frederick the Great and Stosch), Brunswick and Dessau, in both of which places he had friends, and then Dresden. The tidings of Winckelmann's coming were trumpeted forth in Germany as an event, and Goethe, then a student at Leipzig, recounts how he and others projected an excursion merely to catch a sight of the great man on his passage. But Winckelmann never got so far. Up to Verona he seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded an hour on the road northwards than Cavaceppi (who has left a detailed narrative of what occurred as long as they remained together) observed an extraordinary change in the expression of Winckelmann's countenance. He seemed to be overcome with a perfect spasm of horror as that Alpine world opened before him, which, when last he had looked on it, he had admired with so much enthusiasm. Suddenly he exclaimed that he would then turn back at once, and although his companion succeeded in combating this resolution, he continued during the journey to Munich to exhibit so unaccountably strange a temper of mind that Cavaceppi at moments suspected a temporary derangement of the brain. In Munich Winckelmann positively declared his irrevocable determination to return to Rome, and all Cavaceppi could obtain was that he would accompany him as far as Vienna, where they separated. It is evident that Winckelmann was sick both in his body and mind, being overcome with a nervous prostration, accompanied by low fever, which kept him for some days to his bed. In Vienna he experienced an earnest of the honours that awaited him in Germany. Maria Theresa sent for him, and extricated a promise that he would return the following year to arrange her collection of antiquities, and the haughty statesman Prince Kaunitz condescended to remonstrate with Winckelmann against his flight back to Rome. But all was in vain, and on June 1 he reached Trieste with the intention of engaging a passage to Venice, and took up quarters in the still existing Locanda Grande in the Piazza di San Pietro. He occupied room No. 10, and in room No. 9, on the same floor, there lived a person

whose acquaintance Winckelmann made at the public table. This man had come two days before from Venice by sea, and on hearing Winckelmann inquire for a ship to that port, he recommended the skipper that had brought him. A bargain was concluded for the passage, but as the cargo was not full, Winckelmann was detained unwillingly for a week at Trieste, during which he spent much of his time in the society of this chance neighbour and acquaintance, who was a professional adventurer and rogue. His name was Francesco Arcangeli. He was by birth a Tuscan, and had been a cook. In Vienna he had been condemned to three years' irons for theft, and after having finished this term of confinement, he had resided in Venice in partnership with a woman on the town. What had brought him to Trieste at that moment does not appear; but manifestly he was an individual on the look-out for any stroke of business that offered. Winckelmann was so imprudent as not only to consort with a stranger, but also to hold language directly calculated to excite the curiosity of a man of whose antecedents he knew nothing. He studiously surrounded himself with a mysterious incognito, mentioned his audience with Maria Theresa, and showed some valuable gold coins that whetted the cupidity of an ignorant individual out at elbows and restrained from crime by no sense of morality.

The desire to rob this mysterious stranger of his fancied treasures seized Arcangeli, and on the 7th June, the eve of the day fixed for the ship to sail, he provided himself with the instruments to carry out his intentions—a knife and the rope for a noose, with which he entered Winckelmann's room on the following morning. Winckelmann was seated in his shirt-sleeves, writing notices to his printer for the new edition of his History, when the murderer came in. The maid-servants subsequently deposed to having heard a friendly conversation between the two. Arcangeli asked Winckelmann to show him, as he had promised, some gold coins, which the latter excused himself from doing, and, with his back turned to Arcangeli, continued writing his notes for the printer. As he was in the act of writing (*There shall . . .*) the loose was flung from behind around his neck, and then a terrific death struggle ensued. Winckelmann closed with desperate strength with the murderer, trying to wrench out of his grasp the knife, and already he had succeeded in getting near the door when both fell, Winckelmann undermost. The waiter below hearing the heavy thump of the fall rushed upstairs, when, horror struck, he beheld Arcangeli with his knees on his vic-

tim's breast, into which he repeatedly plunged his knife, but at sight of the waiter darted past into the street. The subsequent details are harrowing. Winckelmann could still speak, but the wit-bereft waiter, not observing that he was being throttled by the noose, left him to fetch a surgeon, while an equally terrified maid ran for a priest. With convulsive effort the writhing victim crawled into the public room where the sight of his bleeding person only served to scare the persons sitting round the table, who took to flight, and Winckelmann lay there until the arrival of the surgeon, who at once pronounced his case as hopeless. A Leghorn gentleman, the Cavaliere Vannucci, now happily turned up, and, sending for the police officer, he lost no time in gathering from the lips of the dying man the principal circumstances of the tragedy. Winckelmann had still strength to give lucid answers, and then to dictate, though not to sign, a will naming Cardinal Albani his universal heir, with the exception of a legacy of 350 ducats to the engraver Mogalli, and of 100 ducats to the Abate Piranesi. Amongst his luggage were found a few articles of value, including a gold watch and some coins, and a travelling library, which comprised Homer, Plautus, and Martial, and an interleaved copy of his History. His agony lasted for six hours. A Capuchin friar administered the last sacraments of the Church to the writhing man as he lay stretched on a mattress put upon the floor. There were five wounds in his breast and two in his stomach. To questions as to his identification Winckelmann had given no distinct answer, probably because he was too exhausted. 'Lasciatemi, non posso più parlare,' he said, 'dal passaporto lo rileverete.' Whether it was that this document did not afford sufficient clue to his station in life or for some other reason, his obsequies were of the most humble kind. His remains were deposited without ceremony in a common fosse, and his ashes were mixed with those of pauper corpses. The only tribute paid to his memory in Trieste at the time, consisted in the punishment inflicted on the wretch to whose hand was due his untimely end. Having been quickly seized in the street by the pursuing myrmidons of the city bailiff, Arcangeli was drawn on the wheel July 20th, the same day of the week on which the murder had been perpetrated, upon the Piazza di San Pietro, immediately in front of the inn which had been the scene of the bloody deed.

Such was the tragical catastrophe that prematurely brought to a close the wonderful career of the pauper son of a pau-

per cobbler from the bleak region of the Old March, just as under the incontrollable impulse of an overpowering sentiment he was hurrying back to his sunny domicile in the marble halls of the sumptuous Palace of Art, reared for his fastidious enjoyment by the refined taste of a princely and munificent Roman Cardinal. The claims of Winckelmann to a prominent place in the Temple of Fame cannot be disputed. Much in his writings has become obsolete, but all are tipped with that superior fire which genius alone can give forth, the glow that has the faculty of a brightness not fading by time. This faculty of twinkling brightly on through ages with the lustre of a mysterious brilliancy is a property appertaining only to the memories of those who have displayed, while living, that highest quality in man's nature—the force of creativeness. Winckelmann displayed that force in an eminent degree. All he did and left behind him was spontaneous, the natural and gushing outflow of individual consciousness. He was emphatically a poet—a seer—and his utterances were characterised by the indefinable flash of that power of divination, the vivid essence whereof baffles analysis, but the directness of which instantaneously strikes, and leaves behind it a mark for ever. Those who after him have trodden with the sole guide of his genius, in the direction of the intellectual fields he explored, have partly been led to modify some views he entertained, and have partly been enabled to push investigation beyond the limits at which he stopped. But every candid Art-critic will readily acknowledge that Winckelmann first brought light into what had been up to his time a chaotic mass of desultory ideas and confused theories. He found the study of Art a string of disconnected, fanciful and haphazard notions; he left it crystallized into a system, the theorems of which, as evolved by himself, have in all essentials stood the test of experience, and have been confirmed by the touchstone of progressive criticism.

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- ART. II.—1. *The Statutes at Large.*
 2. *The Report of the Digest of Law Commissioners.*
 3. *The Statutes Revised, and the Proceedings of the Statute Law Committee.*

THE Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that he never could understand an Act of Parliament in its 'raw' state. Napo-

leon, on the other hand, was resolved to excel in legislation, no less than in war. Hastily crammed by Cambaceres and Portalis, he took part spasmodically in the discussions of the Council of State on the Code, and 'left the auditors *not in the secret* dazzled with his erudition, and penetrated with his omniscience.' * 'Napoleonic ideas,' however discredited in the matter of war, still prevail in the matter of Law Reform. Everybody is a reformer. Every woman can say and every man can write how a scheme could easily be framed by which one small volume, or at most a few small volumes, should comprise, in a form intelligible to all, the wrongs of man, the rights of woman, the mode in which those wrongs should be redressed, and those rights enforced.

Opinions differ as to the reasons why the world is deprived of so great, so easily attained a boon. The House of Lords blames the House of Commons, the House of Commons makes an onslaught on the obstructiveness of the Lords, the Judges, with characteristic impartiality, denounce both Houses equally. On one point alone Lords, Commons, and Judges are alike agreed, namely, on the incompetency of the officials entrusted with the task of drawing Acts of Parliament :—

'Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
Et omne vicinum oppidum.'

The above observations are not intended as depreciatory of law reform, still less as impugning the utility of a Code. No man in his senses can doubt that a code, or the reduction to a consistent and harmonious whole of the scattered fragments of the law of a country, is the ideal perfection of legislation. No man can doubt that a code of English law is the goal towards which all English law reform should tend. What is meant is to give a warning of the difficulty of the task to those who jump hastily to the conclusion that a code is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, to be produced at any time, provided only the nation will pay the bill, forgetful of the fact that a work in which Justinian, Bacon and Napoleon have not succeeded, or only partially succeeded, is a work which must have more inherent difficulty in it than amateur law reformers dream of in their philosophy.

The only question in considering law reform is how is it to be effected? But before a reply can be given to that question, other questions must be asked and answered. What is Law? What is the mode in which our laws are made? What is the

machinery for interpreting the law? How are lawyers educated? What, then, is Law? According to Coke, 'it is the perfection of reason * and the mother of justice.' † Hooker, on the other hand, makes law 'the mother of peace and joy. All things on earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her powers.' ‡ Descending from the clouds to the earth, ask an English lawyer what is law. He will point to a library of some 1500 volumes at the least. § On further enquiry he will state that it consists of the statutes at large, of the Law Reports and of text-books, and will probably add, with somewhat of a sigh, that the collection increases annually by the addition of some 25 or 30 volumes of Law Reports, independently of a volume of statutes and of new text-books. Let us accept for the nonce this triple division of English law, and consider what materials each class of books furnishes towards codification.

To begin with the statutes at large. The statute law, is *par excellence*, the written law of England, and is comprised in about 100 octavo volumes, containing more than 18,000 Acts of Parliament. These statutes are placed in chronological order, without any systematic arrangement. A considerable portion of this mass of law is obsolete, another portion relates to local and private matters, while the subject matter of the effective legislation is as varied and extensive as the social and mercantile life of England.

The Reports contain the decisions of the Judges on important cases brought before them for a period of 566 years. They consisted in 1866 of 1308 volumes, and they increase at the rate of from 25 to 30 volumes a year. In 1866 the reported Common Law cases amounted to more than 60,000, and the Equity cases to 28,000. ¶ The series begins with the year books, which are written in law French, and extend over a period of about 200 years, from the beginning of the reign of Edward II., in 1307, to the latter years of the reign of Henry VIII.,

* Co. Litt., 97 (b) : 'No man, out of his own private reason, ought to be wiser than the law which is the perfection of reason.'

† Co. Litt., 142 (a) : 'So as in truth, justice is the daughter of the law, for the law bringeth her forth.'

‡ Hooker, Bk. I., Lib. xviii. 8.

§ In 1866 the English reports alone amounted to 1300 volumes and upwards. See 'Statistical Memorandum' prepared by Secretary of Digest of Law Commission.

¶ See Statistics of Legislation by Statistical Society and Statistical Memorandum prepared by the Secretary of the Digest of Law Commission.

and it ends with the last number of the 'Weekly Notes,' to be continued *ad infinitum* :—

'Rusticus expectat dum defuait amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

The text-books consist, as their name imports, of treatises and compilations extending over the whole area of law. To the law reformer they are only of interest, in so far as they contain the *ἀγραφή νόμιμα* of English law—that is to say, the maxims of the Common Law and the unwritten law of the Courts of Equity. The common law furnishes the axioms, so to speak, of law. Take the law of inheritance. Every man, woman, and child is supposed to know that in England the eldest son inherits the father's land; yet this rule is laid down in no statute, and is, without proof, assumed to be the law. Similarly, Common Law definitions of murder, larceny, and other crimes, lie at the root of our Criminal Law; in fact there is scarcely a chapter, so to speak, in the great book of law, which would not properly begin with some maxim of the Common Law. The whole doctrine of trusts and uses, indeed the greater part of Equity jurisprudence, may be considered as the unwritten law of the Courts of Equity, but for the purpose of these pages will be included in the description of Common Law.

The law being such as has been described, that is to say, consisting of upwards of 18,000 statutes, of nearly or quite 100,000 cases, of all the unwritten rules of which the Common Law, properly so called, is composed, and of the doctrines on which equity jurisprudence is based, we are told that the *panacea* is the immediate preparation of a code which waits only for a liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer to be produced at once; while a board of revision to look over every Bill before it receives the assent of the Crown is the proper remedy for the defects of current legislation. Now one thing is certain, that we must learn to walk before we learn to run; and that we must begin at the beginning before we arrive at the end. It may justly be said of law as is reported to have been said of Spain: 'If you attack Spain with a large army, the troops are starved; if you attack it with a small army, you are beaten.' So with Law Reform. If you begin by a general scheme for a universal code, the plan fails, from want of power to carry it into effect. If you make a small onslaught on some particular abuse, the defenders number more than the assailants, and the Bill fails. The true remedy, then, is to begin the attack at various points, by various means, at the same time; and the

object of the following pages is to show the best practical means of assault, with a view to obtaining a code, or a close approximation to a code, as the prize of victory.

The first object to be attained is a superintending power. At present Law Reform is the business of no particular Minister. Here and there a young and energetic man, anxious to win his ministerial spurs, brings in a Consolidation Bill; but he never repeats the experiment; the toil is too great, and the glory not equal to the toil. It is true that the Lord Chancellor, the Home Secretary, and the law officers of the Crown, are each and all of them supposed to be ministers of law or ministers of justice, and to direct their whole energies to the amendment of the law. With respect to the Chancellor, no doubt from time to time great reforms are initiated by that officer: but they usually involve organic changes in the law, and seldom or never are confined to laborious attempts to consolidate existing legislation. The Home Secretary has his hands full of police detail and domestic legislation. He must bring in Bills in relation to licensing public houses, to factories, steam threshing-machines, trades' unions, and everything great or small that wounds the susceptibilities or attracts the attention of irritated or discontented Members. The law officers come usually—the one from the Courts of Common Law, and the other from the Courts of Chancery—full of law and full of equity; but they have their own business to attend to, and can scarcely afford time to do more than assist in passing through the House of Commons the Bills proposed by the higher functionaries of the Government to which they belong, and answer from day to day the various questions of Members who are desirous of getting legal opinions on public matters without the expense of a fee. At all events, an Attorney-General, or a Solicitor-General, will scarcely devote himself to the prosaic task of consolidating the Poor Law, or bringing forward a comprehensive Summary Jurisdiction Bill—measures which would conduce much to the amendment of the law and to the happiness of the public, but would scarcely add a feather to his political cap.

What is really required is a department of the Government charged with the duty of amending and watching over legislation; this department must be represented by its President having a seat in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons, and its functions must be exclusively confined to the reform of the law as contradistinguished from its administration.

The best form of superintending power

would seem to be a Committee of Council for Law. It should consist of the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chancellor, and such other Cabinet Ministers as may be named members of the Committee by Order in Council. The effective member would be the President, but he would have the great advantage of consulting from time to time his colleagues in the Committee, and no difficulty would arise from his temporary absence, since any member of the Committee might act for the President, as is usual in other departmental committees of the Government. The Committee of Council must have a permanent staff attached to it, so that the traditions of Law Reform might be handed on instead of being violently broken off from time to time by the mere change of the superintending Minister.

Having obtained a Minister specially charged with Law Reform as his function, we will proceed to the first step in the ascent to a code. This step should be the completion of the revised edition of the statutes now in progress under the superintendence of the Statute Law Committee,* and the improvement of the authorised Index to the Statutes published by their direction, works of more importance than would appear at the first glance.

The difficulties of the Statute-book are of two descriptions, first physical, and secondly intellectual. By physical difficulties are meant the difficulty of finding what Acts are in force on a given subject, and, when the Acts are found, the difficulty of comparing numerous provisions embodied in a cumbersome mass of printed paper. For example, the Poor-law Acts, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners Acts, the Sanitary Acts, are instances of Acts which present great physical difficulties, independently of any difficulty of construction. Intellectual difficulties arise from the intricate or complex nature of the subject-matters of certain statutes; of these difficulties the Succession Duty Act affords examples.

Now, a revised edition of the Statutes, and a properly prepared Index, although not calculated to deal with the intellectual difficulties of the Statute-Book, are by no means ineffectual aids in overcoming its physical difficulties. By the Index a reader may find out what Acts and parts of Acts are in force on any given subject. In the revised edition he will find those Acts and parts of Acts published in an accessible

shape, and by tying together Acts and parts of Acts relating to the same subject-matter he will be furnished with no bad equivalent for a consolidating statute. The essential condition, however, of such an edition and such an Index is that it should be annually corrected. Every Session alters a portion, and in altering, dislocates, so to speak, a larger portion of the Statute Law. At the close of every Session the edition and the Index must be adjusted to the new state of the law. In the case of the edition this would be most conveniently done by publishing a printed paper of *corrigenda* to point out the exact obliterations to be made in the edition. The Index should be reprinted every year, but if that cannot be done, a paper of *corrigenda* must be supplied, showing not only what must be struck out, but, further, what insertions are needed to represent accurately the effect of the legislation of the current Session. These processes will be conducted by an officer under the supervision of the Committee of Law. The best officer to undertake such a task (with the additional advantage that he can begin his work before the Committee of Law comes into existence) would seem to be the Speaker's Counsel. It should be his duty at the close of every Session to bring the edition of the Statute law and the authorised Index into conformity with the law. A small annual sum would be sufficient remuneration for the labour, and the public benefit conferred would be out of all proportion to the expense incurred.

The separation of the living from the dead law, and the publication of the former in a revised edition, is not intended to be a substitute for, but an aid to, the consolidation of the statute law. This must be undertaken in a systematic manner, and with that view it is essential to discriminate between the different operations required in effecting a complete consolidation of that law.

First, there is a large number of Statutes which may be consolidated mechanically; that is to say, mere scissors and paste will put together in a small compass a variety of sections dispersed over numerous Acts, and divided by long intervals of time. This species of consolidation should be done as soon as possible, and might be carried into effect by the present editor of the revised edition of the Statutes, with the assistance of his staff.

Secondly, another bulky class of statutes is merely departmental, e.g. Acts regulating the War Office, the Admiralty, the Inland Revenue Office, and so forth. The duty should be imposed on every Government office to cause a consolidation to be made of its departmental statutes. This should be

* For the names of the Committee and the authority under which they act, see preface to vol. i. of the 'Revised Edition of the Statutes.'

done in the first instance by the clerks of the office, and their work should be revised by the staff of the Committee of Law, and be passed into Acts at the instance of the Ministers presiding over the department. No opposition could possibly be made to such Bills, indeed a better plan still would be to pass a general Act enabling each department to govern its own officers by Orders in Council to be laid before Parliament. The House of Commons would thus retain its control over the internal economy of the Government without wasting its time in considering measures which it must take on trust from the Ministers whom it is pleased to appoint to the head of the offices.

Thirdly, a class of Acts analogous to the departmental consists of those relating to the Courts of Law and Equity and rules of procedure, including as a part of procedure the law of evidence. The consolidation of this branch of law would be a great convenience to the legal profession. To the public their substance and not their form is important, for simplify or consolidate as you will, the wielding of these special judicial and legal weapons must ever remain with the experts in the law. This work should be undertaken by the Judges with competent paid assistants, and the result, when sanctioned by authority so eminent, would no doubt be passed into law by Parliament with complimentary acquiescence. The code of criminal law might also engage the attention of the Judges, as being too special in its nature to be codified otherwise than under the superintendence of the authorities by whom it is administered.

The remainder of the Statute Book can only be dealt with by the patient and systematic passing of Consolidation Acts carried on day by day, and year by year, under the control of the Committee of Law. The first Acts treated should be those which concern the largest and most helpless portion of the community, the poor. Examples of such laws are the Poor Laws, the Sanitary Laws, the Highway Acts, the Bastardy Acts, the Master and Servant Acts, and generally the Acts which form the usual subject of magisterial jurisdiction. The lawyer and the merchant can take good care of themselves, or, if not, can provide themselves with proper guardianship; but the poor man is at the mercy of the inspector, the constable, the overseer, the employer. For him too often the liability to pay a fine, even a small fine, means insolvency, insolvency means imprisonment, imprisonment means a downward fall from self-respect to pauperism, from pauperism to crime.

When Acts such as those above enu-

merated have been simplified, abridged, and made consistent with justice, it will be time enough to deal with the law of Contracts, the law of Insurance, of Promissory Notes and of Mortgages, the doctrines of Equity, and so forth. As we approach nearer a code these may well form the subject of learned disquisition and scientific arrangement. The educated will derive great benefit from their being reduced into a consistent whole; the uneducated will neither gain nor lose, as they have little concern in such matters, or, if they are concerned in them, are driven of necessity to the neighbouring lawyer.

When the above programme has been completed, the residue of the Statute Book will consist of Acts not worth consolidating, and of Acts the consolidation of which may be expected at the advent of a legal millennium. Illustrations of the first class may be found in the Alkali Acts, Alteration of Boundaries Acts, Steam Whistle Acts, and so forth; of the latter class, all constitutional measures, from Magna Charta to the Reform Act of 1867, furnish examples.

Passing from the past to the present, we are brought face to face with the difficulties of current legislation. The first thing here to be done is to accept cheerfully the conclusion which philosophical reformers are loth to accept, that parliamentary government will probably last some time longer in England: at all events, to admit that in any practical scheme of law reform we must contemplate the possibility of representative institutions not being abolished within a given limited period. The second is to dispel at once a certain number of palliations, so to speak, of Parliamentary Government, which may be classed under the head of popular delusions. To begin, Parliament will never consent to a revision, before they receive the Royal Assent, of Bills which have passed both Houses. The form of a Bill is its very soul and essence, and to give such a consent would in effect be a delegation of legislative power to an agency alike secret and irresponsible. The alteration of a definition will entirely change the whole provisions of an Act. The substitution of 'and' for 'or' will impose or annul the severest penalty. Yet alterations such as these, if skillfully made, would defy the minutest investigation that could be bestowed on the work by the Houses of Parliament or by any Committee of either House. Then, Parliament will never consent to passing, without complete discussion and investigation, Consolidation Bills containing new and disputable matter mixed up with old law. Here again the reasons, whether satisfactory or not, lie on the surface. Where new matter for dispute

is imbedded in a mass of old law, the opponents of the new matter talk out the Bill by dwelling on supposed defects in the old law. Similarly, if old law involving matters still in controversy, or involving party considerations, be reproduced in a consolidated form before the passions it has excited have died away, the mere fact of consolidation presents so wide a front to objectors that the defenders are wearied out with the multitude of points raised, even if they have a complete answer to each individual question.

We are thus driven to the conclusion that Bills, if intended to be passed, must either consist of some form of amending Bill, or of a consolidation of matter which possesses no party interests, or lastly, must be one of those great measures which can only be conceived and carried by statesmen of the first rank, which are pressed with the whole power of the Government, and of which two, at the very utmost, can be carried in a session.

Is it, then, contended that we must quietly fold our arms and let current legislation proceed unchecked in its evil course? By no means; only attempt something that is practicable. The first step to be taken is to provide that all Government Bills, before being brought into Parliament, shall be approved by the full Committee of Law, constituted as above mentioned; that is to say, by all the most important Cabinet Ministers. This process would at once reduce, probably by one-half, certainly by a third, the amount of current legislation in every year, as all Bills would be excluded which are brought in merely to gratify departmental ambition or Under-Secretarial fidget. More time would thus be afforded for completing important measures.

Another result of such a sifting would be to diminish ill-considered attempts at legislation. A minister may be a good debater, a good citizen, a good administrator, without being a Solon, or even a Tribonian or Portalis. Such a man, when raised by a grateful country to be one of its governors, should be discouraged from attempting legislation, and should confine himself to departmental work or to defending measures initiated by his colleagues.

So far so good, it may be said; but the effect of the above suggestion is only to lessen the number, and not to improve the form of Bills. It may be admitted at once that Consolidation Bills might be brought in more frequently than they are. Every improvement of the law is not a bone of contention between political parties, and where it is not so there is no reason for substituting an amending Bill for a consolidating Bill.

With respect to such Bills, the Minister of Justice might fairly say, '*non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa*,' and Parliament would obey the bidding.

The more difficult subject remains, of the great mass of alterations of the law which must be made by amending Acts. The only resource here is that the Committee of Law should, at the close of each session, bring in Consolidation Bills embodying all amendments made during the session by Acts with respect to which, the fight being over, all animosity has subsided. Many such Bills might often be passed at the end of a session without opposition, as Parliament will be satisfied without discussing a second time amendments already passed in the same session. Such a system would not be perfect, as there would still remain a residue of Bills justly objected to as piecemeal legislation; yet every Consolidation Bill, so passed, would be a step gained, and would tend to diminish the ever-increasing mass of cumbersome legislation.

A Committee of Law might also work good by controlling the legislative cacoethes of the House of Commons, and discountenancing Parliamentary interference in trivial cases in which the '*nodus*' is not '*ignus vindice*.' There is no reason why everybody should be inspected in his person and his dwelling, or why an enactment* should be passed to prohibit an old woman selling her copper kettle, in order to prevent thieves disposing of stolen metal.

Assuming the foregoing scheme to be adopted for the improvement of current legislation, ample room will still be left for accusations of 'crude and imperfect measures, bungling and careless legislation.' The truth is that the framing of Acts of Parliament, apart from considerations of how they are to be passed, is a matter of no small difficulty.† Mr. Austin, who had himself tried his hand at the craft, says:—

* 34 & 35 Vict., c. 112 s. 13 and schedule.

† Legal Members of Parliament sometimes are caught tripping. Witness the following amendment, proposed by an eminent Queen's Counsel:—

Dogs trespassing on enclosed land.

'Every dog found trespassing on enclosed land unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog, or other person who shall, on being asked, give his true name and address, may be then and there destroyed by such occupier, or by his order.'

Monday, May 22, 1865.

The following definition, the result of the combined efforts of a Parliamentary Committee, Parliamentary Counsel, and Parliamentary Agent.

'I will venture to affirm that what is commonly called the *technical* part of legislation is incomparably more difficult than what may be styled the *ethical*. In other words, it is far easier to conceive justly what would be useful law, than so to construct that same law that it may accomplish the design of the law-giver.

'Accordingly, statutes made with great deliberation and by learned and judicious lawyers, have been expressed so obscurely, or have been constructed so inaptly, that decisions interpreting the sense of their provisions, or supplying and correcting their provisions *ex ratione legis*, have been of necessity heaped upon them by the courts of justice. Such, for example, is the case with the Statute of Frauds, which was made by three of the wisest lawyers in the reign of Charles II., Sir M. Hale (if I remember right) being one of them.*

A familiar illustration will show the nature of the duty imposed on the officials entrusted with the task of drawing Acts of Parliament. Suppose an order were given to one man to consolidate the rules relating to croquet, cricket, football, and whist. The first requisite would be that he should know the games; the second that he should have the co-operation of persons most skilled in those games, and the support of the principal clubs which play them. The last, but not the least, qualification would be the faculty of reconciling inconsistencies, inventing new rules when required, and a power of expressing the whole in plain and unambiguous language. Such a task would be a difficult one; yet the Bills of a single session present a far greater variety of subjects, and a more intricate set of rules, than the supposed illustration.

Proceed a step further, and suppose that the rules of cricket had to be approved by a committee of some 500 persons, not consisting of cricketers only, but containing numerous persons hating cricket, and desirous to substitute some other game. It will be admitted that such rules, however carefully prepared, would not be the better for the revision of such a committee. Yet here again the example falls short of the reality. A Bill for the abolition of army purchase has to run the gauntlet of all the military Members in the House, aided by everybody who dislikes the army, or is opposed to the Government of the day. A Bankruptcy Bill

can scarcely escape the lawyers unscathed. An Irish University Bill, however just, however well considered, may readily be smothered by the reluctance of one party to support it, and the determination of another to oppose it.

Before quitting this topic, it may perhaps be lawful to suggest that the criticism of Acts of Parliament outside the walls of Parliament sometimes errs on the side of severity rather than on that of mercy. Judges are somewhat in the position of detective policemen, who, having to deal with habitual criminals, look upon every man as a suspect if not as a thief. So a judge, dealing only with Acts of Parliament on which disputed questions have arisen, forgets the ninety-and-nine good Acts which need no amendment, and thinks that every statute which he has not read will give rise to as many questions as those which he has read. The strangest delusion is the idea that legislation by reference, as it is termed, instead of consolidation, is the outcome of negligence, or ignorance, or incapacity on the part of the draftsman. To construct a Consolidation Bill is the easiest of all legislative tasks, as little ability is required to begin *ab ovo*, and proceed *usque ad mala*. The real strain on the mind is to annex the provisions of entire Bills, by reference, or to transfer powers *en masse*. In such Bills the writer must bear constantly in his mind the whole complex system of law with which he is dealing, and in order to qualify himself for the task he not unfrequently makes an analysis of the existing laws, which, if he were allowed to put it in the shape of a Bill, would amount to a complete consolidation of the law.

The real explanation is that Bills are made to pass, no less than the razors mentioned by the poet were made to sell; and the real difficulty is to avoid the Scylla of a Merchant Shipping Consolidation Bill whose magnitude deters the House from looking into its provisions, without falling into the Charybdis of a Parliamentary and Municipal Registration Bill, which, while avoiding all consolidation, and making amendments in the most concise form by substituting new words for those intended to be corrected, was denounced in the House of Lords as a 'Chinese puzzle and disgraceful.'*

Passing from the Statute Law to the Judiciary and Common Law, we will begin with the Judiciary Law.

The Reports must be dealt with in a man-

is a legislative illustration of the homely saying that 'too many cooks spoil the broth':—

Darlington Improvement Act, 1872.

The term 'new building' means any building pulled or burnt down to or within ten feet from the surface of the adjoining ground. See 'Report of Board of Trade under Tramways Act, 1870,' &c., 6th February, 1873.

* Austin on Jurisprudence, vol. ii. p. 371.

* See 'Report of Speeches in House of Lords on Register for Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill,' June 26, 1873.

ner similar in some degree to that recommended with respect to the Statutes. The living law must be separated from the dead, the useful from the useless. That will be done by expurgating the Reports, on the principle of striking out every case that is obsolete or overruled, and omitting a vast number relating to the construction of eccentric wills and obscure agreements, involving contradictions and ambiguities which from the nature of things can never again occur in combination. Having thus arrived at the Judiciary Law in force, let us look closely into it, with a view to its systematic arrangement, and we shall find at once that the whole mass divides itself into two distinct classes of cases, that is to say :—

(a.) Cases which in effect contain in themselves a substantive judicial enactment, or binding proposition of law, differing only from an ordinary enactment in that it is enunciated by a judge instead of by the Legislature.

(b.) Cases which serve as illustrations of the mode in which an enactment (using that word as comprehending an enactment enunciated by a judge, as well as one contained in an Act of Parliament) is construed and applied to the transactions of mankind.

For example, the negotiability of a bill of exchange was determined by a judicial decision, and this decision being followed, very soon passed into the domain of settled law, and when thus established amounted to an enactment that bills of exchange should be negotiable. The decision in the case of *Rees v. Warwick*, 2 B. and Ald. 113, on the question whether a letter from the drawee to the drawer, stating 'your bill 100*l.* shall have attention,' amounts to an acceptance, involves no general proposition of law, but establishes what may be called an illustrative proposition.*

Now, bearing in mind these distinctions, the Reports should be subjected to a double process. First, all important legislative cases should be published separately. These cases should be dealt with on the principle of 'Smith's Leading Cases,' and be explained by numerous illustrative examples. At the same time a digest should be formed as a further step to dispensing with reports *in extenso*.

In preparing a digest, judicial enactments should be carefully separated from illustrative propositions; or, in other words, substantive law should be divided from mere illustrations or examples of law.

Every judicial enactment contained in the Digest should be followed by an account containing just so much of the circumstances of the case which gave rise to that enactment, as will enable the reader to judge whether the compiler has or has not accurately expressed the result. There should be added a reference to a sufficient number of other cases to prove that the decision was not an isolated one, but was constantly acted on by the Courts, and thereby acquired the consistency of settled law, and if the judicial enactment on any point be doubtful the doubt should be pointed out, with a short summary of the conflicting cases on which the doubt is founded.

The list of illustrative cases stated in a digest should comprise a reference to all the decided cases of any consequence, and here again a distinction should be made between leading illustrative cases, that is to say, the cases which stand on the debatable ground between two propositions, and mark their boundaries, and illustrative cases of less importance, which are mere repetitions of former cases differing only in immaterial particulars. The former class should be stated in some detail—the latter may be grouped under their appropriate leading cases, with either a slight notice of their circumstances, or a mere reference to the reports where the cases are to be found.

As all or any of these works are completed on any branch of law, rules of Court should be framed restricting the quotation of cases *in extenso* to the published leading cases, and allowing the Digest to be cited in support of any proposition in place of the cases themselves. By means such as these the existing judiciary law would, in a comparatively short time, be reduced to a moderate compass, and the existing reports be relegated to the bookshelves of the antiquarian instead of cumbering the library and emptying the pocket of the practising lawyer.

It will, however, be of little avail to purify the source if we still pour into the stream a continuous pollution. The current reports must be forthwith put upon a new footing. Official reporters must be appointed by the Committee of Law, and be paid official salaries by the Crown. Such cases only should be reported as may be determined to contain some new principle or some new illustration of law, according to the judgment of an official editor, to be exercised subject to the general supervision of the Committee of Law. Further, no case should be cited in any court under any circumstances whatever, unless it be contained in the official reports.

* See 'Memorandum communicated to the Digest of Law Commission by the Parliamentary Counsel.'

In short, we must for once go back to 'the wisdom of our ancestors,' and issue the reports after the fashion of the earliest reports—the year books. These were composed by official reporters, and we are told by Kent, in his 'Commentaries,' quoting the Preface to 'Plowden's Reports,' that 'the great authenticity and accuracy of the year books arose from the manner in which they were composed. There were four reporters appointed to that duty, and they had a yearly stipend from the Crown; they used to confer together, and the reports, being settled by so many persons of approved diligence and learning, deservedly carried great credit with them.*'

Bacon, in his treatise intitled 'A Proposal for amending the Laws of England,' after laying down the rules for compiling a digest, says, 'the course being thus compiled, then it resteth but for your Majesty to appoint some grave and sound lawyers with some honourable stipend to be reporters for the time to come, and then this is settled for all times;' and adds in a note, 'This constitution of reporters I obtained of the King, after I was Chancellor, and there were two appointed with 100*l.* a year a piece stipend.'

Lastly, we must apply the process of compression to the Common Law, including the doctrines of Equity Jurisprudence. The work to be done here is tolerably easy. The old text-books must be ransacked for the Common Law and equitable maxims strewn up and down their pages, and the result must be published in the form of an Institute. Such a book must, as Bacon says, 'be made useful by good differences, ampliations and limitations warranted by good authorities, and this not by raising up of quotations and references, but by discourse and deducement in a just tractate.†'

The work, when completed, would be a handbook of legal maxims, and would furnish an introduction to the other compilations of the law.

Such are the steps to be taken towards a code—expurgation, consolidation, digestion of reports, and formation of an Institute of maxims. Not that the foregoing operations are to be successive; they should be concurrent, and each and every of them would of itself be an immediate benefit to the country. When the above-mentioned processes have been completed on any particular subject, by taking one step further we arrive at a code on that subject. Assume the sta-

tute law on shipping to be consolidated, take out of the Shipping Digest the rules supplied by the legislative cases, and out of the Institute of legal maxims the few axioms relating to shipping, add these extracts to the shipping statute, and a shipping code is completed. Go through the same process with any other branch of the law—mortgages, bills of exchange, or otherwise—and a code of that branch will be obtained; exhaust all the branches in a similar manner, and the whole law of England is codified. How far off such a consummation may be, is best known to those who are most desirous of attaining such an end, and yet best acquainted with its difficulties. Thus much is certain—that no code is, or ever ought to be, final. That it is not so in fact, may be gathered from the circumstances of every code which the world has yet seen. 'Greater changes took place in a few years in the laws of jurisprudence of Justinian,' says Montesquieu,* 'than in the three hundred years of the French monarchy immediately preceding my time; and those changes were so incessant and so trifling, that the inconstancy of the Emperor can only be explained by having recourse to the secret history of Procopius, where he is charged with having sold equally his judgments and his laws.' The monarchical law of France thus praised by Montesquieu was supplanted by the Code Napoléon; yet that code has had no better fate, as respects finality, than the previous work of Justinian. It amounted to scarcely more than a code of principles, which was immediately supplemented by innumerable commentaries; so that a French writer applies to modern French law the expression which he says Eusebius applied to the Roman Law, 'That the commentaries alone on the French law would have formed loads for many camels.' And the same writer might further have stated, with truth, that the additions made to the Code by subsequent legislation greatly exceed in bulk the original Code. The Prussian Code also furnishes another example of the same mutability, as large volumes of additions and explanations have been added to it since it was first promulgated. In fact, as Kent says,† 'The necessity for change in a code lies in the nature of things, of our mind and of our language. No code can provide for all specific cases, or be so constructed as to close all further inquiry.' That a code *ought* not to be final, would seem to follow from the obvious truism that laws ought to be accom-

* Vol. i. p. 480.

† See Bacon's treatise intitled 'A Proposal to amend the Laws of England.'

* Montesquieu, 'Grandeur et Décadence des Romains,' c. 20.

† 'Commentaries,' vol. i. p. 469.

modated to the habits and wants of the people, and that as human habits and human wants change, law must also change, to be in harmony with the habits and wants of the people over which it is dominant. Law is made for man, and not man for law, and an immutable law is but a form of Procrustean tyranny.

The last subject to be considered in connexion with Law Reform, and yet, perhaps, the most important, is that of Legal Education.

Stephenson could as easily have built the tubular bridge over the Menai Straits without skilled workmen, as a Government make a Consolidation Bill, a Digest, an Institute of maxims, and a code, or any of such works, without educated and trained draftsmen. Yet where are such men to be found? The composition of Acts of Parliament requires a great command of English, and at the same time differs from all other composition. Every sentence can and should be framed according to special rules; but the application of such rules in each particular case can only be determined by practice.

Again, an alteration of the laws, or a consolidation of the laws, cannot be safely effected unless the draftsman is acquainted, not only with the history of the law to be altered, but with the history of all kindred branches of the law. English law has by degrees interwoven itself with all the social needs of Englishmen, and must be studied in English History. For example, nothing would seem easier than to consolidate the Acts relating to penal servitude; yet what is the fact? The law of penal servitude rests on the law of transportation, and the law of transportation on the old doctrines relating to clergyable offences; so that to compose accurately a few sentences describing the law of penal servitude involves in effect a thorough knowledge of the criminal law of England, both ancient and modern.

Compare these supposed requirements with the practical knowledge of lawyers. A man constantly passes from his pupilage to the bar, from the bar to the bench, without drawing a single clause in a form which could be useful as a Parliamentary precedent. His knowledge is confined to Nisi Prius law and Greaves's Consolidation Acts, and he regards the old law with much the same contempt with which Sir William Armstrong probably looks on a culverin of Elizabeth's time. The remedy for these things is not to be found in giving young Englishmen an imperfect smattering of Roman law. Let them be taught English law, historically tracing each doctrine back to its origin, and when they are fully imbued with the grand

spirit of English legislation, they will be eager and willing to put it into a more attractive form, as an example to other nations, instead of learning to despise its real merits, on account of its uncouth shape.

Roman law here and there, notably in relation to guardianship and adoption, may perhaps furnish a model for English law; but its substance is alien to English institutions. English liberty and English law are plants of native growth, products of no foreign soil. Their roots are found not in the trim latinity, the exactness, the subtlety of Cæsarian constitutions, but in the rude Gothicism and broad practical rule of the Barons of England. 'Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur aut disseisiatur de libero tenemento suo, vel libertatibus vel liberis consuetudinibus suis, aut utlegetur, aut exulet, aut aliquo modo destruat, nec super eum ibimus, nec super eum mittemus nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terre. Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus rectum vel iusticiam.'*

We can ill afford to put on the shelf as unsuited to our times those title deeds of the olden time in days when Acts of Parliament 'bristle with misdemeanours,'† and when clauses imposing heavy summary penalties, establishing an army of inspectors, and containing all the machinery of paternal and maternal legislation pass unchallenged and unheeded through the House of Commons.

Hear further what Bacon, no prejudiced admirer, says of English law:—

'The laws of England commend themselves best to them that understand them; certainly they are wise, they are just and moderate laws; they give to God, they give to Cæsar, they give to the subjects that which appertaineth. It is true they are mixed as our language, compounded of British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman customs; and as our language is so much the richer, so the laws are the more complete.'‡

Let a law pupil, then, learn not to despise his birthright of English law. Further, that

* Magna Charta, 25 Ed. I. Rec. Ed., 9 Henry III. in Ruffhead's Edition. 'No freeman shall be arrested or imprisoned, or be disseised of his freehold or liberties or free customs, or be outlawed or exiled, or be in any way destroyed, nor will we pass over him (i.e. distrain upon his goods), nor send over him (i.e. issue process against him), except in pursuance of a legal judgment of his equals (i.e. of the free suitors in the Local Court), or of the law of the land (as administered in the King's Court). To no man will we sell, to no man will we deny or delay right or justice.'

† See speech of Mr. Henley on the Parliamentary and Municipal Elections Bill, April 15, 1872.

‡ See treatise intitled 'A Proposal to amend the Laws of England.'

he may do justice to that law, let him be taught the true principles of legal composition. In whatever path of life he may tread, such knowledge is useful; to the legislator and the draftsman it is indispensable. — The upshot of our observations is briefly as follows :—

1. A code is the most complete form in which the law of a country can be presented.

2. A code is the ultimate aim of all Law Reform.

3. The bulk of English law is so vast, that it does not admit of being codified as a whole until it has previously been collected, sifted, and otherwise put in a form adapted for codification.

4. These preliminary processes can only be effected by competent men under competent control.

5. The first practical step is to establish a department of the Government charged with the duty of putting in shape the existing law and superintending current legislation.

6. The second practical step is to consolidate the existing statutory law.

7. The third practical step is to consolidate the common law and judiciary law, by publishing an institute of common-law axioms, a collection of leading cases, a digest of other cases arranged on the principle of separating legislative or leading from illustrative cases—of eliminating from each leading case its maxim, and placing under it, in the shortest possible form, the cases illustrative of that maxim.

8. Current reporting must be conducted by official reporters.

9. A code may be readily constructed on any branch of law, by adding to a consolidating statute maxims found in the institute of maxims or the digest of cases.

10. Finality must not be aimed at in a code.

11. An improvement in legal education is required.

In conclusion, we are prepared to admit that Law reform is not one of those 'burning' questions 'about which men are terribly in earnest,' which take no denial and brook no delay. The outside world care little for lawyers or law; they regard both as necessary evils, to be avoided if practicable, to be got rid of, when inevitable, as quickly as possible. Thus much being admitted, let us not be misinterpreted or supposed to under-rate the value or overlook the urgency of taking steps to simplify our laws. Law reform excites no enthusiasm, because nobody is enthusiastic in a cause which he does not understand; and for this ignorance lawyers and law reformers are in the main responsible. Like the priests of Isis, lawyers make a

mystery of everything, and in describing the most ordinary legal incidents delight to use a technical jargon deficient alike in precision and elegance, and possessing no recommendation except that of unintelligibility to the uninitiated. Law reformers are not behind the lawyers in mysticism. They darken knowledge by proposing schemes of codification so comprehensive that no human intelligence can grasp them in their entirety, and by discoursing of 'primary rights' and 'sanctioning rights,' of 'universities of rights,' and so forth, instead of condescending to tell of rights of persons and rights of property, of civil injuries and criminal offences. Once bring down Themis from the heights of science to the level of common sense, open the door of her temple to the people, let the law be read in 'the vulgar tongue,' and there will be no lack of interest in Law reform. Men will see how closely it concerns them to know accurately the terms on which they can assert their rights and avenge their wrongs, and will be grateful to those who have placed such knowledge within their reach and freed them from the craft (as they deem it) of lawyers and the trammels of legal superstition.

Liberals and Conservatives alike are said to be in want of a policy: they have not far to look. Let them unite in adopting the policy of simplification of the law—they will reap their reward. Men are loyal in proportion as they are law-abiding; they are law-abiding in proportion as they understand and enter into the spirit of the rules by which they are governed. Uncertainty begets doubt; doubt is the parent of discontent, precipitation, and fear.

ART. III.—*Personal Recollections of Mrs. Somerville.* By her Daughter, Martha Somerville. London, 1873.

'We shall never certainly know, though it may be that hereafter we shall be able to guess, what Science lost, through the all but utter neglect of the unusual powers of Mary Fairfax's mind.'*

In entering this observation in the Obituary of the Astronomical Society, the distinguished Secretary naturally regarded Mrs. Somerville's early training from the point of view of the gains and losses of Science.

* 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society,' February, 1873. Reprinted in 'Light Science for Leisure Hours,' by Richard A. Proctor. Pp. 2-12.

Readers of the book before us will probably be tempted rather to consider it from that of the interests of the woman herself, who reveals herself therein as so singularly blessed in mind, heart, and circumstances; and to conclude that, after all, it could not be a very bad education which left its recipient to write its playful history fourscore years afterwards with undimmed eyes, unclouded intellect, and unwavering faith. These 'Recollections' are, indeed, the best illustration of the truth that no education can be wholly defective which leaves Youth and Nature together; and none deserving to be called complete which keeps them asunder. Sun and air, sea-shore and mountain-side, trees, flowers, shells and animals, are the very best of all primers and manuals, and these Mary Fairfax was happily permitted to con in unrestrained freedom, even while the gallant old Admiral, her father, peremptorily shut up her Euclid, observing to her mother, 'Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a straight-jacket. There was X., who went mad about the longitude!' The opposite mistake, when book-learning is crammed into the over-tasked brain of a child never allowed to ramble in the woods and 'paddle i' the burn,' is beyond all doubt or question infinitely the worst of the two. Let us recall poor Margaret Fuller's account of her miserable education, and then judge whether a 'little wholesome neglect,' such as Mary Fairfax enjoyed on the Links of Burntisland, was not immeasurably preferable:—

'My father instructed me himself, and thought to gain time by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Frequently I was sent to bed several hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated; the consequence was, a premature development of the brain, which made me a youthful prodigy by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the development of my bodily powers and checked my growth, while later they induced continual headache and nervous affections of all kinds, and will surely bring me to a premature grave. My aunts cried out upon the "spoiled child," who was never willing to go to bed. They did not know that as soon as the light was taken away she seemed to see colossal faces advancing slowly towards her, the eyes dilating, and each feature swelling loathsomely. They did not know that when at last she went to sleep it was to dream (as she had just read in her Virgil) of being among trees that dripped with blood where she walked, and could not get out; while the blood became a pool, and plashed over her feet, and rose till she dreamed it would reach her lips.*

And all this at eight years old! Of course, the provoking thing is, that parents not otherwise positively imbecile, should choose either extreme, and leave a mind like Mary Fairfax's thirsting for a few drops of knowledge, while they pour it down the throat of another, like Margaret Fuller, after the fashion of the water-torture of Madame Brinvilliers. Such blunders are not infrequent in the treatment of boys, as the autobiography of Mr. Mill may exemplify, but we might be tempted to think a girl must be a recently-developed variety of the human species, the laws of whose physical and mental constitution are as yet unexplored; so persistently do alternate generations of her teachers oscillate from one extravagance to another in her education.

Miss Somerville, in introducing her mother's 'Recollections,' observes that 'The life of a woman entirely devoted to her family duties and to scientific pursuits affords little scope for a biography. There are in it neither stirring events nor brilliant deeds to record.' Certainly, if the special interest of biographies lies in such matters, and the memoirs of each individual be but a morsel, more or less glittering, in the great mosaic of history, Mary Somerville's long, spotless, and unobtrusive life, was scarcely worth recording. If, however, as we hold, on the contrary, the peculiar charm and use of the delightful class of books in question is, that they give us glimpses into human nature, not bird's-eye views of senates and battlefields,—if a biography be to a history what the painting of a flower is to a treatise on botany,—then we are sure Miss Somerville has done wisely to dismiss the hesitation which she says she experienced regarding the publication of these 'Recollections.' They give the freshest, simplest picture imaginable of a character which, if the world were a good deal wiser and happier than it is, would still be (as Mary Fairfax's Scotch kinsfolk would say) 'good for sair e'en to look upon.' Amid all the shallow pretentiousness of this and every age, we could ill have afforded to let slip the memory of one who exhibited, as nearly as possible, the converse of these characteristics, and whose life was the refutation of two of the most disheartening of modern doctrines—to wit, that the highest culture of one faculty of human nature involves the starvation of the rest; and that it is impossible, at the present stage of science, for a great intellect to retain a great Faith.

We shall hope to offer evidence enough of the justice of these assertions in passing lightly through the 'Recollections,' and adding to them a few letters and reminis-

* 'Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli,' p. 252.

cences from private sources. Before proceeding to this task, we need only briefly remark that Miss Somerville has done her part, in introducing and weaving together the papers and letters in her possession, with excellent tact and judgment. The besetting sins of biographies written by affectionate relatives—the insertion of a mass of details of little or no interest to the world at large, or else the exposure of matters too sacred for publication—have both been avoided. The ‘Recollections’ are each amusing, picturesque, or instructive; and the letters introduced among them, whether written by Mrs. Somerville herself, or addressed to her by her friends Herschel, Faraday, Humboldt, Brougham, &c., possess generally some interest apart from the writers’ names. At the close of the volume we feel that we have had too few, rather than too many, of the relics of so rich a life. Her daughter has been somewhat avaricious as regards them, and, so far as her own share in the book is concerned, has written as little as it was possible to do while conveying the needful facts and stringing her beads into a chain. Narrow, however, as is the margin which Miss Somerville has given to her work, it affords her mother’s reminiscences just their appropriate setting, and, in reading the few sentences in which she describes her habits and looks, and certain traits of her character, we are vividly reminded of the *milieu* of tender affection and reverence (none the less deep because often playful) wherein was passed that singularly blessed old age. Numberless expressions, indeed, in Mrs. Somerville’s letters and ‘Recollections,’ witness how successful were the filial and conjugal devotion which surrounded her in making the long evening of her life almost cloudlessly happy; and if we owed Miss Somerville no other debt, we should be glad thus to learn how little the most exceptional intellectual gifts, devoted to a peculiarly dry order of studies, interfere with domestic affection. Far from forming an obstacle in the way, or keeping Mrs. Somerville at a distance from her husband and children, it is obvious that they introduced additional ties of sympathy and respect into their relations, and that the wife and mother was all the more dearly cherished because she was a great deal else beside a good wife and an affectionate parent.

The Saxon name of Fairfax (Fair head-of-hair) is one of those which crop up at intervals down the whole path of English history. In Ferdinando (first Lord Fairfax of Cameron) it came to the front at Marston Moor, and again in Sir Thomas, second Lord Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the

Parliamentary Forces, at Naseby. A certain Richard Fairfax, of Walton, ancestor of all the known branches of the family, counted before him eight generations of squires seated at Walton, and himself became a distinguished Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry VI. From him came Sir William Fairfax of Walton (whose descendants were ennobled as Viscounts Fairfax of Emlyn, now represented by the Fairfaxes of Gilling Castle, Yorkshire), and a younger son and grandson, successively Chief Justices of the King’s Bench and Common Pleas. From the elder son of the latter (disinherited for assisting in the sack of Rome), came the gallant Fairfaxes of Cameron above mentioned; and from the younger son, Gabriel, who inherited Walton, the Fairfaxes of Steeton, one of whom, Robert Fairfax, of Newton Kyme, was Vice-Admiral of the Fleet in the beginning of the last century.

Mrs. Somerville’s father, Admiral Sir William Fairfax (son of Joseph Fairfax, of Bagshot, who served in the army in 1745), was no unworthy scion of this old stock, and seems to have exemplified pretty nearly to the life the popular ideal of a gallant and pious sailor of the Pre-Education epoch, when Dibdin sang and Competitive Examinations were yet undreamed of. Sent to sea as a midshipman at ten years old, there was little fear that he would ever ‘go mad about the longitude;’ but he was, as his daughter lovingly describes him, ‘of a brave and noble nature; a perfect gentleman both in appearance and character.’ As a matter of course, he was also a fierce old Tory; and once, hearing little Mary, with infantine levity, expressing a wish that men would discard pig-tails, the Admiral, who, like the rest of the world, viewed those appendages as the very insignia of loyalty to Church and King, thundered out, ‘By G——, when a man cuts off his queue his head should go with it!’ When it came, however, to fighting the French at the terrible odds of Camperdown, saving his ships in a storm wherein all the other vessels in sight foundered, and dealing with the perilous mutiny of the fleet, William Fairfax proved such an officer as England may rejoice to find standing under her flag at any hour of difficulty, even among those who have passed through the closest sieve of competitive examination. Fitly mated with this brave sailor, his wife, the daughter of Samuel Charters, was, we are told, ‘remarkable for good sense and great strength of expression, exceedingly distinguished and ladylike in appearance and manners, very sincere and devout in her reli-

gion,' and 'seldom reading anything but the Bible and the newspaper.' Of this worthy couple four children were born; Samuel, who died young in India; Henry, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular war, and received a baronetcy* for his services; and two daughters, Mary, the authoress of the 'Connection of the Physical Sciences,' and Margaret, who died in early life. Seldom could the much misused word 'well-born' be more justly applied than to one who came of such a stock, and was blessed with parents so qualified to transmit vigour and healthfulness of body and mind; yet no theory of Hereditary Genius hitherto broached will help us altogether to fathom the subtle causes which in a brave and honourable, but wholly un-literary and unscientific family, suddenly produced a woman dowered with the extraordinary aptitude of Mary Fairfax for the most recondite process of mathematical research. Whether any female brain, except, perhaps, Hypatia's or Caroline Herschel's (both daughters of men of science), has ever possessed equal ability of the same peculiar and specialised kind cannot be affirmed; but in any case the phenomenon deserves to be added to the instances which our present theories fail to explain. Nor was there, seemingly, even any particular physiological adaptation for unusually heavy work in the organ in which it was so long and so vigorously carried on. Mrs. Somerville's head was rather smaller than those of other women of her moderate height, and the impression which its form conveyed was that of extreme delicacy of feeling, and elevation of character rather than of power. Head, countenance, figure, manners, all were in perfect harmony with the gentle, intelligent, well-bred lady who talked so pleasantly in society, painted such pretty pictures, touched the piano with such taste, and worked such lovely embroidery. They all seemed, from first to last, unaccountable, as the outward *signalement* of the mind which in its prime wrought out 'the Mechanism of the Heavens,' and at ninety-two toyed with Quaternions for recreation, as other old women are wont to knit antimacassars and play at patience.

We are all familiar with Hans Andersen's delightful fable, and are ready to concede that when a young swan happens to be hatched in a brood wherein only farmyard fowls are anticipated, it is natural that nobody should know what to make of it. We cannot blame the stout old Admiral,

for whose memory his daughter cherished the tenderest affection, because it never once entered his pigtail-decorated head that Providence had dropped a genius into the little nest at Burntisland, wherein he rested now and then for a few months between his voyages and battles; and as to good Lady Fairfax, her notions of what a girl could or should be taught clearly did not far transcend the dictum of the Chinese sage: 'The glory of a man is knowledge, but the glory of a woman is to renounce knowledge.' There was, however, one kind of wisdom which she did not neglect to teach—that which, of all others, it belongs to a mother to give, and whose lack it is so hard for any later tutorship to supply—the blessed Tradition of Prayer. 'My mother,' says Mrs. Somerville, 'taught me to read the Bible and to say my prayers; otherwise she allowed me to grow up a wild creature.' The ignorance so left was soon dispelled; the knowledge so given lighted up the long vista of the life of fourscore years and ten, 'shining unto the perfect day.'

Mrs. Somerville was born on the 26th of December, 1780. There was an *ancien régime* of manners and ideas in the British Isles in those days, no less than in France, and if the revolution which has overthrown it here has been slow and bloodless, it has been scarcely less thorough a turning of the wheel, albeit neither kings nor rulers have been crushed beneath. For one feature of the bygone order of things which had no little importance in Mary Fairfax's early destiny, a phase of life was then very common which is now exceedingly rare, and perhaps only to be found in a few quiet old towns in France and Germany. We may describe it as that of High-bred Frugality. Well-born people might be poor, and might live with the strictest parsimony and eke out their scanty means by self-help and contrivances of a sort which would expose them to the unmitigated derision of the modern kitchen, and yet nevertheless, as a matter of course, take their place always and everywhere among the best in the land. In many of the provincial centres (Bath and Edinburgh as special examples) the whole arrangements of society seem to have been made with a view to these poverty-suffering but not poverty-stricken ladies and gentlemen; and it would appear that so long as the man could keep one dress-coat, and the woman make up a muslin dress at remote intervals, there were few social pleasures out of their reach. There is no use in regretting a state of manners which belonged to a wholly different stage of political and commercial progress; but it

* Inherited by his son, now living, Sir William George Herbert Taylor Fairfax, Bart.

can hardly be set down to the credit side of our balance of happiness that in the place of this high-bred Frugality we have an all-pervading and essentially low-bred Waste-fulness as regards domestic life, and habits of luxury which prohibits social pleasures to thousands of persons eminently qualified to partake and diffuse them. In Mary Fairfax's youth, however, as we have said, the *ancien régime* still prevailed in England, and still more rigidly in Scotland. Her whole early life to the time of her second marriage was spent under restrictions which enforced the simplest possible mode of living and the utmost limitation of indulgences; but none the less she possessed the supreme advantage of associating with refined and high-minded people, and with the persons most distinguished in her country for genius and culture. Home and Blair and Walter Scott are among the familiar names in her parent's circle, and her uncle, Dr. Somerville (whose son she afterwards married), seems to have been one of the most able and enlightened men of the day.

It is a pretty picture that of the delicately-moulded and exquisitely fair little girl, to whose young brain every fresh sight and sound was the spring of thought and emotion, rambling, as she describes herself, alone and free as the wind, about the fields and shores of the Firth of Forth. We may fancy her about the years 1785-1790 from five to ten years old, bounding over the 'Links' of Burntisland, then a lonely spot, with the short grass growing where the poor people had right of pasturage, and low hills covered with gorse and heather, running down to a long stretch of sandy beach. Her father's house had a garden where beautiful flowers were cultivated, and which terminated in a ledge of low black rocks washed by the sea, and in the hollows of these rocks, and among the gorse and the heather, and along the sandy shore, little Mary Fairfax was never tired of searching for shells and flowers and seaweeds and all the living things of air and water to be found therein. With the simple fishing people living around she seems also to have been on terms of the friendliest intimacy, and to have taken extreme interest in all their quaint old-world customs: the fish-wives selling her brother a dozen oysters for a halfpenny, and claiming a kiss for the thirteenth; the 'gaberlunzie' men, with their licence for begging; the 'howdies' presiding over the distribution of hot ale and 'scones' on the occasion of a birth, and the 'passing bell,' followed by the cry of 'Oyez,' which still announced the moment of a death. Then for home amusements there were feeding the birds and bottling gooseberries, and

reading the 'Arabian Nights,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Companions of her own age she had none, unless when her brother came home for his holidays, and with dolls she never cared to play; the dawning instinct which makes that curious rehearsal of the drama of the nursery a passion for many girls having no development in her mind. A little older, after the terrible interlude, presently to be described, of the fashionable Musselburgh school, Mary was 'like a wild animal escaped out of a cage.' House and garden and the immediate shore and links were too narrow for her, and she wandered free and far, gathering star-fish and urchins on the sands, picking up and carefully preserving 'broken bits of stone, with beautiful impressions of what seemed to be leaves,' which 'astonished' her and caused her to wonder and ponder what they might signify, ere yet the name of geology had reached her ears. Then there were sea-birds' eggs to be studied, received as gifts from sailors returning from whaling expeditions, and fearful legends to be listened to of the 'Kraken' of the North Sea, which looked like an island covered with sand till some hapless crew landed on it, and then it plunged them into the depths below. Far away were woods where ferns and foxgloves and primroses were to be gathered, and a stream on whose banks were fresh-water mussels, known to contain pearls; but little Mary Fairfax would not kill the creatures to get at their pearls, and so the mussels remained untouched.

But life is not all made up of summer-days and long-shore rambles, and even in Sir William and Lady Fairfax's very moderate estimate of the requirements of female education it was necessary that their daughter should be taught something else beside the colours of sea-birds' eggs and histories of the Kraken. So, as we have said, she was sent for a year to school to Musselburgh, apparently under the firm persuasion that a twelvemonth's study, extending from ten years old to the mature age of eleven, was amply sufficient to store the female mind with all the knowledge it could possibly require. When she returned home at the end of it, poor Lady Fairfax frankly expressed the disappointment of her very limited ambition. 'She would have been contented,' she said, 'had her daughter only learned to write well and keep accounts, which was all that a woman was expected to know.' A wonderful school it was, that then fashionable academy for young ladies, held by the Misses Primrose at Musselburgh; and if anybody be so bold as to doubt that it is the outside of a woman which is commonly understood to be

of primary importance, the question might be settled by noting what is the kind of training on which real care has been bestowed in such places, from that period even till the present great reformation, under the auspices of the National Union for Improving the Education of Girls:—

‘On my arrival at Musselburgh,’ says Mrs. Somerville, ‘though perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met; then a steel rod with a semicircle, which went under the chin, was clasped in the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I had to learn my lessons, the chief of which was to acquire by heart a page of Johnson’s Dictionary; and as an exercise of memory, to recall the order of succession of the words.’

Such was the education which a good bluff sailor, like Admiral Fairfax, at much sacrifice, bestowed upon the damsel who was to translate the ‘*Mécanique Celeste*’ a few years later, and whose mind, even then, was teeming with healthful curiosity concerning all the wonders of creation! Then when she went home came the grand instruction in the Sampler; that, now obsolete, invention of absolute inutility, over which years of the lives of girls of the last generation were wasted, working the alphabet and numerals with a series of mysterious hieroglyphs supposed to represent coronets, in blue or pink silk upon a square of coarse canvas. Happily there was a hunger in Mary Fairfax’s brain which not even Johnson’s Dictionary could wholly appease, nor Samplers mortify; and so, as she simply says, ‘My mother did not *prevent* me from reading,’ she profited by this mild rule, in despite of a terrible Aunt Janet, who greatly disapproved of her conduct, and observed to Lady Fairfax: ‘I wonder you let Mary waste her time in reading; she never *sews* (sews) more than if she were a man.’ After attending a village school to learn needlework till she achieved the *capo d’opera* of a shirt, the future Mrs. Somerville was permitted to read Mrs. Chapone, and encouraged thereby to commence a course of historical study. Her indulgent mother also timidly allowed her to learn the use of the globes from the village schoolmaster, who was clever enough to be able to teach the boys Latin and Navigation, two subjects which poor Mary knew were ‘out of the question for me.’ Will some painter give us a sketch—to match the one of the child among the wild flowers of the links—of the young girl, as she describes herself, passing many hours of the night at her bedroom window, studying the stars by the aid of the celestial globe,

and longing for instruction which her brother and every boy she knew received without the asking? Already she notes: ‘I thought it unjust that women should have been given a desire for knowledge if it were wrong to acquire it.’ And that impression grew with her growth; and again and again throughout her ‘*Recollections*’ we find her protesting against the neglect and discouragement of woman’s mental powers, and earnestly endeavouring to give her own daughters first-rate instruction, and, afterwards, when her own name had become a power, to use her influence to help generally the education of girls.

We cannot pause longer on the story of Mrs. Somerville’s childhood, which these ‘*Recollections*’ reproduce so vividly. As time went on she was sometimes taken to Edinburgh, where she received lessons in music, dancing, and painting, by which she profited highly; and on one occasion she passed some months with her beloved uncle at his manse at Jedburgh, where, she says, she was more happy than at almost any other time of her life. To this kind friend and father (as he became on her marriage with his son) she confided all her desires for knowledge and the religious difficulties which ere long beset her mind, and from him she received from first to last, sound counsel and kind encouragement. He read Virgil with her in his study before breakfast, and assured her that women might be, and had been, ‘elegant scholars,’ and she saw in his daughters (the pupils of the young village master, who was one day to be Sir David Brewster) the evidence of the possibility of female erudition.

But the time arrived at length in which the special endowment which Providence had bestowed on Mary Fairfax, and which seemed in a fair way of remaining for ever hid in a napkin, chanced to be brought out. Of all places in the world the girl found her first algebraic symbols in a book of fashions. By some singular chance a certain friend of hers showed her the book, and there, among charades and puzzles and pictures of ladies in the height of *la mode*, were some strange-looking lines mixed with letters, chiefly X’s and Y’s. As a young pointer stops by instinct at the first partridge it has ever beheld, so did Mary Fairfax, who was ostensibly come to examine some of her friend’s fancy work, make a dead set at these X’s and Y’s. What were they? What did they mean? All that Miss Ogilvie could say was that she knew they belonged to ‘a sort of arithmetic called algebra,’ but of its nature she could give no further information. So Miss Fairfax went home and rummaged

among her father's books in hopes of discovering what algebra might be, and in Robertson's 'Navigation' she obtained some 'dim view' of 'several subjects.' But further she had no means of proceeding. We do not think many biographies contain a more touching paragraph than that in which she notes this passage of her life:—

'Unfortunately not one of our acquaintances knew anything of science or natural history; nor, had they done so, should I have had courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn; not a hand held out to help me.'—P. 47.

By-and-bye she caught at another straw to aid her ignorance, on hearing her drawing-master, Nasmyth (who, by the way, said she was the cleverest pupil he ever taught), telling another young lady that she should study Euclid as a foundation for perspective. Still there remained one insuperable difficulty. It was of a kind of which men never dream, but which, multiplied *ad infinitum*, has sufficed, we are persuaded, to check the progress of a thousand intelligent girls. How was Miss Fairfax to go to a bookseller's and ask for the 'Elements of Geometry'? The thing was palpably out of question; so time slipped by, and Miss Fairfax diligently practised, or, as she ingenuously confesses, 'thumped' her piano for four or five hours every day, and went to the play, and painted her pictures, and finally was sent daily to a pastrycook's to learn the art of cookery, with her friend, the daughter of Sir Henry Moncrieff. Any and everything, it seems, could be taught to her, except the subject in which she was most interested; but, at last, a tutor came to teach her brother, who proved 'simple and good-natured;' and so she commissioned him to buy her 'Euclid' and 'Bonycastle,' and begged him to hear her demonstrate a few problems, to make sure she was on the right road. When that step was gained, Mary went, like Pilgrim, singing on her way. Another difficulty, however, soon came up, as any one acquainted with a girl's circumstances could have foretold. She sat up at night to read her 'Euclid,' having to practise the piano, and mend her clothes, and help in the house-keeping by daylight. So the servants complained of the rapid disappearance of Miss Mary's candles, and a peremptory ukase left her in the dark as soon as she had gone to bed. But the young mind had closed on its food like a sea anemone. 'I had gone through the first six books of "Euclid,"' she says, 'and now I was thrown on my memory, which I exercised by beginning at

the first book, and demonstrating in my mind a certain number of propositions every night till I could nearly go through the whole.' Elsewhere she complains of her memory being somewhat feeble, and of her attempts to strengthen it by the aid of a Memoria Technica; and this feat of rehearsing the first six books of 'Euclid' in the dark is a fresh instance of the tenacity with which the ideas which really interest the individual fix themselves on the brain.

We have now come to Mary Fairfax's early womanhood, when, as her daughter tells us, she was called the 'Rose of Jedwood.' Her beauty was of a delicate and refined kind, a transparently fair skin, and a profusion of soft brown hair, with features of aristocratic fineness of chiselling. Dressed in her simple India muslin frock, with a little Flanders lace, we may well believe she was, as her contemporaries record, very much admired, and a great favourite in Edinburgh society. By her own account girls enjoyed then and there very much the same freedom they now possess in America, and Mary Fairfax was nothing loath to avail herself of all reasonable liberty, and go to plays, balls, and parties of all kinds, generally under the chaperonage of a certain kind old Countess of Buchan. Her father at this time distinguished himself much in quelling the great mutiny of the fleet, going alone with Admiral Duncan on board each ship, and ordering the men to arrest the ringleaders. And again shortly afterwards, on the 11th October, 1797, he was second in command, and mainly instrumental in gaining the important battle of Camperdown, wherein nine ships of the line and two frigates were taken. But though Captain Fairfax was knighted for this service, he received no further reward; so that the family remained as poor as ever, and at his death his widow succeeded only to the usual pension of seventy-five pounds a year. Only the eldest son, Samuel, obtained from the President of the East India Company the post of a Writer at Calcutta, and there, shortly after his arrival, he died of sunstroke—the first great grief in Mary Fairfax's life.

In her twenty-fifth year took place the marriage with Mr. Samuel Greig, which has been so singularly misconstrued by the larger number of those who have taken on themselves to relate the history of Mrs. Somerville's life; or rather to construct out of their consciousness what they imagined was the probable history of it. For a girl to have taken a passion for mathematics entirely *motu proprio*, was seemingly in their opinion quite incredible. To account for the phenomenon, the first hypothesis was that

her husband, Mr. Greig, had by his careful instructions inspired her with a taste in that peculiar direction; secondly, that in the despair of her loss at his early demise she retired from the world and buried herself in Bonnycastle. Even so late as last year, a remarkable obituary notice which appeared in a morning paper, and which assumed to be written by an omniscient biographer, repeated with calm assurance this ancient fable, and left the world to imagine that Mr. Greig had been her 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' while her second marriage had proved far less satisfactory. It is to be hoped that the publication of these 'Recollections' will put an end to this stupid blundering at last. Of the almost cloudless happiness of her second marriage every page bears witness, as well as the testimony of scores of friends, who, like the writer of these pages, enjoyed long and often the pleasure of seeing the perfect union which subsisted between Dr. and Mrs. Somerville. But Mr. Greig was a man of very different disposition, and the virtues which his wife was called on to exercise (and did exercise) were not those of self-development aided by a loving companion, but of self-repression under the rule of an unsympathising one. Mr. Greig neither knew anything about science, nor believed that it was a fit subject for the study of women. And though his wife continued her pursuits in the small and ill-ventilated house in London in which (although a rich man) he lodged her, she did so under great disadvantages. 'Mr. Greig,' she says, 'did not prevent me from studying, but I met no sympathy whatever from him, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of my sex, and had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, science of any kind.' At the end of three years, when she returned a widow to her father's house, the real life of this hitherto ever fettered and thwarted woman commenced. She had two children, and on them she bestowed the tenderest care. One of them, Mr. Woronzow Greig, alone reached manhood, and lived till 1865, a devoted son and a beloved friend. Many of her letters addressed to him in later years and printed in these volumes prove how tender was the relationship between mother and son. But she had now leisure for her studies as well as for her maternal duties to the two little babes, and at once she plunged into Newton's 'Principia,' having previously conquered Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and Fergusson's 'Astronomy.' In her thirty-third year, as she records, she purchased the little library of mathematical treatises recommended to her by her friend, Mr. Wallace, and

could 'hardly believe she possessed such a treasure' as Francœur's 'Pure Mathematics,' La Croix's 'Algebra and Differential and Integral Calculus,' Birt's 'Analytical Geometry and Astronomy,' Poisson's 'Treatise on Mechanics,' La Grange's 'Theory of Analytical Functions,' Callet's 'Logarithms,' Euler's 'Isoperimetrical Problems,' in Latin, and a few other books, scarcely to be described as inviting to the 'general reader.'

The precious volumes, however, when first bought, were not destined to be immediately used. In the same year (1812) she married her cousin William Somerville, M.D., the son of her uncle, already mentioned, the Reverend Thomas Somerville, D.D., minister of Jedburgh, head of a branch of the very ancient family of the Lords Somerville. The marriage, as we have said, was from first to last eminently happy. She was welcomed by the father of her husband with the warmest affection, and learned from him that the union had also been the secret desire of his wife. All the longing for sympathy in her scientific pursuits which, as a true woman, she felt through the solitary struggles of her youth, was satisfied at last, and if her husband was not a man of great eminence or splendid attainments, he possessed more than average culture and good ability, and all the more for having no ambition on his own account was he willing, with generous self-forgetfulness, to make her happiness, and the development of her powers the pride and interest of his life. Very nearly half a century afterwards, in 1860, when they might almost have celebrated their Golden Wedding, the aged widow records in her 'Recollections' her loss, and her regret for the man whose 'sympathy, affection, and confidence,' had never failed through all the intervening years, and wrote of him as follows in a letter to a friend:—

'Florence, 18th July, 1860.

'My dear and valued friend,—My heart warmed more than ever to you on receiving your affectionately consoling letter. The blow has, indeed, been great, and deeply felt by us all, for we were a happy and united family; and although my dearest husband was so aged that we did not dare to look far into the future, yet he was so well that we were fearing no immediate evil. He suffered no pain, but quietly sank to rest; and we have the comfort to think that everything was done to make him happy while he lived, and to prolong his life, had it been the will of God that it should last. We have the most perfect conviction that we are to meet again, and that the ties of love and affection which made our mortal life happy are to be renewed in a more perfect state of being. . . . I look to the society of the just made perfect as the great source of future bliss—at least as one

of them, for it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what that glorious and happy state may be. . . . I hope my son and his wife will be able to spend some time with us, so that I shall have all my family about me. Every one is devoted to comfort me and make me happy, so I have great cause for gratitude for mercies left to me. Farewell, my dear friend, I shall always be happy to hear from you while I am alive, and I shall keep my promise when I die and you arrive.*

'Ever affectionately yours,

'MARY SOMERVILLE.'

A year later, in another letter, she wrote to the same friend:—

'Since we came back to Florence the sad blank weighs heavily on my heart, for "one is not;" but the affectionate devotion of my children is beyond expression, and cheers me, and makes me thankful for what is left.'

We have no intention of following the 'Recollections' further through the details of Mrs. Somerville's life subsequent to her second marriage. It flowed on for sixty years in an even tenor of sustained mental work, happy domestic duties, and social pleasures of that high kind in which only thoroughly cultivated minds can bear a part. We shall glance at each of these phases of her career as rapidly as may be.

In March, 1827, Lord Brougham wrote to Dr. Somerville, and begged him to induce his wife—as the only person in England capable of undertaking the task—to translate La Place's '*Mécanique Celeste*' on behalf of his new Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Urged by husband and friend, though very diffident of her powers, Mrs. Somerville set to work, and, as she remarks, 'thus suddenly and unexpectedly the whole character and course of my future life was changed.' The whole of the first edition of this book (1500 copies) was sold off rapidly, but a second was never called for.

Her next work was the '*Connexion of the Physical Sciences*,' of which a second edition was soon in demand; the interval being occupied by writing—at the suggestion of M. Poisson—a sequel to the '*Mécanique Celeste*' on the Form and Rotation of the Earth and Planets; and 246 pages (which she states she '*wrote con amore*') on '*Curves and Surfaces of the Second and Higher Orders*.' The MS. of the last two works she revised in her eighty-ninth year, rejoicing in her still retained facility in the Calculus. The '*Connexion*' went through nine editions in England, besides many (never paid for) in America, and German and Italian translations. Mrs. Somerville's '*Physical Geo-*

graphy' was written after considerable delay—partly in Florence, partly in Rome, partly in Scotland—and when it at last was ready to be printed, Humboldt's '*Cosmos*' had just appeared, and Mrs. Somerville desired to destroy her manuscript, but was prevented from doing so by Dr. Somerville and Sir John Herschel. Humboldt wrote to her a charming letter (p. 286) on the occasion. She lived to see a sixth edition of this book demanded, and a great number of cheap imitations of it published. After this, in 1861, at the age of eighty-one, after the death of her beloved husband, she withdrew with her daughters from the happy social circle of Florence and went to live at Spezia—at that time a much smaller and quieter town than it has become since it has been made the Woolwich of Italy. Here, she says, 'I felt the necessity of having something to do, desultory reading being insufficient to interest me, and as I had always considered Chemistry the weakest part of my "*Connexion of the Sciences*," I resolved to write it anew.' Her intention was overruled, however, by the persuasion of her daughters, and she set about gathering the materials for her '*Molecular and Microscopic Science*' from the experiences of Professor Tyndall, MM. Gassiot and Plücher, and the investigations of Professor de Filippi, &c. The author comments on this book (p. 337): 'In writing it I made a great mistake, and repent it. Mathematics are the natural bent of my mind. If I had devoted myself exclusively to that subject I might probably have written something useful, as a new era has begun in that science.' These are mournful words as a record of her impressions of the last scientific work of her long career, but they show the perfect simplicity, and, if we may say it, humility of mind, wherewith Mrs. Somerville regarded her own labours. The praise and honours she had received never for a moment disturbed the even balance of her judgment. She knew herself to be a persevering and able woman with a special gift for mathematics, when, in her unaided youth, every member of her family regarded her studies with disapproval or contempt; and she thought neither more nor less of herself when all Europe had recognised her as holding a place in the first ranks of science.

It was not indeed in a very tangible or exalted form that the public rewards of merit were offered to her, although she accepted such as came with gratitude and undisguised pleasure. Instead of bestowing exceptional honours on those who have achieved success in spite of the exceptional difficulties which surround a woman's ca-

* Referring to her parting words:—'We shall meet in heaven, and I will claim you there.'

reer, the world has always hitherto been content to pay her the compliment of assuming her to be above heeding such considerations, and able to make 'virtue its own reward' more completely than men are expected to do. For nearly all Mrs. Somerville's male friends and comrades in scientific pursuits there were baronies and marquises abroad, and baronetcies and Orders at home; but there does not even exist a recognised shape in which England can honour her daughters as she delights to honour her sons.

The history of the public tributes paid from first to last to Mrs. Somerville may be very quickly told. After the appearance of her '*Mechanism of the Heavens*' she was elected an honorary member of the Astronomical Society, at the same time with another gifted woman (whose fame has been almost forgotten in the blaze of her father's and brother's honours), Caroline Herschel; and she received letters of thanks and praise from Whewell, Herschel, &c. Also, she received from Sir Robert Peel the courteous announcement of a pension of 200*l.*, afterwards raised by Earl Russell to 300*l.* a year. Her bust, by Chantrey, was placed in the Hall of the Royal Society, a new East Indian man was christened by her name, and she was elected a member of several philosophical societies at Dublin, Bristol, &c. For her first edition of the '*Connexion of the Sciences*,' dedicated to Queen Adelaide, Mrs. Somerville received her Majesty's thanks at a drawing-room; and another copy she had the honour to present to the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria, at a private audience. Later in life she was elected Associate of the College of Risurgenti, in Rome, and an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Arezzo. Thanks to Sir Roderick Murchison, she received the Victoria Medal of the Geographical Society for her '*Physical Geography*'; and the Geographical Society of Florence presented to her their first gold medal. In alluding to this latter medal, she says—'An honour so unexpected, and so far beyond my merits, surprised and affected me more deeply than I can say' (p. 349). And again—'In the events of my life it may be seen how much I have been honoured by the scientific societies and universities of Italy.'

This is not the place, nor has the present writer any pretension, to offer an estimate of the scientific value of Mrs. Somerville's works. Just forty years ago, in the 99th number of the '*Quarterly Review*,' appeared a long and careful analysis of her '*Mechanism of the Heavens*,' by the man best able to measure its importance—Sir John Herschel. In this notice (reprinted in his '*Es-*

says,' 1857) he makes the following remarks, pp. 41-42:—

'Mrs. Somerville is already advantageously known to the philosophical world by her experiments on the magnetising influence of the violet rays of the solar spectrum, a delicate and difficult subject of physical inquiry, which the rarity of opportunities for its prosecution, arising from the nature of our climate, will allow no one to study in this country, except at a manifest disadvantage. It is not surprising, therefore, that the feeble, although unequivocal, indication of magnetism which she undoubtedly obtained should have been regarded by many as insufficient to decide the question at issue. To us their evidence appears of considerable weight, but it is more to our immediate purpose to notice here the simple and rational manner in which the experiments were conducted, and the perfect freedom from all pretension or affected embarrassment in their statement. The same simplicity of character and conduct, the same entire absence of anything like vanity or affectation, pervades the present work. In the pursuit of her object, and in the commendable wish to embody her acquired knowledge in a useful and instructive form for others, she seems entirely to have lost sight of herself; and although in the perfect consciousness of the possession of powers fully adequate to meet every exigency of her arduous undertaking, it never appears to have suggested itself to her mind that the possession of such powers by a person of her sex is in itself extraordinary or remarkable. We find, accordingly, nothing in the present work, beyond the name in the title-page, to remind us of its coming from a female hand. . . . We are neither called on to make allowances, nor do we find any to make. On the contrary, we know not the geometer in this country who might not congratulate himself on the execution of such a work. . . . We have, indeed, no hesitation in saying that we consider it by far the best condensed view of the Newtonian philosophy which has appeared.'

Of Mrs. Somerville's other works numberless reviews have from time to time appeared, all, so far as we are aware, more or less laudatory. The '*Connexion of the Sciences*' and '*Physical Geography*,' obtained the more important testimony of being very widely adopted as text-books in a great number of public colleges (we believe, Sandhurst amongst others), and the latter has been quite recently placed among the class-books of the Government schools in Bengal. It is, however, the inevitable destiny of all scientific works to pass gradually from the rank of expositions of the latest results of living knowledge into that of historical monuments of the science of the past—lines of fossil shell-beach, telling of seas now thundering far away. Some such works, like Mrs. Somerville's '*Geography*' and Sir Charles Lyell's admirable '*Elements of*

Geology,' are, by their plan, susceptible of receiving almost indefinitely additions and modifications through successive editions, and thus naturally continue for a whole generation to hold their place in 'the foremost files of time.' Others, like the 'Connexion,' are less suited for modification, or would require it in too many points to make anything less than a complete recast suitable for the purpose of a fresh edition after a quarter of a century. We believe, indeed, that the ground plan of this latter work is in itself in some degree defective, belonging rather to the older and superficial, than to the newer and more organic, method of classification of the sciences. Being addressed to all classes of readers, it is also necessarily imperfectly suited to the use of either the advanced student or the beginner. The result of solitary study, and consequent ignorance of the different grades of minds whom she addressed, was that Mrs. Somerville's writings, while always sound in science, were alternately easy enough for a school-boy's comprehension and sufficiently difficult to cause first-rate mathematicians, like Dr. Whewell, to complain laughingly, that 'when ladies wrote stiff books they had no pity on people's stupidity; Mrs. Somerville's works were so hard!' Looking back on them as a whole, we feel that her life's labours, though unfortunately not directed (after her first book) in the channel wherein her powers would have attained their maximum of utility, must yet have done vast service by opening the wonders of the universe to the minds of thousands of readers. Her own idea of the aim of study was surely fulfilled, through her writings, to many who without them had never risen into such upper air.

'The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of study, which, in the language of Sir J. Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty," and of that Supreme and Eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contemplation of these transcendent aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable things, and prepared for his high destiny.'

What Mrs. Somerville might have achieved had she devoted her powers exclusively to mathematics, and especially had those powers received early and regular training, it is of course impossible now to tell. As Mr.

Proctor, in the generous estimate of her to which we have already referred, observes,—

'There is scarcely a line of her writings which does not, while showing what she was, suggest thoughts of what she might have been. . . . It is certain that no department of mathematical research was beyond her powers, and that in any she could have done original work. In mere mental grasp, few men have probably surpassed her; but the thorough training, the scholarly discipline, which can alone give to the mind the power of advancing beyond the point up to which it has followed the guidance of others, had unfortunately been denied to her. Accordingly, while her writings show her power and her thorough mastery of the instruments of mathematical research, they are remarkable less for their actual value—though that value is great—than as indicating what, under happier auspices, she might have accomplished.'—P. 12.

But as Sir Henry Holland has said, 'Mrs. Somerville was not only a woman of science. Scotland is proud of having produced a Crichton—she may be proud also in having given birthplace to Mary Somerville.' To the social and artistic aspects of her life we now turn, as more properly our subject in the present review of her 'Recollections.'

There is a once familiar juvenile poem which sets forth all the delightful things we might have known and done 'if we had just been born three thousand years ago.' Some resemblance to the moral of these verses would perhaps be found in any reflections we might be tempted to make regarding the wonderful number of interesting people with whom Mrs. Somerville became acquainted in the course of her life. Had we 'just been born' only eight years short of a century ago, we might have seen and known not a few able and remarkable persons. There is however 'knowing' and 'knowing' in such acquaintance, and when Mrs. Somerville entered the circle of the most brilliant minds of her day, it was to enjoy that high privilege as it was by no means vouchsafed to outsiders to do. She was at all times a very charming and suggestive companion, and her great capabilities for giving and receiving social pleasure, were by no means balked by the chances of life. A whole galaxy of stars passed across the field of her vision during her long peaceful watch. Walter Scott, Brewster, Home, Joanna Baillie, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Fry, Hallam, Simon-di, Milman, Schlegel, Brougham, Lafayette, Cavour, La Place, Cuvier, Arago, Biot, Humboldt, Wollaston, Young, Faraday, Herschel, Lyell, Sedgwick, Whewell, Babbage, De Candolle, Rosse, Sabine, Tyndall, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gibson, Moore, the Brownings, Mackintosh, Holland, the Napiers, John

* 'Preliminary Dissertation to the Mechanism of the Heavens.'

Stuart Mill; these formed only a portion of the names on the 'Golden Book' of Mrs. Somerville's memory. By all of them, we may safely say, she was liked and respected, and by many tenderly beloved; while her own feelings—especially for those who shared her scientific pursuits—were not merely free from the shadow of jealousy or rivalry (such sentiments never seem to have been comprehensible to her), but full of warm enthusiasm for their achievements. To Sir John Herschel, in particular, she was profoundly attached. 'I think now,' she wrote to her daughter, during her last visit to Collingwood, 'as I have always done, that Sir John is by much the highest and finest character I have ever met.' When the news of his death reached her, she records: 'I am deeply grieved and shaken by the death of Sir John Herschel. In him I have lost a dear and affectionate friend, whose advice was invaluable, and his society a charm. None but those who have lived in his house can imagine the brightness and happiness of his domestic life' (p. 362). Even to those whose course merely crossed her orbit accidentally, and for a brief period, Mrs. Somerville's ready sympathy and friendliness were open. It is interesting now, after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, to read the mutual reminiscences of a night journey in a coach to Scotland, recorded alike by Mrs. Somerville, in her 'Recollections,' and by the gentleman who has kindly permitted us to use the MS. notes of the like occurrence, entered at the time in his journal. Mrs. Somerville, says:—

'Somerville and I went to Scotland. We had travelled all night in the mail coach, and when it became light, a gentleman who was in the carriage said to Somerville, "Is not the lady opposite to me Mrs. Somerville, whose bust I saw at Chantrey's?" The gentleman was Mr. Sopwith, civil engineer at Newcastle-on-Tyne, surveyor of an extensive mineral district of argentiferous lead. He travelled faster than we did, and when we arrived at Newcastle he was waiting to take us to his house, where we were hospitably received by Mrs. Sopwith. His conversation was highly interesting, and to him I was indebted for much information while writing on Physical Geography. Many years after he and Mrs. Sopwith came to see me at Naples, which gave me much pleasure. He was unlike any other traveller I ever met with, so profound and original were his observations.*'

Mr. Sopwith, F.R.S., on his side, records in his journal:—

'Thursday, September 14th, 1837.
'Travelling northwards from London in the

Edinburgh mail, an elderly, stout gentleman, a lady, and a young gentleman, were my companions. . . . Some circumstances, chiefly a striking likeness to the bust I had so often admired at Chantrey's, led me to conjecture that the lady was no other than the far-famed Mary Somerville. . . . Nothing can be more plain and unassuming than the manners and conversation of this highly gifted lady. The interest of her countenance chiefly consists in an agreeable, complacent, and highly intellectual expression. On the following day Dr. and Mrs. Somerville accepted my invitation to partake of such hospitality as I could offer. . . . She expressed herself as much pleased with the arrangements of my writing-cabinet, and exhibited great admiration at the application of isometrical drawing to geology and mining, and was much pleased with the isograph and projecting rulers, &c.'

Thirty-three years afterwards, Mr. Sopwith records his evening with Mrs. Somerville, at Naples:—

'March 14th, 1870.—One of my chief objects,' he notes, 'in visiting Naples was to visit Mrs. Somerville, and most amply was this carried out. Very imperfect is the homage which any words of mine can express compared with the inward respect and esteem which I entertain for her.'

The conversation (as often happened when Mrs. Somerville was in the company of thoroughly congenial friends) turned on the possibilities of a future life, and after expressing her agreement with the sentiment on an Italian tomb, 'Death to the wise is the evening of a pleasant day,' she discussed with her visitor, in detail, the conception of a soul freed from the physical limitations of the body, and endowed with fresh power of perception, with speed quicker than light, and powers of observation of parallel rays.

Next to her profound attachment to Sir John Herschel, Mrs. Somerville's warmest friendships, outside the limits of her own family, were with her own sex; and it is pleasant to read in the letters published in this volume, the record of the proud and tender affection with which the first women of her day regarded her and her scientific achievements. 'My dear Mary Somerville,' says Joanna Bailie, 'whom I am proud to call my friend, and that she so calls me. I could say much on this point, but I dare not. . . . The pride I have in thinking of you as a philosopher and a woman cannot be exceeded' (p. 267). 'You receive great honours, my dear friend,' wrote Mrs. Marcet (p. 211), 'but that which you confer on our sex is still greater.' 'You should have had my grateful and humble thanks,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'long ago for the favour, the honour, you did me by sending me that

* 'Recollections,' p. 200.

"Preliminary Dissertation," but that I wished to read it over and over again' (p. 207). Among Italian ladies, the enthusiasm she excited sometimes resulted in a fervent lifelong friendship, as in the case of the Marchesa Teresa Doria (*nata* Durazzo) of Genoa, who spent a large part of each year near her; and, in that of the Countess Bon-Brenzoni, who, having made a pilgrimage to visit her, addressed to her a book of poetry, and wrote hoping that '*Ella si ricordi di me siccome di una persona, chi sebbene lontana fisicamente, le è sempre vicina coll' animo nei sentimenti della più affettuosa venerazione*' (p. 298). Everything which women achieved, the writings of her own contemporaries, Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Marcet, the artistic success of Harriet Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur, the degrees gained in Paris by Mdlle. Chenu, excited Mrs. Somerville's readiest sympathy. She records among the last pages of her '*Recollections*' each effort which was then making for women's advancement. '*Age has not abated my zeal for the emancipation of my sex from unreasonable prejudice, too prevalent in Britain, against a literary and scientific education for women. I joined in a petition to the Senate of London University, praying that degrees might be granted to women, but it was rejected. I have also frequently signed petitions to Parliament for the female suffrage, and have the honour now to be a member of the General Committee for Women Suffrage in London*' (p. 345). Miss Somerville adds, '*She hailed the establishment of the Ladies' College at Girtton as a great step in the true direction, and one which could not fail to obtain most important results.*' To this institution her daughters, with the generous desire to carry out her wishes, have, we are informed, presented the whole of her valuable library of scientific works, which will occupy a case apart, surmounted by the bust which forms the frontispiece of this volume.

The vulgar prejudice which makes people expect an intellectual woman to be a slattern in her dress, and to despise such sublunary things as flowers, furniture, and a delicate table, is an amusing instance of the construction of an ideal creature out of the moral consciousness, irrespective of a single glance at nature. We are almost weary of the continual surprise expressed by Mrs. Somerville's earlier contemporaries at the fact that she was always neatly and becomingly dressed, and that her table was somewhat exceptionally well served. It would really appear as if they thought it a law of nature that habits of mental order should tend to produce bodily slovenliness, and that the feminine intellect (unlike the elephant's trunk

and the British House of Commons), when able to 'rend the oak,' is necessarily incapacitated from 'picking up a needle.' The simple truth, of course, is that, both as regards men and women, exceptional mental powers of any kind are not so many deductions from manliness or womanliness, but the surplus and crown of more complete manliness in the man and womanliness in the woman. A finely developed brain, a large and powerfully acting heart supplying it with sufficient blood for strenuous work, and sound lungs which purify such blood—these, we now know, are the physical conditions of all high and long-sustained mental labour and well-balanced intellectual powers. Is it at all less certain that the moral conditions of the same labour and powers must likewise be healthy development of the affections and tastes? Exceptions there are, of course, when the abnormal development of some particular faculty in a man seems to have drained away all the sap from the other branches of his manhood, like those phenomena of calculating boys, who are in other matters than their special gift dull or imbecile. But force diffused with some approximation to equability, must be the rule of true genius; and even the pedestal of a 'healthy animalism' must support the grandest ideal of man. With regard to woman's intellectual powers, it is, we suspect, the frequent explanation of their failure that they lack such a basis; and the actual fact (which may be observed by anyone who will take the trouble to open his eyes) is, that women who have attained any kind of eminence in literary, scientific, or artistic work, are more than usually prone to take pleasure in the beauty and order of their houses, and to love flowers and animals, and everything which the typical Eve should bring about her to 'dress and keep' the Eden of Home. We could name, in a moment, a score of female writers and artists of whom this dictum holds good, and if we desired, on the contrary, to point to an ill-kept house, where the dust lies thick on the tables and windows, and the flowers (if any there be) remain decaying in their vases, and the breakfasts and dinners attain the maximum of expense with the minimum of good eating, we should infallibly seek it in the domain of some lady who rarely reads—and could not write—a book; and who assures all her friends that she considers 'woman's proper sphere' to be the Home; and that she 'means her daughters to be exclusively devoted to their domestic duties'—like herself. In one great household detail, indeed, there is an obvious physiological connection between the strong mental work,

which, Dr. Carpenter tells us, requires higher living than any muscular labour, and the taste for well-earned food. Our hope that women will at last wipe away their standing reproach of ignorance and carelessness about this part of their natural duty is founded, not so much on the chance of an increase of forced attention, as of an improved taste. '*L'esprit ne saurait jouer long-temps le personnage du cœur,*' and so long as a woman really does not know if it be boiled mutton or roast pheasant which she puts into her mouth, it is hopeless to expect that by dint of conscientiousness she will provide a good dinner.

Madame de Staël, it was said, was 'welcomed wherever she travelled, preceded by her reputation and followed by her cook.' Mrs. Somerville was at no period of her life rich enough to keep a *cordon bleu* in her kitchen, and probably would not have thought fit to spend her money in doing so had she possessed it. Her 'Recollections' tell us, however, that she learned the Fine Art of Cookery in her youth, and the reminiscences of her friends seem particularly vivid concerning the table to which she invited them in Hanover Square and at Chelsea. The 'Mechanism of the Heavens' never kept her so far above the clouds as not to see and hear, taste, smell, and feel all that was around her on earth. Birds were her unfailing pets, and on the pretty Parisian caps which surmounted the wise and venerable head, her guests often smiled to see her mountain sparrow perched in his glory. A pertinacious little white Pomeranian also had his full share of affection from the 'Padrona;' and, indeed, every animal with which she came in contact excited her interest. We have heard her describing a recent visit to a travelling menagerie with the enthusiasm of a child taken for the first time to the Zoological Gardens. Nor was she so far above the feminine concerns of dress as to be indifferent whether silks were rich and soft, or lace and muslins of the most delicate kinds. With regard to lace, indeed, she was herself an admirable maker and mender, and some specimens of her work might be exhibited as curiosities. A story is told of a young lady, who, while stopping at Mrs. Somerville's house, had the misfortune to tear some particularly fine old point. Naturally, the last person in the world she would have applied to for aid was her hostess; but the Misses Somerville observed at once, 'Oh, never mind; when mamma has done what she is about she will mend it for you so that you will not see where it was torn.' So the visitor watched 'mamma,' who happened to be solving some terrible problem, and when

that was over, needed to write a letter of thanks for some honour to the Emperor of Russia. Business done, Mrs. Somerville dropped her pen and donned her thimble (spectacles she never used or needed), and in brief time returned the lace most delicately and perfectly repaired. Another of her accomplishments was Music. As we have seen, she describes herself as 'thumping' the piano in youth; but the superfluous energy so expended ere long gave place to a very sweet touch, and her taste was at all times excellent, and formed on the best school. As Beethoven was her Prophet in music, so were Shakespeare, Dante, and Æschylus in poetry. All her life she continued at intervals to read these great books, which most of us are contented to study once for all; nor did her mind, playful and childlike as it was, ever seem inclined to beg off the severer for the lighter verse, or ask that the reading should be—

'Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose trampling footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time.'

And, lastly, Mrs. Somerville was a very fair Landscape-painter, and from her youth, when good old Hugh Blair paid her his elaborate old-world compliments for having 'contributed to his entertainment' by the loan of her sketches,—till her last summer at Sorrento, she continued, whenever other occupation grew slack, to betake herself to her brush and painted original pictures in oils from the surrounding scenery. One such picture before the writer now, represents a lovely bit of Italian woodland, with a village crowning an adjacent height; just one of the scenes of peace and sweetness on which her eye and mind delighted to dwell.

In Politics Mrs. Somerville had early thrown herself—chiefly from disgust at the atrocities of the press-gang system and the inhuman severities of the criminal code—into the Liberal camp. Her friends belonged almost exclusively to the party represented in England by Lord Brougham and Lord Russell. But the Liberalism of 1813, or of 1823, is not very easily distinguishable from the Conservatism of 1873; and Mrs. Somerville's political aspirations certainly never went in the direction of that *really* Radical Reform which would plant the social tree with its roots uppermost. Speaking of American affairs, she wrote to a friend: 'In a Republic the uneducated, or less educated, being the most numerous, must take the lead;' and, as regarded the country of her adoption, while she took the most enthusiastic interest in the successive changes

which led up to the unity of Italy, her sympathies were wholly with the Royalist and Constitutional side; the 'Reds' being, in her opinion, no less dangerous than the 'Neri.' She lent her name gladly to public movements at home and abroad having for their object the higher education and removal of the political disabilities of women, and the suppression of cruelty to animals. The occasion, indeed, on which she displayed the greatest zeal, and endeavoured most zealously to employ her influence, was in an attempt made a few years ago to shame down the practice of vivisection at the Specola in Florence.* Her feelings on this subject were painfully vivid, and, with all her passionate devotion to Science, she never failed to recognize the truth that the pursuit of it at the cost of the torture of innocent animals is a hateful crime. The formation of the new *Società Protettrice degli Animali*, set on foot mainly by the unwearied exertions of the Countess Gertrude Baldelli, of Florence, and Lady Paget, was an event she hailed with delight in the last months of her life.

There remains but one subject touching Mrs. Somerville's character on which it behoves us to speak—the religious feelings which, as her daughter tells us, were the 'mainspring of her life.' As she ever maintained regarding them, however, that sacred reserve which St. Gregory affirms was intended to be typified by 'the lid, or covering,' ordained to be kept on every vessel of the Temple of old, we shall but distantly approach the theme. Mrs. Somerville was brought up in the Calvinism of the Kirk in its iron days, when such an event as an invitation to the Dean of Westminster to preach in Grey Friars' Church would have seemed as little probable as that the Pope should have requested Dr. Cumming to honour with his presence the Council of the Vatican. For the form of worship of this church of her childhood she retained that tender preference which is often to devotional minds what the love of our childhood's home is to us all; and we learn that it was by a minister of this old Scotch Kirk (the Reverend Mr. Buscarlet) that the last rites were performed over her grave in the beautiful Campo Santo Inglese outside the Porta Capuana at Naples. But the stern doctrines of the Westminster Catechism, the narrow literalism then almost universally predominant, seem to have been brushed away even in the morning of life

from her path—rather, as it were, by the mere momentum of her onward course, towards the True and the Good, than, as happens more often, with painful and laborious struggles, torn hands, and bleeding feet. 'Her constant prayer,' says her daughter, 'was for light and truth;' nor was that prayer unheard.

It is somewhat difficult for us now to realise—so fast has the world travelled—how much there remained of prejudice fifty years ago wherewith a mind endued with such piety might have to contend. Even so late as the first publication of her 'Physical Geography' that very simple and unpretending *résumé* of the actual results of discovery caused its authoress to be publicly attacked in a form to which only an arch-heresiarch in these days could be exposed. 'The contests,' she says (p. 129), 'concerning the enormous geological periods during which the formation of the globe had extended were very keen and lasted long. After I had published my work on "Physical Geography" I was preached against by name in York Cathedral.' Probably her position in these latter days among men of science would be deemed almost an exceptionally conservative one—maintaining, as she ever did, unwavering faith in God and Immortality, and delighting to refer everything good and beautiful in creation to that Divine Wisdom and Love whose consideration more modern philosophy seems by preference to leave outside the bounds it has prescribed for itself. As Newton, when he had finished his sublime exposition of the Theory of Gravitation in the 'Principia,' 'burst into the infinite and knelt,' so in her humbler walk in his, and La Place's footsteps, Mrs. Somerville allowed no treatise on natural science to pass from her hands without some such reverent sign as men pay when they have entered a church. Telescope and microscope each admitted her into a new Temple, and from the 'Preliminary Dissertation' to her 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' from which we have just quoted one noble passage, to the motto she chose for her 'Molecular and Microscopic Science': '*Deus magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*,' she entered and quitted it with bowed head and humble steps. To her the idea (now, alas, familiar enough to us all) of writing a book about Nature and ignoring God, would have seemed fantastic as that of writing her accounts to her children of her visits to Abbotsford and Collingwood, and carefully omitting to mention therein Scott or Herschel. 'It is deplorable and inconceivable,' she wrote to a friend just before her death, 'how men can believe that the

* The effort unhappily failed, and we learn with disgust that the authorities of the city now actually hand over to the operator all the unhappy stray dogs found in the streets by the police.

glory of the heavens, and the beauty of the earth, is not the work of Deity.'

The long evening of Mrs. Somerville's life was one of happiness only overclouded at intervals as husband, son, and friend, dropped away from the circle of love and sympathy in which she dwelt. Her abode in Italy (entirely her own choice), if it deprived her necessarily of some of the intellectual enjoyments of England, yet permitted her modest income to supply all such luxuries as her age and tastes required, and if the account which she gives in these 'Recollections' of her summers with her daughters in their *Villeggiaturas* in Sorrento and Albano, and her winters in Florence and Naples, do not convince the reader that she was thoroughly happy in Italy, his conception of the possibilities of enjoyment which the world offers to an aged woman must be lofty indeed. Friends she always had around her, and from time to time visitors from the busy English world of literature, politics, and science, with whom she would converse for hours with delight and animation. An evening with Professor Tyndall or Dean Stanley was marked with a white stone, nor did she fail to be gratified by the kind telegram of the Prince and Princess of Wales, that their chief regret in relinquishing their journey to Naples was that they should miss seeing her. Of the reverential affection of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Woronzow Greig (who sent her continually each little luxury she cared for from England), and of the entire devotion of her daughters' lives to her happiness, this is hardly the place to speak. Her own 'Recollections' sufficiently testify to the facts. Nor in picturing her later years must we forget the attached servants who made of her apartments, in a vast Italian palace, always a real home. To see her good Luigi carrying the light burden of his beloved 'Padrona' in his arms upstairs from her carriage, or bringing her early breakfast and arranging her pillows in the morning, was to witness a relation which, could it be oftener realized, would make life considerably more pleasant than many a millionaire finds it with a whole train of mercenary domestics.

At last, as she herself describes it very touchingly, the 'Blue Peter' of the old Admiral's daughter was lifted to the mast head; and she waited patiently, full of faith and hope, for the signal of departure. 'Deeply sensible,' she writes, 'of my utter unworthiness, and profoundly grateful for the innumerable blessings I have received, I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator.' Three years before she had writ-

ten: 'In the blessed hope of meeting again with my beloved husband and children, and those who were and are dear to me on earth, I think of death with composure and perfect confidence in the mercy of God. Yet to me who am afraid to sleep alone of a stormy night, or even to sleep comfortably any night unless some one is near, it is a fearful thought that my spirit must enter that new state quite alone.' But it seemed as if, while the sun sank slowly down, the light grew yet brighter and more serene. 'Her mind,' says her daughter, 'was constantly occupied with thoughts of religion, and she lifted her heart yet more frequently to that good Father whom she had loved so fervently all her life, and in whose merciful care she fearlessly trusted in her last hours.' 'God bless you, dearest friend,' she wrote, just three weeks before she died, to one who had sent her an essay 'On the Life after Death,' 'for your irresistible arguments of our Immortality; not that I ever doubted of it, but, as I shall soon enter my ninety-third year, your words are an inexpressible comfort.' The summer and autumn of 1872 had been full of her usual peaceful and happy occupations, and specially interesting from the great eruption of Vesuvius, of which she was able to be a near witness, and of which she wrote detailed observations. Up to the 28th of November she remained in perfect health, and every morning spent some hours in studying and solving the problems in a 'Mémorial on Linear and Associative Algebra,' given her by Professor Pierce, of Harvard, and those in Serret's 'Cours d'Algèbre Supérieure,' and 'Tait on Quaternions,' kindly sent her by Mr. Spottiswoode. On the day mentioned she felt less well than usual, but passed the afternoon in her drawing-room with her daughters and niece speaking of absent friends and other topics; and only towards ten o'clock complained of trifling pain, for which her physician, when summoned, soon found a remedy. She fell asleep—a sweet, quiet sleep—which lasted a few hours; and then, just after midnight, her daughters, watching beside her, saw a slight change. The stillness which had come over her face was deeper than that of any earthly rest. The morning which rose over that blue Italian sea rested on a countenance to which the 'Great Master,' Death, had given his grand and sacred calm. For her there was another morning—on a yet brighter shore.

ART. IV.—*Confession, Absolution, and Holy Communion. A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew, Wells.* By G. A. Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent, Archdeacon of Taunton, August 10th, 1873. Oxford and London, 1873.

Six years* ago we expressed in this Journal our conviction that the system of private confession was not only uncongenial to the spirit of the Church of England, but was in direct opposition to the tenor of her services, when fairly and comprehensively interpreted. Since that time nothing has occurred to change or even modify the opinions then stated. On the contrary, the extravagances of the party that goes by the name of Ritualist have been multiplied rather than diminished, and their distinctly Romanising tone has become so clear that it is impossible to mistake its true significance. Their method has developed into a simple system of imitation. In their services, their books, and their practices, everything is a mere copy of what they see in the Roman chapels, and read in Roman Catholic books. For no possible reason except the desire to imitate the ways of a Church which captivates their fancy, even when they are indisposed to submit to its demands, they have made the English Communion Service a sort of High Mass, and even call it by that very name; while in the ordinary prayers of the Church they adopt gestures and wear personal decorations which are borrowed as closely as possible from the ways of Rome. They glory in disobeying the decisions of our courts of law, and defy the injunctions of bishops as wholly undeserving of respect.

And all the while the whole production is nothing but an ingenious manufacture of Birmingham ware. It is not the real thing after all. It is pinchbeck, and not the true gold that they would have us believe it to be.

We are satisfied that a large number of the fashionable and unfashionable ladies and gentlemen who uphold these singularities are like Dickens' 'Marchioness,' and have to 'pretend very hard indeed,' before they are quite satisfied that these respectable gentlemen are 'priests' in the sense in which they wish us to believe, or that there is not an element of unreality in the whole movement, which will doom it to ultimate extinction when the enthusiasm of its present promoters has cooled down to the temperature of common sense. Transubstantiation, or its equivalent, may be preached by the *soi-disant* priest from the pulpit; but that it is

heartily accepted by the congregation with the undoubting faith of the Roman Catholic believer is a thing more easily asserted than proved. This is just one of those cases in which the fancy goes a long way, and contrives to make its whims mistaken for the decisions of the enlightened judgment. A certain number of young clergymen—and the proportion of young men to the old among the Ritualists is considerable—may think they have done wonders when they have advertised the administration of the Communion as the celebration of the Mass. But this is something quite different from persuading their congregations positively, and in their heart of hearts, to 'worship the Host,' as they would have us believe is done by themselves, and 'the Catholic party' among their followers. It is Birmingham ware, after all.

Far more serious is the advance which has been made in the practice of private confession, and its accompanying absolution, during the last few years. Spiritual tyranny is a reality in all ages, and among the adherents of all religious creeds. It makes its appeal to something that lies far deeper down in the human heart than a taste for birettas, red and green stoles, and candles burning upon the Communion-table in the bright daylight. A Protestant High Mass, with all the oddities of a borrowed ritual, may be comparatively a mere result of the fashion of the hour—mischievous and absurd, but yet unreal. It is a far different thing when several hundreds of clergymen are working upon the most sensitive consciences to which they have access, and telling them that they are excommunicated, if they do not go to confession and receive absolution from some episcopally ordained minister. Here they are exercising a spiritual terrorism, which requires to be met by every species of serious argument, because it is a thing which cannot be touched by laws and by decisions of courts of justice. And it is this special aspect of the Ritualist movement which has become even more serious than ever, since we last asked our readers' attention to the subject. It is now more and more openly taught that confession is something very different from a relieving of the conscience for the sake of the wise advice that may be thus secured. We are taught that the direct aim of confession is the obtaining pardon of the sins thus detailed, at the hands of a priest, who has received the Holy Ghost for the special purpose of enabling him thus to forgive them. This confession and absolution, it is asserted far and wide, are absolutely necessary to the forgiveness of post baptismal guilt. In other

* See 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxxiv, January, 1868.

words, those who are not thus absolved are excommunicated. Their sins are not forgiven. By their own acts they have shut themselves out from the Communion of Saints, and are dead in their sins, though remaining apparently living members of the one visible Church.

For this reason we make no apology for entering a little fully into detail on matters of an aspect somewhat more theological than is usual in a journal designed for general readers. The fact is, that this question does concern all readers whatsoever, and cannot safely be relegated by any one to the region of 'those things in which he does not feel any interest.' No one knows how soon his sisters, or daughters, or even his wife, or his sons, may yield to the persuasions of some friend or some clergyman whom they hold in high respect.

'Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.'

The most unlikely people in the world have already been occasionally seduced into the practice, and it is impossible to say what man, and still more what woman, may be the next who will be taken in the snare. And it is therefore more important than ever that the existing practice should be studied both in its historical origin and in its relation to those morbid desires of the mind, which are found especially eager at all times of religious excitement. It will be useful also if we compare the advances of this modern form of sacerdotal usurpation with that marked growth of the same spirit of encroachment which distinguished the earlier years of Christianity, as soon as this notion of excommunication, in some shape or other, was well rooted in the Church.

As to any reasoning with the promoters of the system, grounded solely on the recognised laws of the English Church, and the example of her divines of various schools, it has long been obvious that it is totally useless. They go on their way, heedless of any such arguments, and when they appeal in their books to any phrases in the Prayer Book supposed to justify what they are doing, it is evident that they use these as a sort of *argumentum ad hominem*, and to make out as respectable a case for themselves as may be. For the Book of Common Prayer, and for Anglicanism, as such, they care nothing. By their own avowals, they have quite a different teacher, to which they go for instruction, and to which they appeal as being *in foro conscientiæ* immeasurably superior to the English Church, in its claims to their obedience. This teacher is a certain phantom, which they call 'The Catholic Church.' Not that the true Catholic Church

is a phantom. It is only the Catholic Church, as venerated by the Ritualists, which is a phantom. With an audacious eclecticism they pick out from the practices of modern Rome just those portions which fall in with their personal wishes, treating Rome itself as a living institution, that is, as a reality, with the same contemptuous indifference with which they treat the English Church herself. They care as little for the actual laws of one Church as for those of the other. It is the law of Rome that they should submit themselves to her rule, absolutely and unreservedly. But this they decline to do. The Roman Church, as they treat her, is a phantom, and nothing more. They merely see that with Rome sacerdotalism is a reality. It is the very essence of her life. She is a society of priests, whose special office is twofold, to offer sacrifice and to forgive sins. And as it is their aim to popularise this sacerdotalism, without the unpleasant necessity of submitting to Roman jurisdiction, they imitate the customs of Rome in every external of divine worship, so far as they dare; and they borrow the instructions of Roman teachers, and introduce their dangerous and most un-English notions on the spiritual life into every household to which they can gain access.

The very characteristic sermon which we have placed at the head of these remarks is one of the latest manifestoes of the party, and may be taken as a specimen of that ingenious though unconscious *suppressio veri* with which both the leaders and followers of the new school deceive themselves. Archdeacon Denison is one of the most outspoken of men, and the element of the comic, which enters into so many of his proceedings, by no means lessens the respect in which all men hold him for his unquestionable sincerity. Of his learning and logical powers the sermon before is a fair example. It is of the headlong style of pulpit oratory. The Archdeacon evidently does not appear to the best advantage when he is preaching. To be appreciated, he should be heard upon the platform, or in a debate in the Lower House of Convocation. He hits straight out; but then something more than a capacity for hitting straight out is necessary for making an effective and trustworthy preacher.

This very sermon, indeed, is just one of those one-sided statements which may be tolerated in a debate or at a public meeting, but which are to the utmost degree misleading when put forth as a serious statement of the whole of the facts bearing upon the question under discussion. It is professedly a justification of the proceedings of the notorious 483 clergymen who signed an address

to the bishops, asking them, among other Romanising novelties, to institute a regular order of 'confessors' for absolving the members of the English Church from their sins. Our readers can hardly yet have forgotten that singular memorial, or the species of reception with it met with at the hands of the bishops. If it proved anything besides the advance of this revived sacerdotalism in a certain portion of the clergy and laity, it showed how little the real bearings of the subject had been considered, and what mischief is often done by mere confusion of thought in practical matters. No one who knows anything about the historical origin of the practice of absolution, or its real place in the actual Church of England, could fail to detect the hollowness of the assumptions upon which the memorialists based their petition, while smiling at the simple-minded audacity which could make them imagine that their requests might be granted. But they could not have expected them to be granted. Their only hope was to get the bishops into a difficulty, and to induce the clergy and laity to imagine that the practice of confession was becoming actually common in the Church.

So far as they may be supposed to have reasoned out the question for themselves, they must have taken the same line as their champion, the Archdeacon, in the sermon before us. That line is this: to suppress the fact that the 25th Article expressly declares that there are only two Sacraments, and that the Sacrament of penance is a pure fiction. Of this fact the Archdeacon is careful to say nothing. He quotes the words used by the bishop in the ordaining of priests, and upon them he grounds his argument, that by the laws of the English Church, her clergy are authorised to forgive sins by personal absolution. In the same way he quotes the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, as asserting a similar authority, taking both of these passages as if they were to be understood literally and dogmatically, without the smallest reference to the interpretation which the Articles and the rest of the Prayer Book put upon them. These forms of words which occur in the Ordination and Visitation Offices, whatever their apparent meaning at first sight, cannot, however, be made to mean anything which other portions of the Prayer Book do not mean. The Archdeacon and his supporters may win under the historical fact that the different elements in our formularies had different origins; and that they can only be maintained by a method of interpretation which all reasonable Churchmen adopt, and which has been em-

phatically sanctioned in our courts of law. Surely the Archdeacon has not forgotten the notorious Gorham case, and how Bishop Philpotts was beaten in his attempt to enforce in respect to the Baptismal Office precisely that verbal literalness of interpretation upon which the Sacerdotalists rely, when they claim for themselves the authority to forgive sins.

The words in the Ordination Service, like the words in St. John, from which they are partly borrowed, are to be taken just as we take the scriptural injunction concerning swearing, and turning the other cheek to the smiter, and giving our cloak to the thief who steals our coat. How does the Archdeacon interpret these evangelical instructions? Is he, after all, at heart a Quaker? And does he give money to every beggar in the street, because it is said in the Gospel, 'Give to him that asketh thee'?

Still more, we can by no means assent to the Archdeacon's fundamental idea of what he calls 'the teaching of the Church,' whose great end, he asserts, is to make men to believe in and love Christ so as to become habitual communicants. Where does Archdeacon Denison find this in the Prayer Book? And where does he find it in the New Testament? In spirit, this view of his is based upon the doctrine of Transubstantiation itself. Is not the whole tone and teaching of the Gospels and Epistles directly opposed to any such view? And can it be conceived that if St. Paul were to revisit this earth, he would tolerate for a moment the theological teaching of the Archdeacon, and the 483, and the ritualist party in general? What, again, can be more unreal than what the Archdeacon says about 'great sorrow and distress of the Church,' because so few Churchmen are habitual communicants? What is the meaning of 'her sorrow and distress'? Who and what is the *she* whose grief is thus asserted? Simply an abstraction, a formless vision. There is no such person, and there is no such institution, apart from individual living Christian men and women, and the parliaments which authorised the use of the Prayer Book. The Archdeacon is living in cloudland, and all the vehemence with which he speaks cannot convert his dreams into realities.

In fact, with writers and preachers of this school there is no arguing at all. The Catholic Church, as they imagine her, can be made to prove anything or nothing, according to their inclinations. Protestantism we understand, and Romanism we understand, but who are these Pseudo-Catholics? When a young man of four-and-twenty, just fresh from the bishop's ordination, gravely assures

us, on the authority of some imaginary corporation, which he calls the Church Catholic, that he is now empowered to work a miracle every time that he administers the Holy Communion, and that God has given him power to forgive our sins, what can we do but smile at the marvellous illusion with which he is possessed, and wish him a little more common sense, together with some knowledge of Church history, as he grows up to mature manhood ?

In fact, his pretensions would be laughed at, were it not for that deep-seated disease of the mind, which is natural to certain characters in all ages of the world, and which peopled the Pagan mythology with every variety of idol gods. The old heathen deities were to a large extent among civilised races, and among barbarous tribes absolutely, the creation of the terrified imagination. It is spiritual terror which invents the African fetish ; it was spiritual terror which converted the pure Brahmanism and Buddhism of the East into a repository of gross and vindictive idols ; it was spiritual terror which seduced the old Greeks into propitiating their more picturesque gods and goddesses with bloody sacrifices ; and it is spiritual terror which now leads many Englishwomen, and a few Englishmen, to the feet of the *soi-disant* priest, in hope, that in return for their confession, they may be forgiven, through his absolution, for all their sins. In his capacity, as being the appointed man to offer sacrifices for the people, the ancient heathen priest survives also in spirit, but the horribleness of the sanguinary offering in which the Pagan world delighted has passed away. The Roman Catholic priest and the English Ritualist alike believe that they can convert bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and then offer it as a real sacrifice to God. But this is all. It is the imagination which is chiefly affected by their mistake, the personal character being but feebly changed.

It is a totally different thing when the old heathen priest, with his hideous pretensions, survives in the modern 'Confessor,' putting forth an extravagant theory as to the guilt of sins committed after baptism, and founding upon that theory a claim for himself over the inalienable rights of the individual conscience more daring than was ever asserted by the priesthoods of ancient heathenism. The domination of those old priesthoods was, indeed, a coarse and vulgar tyranny compared with that subtle but more terrible despotism which the modern Confessor exercises over the trembling Christian soul. We have here the most striking of all possible examples of the truth of the maxim,

'*Corruptio optimi est pessima.*' Christianity having entered into the world, and taught explicitly that the very essence of religion consists in the inner life of communion with the ever-present Father of all souls, the old spirit of priestcraft intrudes itself into the most sacred acts of this communion itself. Ancient priestcraft seized, corrupted, and blighted the body, modern priestcraft seizes upon the soul, and crushes it with a far more irresistible despotism. In each case the priest professes to stand between man and his Maker ; but it is Christian priestcraft alone which presumes to stand between the love and penitence of the soul and the infinite love and justice of God.

In its immediate ancestry, the present desire for confession and absolution is the descendant of the Low Church and Dissenting movements of the latter portion of the last, and the earlier portion of the present century. It is the reaction of the 'religious world' against the peculiar form which a morbid emotionalism exhibited in the days of our grandfathers and great grandfathers. Against the sincere and often healthy religious zeal of the supporters of these movements we have, of course, not a word to say. But as it is in all wide-spread religious revivals, the least sensible and most excitable minds often gave a tone to the general activity which their wiser and calmer leaders were powerless to control. In those days, the one most popular and mischievous delusion, against which the wiser members of the school in vain protested, was the supposed necessity for passing through some violent mental change, preceded by an agonising sense of sin and dread of the vengeance of an angry God. Then came, after certain terrible throes of suffering, a sudden inward peace, bringing with it an assurance of Divine forgiveness. Thus was the soul regenerated, and passed from death to life. The part that is now played by the priest-confessor was then played by the exciting preacher and the stimulating crowd of fellow 'believers,' who would not listen to any professions of Christian life which were not guaranteed by these struggles of the sin-convicted soul. To what extent this artificial test of spirituality is still demanded by certain Dissenting communities, we are unable to say. In the Church of England we recognise precisely the same morbid phenomena, in connection with that teaching of the necessity of confession and absolution which has now become a real sign of the times.

In each case the popular practice is the result of a want of confidence in the Divine goodness, when not reinforced by some abnormal inward emotion, excited by the asser-

tion of some unhesitating outward authority, claiming special gifts from God. The mind is unable to acquiesce in the steady, unseen operations of the Divine Presence, acting through regular laws. It cannot rest satisfied with the daily routine of the inner life, but yearns for something of the nature of the miraculous, exhibiting itself in perpetual interruptions. It cannot rest in itself, and in the reality of its own hidden communion with the Divinity. Above all, it wants a medium between itself and its Maker. It is not comforted till some interloping pretender shall claim to possess a divine commission to speak to it in the name of Heaven, and give it a confidence in the Divine goodness which it cannot find in obedience to the ordinary laws of the Divine operations.

The believers in the spiritualist manifestations of to-day are possessed with precisely the same dissatisfaction with the facts of human life and of the physical world. They, too, long for some positive assurance of the presence of some invisible life, with which they can be brought into contact. Between the temperaments that can believe in spirit-rappings and spirit-writings, and those which can believe that clergymen can absolve them from their sins, which cannot otherwise be forgiven, there is the closest similarity. These latter persons are, perhaps, keen in detecting the preposterous impostures of the modern charlatan, and wonder that any rational being can think that the great poets who are dead can write execrable nonsense at the command of some man or woman, who will exhibit the marvel at the charge of one shilling per head. But they do not see that the imposture, though not intentional, is every whit as real, when a Catholic priest or a Protestant clergyman tells them that he is authorised by God to absolve them from guilt which cannot otherwise be forgiven.

In each case the world is imposed upon by the positiveness of the assertions of those who claim to stand between man and the invisible world. And the imposture is none the less, because in the one case it is about 1700 years old, and has been held in all sincerity by innumerable sincere Christians, both priests and penitents; while in the other it is a mere piece of vulgar charlatanism. In neither case is there the smallest amount of proof forthcoming to satisfy the unprejudiced and non-superstitious intelligence. It is assertion, and nothing but assertion. The so-called reasonings of those who taught the excommunication of sinners, who did not confess for the sake of being absolved, vanish into the limbo of forgotten illusions, the moment they are tried by any close test

whatsoever. The belief in the actual necessity of sacerdotal absolution is nothing but an illustration of the truth of Danton's saying, '*L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace.*' It is of no avail to prove its inherent absurdity, its opposition to the whole teaching of the Divine Founder of Christianity, and its inconsistency with the spirit of the Book of Common Prayer and the actual religious life of the Anglican Church. Its upholders have only to gain access to a certain number of listeners, and to continue their positive and terrifying assertions, and they will find abundance of followers, of exactly that class of minds which surrendered themselves to the peculiar emotionalism formerly taught by the fanatics of two or three generations ago.

In those days, of course, such persons did not fly to the confessional, because they knew nothing of it except in connection with the detested Church of Rome. They sought for tokens of the forgiving presence of God in the violent agitation of their own minds, stimulated by the exciting assertions of their preachers and of their personal friends. A frenzied series of emotions was with them the proof that they had passed from death to life. To-day all the surrounding circumstances are changed. Rome has lost nearly all her horrors, and is become an object for imitation rather than for execration. Human nature, in its many varieties, is ever the same, and we are now simply passing through one of those marked phases of religious opinion which always accompany any pronounced religious revival. And it is necessary to ask our readers' attention to its special phenomena, if we would judge this sacerdotal movement on its own merits, and forecast its probable issues.

It is now about forty years ago since the beginning of that striking religious revival, the results of which are around us on every side. Like so many other movements which have influenced the national mind, it began at Oxford. Why there should have been a revival of religious interest just at that period it is impossible to say. These widespread movements of national thought, especially when they are of a religious nature, arise and die away, and no one can account for their origin. Doubtless they have their source in those hidden laws of the mind, which have never yet been traced by the scientific inquirer, and which may perhaps be destined for ever to elude his eye. At any rate, it is less than half-a-century ago when the first stirrings, which usually herald something like an upheaval of the national conscience, began to make themselves felt.

The peculiar form which the new revival

assumed was the natural result of the theologies whose vitality was already showing signs of decay. Those theologies were entirely without a history in the remote ages of the Christian Church, and they encouraged a species of subjective emotionalism which was singularly repellent to men who were inclined to distrust the worth of all vehement emotion, and who detested anything like self-display and spiritual conceit and vulgarity. To their cultivated, thoughtful judgments, predisposed as they were by the peculiar atmosphere of Oxford, there was something especially unreal in the agitating struggles which the soul was supposed to undergo in her conflicts with the devil and her own self, before she found what was termed 'peace in believing.' The characteristic Oxford mind of the period looked down upon such conflicts as either purely physical, or as the effect of self-deception of the coarsest kind. Then, again, the confidence, with which the suddenly 'regenerated' soul appropriated to itself all the blessings of the Gospel and made a boast of its new privileges, was a further cause of offence. Those who gloried in being thus regenerated or converted were loud in their expressions of self-condemnation; but it was observed that this self-condemnation was exclusively reserved for the life before the hour of regeneration. The virtues of personal humility, and of charity towards those who disavowed the popular theology, were by no means conspicuous. And meanwhile the doctrine concerning baptism, which was plainly taught in the Prayer Book, was rudely set aside, and non-baptismal regeneration was openly taught in its place.

In the form which the new Oxford movement took, it was thus a reaction against the dominant creeds of Protestantism, as they were put forward by their most popular, though not therefore their most devout, defenders. To the men of the new school, a Church without a history appeared a self-evident absurdity; and in their disgust at what they soon began to call 'popular Protestantism,' they began to investigate the genealogy of the Anglican Church with no unavowed motive whatever in the background. But with Rome anathematising all Protestants alike, and with the very questionable theology, as they held it, of the English Reformers, they very naturally devoted themselves to the study of the writers of the third and fourth centuries after Christ. In these writers they found the outlines of a system of belief and discipline which served them as an ideal, upon which they held it their duty to attempt the reformation of the popular Anglicanism of the

day. And most especially they found a doctrine as to the forgiveness of sins which was in direct contradiction to the current doctrine of the Low Church school, and which thoroughly harmonised with the tone of mind of some of their most influential members. And it is of the utmost importance that we should clearly recognise the adoption of this particular doctrine by the writers of the 'Tracts for the Times,' in order to trace the origin of that teaching of the necessity of Confession and Absolution which has now become so serious a portent in the English Church. In seeking to imbué themselves with the theological system of the early ages of Christianity, or rather of the third and fourth centuries, the writers of the 'Tracts' became the upholders of a variety of doctrines, some of which were in harmony with the old English Church system, and easily entered into the reformed life of the existing Church; while others led directly either to submission to Rome, or to that introduction of a belief in the necessity of a sacerdotal absolution for sin, which soon entered into their practical teaching.

Among these latter was the notion that sins committed after baptism were not only of a far more deadly nature than those committed before baptism, but that God has made no absolute promise in the Gospel that they can ever be forgiven at all. It was in Dr. Pusey's famous Tract, 'Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism,' published two years after the commencement of the series, that the character and truth of the patristic doctrines on baptism were first expounded at full length. The effect of this Essay was very great, and there can be no question that it told upon the general mass of clerical opinion with powerful effect. But its effect was twofold; as, in fact, it taught a twofold doctrine. It enforced the belief in the reality of some inward spiritual change, wrought through the instrumentality of baptism, by an exhaustive examination of the various passages in the New Testament where the subject is treated, and by a long series of quotations from the Fathers; all expounded with the peculiar seriousness and earnestness of the writer, an earnestness and seriousness which have always lent peculiar power to his writings and his preaching. To nearly all the clergy and religious laity of forty years ago the arguments thus urged came with all the force of absolute novelty. They quickened the belief of those who belonged to the old-fashioned school of High Churchmen; they converted, either completely or partially, many of those who had hitherto disbelieved or disregarded the doctrine asserted in the Baptismal Service in

the Prayer Book; and they aroused the keenest hostility in the Evangelical party, whose power at that date was very considerable in the Church. The liveliness with which the controversy was then carried on, and the deep interest which Dr. Pusey's Tract excited, can scarcely be realised by those who are familiar only with the more recent conflicts which have agitated the Church.

At the same time, its influence in moulding the current opinions of Churchmen was chiefly confined to this particular aspect of the baptismal question. The views which Dr. Pusey had learnt from the fathers as to the difficulty of obtaining the forgiveness of great sins after baptism, served, indeed, the purpose of startling the imagination of his readers, and left upon them a vague impression as to the reality of the spiritual gifts of the Sacrament itself. But they were too utterly out of harmony with the whole tone of mind of all sections of English Churchmen, to make any extensive impression upon the thought of the day. The Prayer Book knew nothing about such views. It had not a sentence which, except by the wildest distortion, could be construed into a recognition of such notions. While, therefore, the popular influence of the Tract in its teaching of baptismal regeneration was wide and deep, the tremendous dogmas put forth in the second portion of the Tract were passed over rather as the curious speculations of an age of Christianity quite unlike our own, or as practically unfitted for enforcement in modern times.

Nevertheless, upon minds predisposed to the reception of such a view of the Christian life, the passages which Dr. Pusey quoted from the Fathers made a deep impression, and led to an entire modification, if not an absolute revolutionising, of their convictions concerning the relation between man and his Creator. What was the character of these quotations may be judged from a few examples. It should be noted, too, that these quotations, like the generality of the patristic quotations put forth in those days, were addressed to readers wholly ignorant of the chronology of early Church History, and of the consequent weight to be attached to each writer's personal authority. Bishops' examinations are now, for the most part, very different from what they were when the Oxford movement was in its infancy, and it is to be hoped that the ignorance of the younger clergy as to the real facts of the history of the first four centuries is less profound than of old. In those bygone times, a 'Father of the Church' was a 'Father of the Church,' and that was enough. The order

in which the details of patristic theology and discipline were developed was as unknown a mystery as was our recently acquired knowledge of the identity of origin of all the Aryan languages. And even now, there are not a few fairly educated men regarding the Fathers with real honour, who have yet but little knowledge of the extent to which some of them anticipated the opinions of our own day, and of the similarity, in principle, between the conflicts which are now raging among ourselves and those which shook the Church while yet in its youth.

How surprising, for instance, it is to find Irenæus, writing not very much more than a century after St. Paul's death, criticising that apostle's writings from precisely that point of view which in our eyes appears to be one of the products of purely modern thought. He assumes that in ascertaining the meaning of St. Paul's writings, it is necessary to bear in mind the peculiarities of his personal temperament, and the extent to which his statements of theological truth were affected by this temperament. In the third book of his 'Treatise against the Gnostic Heresies,' he refers to another work of his own, in which he had treated particularly this characteristic in St. Paul, and shown how the vehemence of his nature and the crowd of thoughts rushing into his mind, led him to the frequent use of what he calls 'hyperbata,' or, in other words, of hyperbolic language.* The same principle of Scriptural interpretation was adopted by Tertullian, writing against Marcion, who assumes it as an undeniable truth, that St. Paul in his earlier years wrote more vehemently against Judaism than he did in his more mature age, when he was no longer young or uncultivated in grace (*in gratiâ rudis*); while afterwards his great aim was to be all things to all men, that he might gain power over all.† It would be easy to quote many passages from Origen, Clemens Alexandrinus, and other Fathers, expressing opinions very similar to those held by a certain class of German theologians, and by their admirers and imitators among ourselves.

These, however, were not the class of patristic quotations which served the purpose of the new Oxford school, and which are found in Dr. Pusey's famous Tracts. They are of two kinds, and being of two kinds, and not distinctly thus described, they served to confuse the mind of the reader, and prevented him from seeing the tremendous consequences which they really involved. Again we must apologize for the theological

* Irenæus 'adversus Hæreses,' lib. iii. cap. 7.

† Tertullian, 'contra Marcionem,' lib. i. cap. 20.

character of our details, as they are absolutely necessary for tracing the history of the processes by which the sacerdotal pretensions of the Ritualists gained their present footing in the Church of England. The writings of the Fathers, again, being generally marked by that very tendency to employ 'hyperbata,' which Irenæus and Tertullian remarked in St. Paul, the confusing influence of these various extracts was the more complete. They taught, then, these two doctrines, which in their minds were but two aspects of one truth; but which to the modern Anglican divine were by no means necessarily connected. The effects of grave sin after baptism were the loss of that personal innocence and practical self-control which was given to men by baptismal grace, and at the same time the utter revocation of that promise of forgiveness of all sin which baptism conveyed.

To the minds of the early Christian writers these two effects appeared as identical, or practically so. It must be remembered that for some hundreds of years, the Christian mind regarded these questions in a manner quite unlike that which we have inherited from our forefathers, and which, in reality, is not older than the days of Anselm. And this is one of the reasons, not only why the meanings of the patristic writers are so often misunderstood, but why they seem to breathe an atmosphere unlike anything that is now breathed in any section of Protestant or Roman Catholic Christendom. Our modern technicalities concerning 'justification,' 'sanctification,' and 'imputed righteousness' were not known to them. They held simply that baptism conferred what we now call justification and sanctification, as one gift from God; and that as a second baptism was not authorised by Christ, there was no *promise* from God of forgiveness to those who had lost their 'baptismal innocence.' It was not denied that such persons might repent, but it was denied that the Church had any authority to pronounce their pardon, as she had pronounced it, in the name of Christ, at their baptism. On the thoroughness or the modification with which this belief was to be held, nearly all the chief controversies of the ante-Nicene period practically turned. And it is to be noted as a fact of the utmost significance that just in proportion as a pronounced sacerdotalism was developed in the Church so did this belief in the hopelessness of those guilty of post-baptismal sin disappear or become practically unimportant. An advancing Sacerdotalism implied, necessarily, an advancing belief in the supremacy of the bishop of Rome, as the final appeal in all questions of discipline; and

thus it was, that this belief in the absence of any promise of Christ that post-baptismal guilt could be forgiven, materially helped forward the steady encroachments by which the Popes, in the end, became the autocrats of Western Christianity.

Of all this, however, the majority of the readers of Dr. Pusey's Tract were unaware, and when they studied the tremendous denunciations and metaphorical 'hyperbata' which he set before them, they very naturally assimilated (to use a medical term), those ideas which were apparently not out of harmony with the baptismal office of the English Church, and passed by the rest. They came to think far more of the reality of that regeneration which the office, if accepted in its obvious meaning, asserts; and to think, more or less practically, that great sins committed after regeneration, were more difficult to repent of, and were of a more heinous character in consequence of that abuse of a precious spiritual gift which they involved. But they never accepted the theory that such sins, when duly repented of, were not at once forgiven; holding that the promises of Christ to the penitent were to be taken absolutely, even in the case of the worst of sinners.

A few specimens of the quality of these patristic quotations will give an ample idea of their general scope and tendency. The following is from Chrysostom:—

'Baptism is the Cross; for "our old man was crucified with him;" and, again, "we were conformed to the likeness of His death." As then Christ cannot be crucified again, for this were to put Him to an open shame, so cannot a person be baptized again. He then who baptizeth himself a second time, crucifies Him a second time,—for as Christ died upon the Cross, so we in Baptism; not in the body, but to sin,—by Baptism our old man was buried, and our new man arose which was conformed to the likeness of His death. . . . And what means "having tasted of the heavenly gift?" It is the forgiveness of sins. For this grace belongeth to God only to impart; and this grace is once only grace. . . . There is then no second Baptism,—none. But if there is, there is a third also, and a fourth; and the former Baptism is annulled by each successive one, and so on to infinity. . . . What, then, is there, according to the Apostle,—no repentance? There is repentance, but there is no second Baptism.'

'And he then,' continues Dr. Pusey, 'describes the repentance whereby Christ might again be formed in us, a repentance—far different from the easy notions of many in modern times—through 'condemnation of sin, confession, deep and abiding and abased humility, intense prayer, many tears by night and day, much almsgiving, aban-

donment of all anger, universal forgiveness, bearing all things.'

In the same sense he quotes Gregory of Nazianzum, as saying:—

'It is a fearful thing to bring upon ourselves a laborious for an easy cure; and, having set aside God's pitying grace, to indebted ourselves to chastisement, and set reformation against sin. For how great tears shall we bring before God, that we may equal the fountain of Baptism?'

Further on, he quotes the well-known passage from Tertullian's essay 'De Pœnitentiâ,' in which he describes the species of repentance which alone will give the post-baptismal sinner a hope that God may ultimately forgive him:—

'Full confession (exomologesis),' says Tertullian, 'is the discipline of prostrating and humbling the whole man; enjoining a conversation which might excite pity; it enacts as to the very dress and sustenance; to lie on sackcloth and ashes; the body defiled, the mind cast down with grief; those things in which he sinned changed by a mournful treatment; for food and drink, bread only and water, for the sake of life and not of the belly; for the most part to nourish prayer by fasting; to groan, to weep; to moan day and night before the Lord their God; to embrace the knees of the presbyters and of the friends of God; to enjoin all the brethren to pray for them. All this is contained in full confession, with the view to recommend their repentance; to honour the Lord by trembling at their peril; by pronouncing on the sinner, to discharge the office of the indignation of God; and by temporal affliction—I say not, to baffle, but—to blot out our eternal torment. When, therefore, it rolls them on the earth, it rather raises them; when it defiles, it cleanses them; accusing, it excuses them; condemning, it absolves them. *In as far as thou sparest not thyself, in so far will God, be assured, spare thee.*'

The italics in the last sentence are not Dr. Pusey's; but we have thus emphasised it, because it is a summing-up, in a few words, of the actual doctrine then reproduced from one of the earliest, as he was, next to St. Augustine, the ablest and most accomplished of the Fathers.

How such a teaching fell upon the ears of English Protestantism in the year 1835 may easily be imagined. To-day it would excite in many critics the remark that it involved a simply anthropomorphic conception of the Divine nature. But in those days it served only to quicken the fierceness of the indignation with which such statements were received by the Evangelical school, which saw in it simply a denial of the promises of the Gospel, and a contradiction of the orthodox doctrine of justification. In the ordinary

High Churchman, even of the newly created type, it caused considerable regret at the handle which it gave to the opposite party. At the same time, as we have said, it made no impression on their faith and practice.

But on a few it did make a real and immediate impression, and gave the first impulse to that movement of which we are now witnessing the final results. In a word, it practically introduced the Roman system of confession and absolution, as necessary to the forgiveness of sins, into the Church of England. That Dr. Pusey himself did not foresee this result, is evident from a note in which he quotes Cardinal Bellarmine on the whole question:—

'Since the Apostle,' argues Bellarmine, 'says (Heb. vi.) that it is impossible that a man should be restored through that repentance which is united with Baptism, therefore we must either with the Novatians deny all reconciliation, or with the Catholics admit a new Sacrament distinct from Baptism, whereby remission of sins may be given. Nor can the adversaries say that Paul only means that the action of Baptism ought not to be repeated, for Paul does not speak of the rite, but of its effect, *i.e.*, renewal. Wherefore, if we cannot again have the effect of Baptism, we must look certainly for some other rite, some other Sacrament.'

This reasoning Dr. Pusey rejects, as being a justification of the gross corruptions of Rome, in her establishment of the Sacrament of Penance:—

'Perverting the earnest sayings of the Fathers,' he says, 'they (the Romanists) turned the hard and toilsome way of Repentance into the easy and royal road of penance. . . . The fountain has been indeed opened to wash away sin and uncleanness, but we dare not promise men a second time the same easy access which they once had.'—'Tract on Baptism,' p. 59.

Nevertheless, human nature was on the side of Cardinal Bellarmine. There are always a few persons in whom the highly sensitive conscience is united with a keen desire for intellectual consistency. There are not many such, indeed; neither the highly sensitive conscience nor the desire for intellectual consistency is, either of them, taken singly, very common among men. Still less frequent, therefore, is their union in one and the same individual. But in the early days of the Oxford movement, such persons were less uncommon than they are in the days of ordinary religious revivals. Unlike such ordinary revivals, the Oxford writers found their hearers almost exclusively among the more educated classes of English society; and it was manifest to every looker-on, that if they could only obtain a hearing and an

acceptance among thinking people of the elementary principles of their teaching, the result would be a demand for their consistent application which they themselves little contemplated. They preached emphatically to an audience unlike those to which religious reformers usually appeal. They did not appeal to the passions. They did not appeal to the lower instincts of our nature. Nor did they attempt to gain the support of the secular power by way of aid to their theological reasonings. The only impression they could hope to make was upon those sections of English life which were capable of reasoning upon certain assumed bases, even if their powers of reasoning correctly were only cultivated up to the Oxford standard of forty years ago.

Upon some few of this class Dr. Pusey's quotations from the Fathers fell with a terrific force. They said to themselves—'Is this a possibly complete statement of the whole truth of the Gospel? Is it conceivable that Christ has given no certain promise of forgiveness to those who fall away after baptism? Is it all uncertainty after all? If we cannot tell whether our repentance is complete, is it not better to do that which was notoriously done by many in those patristic days, and defer our baptism till our death-beds? All the old severity of Church discipline, of which the Fathers write in such appalling terms, is utterly gone in these modern times. And if it is gone, what remains for us in its stead? To attempt its revival, for the special purpose of obtaining forgiveness of our own sins, would be the wildest of absurdities. What, then, is the trembling, penitent soul to do?'

It was in human nature, at least in human nature of to-day, to make but one answer. If the salutary discipline of the early Church is extinct, and there is no such thing as regular re-admittance to Christian privileges by a regular authority, for those who have excommunicated themselves by their sins, there must be a private absolution within every man's reach, who will repent and confess in private those sins which now cannot be confessed openly. They saw, as well as felt, that the necessity of auricular confession and of private absolution, followed logically from the doctrine of the heinous nature of post-baptismal guilt. Their teachers might tell them that there were only two Sacraments of the Church, and that all they should seek for was a wise confessor into whose ears they might pour the tale of their griefs. 'No,' they argued, 'what we need is a priest to absolve us. This is not a question of religious consolation or advice. It is a matter of life and death for us. If the

universal opinion of the Fathers, as we are told it is, and as it appears to be, decides that there is but one baptism for the remission of sins, and that the forgiveness of post-baptismal sin, when repented of, is not implied in the baptismal promise itself, as we have always been taught, it follows that absolution is an absolute necessity. It is not a matter of choice for anyone. It is as much our duty to seek it at the hands of a priest, as it is for the unbaptized to seek baptism. Private confession and private absolution may not be enforced by the supreme authorities of the English Church, but they are enforced by the law of Christ, which is compulsory upon the conscience, and which we dare not disobey.'

Here, then, was the element of absolute novelty which the Oxford movement introduced into the Church of England. When the quiet clergy and laity of the old High Church school read the views which were put forth concerning the Apostolical Succession, the two Sacraments, daily services, the excellence of fasting, and the observance of Saints' Days, they felt that they were only being awakened to a livelier sense of their duties and privileges as members of the English Church, and that there was nothing in what was now urged that led to Rome, or that had not been always held by the most learned of English divines. But this doctrine of post-baptismal guilt was a direct denial of what they had always believed to be the teaching of the Church as to baptism. They had never doubted that all the promises of the Gospel were secured in perpetuity to those who were baptized, involving the perfect forgiveness of all subsequent sins, to the sincere penitent. And hence it was that while the zealous teaching of the 'Tracts' and other new books gradually aroused a new life in the Church, and materially assisted in that vast development of her resources which, up to the present time, has shown no signs of decay, the demand for private sacerdotal absolution has never extended beyond the limits of a small minority; formidable, indeed, from their zeal and for their audacity, but not formidable for their numbers, their abilities, and their learning. They are in the Church of England, but they are not of it.

It is, further, a significant fact, as helping us to account for the rise and progress of this new sacerdotalism, that a considerable change has come upon the character of the sins from which the burdened conscience seeks relief at the hands of the Confessor, as compared with the ordinary offences which were denounced in the writings of the Fathers. All actual knowledge of the life of

the Church of the first four centuries was confined to a few studious men. To the English clergy and laity of that day, the special characteristics and tendencies of early Christianity were practically unknown. They had a vague idea that the Church was always persecuted, and they, or some of them, had learnt the names and doctrines of certain saints, martyrs, and heretics. But of what we now call the tone of the early ecclesiastical mind, the typical Anglican Churchman knew nothing.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the class of offences, which trouble the pious souls who now seek absolution from English clergymen, bears little resemblance to the characteristic offences against which the ancient discipline was directed. In those wild and vigorous and outspoken days, our passion for self-inspection was scarcely known. As Christian faith was a matter of outspoken profession, so was post-baptismal sinning a matter of open offence and notoriety. People had not yet invented the difference between the 'objective' and the 'subjective.' Spiritual self-criticism, according to our notions, was still in its infancy. The 'inner life' and the 'outer life' of course existed, but they were not matters of artificial distinction. What we call minute criticism, indeed, was scarcely understood, either in morals or literature. A great master, it is true, at length arose, whose power of self-analysis was equalled by the intensity of his emotional nature. But before St. Augustine wrote and gave to the world his wonderful 'Confessions,' Christians knew little, either theoretically or practically, of that special tone of thought and feeling which now brings the English penitent to the feet of his confessor.

Our modern love for 'direction,' was, of course, still less known. We may disagree in some matters with the opinions of the Christians of the first four centuries, and we may hold that the prevailing tendency of the second and third centuries was in the direction of a fully developed sacerdotalism. But we cannot deny that they were at least men and women. Their men were not effeminate or fine gentlemen, and their women were not morbid devotees or fine ladies. They were as ignorant of our spiritual 'direction' as they were of the steam-engine and the printing-press. That peculiar type of character which is formed by the absolute submission of the penitent to the director would have been as alien to their conception of the noblest religious life as it is utterly absent from the New Testament itself. They disputed, quarrelled, and separated, and communicated one another, on some defi-

nite, explicit question of morals, or doctrine or discipline; but it was with the vigour of men in whom the sense of personal responsibility was not merged in a blind submission to the direction of some individual priest. That a Christian could lawfully shift his necessary habitual decisions as to acts of Christian duty to another man's shoulders, and that the highest type of spirituality is to be found in that unquestioning obedience which is the basis of Jesuitism, and is reproduced in those who believe in the virtues of 'direction,' is a perversion of the idea of duty which we may safely say was absolutely unknown in those days when the Church was as much torn by its internal dissensions as it was harassed by persecutions from without. That union of self-tormenting self-inspection with feebleness and servility of disposition, which leads many of our Anglican penitents to the confessional is essentially a product of modern days and modern modes of thought. It is as unlike the spiritual struggles of the early Church as the poetry of Tennyson is unlike the poetry of Chaucer; or as the poetry of Anacreon, versified by Thomas Moore, is unlike the poetry of Anacreon himself. It is true that it was stimulated into life by the reproduction of the patristic views on post-baptismal guilt; but it is marked by characteristics of its own, which fifteen hundred years ago were absolutely unknown.

At the same time, as human nature is essentially the same in all ages, while the contrast between our own and the ancient habits of thought is very marked, the two periods exhibit an identity of tendencies, so to say, which deserves our serious attention. In both periods alike, the growth of an intense sacerdotalism has been the result of controversies, which in themselves at first sight seem to have little or nothing in common. A glance at the more striking phenomena of the early Christian controversies will make this fact sufficiently clear.

First of all, it is necessary that we should grasp the truth, that the history of Christianity is emphatically the history of men, and not simply the history of doctrines. This latter notion is, unfortunately, very widely spread among English Christians of all varieties. The character of the Reformation controversies, and of the disputes which have agitated English Protestantism ever since the Reformation, has tended to foster an entirely false conception of the nature of all real Church history. In the same way it had become the almost universal habit of nearly all divines, both within and without the Anglican Church, to regard the New Testament itself as a storehouse of texts,

and not as the record of the foundation of a mighty institution, coming down to us in the form of narratives and of contemporary letters. And it was one of the chief merits of the Oxford school that they forced English Churchmen to recognise this fundamental truth, that Christianity is an institution, and that from the first it implied the existence of a community, more or less organised, whose office it was to settle their own affairs of discipline as well as to propagate the doctrines they had come to believe.

As, then, the history of Christianity is the history of men, so is it the history of men of almost every variety of race, temperament, education, and prepossession. Nothing can be more superficial than the popular division of the early Christians into Jews and Gentiles, as if this exhausted the varieties of the elements introduced into the new community. The contrast between the Jewish and the Gentile believers is naturally very prominent in the New Testament Epistles, because of the circumstances under which they were written, and because the Jewish believers, with that intense clinging to the tradition of their people which has always characterised the Jewish race, could hardly bring themselves to submit to that absolute equality which the Divine Founder of Christianity insisted on, as lying at the very root of the religion which He taught. Hence it is, that so far as the New Testament records, any contests which can be fairly accounted as theological controversies, almost exclusively bore upon the contest between the Gentile and the Jew, as such.

Yet, as fast as the new institution advanced, it began to comprise elements of the most heterogeneous kinds; while every fresh element imported its own idiosyncrasies into the actual life of the entire community. Never was a new nation founded which included within itself such a variety of sources of disagreement, coming from such a variety of kingdoms and races. The freedom and extent of intercommunication which the Roman domination had established for political and commercial purposes, here came to the aid of the preachers of Christianity. Rome was the centre, not only of an imperial despotism, but of a system of general intercommunication which enabled the new doctrines to travel, with a wonderful speed, from east to west and from south to north. Having, again, with its usual practical instinct, adopted, not its own Latin, but Greek, as its language of general intercourse, here was a tongue ready at hand in which the believers of every race could freely communicate and conduct their own affairs. In the history of

languages there are few facts more remarkable than this universal use of Greek as the language of early Christianity, though its Founder Himself spoke an Oriental dialect, and the Romans were the masters of the world.

Then, as might have been expected, the first internal controversies which shook the infant Church arose in that quarter where Greek thought was largely influenced by Oriental philosophies, and where Christianity would necessarily assume its more speculative, as distinguished from its more practical, forms. Even apart from the crushing anti-Judaical influence of St. Paul's letter and preaching, it was impossible that the Judaising elements in the Church could long survive as matters for serious anxiety. The Gentile converts would return the old Hebrew exclusiveness with an equally scornful contempt; while the special dislike which Imperial Rome entertained for the Jewish race, as distinct from its aversion to Christianity, as a disturbing force in the regions of politics and social life, would at once fall in with the derision with which the more educated of the Greek and Oriental Christians would treat the pretensions and the ceremonialism of the Jews. And thus it would be precisely among the Orientalised Greeks that the first controversies would rise, and cast into the shade such remnants of a Judaising Christianity as St. Paul had failed to exterminate.

These controversies we are in the habit of classing together under the general title of Gnosticism—a sufficiently vague term, considering their large variety, and the long period over which they extended. Few modern readers, indeed, are aware of the immense importance of the part which the Gnostic views played during the first centuries of Christianity, and of the identity of the questions they discussed with those which still agitate many profoundly thinking and anxious minds at this very day. In fact, it was only through the rise of the practical difficulties of that very question of post-baptismal sin which we are now discussing, that the interest in the Gnostic discussions died away. Nothing less absorbing than these difficulties, involving matters of life and death, and intensified by the effects which persecutions exercised on the inner discipline of the Church, could banish from the more reflecting Christian thinkers of the time the tremendous mysteries which Gnosticism sought to solve, and give to the practical elements of Christian thought that predominance over the metaphysical which they have retained in all after ages. How vast was their influence may be estimated from the act that in reality

the Gnostic tendencies of thought were only merged in the rising Arian controversies of the latter part of the third and the beginning of the fourth century.

Speculative religion, however, even in those speculative days, could never exercise an influence on the multitude, and its polemics must gradually cease when once the Christian mind was shaken on any question of practical urgency. Such a question was the spiritual efficacy of baptism, regarded in connection with the outer circumstances of the Church, and the development of its internal discipline. And here it is that we recognise the singular parallel, modified by the singular contrast, between the currents of patristic and modern English thought. The parallel lies, however, far more deep than the contrast; for, though the Church is seventeen hundred years older than it was when the first violent practical storms shook her almost to her foundation, human nature is just what it was in Italy, in Greece, in Syria, and in Africa.

And in Africa it was that the most violent controversies arose, and where Christianity presented precisely those phenomena which we see reproduced in the revived confessional in the Church of England. In these controversies the central figure of Tertullian towers above all others. Ardent, rigid, and ascetic by nature, and gifted intellectually beyond the ordinary run of his fellow-Christians, he held in all their severity those opinions concerning the guilt of post-baptismal sin which were current in the Church in general, but which seem to have penetrated into the very heart of African Christianity. In the passage which we have already quoted from Dr. Pusey's Tract, Tertullian describes, in his usual forcible way, this extreme view, and it is easy to understand how such opinions were intensified when he had embraced the Montanist notions concerning a perpetual supernatural presence of the Holy Spirit in the Church inspiring men and women to prophesy, imposing a moral rigorism even more severe than Tertullian himself had hitherto upheld, and directly tending to supersede the chief authorities in the Church, when they desired to introduce more merciful conceptions concerning God and His judgments against sinners.

At this time, again, it must be remembered, the steady efforts of the bishops of Rome were already directed towards the attainment of a supremacy over Christendom. Affairs were referred to them for their decision or for their arbitration with more and more frequency, and with an increasing tendency to obey them as having a right to speak and

to be listened to. At the same time, from their ordinary freedom from the fanaticisms of the period, they were disposed to a more practical settlement of theological difficulties than was usual with the great leaders of Christian opinion in its more excited forms. Thus it was that Tertullian's Montanism threw him into direct collision with the Roman bishops as such. While that sacerdotalism which culminates in Roman supremacy was developing itself, and was gradually formulating the doctrine that the Church, through its priesthood, has the power to forgive all sins, including the worst post-baptismal guilt, Tertullian's Montanist theories led him to think less and less of the regular forms of the hierarchy and of its Roman chief. Just as with the Irvingite community of to-day, it is held that the instructions of the new revelation through prophets supersede the old authority of the episcopate, so it was with the Montanist Tertullian. A bishop of Rome, with him, was of no account, unless he could confirm his authority by the sanction of the possessors of these new miraculous gifts. 'Show me now,' he says, speaking to Pope Zephyrinus, whom he addresses as 'Apostolic,' 'prophetic proofs, and I will recognise your divine rights, and vindicate to yourself the power of forgiving sins. . . . Who or how great are you that you should pardon, who by exhibiting neither the prophetic nor the apostolic character, do not possess that virtue whose right it is to pardon?'* And further on he says: 'The power of loosing and binding had no reference to the mortal sins of the faithful.'

To understand, further, the intensity with which this question of the forgiveness of the deadly sins of the baptized was urged, on both sides, it is necessary to bear in mind the peculiar effects of the various persecutions upon the inner life of the Church. The irritation and contempt with which those who remained faithful regarded those who fell away was extreme; while this falling away, whether or not under persecution, was just one of that class of open offences which constituted the recognised capital sins of early Christianity. Of all those hidden offences of the thoughts and feelings which have been mapped out and defined by the morbid ingenuity of modern casuistry, the Christian teachers of the first centuries knew little or

* 'De Pudicitia,' cap. 21. In a recently published translation, this word 'apostolic' is quaintly rendered 'apostolic sir.' Tertullian is a most difficult writer to translate; but at least such a technical word as 'to indulge' should not be given as equivalent to the Latin 'indulgere.'

nothing. The self-inspection which the Anglican devotee of to-day nourishes, as supplying matter for his confession to the Anglican 'priest,' and for which he seeks absolution at his hands, is a result of our modern civilisation, such as it is. And especially it was by such offences as the denial of Christ under fear of death or torments, that the zeal of those who believed in baptismal pardon alone was from time to time violently quickened.

One strange device was resorted to by persons guilty of the sins then stigmatised as mortal, in order to mitigate the severity of the discipline which condemned them as practically outcasts from the full privileges of the believers. When faithful Christians were imprisoned, often with the prospect of martyrdom before them, it was the practice of those whom the severity of those in authority had treated as excommunicate, to visit the confessors in prison, and ask them for recommendations to mercy, to which the authorities could scarcely refuse to listen. 'Let such an one,' the suffering Christian wrote, 'be allowed to enter the communion of the Church, together with those who belong to him.' When Novatianism arose, the giving of these letters—'*libelli pacis*,' as they were termed—became a formidable evil. But it was not new, for Tertullian* condemns it before the second century was ended. 'Not possessing peace within the Church, they (the guilty) have been in the habit of begging it from the martyrs in prison.' Thus it was that human nature was too strong for the prevalent dogmas. As conferring any claim to that forgiveness which the competent authorities refused, the entreaties of the martyrs were worthless. Cyprian, in one of his letters, declares that such entreaties were given in thousands by the imprisoned faithful without any examination. It was, in truth, a case in which human feeling triumphed, though illegitimately, over the hard tyranny of a monstrous superstition; and at the same time, it shows us how the minds of the third and fourth centuries were being prepared for the introduction of a third Sacrament, which was to be administered privately by sacerdotal hands, in the name of that Church whose government was slowly, but steadily, coming under the dominion of the see of Rome.

How deeply, however, the African Church, and in fact, the Greek and Italian Churches, were possessed with this current disbelief in post-baptismal forgiveness, is even more apparent from the letters of the great father who followed immediately after Tertullian. Unlike him in personal charac-

ter, and little disposed to depreciate the authority of Rome at the instigation of prophetesses or other fanatics, Cyprian at the same time regarded Tertullian's writings with deep veneration, and, according to Jerome, was in the habit of reading them every day, saying to his secretary, '*Da magistrum*;' 'Give me the master.' In his case, his conflicts with the advocates of an excessive severity towards sinners were complicated by his passion for promoting the unity of the Church in subordination to Rome, and by his antagonism as Bishop of Carthage with the schismatics Felicissimus and Novatian. The existing notions as to the unpardonableness of post-baptismal guilt were now, about the middle of the third century, intensified by the effects of the Decian persecution. For us, living in times so absolutely changed, it is difficult to realise the bitterness which was felt against those less courageous men who shrank from the terrors of torture or martyrdom, and compromised their faith as Christians, either by sacrificing to the Pagan gods, or by some less open and flagrant denial of Christ. When such persons afterwards sought readmission to the Christian communion, with more or less sincerity of repentance, a very large and almost dominant party, whose especial strength lay in Africa, vehemently repudiated their entreaties. The controversies concerning 'the lapsed' were, in truth, among the most fierce which agitated the Church during the ante-Nicene period.

It is impossible, at the same time, to regard the contest as anything better than a violent party conflict. Of those who sternly alleged that 'the lapsed' had been guilty of unpardonable sin, it is evident that the vast majority had never themselves been tried as the lapsed had been tried. Those who had died for the faith could not testify against their weaker brothers; while those who had suffered, though not to death, were certainly not prominent in their severity against the faint-hearted. The conflict was substantially a struggle for supremacy between the rigorist and the more gentle spirits in the Church. Novatian was a type of the modern Puritan and inquisitor, under the form which the Puritan and the inquisitor took in the days when Christianity was not yet dominant in the empire, and when Christians had not cast off the traditionary superstition concerning glaring sins committed after baptism. If Novatian had lived in the seventeenth, instead of the third century, he would probably have been one of those Puritans who denounced bear-baiting, not because of the pain it caused to the bear, but because of the pleasure it gave to the people.

* '*Ad Martyr.*' cap. 1.

The part played by Rome in the contest was characteristically practical. She was inclined to the milder party, assuming at the same time the right to decide, thus helping to extinguish the dogma concerning post-baptismal guilt, and to substitute the action of the individual priest in conferring pardon, for the public episcopal sentences by which scandal-giving sinners were at times restored to communion. The Novatian quarrels were, in fact, the last fierce burning up of the flame which was destined to be quenched in the rising sacerdotalism of the time. Notwithstanding the lamentations of some subsequent writers, human nature was silently repudiating the superstitious dogmas of rigorism, and betaking itself, when it cared for such things, to the new Sacrament of Penance, which professed to wash away all sins alike by the absolution of the individual priest. And so it has been in our own day. No one ever cared for the revival of the 'ancient and public discipline.' As Canning exclaimed, 'Restore the Heptarchy,' when some seriously advocated the Repeal of the Union with Ireland; so it was with the advocates of the real ancient discipline. Men's and women's consciences were troubled and terrified. They wanted comfort, and not discipline; and where was comfort to be had so readily, as by an introduction of the Papal system of absolution, administered by any English clergyman who would take upon himself the frightful responsibility?

We are satisfied, nevertheless, that this importation of one of the very worst of Roman superstitions can never obtain any permanent hold upon the Church of England.

Already the eyes of her prelates and more influential clergy are being opened to the hollowness of the plea put forward in behalf of a permissible, as distinct from a compulsory, absolution. People are learning that no such distinction can possibly exist. If absolution is not necessary for every man who sins grievously, it is not necessary for any. If the sins of any man are forgiven upon his true repentance, the sins of all men are thus forgiven, and the utterance of the words of absolution by a 'priest' is a solemn farce, if looked at from one point of view, and a gross imposture, if looked at from another. Rome, which avowedly teaches the divine institution of the 'Sacrament of Penance,' very consistently enforces it upon all alike from the Pope himself downwards. But with the English Church the case is totally the reverse. We utterly deny that there is any authority in Scripture for maintaining that we cannot obtain forgiveness for post-baptismal offences, on our sincere repentance, without the intervention of any

mortal man; and therefore in the English Church the making of a confession with a view to absolution, as well as that absolution itself, is, in every possible case, a solemn mockery and a degrading superstition both in the pretended 'penitent' and the equally pretended 'priest.'

To justify the practice on the ground that it gives comfort to unhappy souls, who cannot otherwise be quieted, is simply to deny the first truths of Christianity itself; and is nothing less, to speak plainly, than an audacious spiritual quackery. It can only be compared to the practice of certain doctors who give inefficacious mixtures to silly patients who will not believe that they are cured, unless they take large quantities of medicines. We have no wish to speak harshly of those pious persons, both laity and clergy, who uphold this fashionable practice; but the evil is one that calls for the plainest speaking, and we repeat that if absolution is of any use at all, in the sight of God, it is necessary for every man; and if it is not the divinely appointed instrument for the forgiveness of post-baptismal sin, it is no better than a solemn burlesque, an insult to our understandings, and a denial of the efficacy of true repentance.

The practice, however, will not outlast the present generation, for it violates the fundamental principle of all English life and activity. Individualism lies at the very heart of an Englishman's conception of greatness and goodness of character. *Aide toi, et le ciel t'aidera* is a maxim which may have been first expressed in French, but it is in England that it has been recognised as a truth which is essential to all success, both in religious and secular things. Frenchmen, too often, to say nothing of other races, cling to officialism, and if left each man to his own individual strength and self-development, soon despair and fall. They can do nothing alone. They want the applause of crowds and the help of officials in all their actions, from boyhood to old age. But it is not so with us. When a man is thrown into difficulties, we expect him to do everything that is possible to help himself, and not to begin crying and whining for some official interference to save him. And so it is in our hidden intercourse with the Divine Author of our being. We are repelled when we hear of men crying for some mediator to tell them that the sins they have committed are forgiven through his official help. We pity their weakness, their foolishness, their intellectual incapacity to detect the hollowness of the imposture which is practised upon them.

For this reason we cannot sympathise with the vehement appeals which are sometimes made to the bishops for their authoritative

interference, or for some vaguely defined legislation against the Confessional. In the first place, you cannot put an end to the practice by any such means. If men and women are so mistaken as to imagine that any alteration in their relationship towards the Deity is effected by the utterance of the absolving words, no bishops and no Acts of Parliament can prevent their having recourse to some 'priest' for his help. You might as well legislate against people swallowing patent medicines, or believing in this or that favourite doctor. As for the excited meetings, by which some zealous people attempt, as they say, to 'put down the Confessional,' their sole effect must be to irritate a mob of town roughs, who would prove the purity of their Protestantism by smashing the windows of Ritualist churches and dragging Ritualist clergymen through the mud, while the persons who practise confession and absolution are only the more confirmed in their convictions by the agitations against them.

Certainly it is possible for all the bishops individually, and not merely collectively, to speak absolutely and in plain terms against the supposed value of absolution in every case. And though the expression of episcopal opinion is not held in much esteem by the Ritualist party, there are to be found here and there a few clergymen who, when halting between two opinions, would finally give up those views which they saw clearly were out of favour in the highest quarters. As to any opinion of the archbishops and bishops collectively, it has, legislatively, no more weight than the opinion of any single prelate; while its expression must necessarily be of the nature of vague generalities, to suit the variations of feeling which notoriously exist among the prelates themselves. Altogether, we think that these Romanising practices may safely be left to perish through the same instrumentality by which they first made their way in the English Church; that is, by public and private reasoning.

Especially is it necessary to enforce this one fact, that the introduction of confession and absolution is the introduction of a third Sacrament. Unless absolution is a Sacrament, in the sense of being a divinely appointed ordinance for the conveyance of a special gift to the soul, it is worthless, and has no meaning whatsoever. The Ritualists cannot escape the dilemma. They may avoid using the word Sacrament itself, and thus keep themselves out of the grip of the courts of law, which would convict any man who avowedly taught that there were more than two Sacraments. But their followers ought to be incessantly reminded that it is preposterous for them to profess themselves

loyal adherents to the Prayer Book, and to teach the Church Catechism, wherein it is said that there are 'only two' Sacraments that Christ has ordained in His Church. If this is done, the pretences of the self-made 'priest' will gradually betray all their hollowness. Sacerdotalism did not grow spontaneously among us; as it did not grow spontaneously out of the teaching of the Divine Founder of our religion. A certain section of Church people were talked into accepting it by tracts, and sermons, and essays, and books, and private conversation. By similar means we shall get rid of it. The vital ideas of English Church life are not by any means identical with those which made the growth of sacerdotalism and Papalism comparatively easy in Rome and her dependencies in the third and fourth centuries. It is only here and there that the worthiest of English clergymen can ever be regarded in an English household as one who has the power to forgive sins. He will always be looked up to as a clergyman, who is authorised to preach, to recite the Offices of the Church, to visit the sick and the poor, and to administer, not three Sacraments, but two only.

ART. V.—1. *Lombard Street: a Description of the Money Market.* By Walter Bagehot. London, 1873.

2. *Notes on Banking in Great Britain and Ireland, Sweden, Denmark, and Hamburg; with some Remarks on the Amount of Bills of Exchange in Circulation both Inland and Foreign in Great Britain and Ireland.* By Robert Harry Inglis Palgrave. London, 1873. (Reprinted and enlarged from the Journal of the Statistical Society.)

THE very first sentence of Mr. Bagehot's remarkable book tersely and truly indicates the drift of it. 'I call this Essay,' he says, "'Lombard Street,'" and not the "Money Market," or any such phrase, because I wish to deal, and to show that I mean to deal, with concrete realities. A notion prevails that the Money Market is something so impalpable that it can only be spoken of in very abstract terms, and that therefore books upon it must always be exceedingly difficult. But I maintain that the Money Market is as concrete and real as anything else; that it can be described in as plain words; that it is the writer's fault if what he says is not clear.' There have been few books which have more honestly or completely fulfilled the promises made at their

outset than this by Mr. Bagehot. It is all real and concrete, and the style, adding clearness, life, and simplicity to plainness, compels the reader to learn; and by sly touches of shrewdness and humour, renders him in a sense also glad to remember. Mr. Bagehot brings almost every natural and acquired qualification to the task. The subject in all its parts has been familiar to him all his life as a practical banker, as an author, a journalist, and a master and expounder of political economy. He has been a man busy in the midst of all the controversies, and debating them point by point and face to face with the public men with whom it rested to give the practical decisions from time to time. These circumstances enable us to understand the instantaneous and marked success of this little volume. The first impression of a thousand copies was sold off in a few weeks, and a second urgently called for; and we shall be much mistaken if the real and concrete manner of discussing currency topics now happily exemplified by Mr. Bagehot does not mark the beginning of a new and more wholesome epoch in economical literature.

Mr. Bagehot wisely simplifies his discourse by reducing to a very subsidiary place the Act of 1844. He is fully aware of the potential influence of that measure; 'but,' he says, 'when I do speak of it, I shall deal nearly exclusively with its experienced effects, and scarcely at all, if at all, with its refined basis.' We must never forget that a third of a century has passed since 1844,—a period significantly remarkable for its material progress, and almost marvellous in its banking development. 'The Act of 1844 is the latest and most active *legislative* incident affecting Lombard Street, but it did not create, and does not govern, the larger and deeper economical causes of which Lombard Street is the representative.'

Mr. Bagehot's book is devoted to prove three principal points, namely, first, that the financial centre called Lombard Street is the wholesome result of a series of historical and industrial forces which, left to themselves, have produced a mechanism of wonderful power and delicacy; secondly, that the ultimate and controlling pivot of the whole machine is the possession and administration by the Bank of England of the single Central Cash Reserve upon the sufficiency of which depends the banking and mercantile system of the country, and, thirdly, that the imminent danger, and the palpable defect of Lombard Street, as it at present exists, is the absence of any received principles regarding the maintenance and management of this vital function of the cash reserve.

Lombard Street is defined as the 'by far the greatest combination of economical power and economical delicacy that the world has ever seen.' Few persons, it is justly said, are aware *how much* greater the money power is in England than anywhere else in the world, but figures assist the means of comparison. 'The loan-fund—that is, the known deposits of Banks which publish details—was in 1873 in London, 120; in Paris, 13; in New York, 40; and in Germany, only 8 millions sterling; and the unknown deposits—that is, deposits in the hands of bankers, brokers, merchants, and others who do not publish accounts—is much greater in London than anywhere else.' More cash, it is true, exists *out* of banks in France and Germany and in all non-banking countries than could be found in England and Scotland, where banking is developed. But that cash is not 'money-market money.' English money is 'borrowable' money. A million in the hands of a single banker is a great power. Concentration of money in banks, though not the sole cause, is the principal cause which has made the money market of England the greatest and most powerful in the world. We are asked to lend, and do lend, vast sums which simply could not be obtained elsewhere. English bankers are not themselves large lenders to foreign States. But they are large lenders to those who lend; and in this way vast works are achieved by English, and only by English, capital. To our ancestors no idea was more familiar than that money was so hard to be had that very few enterprises even at home could be undertaken. A London subject of Queen Elizabeth could not have imagined our present state of mind. To him the invention of railways would have seemed puerile, for he would have been wholly unable to conceive that money could ever be found to make them with.

English trade is carried on upon borrowed capital to an extent of which foreigners have no idea; and utterly exceeding any notion of our forefathers only a few generations back. If a merchant has 50,000*l.* of his own, in order to gain 10 per cent. on it he must make 5000*l.* a year, and charge for his goods accordingly; but if another has only 10,000*l.* and borrows 40,000*l.* by discounts, he commands equally 50,000*l.*, and can sell much cheaper. Even at five per cent. his borrowed means will cost him only 2000*l.*, and if, like the old trader, he makes 5000*l.* a year, the difference of 3000*l.* would be equal to 30 per cent. on his own capital, and out of that 30 per cent. he would be well able to fix his prices at a lower point than

his opulent rival. This democratic structure of English commerce increases. It has some disadvantages doubtless. It is unfavourable to such hereditary families of merchant princes as prevailed in Genoa and Venice. These are pushed out by the dirty crowd of little men. But these little men are animated by the keenest desire to become great men, and the only way open to them is to rely on cheapness and energy to extend their business. Hence, in no European country is trade so little sleepy as in England; nowhere else are traders so prompt to seize on new advantages. 'In this constant and chronic borrowing, Lombard Street is the chief go-between. It is a sort of standing broker between the quiet saving districts of the country and the active employing districts.'

We have thus epitomised the groundwork of Mr. Bagehot's argument as contained in his first chapter, omitting the incidental passages and topics which amplify and give liveliness and force to the author's own statement.

The function of Lombard Street being that of a sort of standing broker in the constant and chronic borrowing which constitutes the strength of English trade, it is necessary next to understand the medium by means of which the operations are effected. All, says Mr. Bagehot, which a banker wants wherewith to pay his creditors is a sufficient supply of the *legal tender* of the country in which he carries on his business. Different countries differ in their laws of legal tender, but to the primary purposes of banking these differences are not material. By English law the legal tenders are gold and silver coin and Bank of England notes, and if an English banker retains and can command a sum of banknotes and coin in due proportion to his liabilities, he need not trouble himself further.

Mr. Bagehot then introduces as follows the second chief purpose of his book, namely, the vital importance of the Cash Reserve of the Banking Department of the Bank of England as the sole ultimate safety-fund of our mercantile system.

'What then, subject to this preliminary explanation, is the amount of legal tender held by our bankers against their liabilities? *The answer is remarkable, and is the key to our whole system.*

'It may be broadly said that no bank in London or out of it holds any considerable sum in hard cash or legal tender (above what is wanted for its daily business) except the Banking Department of the Bank of England. That department had on the 29th day of December, 1869, liabilities as follows:—

| | |
|------------------------------|------------|
| Public deposits | £8,585,000 |
| Private deposits | 18,205,000 |
| Seven-day and other bills .. | 445,000 |

Total £27,235,000

and a Cash Reserve of 11,297,000*l.* And this is all the cash reserve, we must carefully remember, which, under the law, the Banking Department of the Bank of England, as we cumbrously call it—the Bank of England for banking purposes—possesses. That department can no more multiply or manufacture banknotes than any other bank can multiply them. At that particular day the Bank of England had only 11,297,000*l.* in its till against liabilities of nearly three times the amount. It had "Consols" and other securities which it could offer for sale no doubt, and which, if sold, would augment its supply of banknotes, and the relation of such securities to real cash will be discussed presently; *but of real cash, the Bank of England for this purpose—the banking bank—had then so much and no more.*

'And we may well think this a great deal if we examine the position of other banks. No other bank holds any amount of substantial importance in its own till beyond what is wanted for daily purposes. All London banks keep their principal reserve on deposit at the Banking Department of the Bank of England. This is by far the easiest and safest place for them to use. The Bank of England has thus the responsibility of taking care of it. The same reasons which make it desirable for a private person to keep a banker make it also desirable for every banker, as respects his reserve, to bank with another banker if he safely can. The custody of very large sums in solid cash entails much care, and some cost; *every one wishes to shift these upon others if he can do so without suffering. Accordingly, the other bankers of London having perfect confidence in the Bank of England, get that Bank to keep that reserve for them.*

'The London Bill Brokers do much the same. Indeed they are only a special sort of bankers who allow daily interest on deposits, and who for most of their money give security. But we have no concern now with these differences of detail. The bill brokers lend most of their money, and deposit the remnant either with the Bank of England or some London banker. That London banker lends what he chooses of it, the rest he leaves at the Bank of England. *You always come back to the Bank of England at last.*'—Pp. 26-28.

The statements of this passage are perfectly true, and it is well that they have found such plain and clear expression by a writer whose authority is of the highest. As regards the ultimate safety-fund or cash reserve, it has been made familiar by a pretty wide experience that 'you always come back to the Bank of England at last.' It is also true that with the organisation of the English money market, as it has grown up by the operation of natural causes, this single-

reserve system has come into use and favour because it has been found the most convenient and the cheapest. No portions, therefore, of Mr. Bagehot's book will be more useful than the numerous passages in which he urges that our obvious duty and interest is to improve and fortify—not to remove or remodel—the arrangements which exist.

'I shall be at once asked,' he says, 'Do you propose a revolution? Do you propose to abandon the one-reserve system and create anew a many-reserve system? My plain answer is that I do not propose it. I know it would be childish. Credit in business is like loyalty in Government. You may take what you can find of it, and work with it if possible. A theorist may easily map out new schemes. . .

'An immense system of credit, founded on the Bank of England as its pivot and its basis, now exists. The English people, and foreigners too, trust it implicitly. Every banker knows that, if he has to *prove* that he is worthy of credit, however good may be his arguments, in fact his credit is gone. *But what we have requires no proof.* The whole rests on an instinctive confidence, generated by use and years. Nothing would persuade the English people to abolish the Bank of England; and if some calamity swept it away, generations must elapse before at all the same trust would be placed in any other equivalent. A *many-reserve system*, if some miracle should put it down in Lombard Street, would seem monstrous there. Nobody would understand it or confide in it. Credit is a power which may grow, but cannot be constructed. Those who live under a great and firm system of credit must consider that, if they break up that one, they will never see another, for it will take years upon years to make a successor to it.

'On this account I do not suggest that we should return to a natural or many-reserve system of banking. I should only incur useless ridicule if I did suggest it.'—Pp. 68-69.

The single Reserve being thus vital, Mr. Bagehot speaks with great freedom of the constitution of the Court of Directors of the Bank of England as the official body charged with its care and management. It will be readily understood that in these criticisms there is no trace of personality. The point in dispute is the principle which governs the structure of a public board. For the present members of that board Mr. Bagehot would be as ready as ourselves to express the sense generally entertained by impartial persons of the anxiety of the Directors to discharge the very delicate and difficult duties which belong to them with a single view to the public interests as represented by the Bank of England; and no one admits more cordially than Mr. Bagehot the correctness of the prevalent general opinion of the high

personal character of the members of the Bank Court.

These preliminaries being admitted, the following passage is all the more forcible:—

'Since then the Bank of England, as a bank, is exempted from the perpetual apprehension that makes other bankers keep a large reserve—the apprehension of discredit—it would seem particularly necessary that its managers should be themselves specially interested in keeping that reserve, and specially competent to keep it. But I need not say that the Bank Directors have not their personal fortune at stake in the management of the Bank. They are rich City merchants, and their stake in the Bank is trifling in comparison with the rest of their wealth. If the Bank *were* wound up, most of them would hardly in their income feel the difference. *And what is more, the Bank Directors are not trained bankers; they were not bred to the trade, and do not in general give the main power of their minds to it.* They are merchants, most of whose time, and most of whose real mind are occupied in making money in their own business, and for themselves.

'It might be expected that as this great public duty was cast upon the Banking Department of the Bank, the principal statesmen (if not Parliament itself) would have enjoined on them to perform it. *But no distinct resolution of Parliament has ever enjoined it; scarcely any stray word of any influential statesman.* And on the contrary, there is a whole *catena* of authorities, beginning with Sir Robert Peel, and ending with Mr. Lowe, which say that the Banking Department of the Bank of England is only a bank like any other bank—a company like other companies; that in this capacity it has no peculiar position, and no public duties at all. Nine-tenths of English statesmen, if they were asked as to the management of the Banking Department of the Bank of England, would reply that it was no business of theirs, or of Parliament at all; that the Banking Department alone must look to it.

'The result is, that we have placed the exclusive custody of our entire banking reserve in the hands of a single board of directors not particularly trained for the duty—who might be called "*amateurs*,"—who have no particular interest above other people in keeping it undiminished—who acknowledge no obligation to keep it undiminished—who have never been told by any great statesman or public authority that they are so to keep it, or that they have anything to do with it—who *are named by and are agents for a proprietary which would have a greater income if it was diminished—who do not fear, and who need not fear, ruin, even if it were all gone and wasted.*'—Pp. 41-42.

Mr. Bagehot then enlarges at very instructive length on the greater necessity which exists in England for an ample central reserve than in any other country.

'Such a reserve,' he says, 'is kept to meet

sudden and unexpected demands.' No country has ever been so exposed as England to foreign demands on its banking reserve, because no nation has ever had a foreign trade of such magnitude, in such varied objects, and so ramified through the world. All the events of late years—war and insecurity abroad, depreciated paper money, and bad laws worse administered—have all conspired to render England in a perpetually enlarging sense the financial clearing-house of the world. But this expanded area of transactions has multiplied the demands on the central reserve.

To protect the reserve, the Bank of England requires the steady use of an effectual instrument—and that instrument is the elevation of the *Rate of Interest*. Mr. Bagehot entirely discards the ancient notions about the quantity of the banknote circulation regulating trade and prices. Facts and experience have indeed utterly destroyed it; and the doctrine that variations of the Rate of Interest are the really controlling power or instrument first propounded by Mr. Tooke forty years ago has become one of the most positive scientific truths in economical reasonings. But sudden, frequent, and violent variations of the rate of interest are among the dangers and calamities of commerce, and they can only be reduced to the smallest compass by the existence of a large central reserve.

Mr. Bagehot says (p. 66) that he will have failed in his purpose if he has not proved that the system of entrusting all our reserve to a single board like that of the Bank of England is very anomalous, very dangerous, and that its bad consequences, though much felt, have not yet been fully seen, being largely obscured by 'traditional arguments and the dust of ancient controversies.'

In reply to the natural inquiry, what remedy he proposes, he writes as follows:—

'I cannot propose that we should adopt the simple and straightforward expedient by which the French have extricated themselves from the same difficulty. In France, all banking rests on the Bank of France, even more than in England all rests on the Bank of England. The Bank of France keeps the final banking reserve, and it keeps the currency reserve, too. But the State does not trust such a function to a board of merchants, named by shareholders. The nation itself—the Executive Government—names the governor and deputy-governor of the Bank of France. These officers have, indeed, beside them a council of "regents" or directors, named by the shareholders. But they need not attend to that council unless they think fit; they are appointed to watch over the national interest, and in so doing they

may disregard the murmurs of the "regents," if they like. And in theory there is much to be said for this plan.

'The keeping the single banking reserve being a national function, it is at least plausible to argue that Government should choose the functionaries.

'All such changes being out of the question, I can propose only three remedies:

'First, There shall be a *clear understanding between the Bank and the public* that, since the Bank hold our ultimate banking reserve, they will recognise and act on the obligations which this implies; that they will replenish it in times of foreign demand as fully, and lend it in times of internal panic as freely and readily, as plain principles of banking require. This looks very different from the French plan, but it is not so different in reality.

'In England we can often effect, by the indirect compulsion of opinion, what other countries must effect by the direct compulsion of Government. We can do so in this case. The Bank Directors now fear public opinion exceedingly; probably no kind of persons are so sensitive to newspaper criticism. This is very natural.

'The functions of a director of the Bank of England fill a very small part of his time; all the rest of his life (unless he be in Parliament) is spent in retired and mercantile industry. He is not subjected to keen and public criticism, and is not taught to bear it. Especially when once in his life he becomes, by rotation, governor, he is most anxious that the two years of office shall "go off well." He is apt to be irritated even by objections to the principles on which he acts, and cannot bear with equanimity censure which is pointed and personal.

'At present I am not sure if this sensitiveness is beneficial. As the exact position of the Bank of England in the money-market is indistinctly seen, there is no standard to which a Bank governor can appeal. He is always in fear that "something may be said," but not quite knowing on what side that "something" may be, his fear is but an indifferent guide to him. But if the cardinal doctrine were accepted, if it were acknowledged that the Bank is charged with the custody of our sole banking reserve, and is bound to deal with it according to admitted principles, then a governor of the Bank would look to those principles; he would know which way criticism was coming. If he was guided by the code, he would have a plain defence. *And then we may be sure that old men of business would not deviate from the code. At present the Board of Directors are a sort of SEMI-trustees for the nation. I would have them real trustees, and with a good trust deed.*

'Secondly. The government of the Bank should be improved in a manner to be explained. We should diminish the "amateur" element; we should augment the trained banking element; and we should ensure more constancy in the administration.

'Thirdly. As these two suggestions are designed to make the Bank as strong as possible, we should look at the rest of our banking sys-

tem, and try to reduce the demands on the Bank as much as we can. The central machinery being inevitably frail, we should carefully, and as much as possible, diminish the strain upon it.—Pp. 72-74.

As regards the first suggestion in this passage, namely, that there should be a clear understanding between the Bank and the public on the subject of the amount and management of the ultimate reserve, there is scarcely room for two opinions. The only doubtful point is whether we should arrive at such an understanding under the influence of calm precaution or in the terror and suffering entailed by collapse and panic. The second suggestion, namely, that the government of the Bank should be improved, Mr. Bagehot answers in the following characteristic passage, enforcing in his own effective way the recommendation of a permanent Deputy-Governor—an arrangement which has been repeatedly urged during the last thirty years by many of the highest authorities in finance.

‘I am, therefore, afraid that we must abandon the plan of improving the government of the Bank of England by the appointment of a permanent governor, because we should not be sure of choosing a good governor, and should, indeed, run a great risk, for the most part, of choosing a bad one.

‘I think, however, that much of the advantage, with little of the risk, might be secured by a humbler scheme. In English political offices, as was observed before, the evil of a changing head is made passable by the permanence of a dignified subordinate. Though the Parliamentary Secretary of State, and the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, go in and out with each administration, another Under-Secretary remains through all such changes, and is on that account called ‘permanent.’ Now this system seems to me in its principle perfectly applicable to the administration of the Bank of England. For the reasons which have just been given, a permanent ruler of the Bank of England cannot be appointed: for other reasons, which were just before given, some most influential permanent functionary is essential in the proper conduct of the business of the Bank; and, *mutatis mutandis*, these are the very difficulties, and the very advantages which have led us to frame our principal offices of State in the present fashion.

‘Such a *Deputy-Governor* would not be at all a king in the City. There would be no mischievous *prestige* about the office; there would be no attraction in it for a vain man; and there would be nothing to make it an object of a violent canvass or of unscrupulous electioneering. The office would be essentially subordinate in its character, just like the permanent secretary in a political office. The pay should be high, for good ability is wanted; but no pay would attract the most dangerous class of people. The very influential, but not very

wise, City dignitary who would be so very dangerous is usually very opulent; he would hardly have such influence if he were not opulent; what he wants is not money, but “position.” A governorship of the Bank of England he would take almost without salary; perhaps he would even pay to get it; but a minor office of essential subordination would not attract him at all. We may augment the pay enough to get a good man, without fearing that by such pay we may tempt—as by social privilege we should tempt—exactly the sort of man we do not want.

‘*Undoubtedly such a permanent official should be a trained banker. There is a cardinal difference between banking and other kinds of commerce; you can afford to run much less risk in banking than in commerce, and you must take much greater precautions. In common business the trader can add to the cost price of the goods he sells a large mercantile profit—say to 15 per cent.; but the banker has to be content with the interest of money, which in England is not so much as 5 per cent. upon the average. The business of a banker, therefore, cannot bear so many bad debts as that of a merchant; and he must be much more cautious to whom he gives credit. Real money is a commodity much more coveted than common goods; for one deceit which is attempted on a manufacturer or a merchant, twenty and more are attempted on a banker. And besides, a banker, dealing with the money of others, and money payable on demand, must be always, as it were, looking behind him, and seeing that he has reserve enough in store if payment should be asked for, which a merchant dealing mostly with his own capital need not think of. Adventure is the life of commerce, but caution, I had almost said timidity, is the life of banking; and I cannot imagine that the long series of great errors made by the Bank of England in the management of its reserve till after 1857 would have been possible if the merchants in the Bank Court had not erroneously taken the same view of the Bank’s business that they must properly take of their own mercantile business. The Bank Directors have almost always been too cheerful as to the Bank’s business, and too little disposed to take alarm. What we want to introduce into the Bank court is a wise apprehensiveness, and this every trained banker is taught by the habits of his trade and the atmosphere of his life.*’—Pp. 230-233.

We entirely concur in the suggestion of a permanent Deputy-Governor as the simplest and best practical recourse.

We cannot follow Mr. Bagehot into his discussions relating to the Private and Joint-Stock Banks, the Bill Brokers, the Country Banks, and other collateral topics. To all of them he applies the same strong clear sense, the same dry shrewdness and full knowledge of facts which mark the other portions of his book.

We conclude our extracts by the following passage from the summary of the argument he employs to show that the reserve of

the Banking Department cannot safely be allowed to fall under 10 millions; and that whenever it is reduced to 15 or 14 millions the Directors should at once begin to take defensive measures.

'I may be asked, "What does all this reasoning in practice come to? At the present moment *how much reserve do you say the Bank of England should keep?*" State your recommendation clearly (I know it will be said) if you wish to have it attended to." And I will answer the question plainly, though in so doing there is great risk that the principles I advocate may be in some degree injured through some mistake I may make in applying them.

'I should say that at the present time the mind of the monetary world would become feverish and fearful if the reserve in the Banking Department of the Bank of England went below 10 millions. Estimated by the idea of old times, by the idea even of ten years ago, that sum, I know, sounds extremely large. My own nerves were educated to smaller figures, *because I was trained in times when the demands on us were less*, when neither was so much reserve wanted nor did the public expect so much. But I judge from such observation as I can make of the present state of men's minds that in fact, and whether justifiably or not, the important and intelligent part of the public which watches the Bank Reserve becomes anxious and dissatisfied if that reserve falls below 10 millions. *That sum therefore I call the apprehension minimum for the present times.* Circumstances may change, and may make it less or more, but according to the most careful estimate I can make, that is what I should call it now.

'It will be said that this estimate is arbitrary and these figures are conjectures. I reply that I only submit them for the judgment of others. The main question is one of fact. Does not the public mind begin to be anxious and timorous just where I have placed the apprehension point? and the deductions from that are comparatively simple questions of mixed fact and reasoning. The final appeal in such cases necessarily is to those who are conversant with and who closely watch the facts.

'I shall perhaps be told also that a body like the Court of the Directors of the Bank of England cannot act on estimates like these: that such a body must have a plain rule and keep to it. I say in reply that, if the correct framing of such estimates is necessary for the good guidance of the Bank, we must make a governing body which can correctly frame such estimates. *We must not suffer from a dangerous policy because we have inherited an imperfect form of administration.* I have before explained in what manner the government of the Bank of England should, I consider, be strengthened, and that government so strengthened would, I believe, be altogether competent to a wise policy.

'Then I should say, putting the foregoing reasoning into figures, that the Bank ought never to keep less than 11 millions or 11½ millions, since experience shows that a million, or a million and a half, may be taken from us at

any time. *I should regard this as the practical minimum at which, roughly of course, the Bank should aim, and which it should try never to be below.* And, in order not to be below 11½ millions, the Bank must begin to take precautions when the reserve is between 14 and 15 millions; for experience shows that between two and three millions may, probably enough, be withdrawn from the Bank store before the right rate of interest is found which will attract money from abroad, and before that rate has had time to attract it. When the reserve is between 14 millions and 15 millions, and when it begins to be diminished by foreign demand, the Bank of England should, I think, begin to act, and to raise the rate of interest.'—Pp. 326-328.

In every part of this passage we entirely concur, and it would be easy to quote several very high authorities whose recommendations, founded on long experience, for increasing the steadiness and security of our banking system amount in effect to the adoption of such limits for the reserve as are mentioned by Mr. Bagehot.

The second publication at the head of this paper is, by a happy coincidence, an elaborate statistical demonstration of Mr. Bagehot's general argument. Mr. R. H. Palgrave is also a practical banker of considerable provincial experience, and favourably known by several contributions of merit to the literature of his profession. The 'Notes on Banking' is an enlarged report of a paper presented by him early in 1873 to the Statistical Society. It resumes and applies to the facts of the last twenty years certain inquiries instituted by Mr. Newmarch in 1851; and it may be safely affirmed that in Mr. Palgrave's publication is contained the fullest and most systematic exhibition of the statistics of Banking and Bills of Exchange at present existing.

The following passage states the resources, in 1872, of the London and Country Banks:—

'In the twenty-two years since Mr. Newmarch wrote, the numbers, and also the holdings, of the provincial Banks have greatly extended. In 1851 there were about 900, at the present time there are about 1620 bank offices in England and Wales, exclusive of London. This includes the head offices, whether private or joint stock, and their branches. Guided by the information previously mentioned, I am of opinion that the amount of deposits and capital held by each banking office may be averaged at not less than 130,000*l.* each. In this estimate I include the amount of country banknotes in circulation, averaging about 5 millions.

'Taking this estimate as a basis, the recapitulation will be 1620 provincial bank offices in England and Wales at 130,000*l.* each, equal to 210 millions in all. I have formed this esti-

mate after very considerable inquiry and reflection; in it are included the *capitals* of the banks themselves which are often large; and also the amounts of the notes and short drafts in circulation issued by these banks.

The summary of these results will be:—

England and Wales—Capital and Deposits of Banks.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Bank of England, total resources (say) | 67 millions. |
| London bankers, private and joint stock | 174 " |
| Provincial bankers, private and joint stock | 210 " |
| Total | 451 |

To these sums must be added the proportion of these holdings of the *Discount houses* in London, which do not belong to the bankers. These houses are estimated in the *Commercial History and Review of the 'Economist'* as holding about 78 millions at the close of 1871. A considerable portion of this money was doubtless deposited with these houses by bankers in London, the provinces, and elsewhere. This we must exclude, as it has already been reckoned among the deposits held by the bankers.

A particular merit of Mr. Palgrave's book is the patient and intelligent manner in which he has ascertained for each year (1856-1871) the amount of bills of exchange, inland and foreign, created and in circulation at one time in this country. The only official data for this purpose are the returns of the stamps issued, and upon this rudimentary basis has to be built up by means of collateral evidence the final results. Mr. Palgrave considers that these results justify the statement that in 1871 the amount of bills of exchange, inland and foreign, in circulation at one time in the United Kingdom was about 320 millions sterling, against 190 millions ascertained by Mr. Newmarch in 1856.

The conclusion forced upon Mr. Palgrave by his elaborate detail of figures is virtually the same as the doctrine which fills Mr. Bagehot's more popular treatise—namely, the insufficiency of the present Central Reserve, and the urgent necessity for increasing it. In the following extract Mr. Palgrave begins by showing how the reserve, before each of the great panics since 1844 has been greater than its predecessors; but still how inadequate, to avert the mischief, even the larger amounts have proved to be in consequence of the greater and more complex forces at work.

The Reserve of the Bank of England, in round numbers, before the period of pressure actually arrived, was, in 1847, 8½ millions; in 1857, 4½ millions; and in 1866, 5½ millions.

But while in 1847 the pressure lasted about a month, and in 1857 rather longer, before

reaching the maximum, in 1866, *one week* was sufficient to reduce the reserve from nearly five millions to less than one.

It is clear by a comparison between the data given by Mr. Newmarch in 1851 and those which I have obtained that the *circumstances under which business is carried on are very different now from those existing at any former period.*

They may be briefly summed up thus:—

1. A vast increase in the amount of deposits, larger than the proportional increase in the capital employed in the banks which obtain these deposits.

2. Greater rapidity in the circulation of money. The Clearing House returns prove this.

3. A larger and increasing quantity of *foreign bills* on this country, causing a greater danger, should a demand for gold for export arise in periods of pressure.

4. A stationary banking reserve; one even decreasing in proportion to the business done.

I have shown by the tables of the circulation of *foreign bills* how great a difference there is between the proportions of bills drawn by foreign countries on this country; and those drawn on foreign countries by this country. This difference, it will be observed, enlarges and increases continually; it must tend, at all times, to cause greater fluctuations in the Bank rate of discount, and presents a new source of danger to the banking institutions of this country in times of pressure, especially in the case of a foreign demand for bullion. The holding and equally the owning so large a number of bills on England must always give foreign nations a great power over our money market. The current must always have a tendency to flow *outwards*. It is obvious that the efforts of the Bank of England to turn the exchanges in favour of this country must hence continually meet with a strong and formidable element of opposition. The importance of the subject has been noticed in several papers read before the Society. Attention has also been directed to the point from other quarters, and with the great increase in the number of Foreign Banks which have branches in this country, it rises into considerable and increasing importance from the need of providing sufficient reserves to meet the requirements thus occasioned.

It is much to be desired that, before the occurrence of another period of pressure, a *careful and complete investigation into the position of affairs should take place*. I have endeavoured to give in these pages a faithful outline of the principal features of the case, but though I have made every effort in my power to obtain correct information, and have been seconded beyond my utmost anticipations by the willing assistance of those whom I have consulted, yet the subject is beyond the powers of any one person, and requires a very complete investigation. This, it is to be hoped, may be made before the approach of the next period of pressure. When such times arrive, there is no leisure for enquiry. When the period of difficulty is passed, as the proverb reminds us, it

is soon forgotten. The interval of comparative ease is the best time for investigation.

'The extreme measures which have been required since the Act of 1844 point out of themselves the necessity for some reform. Three times in twenty-eight years it has been needful to give permission for the suspension of that Act which forms the very foundation of the monetary system of this country. A law can hardly retain the respect of the community when it becomes needful to suspend its operation so frequently. It is regulation, not repression, that is required. The monetary system of this country is now so entirely artificial that it cannot safely be left unregarded.'

To the reasonable and obvious suggestion of Mr. Palgrave that the time has fully come for a complete investigation, by official means, into the whole facts of the case, we will presently revert. But we must, in the mean time, place on record, as a fit and striking corollary of the teachings of Mr. Bagehot and Mr. Palgrave, the actual occurrences in the Money Market in the autumn just passed. And the autumn of 1872 differed from that of 1873 merely in degree—indeed the recurrence of these phenomena of autumnal monetary disturbance has become a sort of fixed law.

Between the 21st August and the 11th December (1873) the Bank rate was changed not less than eleven times, or nearly once a week. It began at 3 per cent. on the 21st August, and so remained till the 25th September, when it became 4 per cent. It then ran up by leaps of 1 per cent. till it reached 9 per cent., on the 7th November; and then fell in five weeks to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., on the 11th December. When the rate was raised to 5 per cent. on the 29th September, the Cash Reserve of the Banking Department had fallen below the 1st millions which Mr. Bagehot calls with justice the 'apprehension minimum,' and the actual facts of last autumn fully confirm his statement, that when the reserve falls to 10 millions 'the monetary world becomes feverish and fearful.' The state of fear and fever was experienced with great severity in October and November last, during the whole of the five weeks that the reserve varied between 8 and 10 millions, and the Directors, by rapid elevation of the rate and the employment of most rigid measures of detail in their Discount Office, were striving to turn the tide of bullion in their favour.

The events also of July and August last quite justify Mr. Bagehot's dictum that, in order to preserve a minimum of 10 to 11 millions, 'the bank must begin to take precautions when the reserve is between 14 and 15 millions, for experience shows that between 2 and 3 millions may probably enough

be withdrawn from the Bank store before the right rate of interest is found to attract money from abroad, and before that rate has had time to attract it.' This is precisely what happened in July and August last. On 17th July, with a reserve of only 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions, the rate was lowered from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent.; in the following week (31st July) with the same reserve, it was again lowered from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and on 20th August, with a reserve of 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions, it was again lowered from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent.

The external causes of the pressure of last autumn were—first, the drain of gold bullion to Berlin for the purposes of the great German coinage, which has been in progress for nearly two years; second, the severe collapse of speculation at Vienna, Berlin, and Frankfurt, leading to an influx of foreign securities into the English markets; third, the financial panic in America, which began about the 20th September, and led to the entire disorganisation of the usual exchange dealings with Europe, and to a consequent withdrawal of gold from London; and, fourth, the usual internal demand for gold coin which arises in the autumn of each year, and is artificially aggravated by those portions of the Acts of 1844 and 1845 which relate to the Scotch and Irish Banks.

The existence of all these causes of disturbance would, under any circumstances, have rendered last autumn a period of dear money, and a period requiring vigilance and energy on the part of the Bank of England and the commercial body. But under a sounder system of the management of the ultimate Cash Reserve there was nothing in the facts of the case to carry the country, as it was carried in the early part of last November, to the verge of a panic as severe as that of 1866. A single considerable failure in the first ten days of November would certainly have precipitated such a calamity.

The Bank of England acted with energy and judgment under the circumstances. They applied with resolution the instrument which science and experience has shown to be the only effectual means of protecting the Reserve, namely, raising the rate of interest to whatever point of elevation may be required; and they gave assistance out of the usual channel, but at rates so severe that strong repression was put upon transactions. All this was sound. But there still remains the fact that the country was subjected to five or six weeks of loss and suffering, and brought within an ace of another '66, because, as Mr. Bagehot puts it, 'there is no clear understanding between the Bank and the Public that, since the Bank holds our ultimate Banking Reserve.

they will recognise and act on the obligation which this implies,' and because 'at present the Board of Directors are a sort of *semi-trustees* for the nation, instead of being real trustees acting under a good trust deed.'

Two years ago,* in discussing the pressure of the autumn of 1871, we urged, as many authorities have urged during the last eight years, the issue of a Royal Commission to examine the whole subject of the relations of the Bank of England to the public; and also the extent and nature of the influences affecting our monetary system arising out of the almost revolutionary changes in commerce of the last fifteen years. This proposal has made real progress with the public. It was formally recommended to the Government by the Associated Chambers of Commerce at their meeting at Cardiff in September last; and it was there strongly supported by a person so well qualified to be listened to—not less by reason of his great official experience than by the weight of his own character—as Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P. It has been formally adopted by the Chamber of Commerce at Glasgow after mature debate, and still more recently by the Chamber of Commerce at Liverpool. The utter failure last session of the Bank Notes Bill, introduced by the Government with the view of mitigating some of the severities of the Act of 1844, is a further reason for reference of the whole subject to a Commission, carefully composed of men competent to represent the various large mercantile interests. It may be fairly said that the subject has now passed from the region of mere discussion to that of the first stage of official action, namely the necessity for the collection of evidence, by a properly constituted authority, set in motion by carefully defined powers and instructions. The expediency—the necessity—of such a course is plain and urgent, and it will be in the highest degree discreditable to the Government and the House of Commons if many months elapse without the proper measure being taken.

ART. VI.—*Autobiography*. By John Stuart Mill. London, 1873.

WHATEVER may be the duration and influence of Mr. Mill's two great contributions to science, this book is likely to survive long the slop-pail deluge of contemporary publications, at any rate as a curiosity of literature. The style indeed is rather wanting in variety and sweetness. Traces of careless-

ness occur;* but it has the exquisite and admirable lucidity which almost uniformly characterizes the writer, and rises often, if hardly to eloquence or passion, yet to a certain fervent dignity, not unlike that of the dialogue on Oratory ascribed to the historian Tacitus. It is the style of a philosopher, to whom a consciousness, legitimate if not wholly graceful, of his own superiority to the crowd around him, of his imagined freedom contrasted with their unsuspected servitude, has given, not pleasurable exultation, but a tone of compassionate melancholy, combined with that peculiarly exclusive *hauteur* which is the privilege of 'advanced thinkers.' It is, however, not the whole book so much as the earlier part of the story here told which has impressed men much, and will probably impress them long. No one, in whom the mind is at all awake, can read without an intense interest how a child, born in this ease-loving century, was submitted to an education of intellectual rigidity not less severe than the asceticism of the Spartan youth; how a father of unusual ability, by the unwearied compression of this iron discipline, liquefied (as it were) the mind of his more gifted son, and then forced it violently into the mould which he had prepared for that son's whole moral and mental material, predestinating him to certain forms of thought for life; how, lastly, this child, at the age of spelling books and pinafores, had read with intelligence books, and pursued with intelligence sciences, which few have mastered equally well at five-and-twenty.† Much was given here, much was also destroyed. Yet, however we may judge the man and the work, no candid judge will deny that the mature results of this unique education, if not proportionate to it, were at least not unworthy of the labour which had been only too assiduously bestowed on preparing the boy to produce them.

We propose to give here but a brief account of Mr. Mill's life, as set forth in the book, of which it may be presumed that few readers who will care to glance at these pages will be ignorant; but to dwell at greater length upon points of critical value in the development of the writer's mind, illustrating them occasionally by reference to the works produced at the different stages of his career. To review Mill as a logician and political economist, or even as a politi-

* 'The patience of all was exhausted except me and Roebuck.' 'This did very well for several years,' and the like.

† We suppose that this is the meaning of the words, 'I started with an advantage of a *quarter of a century* over my contemporaries' (p. 30):—one of the few phrases not perfectly clear in expression which the book contains.

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. cxxxii. (Jan. 1872.)

cian or essayist, would be of course beyond our aim. But this species of reference to his writings (to which the autobiography itself invites us) has not yet, so far as we know, been attempted, although without it, the autobiography, in its later portion, is little more than an index or outline.

Let us add that if, in our notice, the characters or abilities of some lately dead, or still living, are touched on in a spirit of fearless, but (we trust) fair criticism, this is inevitable in reviewing a book of this nature, and is indeed the last thing which the author himself would have deprecated. The feelings with which we regard Mr. Mill we hope will be made clear as we advance. To begin with professions of respect, or eulogy, in case of a man of his calibre, would savour of assumption and impertinence.

Born in May, 1806, John Stuart Mill, whether within the nursery we do not hear, was initiated into the Greek language at three years old—a fact which, if it recalls involuntarily a lively couplet of ‘Hudibras,’ may remind us, more worthily, that perhaps no European baby has enjoyed the similar advantage of acquaintance with the most beautiful of all languages for some fourteen centuries, at least, in its ancient grace and purity. Latin was deferred till the child was seven. By that time he had read, and read thoroughly, if not always, or perhaps often, with real comprehension, Æsop, the ‘Anabasis,’ all Herodotus, the ‘Cyropædia,’ the ‘Memorabilia,’ parts of Diogenes, of Lucian (selection was certainly desirable here), and of Isocrates, ending with six dialogues of Plato, on one of which Mill candidly remarks that ‘it was totally impossible that I should understand it.’ To add to the difficulty, in these and the later studies, it must be remembered that in 1810 a Greek lexicon was a ponderous thing, weighing nearly as much as the little student, and intellectually also requiring ‘a robust genius to grapple with,’ as the renderings never fell below the dignity of Latin. Hence Mr. James Mill, the son’s only teacher, and ‘one of the most impatient of men,’ had constantly to supply the English equivalents—a task which, when one thinks of all Herodotus only, must have rivalled his simultaneous labour upon the history of British India.

This, however, represents only a part of the child’s work before his eighth birthday. In history he read, noted, and analysed by memory Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Watson, Hooke, Langhorne’s ‘Plutarch,’ Burnet, the ‘Annual Register,’ Millar, and Mosheim. Biography and travels were represented (always between the age of three and eight) by

the life of Knox, the histories of the Quakers, Beaver’s ‘Africa,’ Collin’s ‘New South Wales,’ Anson’s and Hawkesworth’s voyages. Nor were ‘children’s books’ wholly absent, though ‘allowed very sparingly,’ and indeed ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ the ‘Arabian Nights,’ and even the tales of Miss Edgeworth herself, must have hardly felt themselves entitled to recognition in the society of such advanced competitors.

The next stage lasts till fourteen—an age at which most of us can recall our own acquisitions with perfect ease, and count them on our fingers. But Pico of Mirandola, that early and still remembered Florentine paragon of precocity, could hardly have shown a more appalling catalogue, whether in bulk or difficulty, than is here printed. Virgil, Horace, Phædrus, Livy, Sallust, the ‘Metamorphoses,’ Terence, Cicero, Homer, Thucydides, the ‘Hellenica,’ Demosthenes, Æschines, Lysias, Theocritus, Anacreon, Aristotle’s ‘Rhetoric’—we omit books read only in selections—were mainly worked through ‘from my eighth to my twelfth year;’ Euclid, Algebra, the higher mathematics, Joyce’s ‘Scientific Dialogues,’ and various treatises on Chemistry, coming in by the way; whilst the list of English books, prose and poetry, read for private study, would go far towards forming the nucleus of a respectable lending library. A boy to whom books, in Wordsworth’s phrase, were such a ‘substantial world,’ could not resist the impulse to add to the number, and Mill ‘successfully composed a Roman History, an Abridgment of Universal History, a History of Holland, and a History of the Roman Government.’ Meanwhile the boy was assiduously practised in English verse, to which a less modest man might have assigned with more confidence his rare mastery over prose. But in Greek he never wrote at all, and but little in Latin—not (as some might expect) through theories on the subject which have often been agitated since, mainly amongst persons of half-cultivation—but, ‘because there was really no time’—a confession which will not surprise the reader.

The last two years of regular training lay not in ‘the aids and appliances of thought,’ but the thoughts themselves. Logic was first studied in Aristotle’s ‘Organon’ and ‘Analytics,’ Hobbes, and some scholastic writers: Political Economy in Ricardo and Adam Smith: Plato, Tacitus, Quintilian, and other ancient writers being also mastered; whilst, besides these fertile sources of thought, Mill’s filial gratitude assigns much to the ‘History of India,’ which he read through ‘for the press’ to his father.

Mill now pauses in his narration, which has carried him to the age at which boys in general are just entering on their public school. Let us pause also, and look back on the pupil and the teacher.

Human nature claims the relief of a smile at a glance over the vast catalogue which we have imperfectly transcribed. Only a mature man, of unusually finished education, can ever fully appreciate the range and the difficulty of the task accomplished by this boy of thirteen.

'Non equidem invideo, —mirror magis.'

will be the comment of many sensible readers. Prig! Pedant! and Poor Fellow! will resound from other quarters. And even though Mill assures us that this system 'was not such as to prevent him from having a happy childhood,' more than a little which we cannot but pity is presented by the picture. But we pity more those whose scorn is aroused by it. For, after all, and all deductions in reason made (nor will it be seen that we hold these deductions slight), it is no small thing to have lived the life or done the work of John Stuart Mill. And though no one is likely to accept his humble estimate of his own natural capacities,* yet these results must, in a more than common degree, be assigned to his education.

Some faults in his father's instruction he candidly admits; some intellectual requirements were too severe; some physical advantages and practical readinenss were sacrificed. In regard to one danger, obvious in the case of a young boy thus informed, conceit, the tone of his works and speeches (even without recourse to the corroboration of our personal experience), makes us fully and heartily accept his own verdict. 'My state of mind was not humility, but neither was it arrogance. I neither estimated myself highly nor lowly: I did not estimate myself at all.' This statement may naturally be disputed, even by those who are qualified to dispute it. But Mill is here obviously speaking of arrogance in a personal sense. What has been mistaken for it is the tone of egotistic dogmatism common to all who, having been trained in rigidly demonstrative methods (logical or scientific), are hence under a constant conviction that they must be arguing consistently and logically. Arrogance in this sense, and from these sources, it cannot be denied is increasing, and likely to increase, in the modern world. But in Mill's case the tone was enhanced by another element in modern life of which more anon.

* See p. 30.

In regard to another obvious risk, that so much study could be only crammed, not digested, he gives satisfactory proof that this danger, by his father's wise and patient care, was averted:—and here, again the son's writings form a sufficient proof. In fact, the heaviest criticism we have to make against Mill's early education is, that it was too successful. Whether he was correct in having 'always a humble opinion of my own powers as an original thinker' (p. 242), or whether originality may have been stifled by his training, it is remarkable how closely his aims and opinions, to the end, kept the forms of the mould into which (as we have observed) his youth was poured by his father. Within those limits he moved a little, as indeed a less able and observant man who lived on into the century must have moved; but (with one exception) we cannot find that he seriously outgrew them. In Logic, in Political Economy, in Politics, in Ethics, in Religion, in hatred of priestly and aristocratic systems, in preference for a life of more rigid and injurious exclusiveness than any fashionable 'exclusive' ever dreamed of, in contempt for the common ways of Englishmen, James Mill is substantially reproduced in John Stuart. Even his developments, we shall see, are in general not so much vigorous shoots from the original trunk, as those abnormal and morbidly active growths which are found when abundant vital energies, long exposed to restricted light and strong pressure, are stimulated, not by 'the common sun, the air, the skies,' but by the artificial and unwholesome atmosphere of the closest of all conceivable coteries.

Beside the positive elements which we have now briefly sketched, James Mill's educational system had a restrictive side, the effects of which were through life burnt in upon his son. To the injurious results of one negative element he became soon awake, and his efforts to supply what are wanting colour his later life with almost the only tint in which it deviated seriously from the father's pattern. It was often charged against Benthamism, while Benthamism appeared to be a living thing, that it waged war against all the charm of life, despised art and poetry, and treated feeling as an infirmity: and Benthamists were not slow in repudiating these charges. Yet the terrible downrightness of Mill's autobiography establishes them against his father, so far as they could be true of any able and intelligent man. It was not that James Mill was wholly dead to poetry: he cared for a few of our poets, reserving his 'highest admiration' for Milton; a judgment which surprises us more than to learn that he did not ap-

preciate Shakespeare. But 'for passionate emotions of all sorts, and for everything which has been said or written in exaltation of them, he professed the greatest contempt' (p. 49). It is hardly possible to avoid the inference, that what he valued in poetry could not have been its poetical side, or that it could not penetrate the dour nature of the grim ex-Calvinist. At any rate, when the too docile pupil came forth complete in Benthamism, he confesses, with the fearless candour which, to many readers and through many years, will throw a singular and indescribable charm over the 'Autobiography' and the Autobiographer, that he was, for a considerable time, more or less blind to the claims of this side of humanity. 'From this neglect both in theory and in practice of the cultivation of feeling, naturally resulted an underrating of poetry, and of imagination generally, as an element of human nature.' He did not dislike poetry, but 'was theoretically indifferent to it. And I was wholly blind to its place in human culture, as a means of educating the feelings' (p. 112).

Mill was really, as we have known him, a man of high, of even over-wrought sensitiveness and passionate impulse: and when he reached full manhood, Nature avenged herself strangely and sadly on a training which had all the inhuman harshness of asceticism without its hopes and horizons. The reaction against Puritanism, which had guided the father to complete religious disbelief, guided the son into an emotionalism which was ever ready to pass into extravagance: singular testimonies to the stubborn power of a system apparently so antagonistic to natural human feeling! Sentiment, in the intensity of this reaction, asserted its rights with revolutionary violence; but the balance between heart and head could not thus be reached. Science tells us of two modes in which elements combine, the chemical and the mechanical; the chemical being a true and vital fusion between atoms, the other a simple bond of close juxtaposition. Mill unhappily lacked during the plastic period of childhood the simultaneous training of reason and sentiment which is received every day by thousands of children who will never hear of Plato or Bentham; and, lacking this, the union between sentiment and reason in his nature remained to the end mechanical. This we regard as the true key to his life. If he was too finely organized, too fearless and honest, to allow the head and heart consciously to contradict each other, their conclusions were sometimes not homogeneous; the framework is austere

and logical, the contents are heated and sentimental.

Of this judgment (and it is one formed from his writings, long before the 'Autobiography' almost overtly revealed the case), we shall offer further proofs presently. Meanwhile, to complete Mill's relations to art, let us add that (so far as the evidence goes) though he no doubt gained much from Poetry, and loved her well, he never penetrated into her real spirit. We may say at once, before entering on our first illustrative notice from his works, that there is hardly a page in which—whether learning or dissenting—we do not feel that we are in the presence of a master. The 'Thoughts on Poetry,' however (1833: 'Dissertations'), are among the least complete of his essays: they betray throughout a hand inexperienced in the craft: they are like the music of one who begins his instrument after youth.

The first part attempts to define Poetry and its main divisions. Here an ingenious analysis, leading us gradually to the somewhat trite definition of poetry as 'man's thoughts tinged by his feelings,' which Mill considers true, except that it fails 'to discriminate between poetry and eloquence,' tries to complete that definition by the phrase that 'eloquence is *heard*, poetry is *overheard*;' eloquence courting the sympathy of others, whilst 'all poetry is of the nature of soliloquy.' This is nearly all, the same idea being then briefly applied to painting;* that which really differentiates poetry from every other art—its peculiar rhythmical structure—being not only disregarded, but the reference to it as the definition of art, treated as utter vulgarity. Yet it needs little thought to perceive that not only must the technical 'proprium' or speciality of every art necessarily enter, as the ground-idea, into its definition; but that in poetry the intimate and exquisite union between metrical structure and sense is the very mark and highest achievement of the greatest poets. Even the notion of 'soliloquy,' though curious and valuable, does not carry us far—applicable to Sappho, or Petrarch, or Shelley, it fails wholly when applied to Homer, to Pindar, to Horace, to Milton. But the narrowness of the theory is illustrated sufficiently by the second part

* Here we find: 'Who would not prefer one Virgin and Child of Raphael, to all the pictures which Rubens, with his fat, frowzy, Dutch Venuses, ever painted?' Surely this is the babyhood of criticism. But, if pardonable at twenty-six, it should not have reappeared without the notes of correction which Mill has elsewhere supplied, in all its curious crudity, in 1859.

of the paper, which mainly dwells on the difference between those who are born poets, and those who make themselves poets. Here the once famous 'Association' theory of our thoughts and emotions is employed to establish and maintain the distinction. That theory, to which Mill adhered through life, we should describe in the words which he applies to the once not less famous theory of Condillac, as a philosophy which consists 'solely of a set of verbal generalisations, explaining nothing, distinguishing nothing, leading to nothing,'* except so far as it exemplifies the familiar force of habit, or expresses strictly physical phenomena. Naturally, we find a result which, with some obvious truth, puts that truth in so pedantic and distorted a form as almost to deprive it of value. Wordsworth is treated as the type of the 'poetry of culture;' Shelley, of the born 'poetic temperament.' In Wordsworth 'the poetry is almost always the mere setting of a thought. There is an air of calm deliberateness, which is not characteristic of the poetic temperament. He never seems possessed by any feeling.' Culture, on the other hand, 'is precisely what was wanting to Shelley.' There is so far truth here, that Shelley is the more exuberant and impulsive, and that emotional vividness is stronger in him than in Wordsworth. But what is called the latter's 'mere setting of a thought,' is just the reverse of what we should say of Wordsworth in his most characteristic pieces. A hundred of them may be named, in which a sentiment is the true theme: what the poet has done is, rarely to give the sentiment without giving also the thought to which it is most nearly allied. He adds the reason to the passion—an alliance which Mill presently sets forth as the ideal of poetry. So with the next criticism;—Calmness is precisely what we should claim for the highest poetic temperament. Its very triumph is to govern the ecstasy which at first ruled it. Is not this what, by common consent, marks Sophocles and Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe? Nor is the description of Shelley, though superficially plausible, nearer truth. His life, during its unhappily brief day, shows us a poet inferior to none in diligence of culture. He studied many more books before nine-and-twenty than Wordsworth during his long life. What Shelley wanted, or had not reached, was central power to control and concentrate the 'extravagant and erring spirit' of his marvellous imagination.

With so shallow and feeble a grasp of the facts, and so inadequate an idea of poetry,

it is not surprising to find Mill announcing presently that 'the genius of Wordsworth is essentially unlyrical;' or that 'a poet may always, by culture, make himself a philosopher.' We do not doubt that, really gifted as Mill was with both penetration and feeling, he had the potential capacity for a far truer appreciation. But he came, in Plato's phrase, too late 'to the gates of the Muses;' and they refused him access to 'the inmost enchanted fountains' of poetry. It is to make the reader feel this result of Mill's education that we have dwelt so long upon the subject. It neglected Sentiment and Poetry; but the mastery which he never gained over poetry, sentiment gained over him.

There is yet one more result of that education, which we cannot evade, but which we approach with the sincerest diffidence and the sincerest reluctance. Before, however, we touch upon this, let us survey for a moment the figure of the teacher. James Mill's 'Essay on Government' was, indeed, demolished once and for ever by Macaulay's review,* with the most brilliant and exquisite severity. His 'History of British India,' a work of other value, has barely managed to find an English public. No success has attended the filial generosity which tried to galvanise the 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind' into a life of which it was never capable. Yet that figure, despotic over the whole career of his far more gifted son, is one well deserving our study. A born Scot, with all implied by this, and trained for the Scottish Church ministry, with all which that, also, implies, he had early in life rejected, 'not only the belief in revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion.' But the 'dominant chords' had been too strongly struck; the iron had entered into his soul. It was with definite purpose that we spoke of him as *predestinating* his son to certain forms of thought for life. For, throughout his own, he was possessed by the despairing gloom, the austere fanaticism, the moral power, of his first—say, rather, his only—creed. That creed has, indeed, more than one noteworthy follower whom it has driven into reaction; but we know none who presents with equal completeness the type of

* This review (which we strongly commend to the notice of readers who desire to learn the actual feelings of fifty years since on 'Benthamism,' as contrasted with the pale reflex given by John Mill when he had cast aside that 'sectarianism'), suppressed by Macaulay with his usual generosity to a worthy opponent, has been (with equal propriety) restored to its place among his 'Miscellaneous Writings.' Our space only admits of this reference.

* 'Dissertations,' vol. i. p. 410.

the ex-Calvinist. The Christianity which James Mill rejected appears never to have overpassed the rigid but powerful dogmatism with which Calvinism is popularly associated. Omnipotence and hell, each taken in its crudest sense, as if the terms referred to things tangible and visible, were all the elements that he read in the Christian scheme. This scarecrow skeleton of dogma, from which (to put one point alone) the idea of God as Love was wholly absent, and which, as a true expression of their creed, Augustine and Calvin would have put aside with compassionate contempt, seems again (if we rightly interpret the scanty notice given) to have been all of Christianity that he found in Butler's 'Analogy,' to the amazing force of which he bore witness. Feeling, however, with a sensitiveness which sprang from the best side of his nature, the often 'unfelt oppressions of the world,' the wrong and misery under the sun, James Mill concluded with a leap that, as he could not reconcile to himself the contemporaneous existence of God, all-knowing and all-powerful, and of Evil, his sole refuge was the denial that any solution could be found; as if, 'by gaining resolution from despair,' and deepening the gloom which all the most devout believers have recognised, from the days of St. Paul, as fully as he, some strange tonic could be discovered, enabling him better to do his part in relieving it. As a superstition, he repudiated, also, the idea which 'attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe.' Thus thinking, he repudiated all inquiry into the causation and origin of the world, all questions of the 'whence and whither,' as hopeless and inscrutable, accepting 'Agnosticism' * (as we have heard it called) as his only possible creed; too honest to think the existence of God deniable; at once disbelieving and trembling at the sight of the evil around him. The deplorable historical ignorance which he 'a hundred times' displayed in defence of that 'aversion to religion' which must al-

ways accompany consistent Nihilism, and the baby argument with which he thought he clenched his reasoning, may be read in his son's relentless chronicle (pp. 40-43). They are both such as might have been heard, any day, from the lips of a mechanic of that period, caricaturing Paine's 'Age of Reason' on an alehouse bench.

Men may undoubtedly play, like children, on the edge of the volcano, Death, and, shutting their eyes, like ostriches, to all but the immediate, live gaily with the 'beyond this, nothing' of Sardanapalus. Such an existence, common amongst the lowest stamp of humanity at all times, has been occasionally reduced to a theory, as by the club of those 'going to die together,' established when Greece was decadent, or by a few of the *litterati* of the later Renaissance.* But to a man of feeling and intellect this kind of life is impossible; he cannot, like the priests of Cybele, consent thus to divest himself of manhood. By his son's account, James Mill was in the mournful position of one who found himself surrounded by evil and suffering, for which he could see neither cause nor compensation, neither origin nor ending. The world, in his eyes, was a battle-field in darkness, where aristocrats and priests, 'enemies of the human race,' were contending with the utilitarian and association philosophies, the forlorn hopes for possible light and happiness (pp. 40, 41, 106-8). The Calvinist *Inferno*, from which he revolted, was hardly a more dismal spectacle than this, and Manichæism itself, could he have accepted it, would have been a cheerful creed in comparison. Spurning what he held to be the idle subtleties of Christianity he entertained no doubt that by such scepticism he had at least cured himself of an injurious superstition:—

'Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity?'

Plato and Tacitus, in some terrible phrases, have laid bare and painted the soul of a tyrant. But this spectacle is hardly more repulsive, though from very different causes, than the picture which is now presented to us, in the pages of a deeply-admiring biographer. James Mill here appears as a man suffering perpetual eclipse, living in a 'land of darkness, where the light was as darkness;' the darkness, not of intellect, but of despair, and as one lying under the shadow of Abhriman. 'He thought human life a

* This 'Agnosticism' differed, it will be seen, from that avowed in our own day, which seems to have its origin partly in a spirit of apathetic or supercilious indolence, partly in the unphilosophical notion that nothing can be proved or believed to which the special methods of physical science (which is assumed by the Agnostic to contain no hypothetic or ontological elements) are inapplicable. Mill's attitude, on the contrary, even by those who judge it begotten between Calvinism narrowly construed and the overwrought sensitiveness of a recluse, is of a noble stamp, and may justly command the respectful pity of those who, fortunate in a wider faith and a deeper philosophy, reject it with the utmost security of conviction suited to, and attainable by, human creatures.

* An attempt to revive this theory, on the side of Art (which decorates its nakedness a little), has been made in some recent volumes of verse and criticism, saturated too often with a spirit of subtle affectation and nauseous effeminacy.

poor thing at best, after the freshness of youth and of *unsatisfied curiosity* had gone by—the noble and enduring interest in physical, historical, or intellectual investigation, which in itself has animated so many lives, being, apparently, nothing in his eyes but boyish curiosity. ‘This was a topic on which he did not often speak; but when he did it was with an air of settled and profound conviction. He would sometimes say, that if life were made what it might be by good government and education, it would be worth having: but he never spoke with anything like enthusiasm even of that possibility.’ Temperament and views of this kind made James Mill naturally look to the philosophy of Greece, or, rather, to the recorded sayings of her philosophers, as an ethical code; they became the gospel of what, in geological phrase, we should describe as a ‘metamorphic’ Puritanism. The son curiously describes him as ‘partaking of the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Cynic.’ There is something almost pathetic in John Mill’s attempt to dignify with these great names his father’s crude ex-Calvinism. But it is impossible for others to regard with seriousness an eclecticism which presented a Stoic without his belief in Providence, and an Epicurean without his belief in pleasure.

It is not wonderful that a general sternness should have marked this singular man in relation to his fellow-creatures. His creed itself, if we can call it such, was obviously the child, not of reason, but of sentiment; it reflected the gloom of his nature, whilst deepening it: though denying Deity, it was itself a subtle form of ‘anthropomorphism.’ His wife’s name, wholly absent from the book like the image of Brutus from the funeral procession, to adopt the phrase of *Tacitus, eo ipso præfulget*. ‘The element which was chiefly deficient in his moral relation to his children was that of tenderness.’ John Mill, piously unwilling to admit so great a defect, argues that the father really possessed ‘much greater capacities for feeling than were ever developed.’ This may have been; but the reason to which he ascribes the want of development is of little force. It was simply one part of the theory which James Mill’s metamorphic Puritanism (as we have called it) had embraced. Such was his severity, that the son never loved him tenderly; and such his despotic attitude towards opinions differing from his own, that long after, that son (then in the maturity of his powers) was unable ‘to speak out his whole mind on the subject’ of his philosophy, in regard to points on which he dissented from the father.

This, truly, is an uninviting and unlovely

spectacle, this ex-Calvinism without God, without confidence, even in a thing so shadowy as the ‘indefinite perfectibility’ of mankind, without even the filial affection of the noble-natured son for whom he had laboured so strenuously; unknown powers of evil all around, this life barely worth having, and the horizon a total blank:—

“‘Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”
(Said then the lost Archangel), “this the seat
That we must change for heaven? this mourn-
ful gloom
For that celestial light?”’

Yet it would be unjust to James Mill were this our final word, or that we should use any phrase which might seem to express anything but commiseration for a creed which, due at first to reaction from a narrow and uninformed view of Christianity narrowly interpreted, was then, as it were (as we read of rifled cannon) nailed down over him and shrunk upon him by an iron logic, heated white-hot in the fires of overwrought sensibility. A larger knowledge—we will venture to say it both of him and of his son—would have brought a sweeter faith. Yet, self-mutilated as he was by the narrowest scepticism ever accepted by an intelligent man, his ideal of virtue, within its limits, was high, his passion for the good of others strong, his love of what he held to be justice intense; and, so far as the book before us is evidence, he lived consistently for years in the spirit of his creed. We have been unsparing on its weak points. Let us do the heartier honour to that portion, both of his belief and his practice, in which latent Puritanism, imperfectly combined with Greek philosophy, in some degree saved him from himself.

Returning now to the main subject of our Paper, ‘I am one of the very few examples in this country,’ John Stuart Mill says, ‘of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it:’ the reason of this being that ‘it would have been wholly inconsistent with my father’s idea of duty, to allow me to acquire impressions contrary to his convictions and feelings respecting religion.’ Now we shall not contend that, in acting thus, the father exceeded a parent’s just rights. We shall not contend that, even on his own (or his son’s) principles as a lover of freedom,* he directly infringed upon due

* This point, however, which is one of those at which the deeper difficulties of the doctrines of ‘Liberty and Individuality’ begin, with other points of a similar kind, is passed almost silently in the Essay. That eloquent book, for reasons presently to be noticed, has many pages in which sentiment, coloured by logic, is substituted for reasoned argument. Hence its popularity.

liberty. But, arguing *à priori*, we do contend that by such a system, carried out with the rigidity of his ineradicable Puritanism, he did put the most effectual bar on the son's ever reaching a position whence he could make a fair, a philosophical inquiry into this great subject. There are branches of human research in regard to which a child might be trained in absolute scepticism, yet which, in later life, he might be able to examine unfetteredly, whether for rejection or acceptance. Pure mathematics are an example. But this is, firstly, because the ground-principles here lie within a very small compass; and, secondly, because they lie also wholly beyond the bounds of the emotional side of our nature. Where the conditions are reversed, no one upon whom throughout his whole period of growth and education the entire nothingness, indeed the entire wickedness, of any system of knowledge and practice had been enforced and reiterated, could have the slightest chance of effectually escaping from such early prepossessions, provided the pupil (through the rigour and ability of this system) could never emancipate himself from its general tenour. Had John Mill been trained to disbelieve and hate poetry, for example, would he have reached even the stunted growth of appreciation to which his father's comparative indifference to poetry, as we have shown, limited him? Yet how far simpler is the subject here! how far less involved with those sentiments and ideas which (intuitive or not) yet from first childhood necessarily invest any religion, and Christianity beyond any other!

We hold therefore that, on all points wherein opinions upon religion enter into the formation of opinions upon other subjects, John Mill was, by his father's action, predestinated to permanent and involuntary adherence to his father's views. It must be remembered, also, that at fourteen he was at least as much advanced in education as others at twenty-two. That in the course of years he more or less studied this subject may be true; but, living always in a narrow circle of sympathisers, and dyed from childhood in the tints of ex-Calvinism, he never had one moment for free and independent investigation. Physiologists have pointed out that there is one portion of the eye which does not see, but of the existence of which we are, normally, wholly unconscious. Religion appears to us to have been the 'blind spot' on the mind's retina of John Mill. There is no point upon which the despotic dominance of father, wife, and coterie left less free play to his individuality. His conclusions on this subject,—with all

that large area of speculation which is coloured by a man's religious ideas, whether positive or negative,—are hence also deprived of their natural value:—an immense chasm in philosophy!

Those who agree with us that, in thus educating his son, James Mill might plead his convictions and his parental rights, will, however, probably not be disposed to extend the same indulgence to the silence which he enjoined on the son in regard to this part of his education, or to understand how such a reserve could be brought into consistency with his views, whether as Stoic, Epicurean, Cynic, or Utilitarian. In fact, Jesuitism, as commonly understood, is the only ethical code to which we can look for a similar doctrine. Leaving it to the conclusion to which it is open (which we may the more, because John Mill attempts only a partial justification), we may remark that his own reticence probably subserved considerably the father's earnest aim, that the son should follow him in the entire rejection of all religion. The son was silent on the point among devout and rational Christians, and could speak out only within the petty set who already agreed with him. John Mill (who seems to have been partially aware of the moral harm done by this 'doctrine of reserve') argues that it would be much better if the avowal of scepticism were openly made. And it must indeed be a serious moral evil if, (as his contemptuous seclusion from his fellow-creatures led him to imagine,) a 'large proportion of the world's highest ornaments, of those most distinguished for wisdom and virtue,' are Jesuits without knowing it. But the results which he anticipates would follow from such an avowal exhibit only the credulity natural to a man almost monastic in his ignorance of mankind, and bred from the cradle to think his exclusively narrow circle the 'salt of the world,' and the 'representative men' of humanity. And it is only these circumstances, or the treacherous wish that is 'father to the thought,' which can palliate the curious extravagance of the statements on p. 45, 46.

This *coterie* existence was one of the two determinant influences which (with his education) moulded John Mill for the rest of his life. The results of it show themselves curiously in the account of a residence in France, which followed the close of his regular home training in 1820. Almost the only foreign experience he has noted was the free and genial atmosphere, the elevated sentiment, the culture of the understanding through the feelings, of what he rather laxly terms Continental life (although his experience was limited to a few months' visit to an

English family in the south of France, and a short stay in Paris), compared with 'the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society.' Of this he confesses that he was then ignorant, as indeed the career which we have sketched sufficiently proves. The inevitable inference is that it was the unconscious recollection of his own home which really provoked the contrast between the frank sociability and amiability of French personal intercourse, and the English mode of existence, 'in which everybody acts as if everybody else (with few or no exceptions) was either an enemy or a bore.' A man must, at least, be very querulous or very ignorant who finds a true picture of the world around him in this acrid caricature, which is followed by a general attack on Englishmen as selfish, intellectually undeveloped beings, creatures reduced to a mere 'negative existence,' and the like. Whatever accents are audible here, assuredly are not those of philosophy.

As we shall not pursue Mill's life in detail, we may now notice that until his Parliamentary work, for a time, brought him a little 'out of his shell,' he persistently lived with a few—often a very few—sympathetic friends, dropping throughout all, so far as we can judge from the lists given, who dissented from his views; a process which, from the great change which occurred in them, involved proportionally liberal elimination. There is an element of strength in so doing; a man saves time, and his ideas become more concentrated, especially during youth; a *coterie* atmosphere has thus sometimes a tonic effect. But this atmosphere, in after life, breeds so many sources of weakness and narrowness that the popular opinion, which treats *coterie* existence as equivalent to a 'mutual admiration society,' and essentially ruinous in its ultimate effects, has been rarely disproved. It was a very sad thing that at no time does it appear ever to have occurred to Mill, or to his father, that they were not really sitting 'on a hill retired,' or 'mount of speculation,' whence they could 'survey mankind' with dispassionate and philosophical clearness, but only moving in a very narrow world of their own, where little of the real thoughts and ways of the profane vulgar (especially the aristocrat and the priest) could reach them, except through the highly rarefied medium of 'analysis.' Mill's views upon the life and the characteristics of his countrymen, betray throughout that they have been 'generated in his inner consciousness.' They are essentially identical with those which have often proceeded from monastic seclusion; they are, in part, the persistent leaven of a sour Puritanism; in part,

the reflex of the social position which Mill chose to take up. Hence, when we read (as indeed, we have often read before in third, class novels) that 'general society, as now carried on in England, is so insipid an affair, even to the persons who make it what it is, that it is kept up for any reason rather than the pleasure it affords,' &c. (p. 227); whilst it cannot be denied that such exceptions may occur, the substantial feeling aroused by this and similar diatribes against 'society' is that the Mills were never, so far as we learn, in the least degree in it. This, however, is no impediment to the workings of the 'inner consciousness,' and the fatal results of being in society are copiously set forth in the style which may be leniently described as 'limpid exaggeration,' and with just the degree of accuracy which might be expected. Then follows a solemn announcement: 'A person of high intellect should never go into unintellectual society' (that is, as just defined, society in general) 'unless he can enter it as an apostle; yet he is the only person with high objects who can safely enter it at all.'

'O weakness of the great! O folly of the wise!'

These are the accents of that bilious exclusiveness by which, more than anything else, Bentham and his early friends prevented the world from doing justice to their merits. But gratitude to Mill for intellectual service, and consideration of the circumstances of his life, may exempt the passage from comments which can, indeed, be safely left to any reader of average ability, and average knowledge of mankind.

It is wisdom in those who are honestly ready to confess national faults, to show where we may learn to correct them. And we may justly allow a stronger sensitiveness upon the point to a philosophic thinker. But depreciation of this character, expressing itself rather in bland sneering than in reasoned criticism, is generally accompanied by a one-sided and declamatory counter-eulogy of things foreign, than which there can be no surer sign of a weak place in the intellect. Accordingly, Mill's earlier writings (for in the later an impartial uniformity of dissatisfaction is perceptible) lose no chance of reading Englishmen lessons in that tone which, unfortunately, is the least adapted to make them listen to their own advantage. Thus, in his paper on Alfred de Vigny (1838), whilst dwelling on the brilliant outburst of literature which marked France for some years (now, as we see, only too brief) after 1825, he half misses the true historical significance of that movement, in order to cry 'worldly advancement, or religion, are an Englishman's real interests' (p. 290), whilst

from the following paragraph we are to infer that Politics, as 'the pursuit of social well-being,' with the 'love of beauty and of imaginative emotion,' are the counter-characteristics of the Continent. What perilous assumption there is in these half-truths! How sadly they read when we think of French literature (for France here stands with Mill for 'the Continent') during the last fifteen years! Even M. de Vigny's creditable novel, 'Cinq-Mars,' he cannot praise without an idle sneer at Scott, the creator of the 'historical school' in romance, who had 'no object but to please,' and therefore, we may add, wrote master-pieces where M. de Vigny and other able Frenchmen wrote only meritorious attempts at romance. Again, in the sketch of Armand Carrel (1837), whilst praising justly, though not always discriminately, the great historical writers whom France was then producing, he concludes:—

'We may notice here, as an example of the superiority of French historical literature to ours, that, of the most interesting period in the English annals, the period of the Stuarts, France has produced, within a very few years too, the best, the second-best, and the third-best history. The best is this of Carrel; the second-best is the unfinished work of M. Guizot.' (P 239.)

This tone of arrogant and imperfect generalization might be good as journalism, but is equally bad as criticism. Compare the terms in which a real master of the subject describes the same fact:—

'I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to the work of a distinguished foreigner, M. Guizot, "*Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*." I am much disposed to believe that if the rest of his present undertaking shall be completed in as satisfactory a manner as the first volume, he will be entitled to the preference above any one, perhaps, of our native writers, as a guide through the great period of the seventeenth century.*

The leading feature in Mill's life, as portrayed by himself, is that the eloquent apostle of Liberty and Individuality was as completely and persistently moulded by others as ever woman was by priest. Enough has been said for the present on his education and his *coterie* existence. We shall now trace the third influence (also one of the ex-

ternal order)—his early practice as a journalist; whilst at the same time we may continue the review of his general career, which, owing to his education and his natural gifts (it must be remembered always), began at an age which to his coevals was mere boyhood. The years up to twenty or thereabouts he defines as the 'last stage of education, and first of self-education,' speaking of them also as the period of his 'sectarianism.' This may, we think, be correctly described as rigorous adherence to Bentham, or 'Utilitarianism,' a name which Mill claims to have brought into use. Living wholly with those who pretty nearly conformed to this banner, fortifying and developing his views by friendly debate (a method of intellectual advance which he justly valued much), it was now natural that he should begin authorship himself. From sixteen to two-and twenty, he accordingly wrote copiously in newspapers and reviews; an employment for which his official post in the India House, obtained in 1823, left him sufficient leisure. From his work there he became 'practically conversant with the necessities of compromise;' he learned to be pleased when he could have the smallest part of his own way; even 'to bear with complete equanimity the being overruled altogether.' And all this—although many will perhaps dispute it—was very largely true of the man: to the speculative writer, of course, he would not himself have applied it. But the other influence was, we think, by far the most powerful. What is the ideal of the journalist? Not, to see the good of all sides, but to see all good on one: not, to convince the mistaken, but to deepen the convictions of the convinced: not, to give reason and emotion their due, but carefully distinguished, places in argument, but to impassion reason, and to dress feeling in the forms of logic: not to produce lasting belief by exhaustive marshalling of facts, but by massing together leading facts, to give the electric shock of a moment. On the other hand, so far as he can compass it, the first duty of the philosopher or historian is to be absolutely fair—to be wholly accurate. One exception omitted, one incorrectness allowed may vitiate his case. In a brilliant leading article, if nine-tenths be true, editor and readers may be justly satisfied. The one-tenth less true will be a flaw in a general argument, an awkward fact for the other side—a something, in short, which must be passed for the sake of the first and last thing in journalism, the interests of your party. We admit these evils gladly, as it is generally accepted that they are far outweighed by the benefits of independent journalism, the very

* Preface to Hallam's 'Constitutional History.' This was published in 1827, and the book had reached at least three editions before 1836. But Hallam (with the other writers, who, contemporaneously with the French, introduced larger methods into the investigation of English history), is never to our remembrance, named by Mill. 'The dog was a Whig,'—the pet aversion of Benthamites. Such is the natural result when a man of naturally wide mind consents to imprison himself in a narrow circle.

theory of which, indeed, renders them inevitable. But it is clear that this temper, these methods, are not only different from those which should mark the philosophic writer, but antagonistic to them.

Now when we add to this that the journalizing habit is, of all literary habits, the one which most deeply enters into a writer, and that Mill began journalism at sixteen, it will, perhaps, be generally admitted that we should be justified in expecting to find the traces of that habit stamped deeply on his literary work. It will be least seen in his 'Logic;' but it will enter his 'Political Economy,' and will be, more or less, a constantly pervasive element in those essays and occasional tracts which, in their form and substance, approach journalism. And we have the strongest conviction that this will be found so. Reverting to the characteristics of journalism—sentiment in logical guise dictated the chapter in the 'Political Economy' on peasant property. The premise that all truth is on his side secretly underlies the reviews of Sedgwick and Whewell; they are not consciously unfair—a thing, we judge, thoroughly alien from John Mill's nature; they are patently and ably one-sided. When the journalistic impulse was partly spent, another influence, distorting in other ways, came in; and the essay on 'Liberty' contains some pages of sublime caricature, and some arguments in which sentiment plays the part of reason. The long cry for originality of life and character, though doubtless in part representing the unconscious yearnings experienced by a very able man, who felt that he was deficient in original power, surely goes beyond reasonable bounds in its passionate iteration: the main elements of modern advance are successively arraigned in a spirit which, in other writers, would be held reactionary; and even the People, the watchword of earlier Benthamism, appear now under the disagreeable alias of 'that miscellaneous collection of a few wise and many foolish individuals, called the public' (p. 40). In short, as we hold that the element of poetry, deficient in Mill's education, although supplied later to the best of his ability, yet never became truly homogeneous with his nature, so it seems that the over-stress laid, when young, upon logic and 'analysis,' and felt by his natural sensitiveness to require supplement, was also imperfectly supplied by the journalistic habit of thought and writing. In contrast to the rigorous theory of Benthamism,* there is a strong declamatory vein through-

out his work; and the declamation and sentiment are often not fused with his logic, but, as it were, suspended in it mechanically. We do not know whether the experience of other readers will support ours, that his writings generally promise more completeness, more coherency, than they possess. But, if this be acknowledged, it may probably be referred to the causes just specified.

After some account of the foundation of the 'Westminster Review' (wherein the feeling of repulsion, excited by association with Sir John Bowring, is the most amusing feature), the narrative tells of a crisis, probably as much physical as mental, through which the writer now (1826) passed. Briefly it may be described as a fit of scepticism on the genuineness of his own love of excellence and humankind; a sense, in Pascal's phrase, 'that it is the battle which delights man, not the victory.' Much might be said on this crisis in relation to Mill's education; but we hold it neither wise nor delicate to attempt to interpret the inner struggles of a man so largely gifted, and so narrowly trained. Whatever may have been the cause, the self-confidence of early Utilitarianism, the tone of the anticipated triumph of philosophy, disappeared. It ended in Mill's adopting a new theory of life, wherein the 'indirect aim' at personal happiness was to be substituted for the direct, as astronomers look askance at any small star they wish to see; the one serious hope on the mind's horizon, amid the general gloom and 'dissatisfaction with life and the world,' from which Mill was never free, being that anticipation of 'the perennial sources of happiness, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed' (p. 148)—that unproved and unprovable dream of human advance and perfectibility, to which he clung with the fond and touching confidence which, in our time, has led some to predict the day of approaching millennium. A well-known French sceptic, wise in his generation, said once, 'If there be no God, we must invent one.' And so Mill could not quite dispense with a future, even though it were but the mocking mirage created by his own 'desiring fantasy':—that pet hallucination of those who have advanced beyond any other Hereafter. Here, too, much might be said: let us rather turn our eyes from so poor and narrow a foundation for life with thankfulness to the compensations which human nature finds for men of the nobler stamp, against their own best theories and convictions. In his intellectual pursuits,

... was during two or three years of my life not altogether untrue of me.—*Autobiography*, p. 109.

* I conceive that the description so often given of a Benthamite as a mere reasoning machine

in his unceasing struggles to benefit others in the only ways open to him, Mill found some of these compensations. Yet the tenour of the life, thus unflinchingly revealed, must be pronounced starved and gloomy, even by those whose life is also horizonless, how much more by others! But whilst they have no feeling but the profoundest pity for one who, when he might have been rich, was half 'predestinated' to poverty, half-elected it, they will remember that few, comparatively, are the lives, if revealed with equal unflinchingness, in which this portion of the soul's existence would not be overshadowed.

Humanum passus est.

It was at this time that the meaning of poetry first, as we have before noticed, awoke in Mill's mind, and Wordsworth exerted over him the sanative influence which it was that great poet's hope that his work would exercise. Mill expresses his gratitude for this, and seems to think that he had not only gained much from Wordsworth, but had sympathetically comprehended him. On this point we have already touched, and it is enough to remark that the criticism which follows is fatal to Mill's pretensions. When he pronounces Wordsworth 'the poet of unpoetical natures,' it is only his own (enforced) want of insight into poetry which he reveals. Here, as elsewhere, what he finds wanting in others is only the unconscious reflection of his own mental limitations.

Mill's admiration for Wordsworth was, however, sufficiently deep to occasion a split between him and a friend whose name we are certainly not accustomed to associate with philosophical ideas—Mr. Roebuck. In fact Mill (as we have observed) successively dropped all friends, as a rule, who diverged from his own views. Like the father, 'his aversion to many intellectual errors partook, in a certain sense, of the character of a moral feeling' (p. 50). This *coterie* habit of mind of course prevented an acquaintance with Mr. Frederick Maurice, now formed, from becoming friendship. Of that excellent and able man Mill draws a character which, unintentionally, approaches caricature more than anything else of the kind in the volume. Maurice, in truth, exposed him to a painful dilemma. Rating his intellectual power as above Coleridge's, Mill can only explain the singular problem of Maurice's devout adherence to Christianity by ascribing it to 'timidity of conscience.' We can hardly imagine any charge further, we might say notoriously further, from the fact; but the praise which Mill presently gives to the 'moral courage' of Mr. Sterling, Maurice's brilliant and flashy contemporary,

throws some light on the ground of this misconception. A more elaborate picture of Carlyle follows. In drawing this, Mill—with that truthful personal modesty which, contrasting with the *impersonal* assumption of infallibilist dogmatic elevation, gives the book so singular a charm—uses the phrase, 'I felt that he was a poet, and that I was not; that he was a man of intuition, which I was not.' And, without entering further into the subject, we think that the gallery of characters which he has here given amply confirms the latter assertion.

It remains now to recount briefly the changes in Mill's philosophy which mark his later life. Emancipation from the father's general method and programme was not, indeed, desired, even had it been possible. That iron had entered too deeply into his soul. Had John Mill been a great thinker in the strict sense of the term, creative and original, like Plato or Locke, these changes might have been far deeper, far more fruitful. Such a thinker, by his own avowal (p. 242), he was not; yet the changes revealed by the 'Autobiography,' as was inevitable to a mind so gifted and so well stored, were great—greater, perhaps, than most readers had imagined. Cramped by the father, stimulated into morbid growth by the wife, dried up and enervated by the vitiated air of the *coterie*, the tree must have had much primary vigour to yield the fruits which it nevertheless succeeded in producing.

It is remarkable how small a part German thought and research play in Mill's development. True to the law which, in his case, eminently made the child 'father to the man' (that inversion of natural order), he received from France his first great transitional impulse. Justly dissatisfied with the narrow logical scheme set forth in his father's 'Essay on Government,' instead of searching for a scheme wider in its premises and more truly logical in its method, he was allured by the contemporary outburst of political theory in France into the direction of sentimental speculation. These theories, eminently characteristic of the French mind at once in its strength and its weakness, have now proved to be, what sane thinkers from the first held them, valuable as suggestions, as '*aperçus*,' valueless as consistent systems of philosophy.* But, in 1830, it

* St. Simonianism, having given birth to Socialism, as a system, we apprehend, is wholly dead. M. Littré remains the one man of ability who represents Comte. We shall not care if this assertion is contradicted on the part of Anglo-Comtism—its pretensions considered, the most imbecile of those imbecile sects, political, moral, and æsthetic, which the corruption of France has, during late years, generated in England.

was natural that the 'St. Simonian school,' with Auguste Comte in his first stage, should exercise over Mill, being such a man as we have seen, a fascination which, he afterwards saw, was discredited by their own later developments: although the 'evil seed' of sentimentalism, disguised under 'humanitarian' forms, was never henceforth eradicated from his own mind.

More than most men (it has been noted) Mill was formed by circumstances, including, under the word, external pressure from books and from persons. This fact, which he records of himself more than once, was due, doubtless, as he seems to have felt, to his want of predominant originality, combined with a powerful and highly active mind. We have seen how much the three great external influences,—his education, his newspaper writing, and his *coterie* life, moulded him. Why, it may then be asked, do not we assign a separate and superior place to the influence which Mill himself held immeasurably the deepest and the most valuable,—that of the lady, whom, after many years of friendship, he married on her first husband's death? Partly, because we have included it under *coterie* influence, as in fact, whilst this union lasted, and especially during the latter years of it, Mill lived in a narrower circle than ever: partly because we find it impossible to accept the inspiring, controlling, and strengthening position which, in regard to himself, Mill ascribes to her. He has drawn her picture here and elsewhere, at great length, with little felicity of phrase, but with a warmth and plenitude of eulogy such as many husbands would, indeed, readily give to the memory of a perfect wife, but which is generally withheld from the world in accordance with a rule, the wisdom of which is not likely to be diminished in the eyes of those who read this 'Autobiography.'

Respect and tenderness to the dead render us reluctant to dwell on this whole phase of Mill's life; * but he has made the friend and wife so prominent a feature in the history of what he believed to be his own mental growth under her auspices, that a few

words must be added. We excuse the transports with which a lover paints his mistress in a lyric:—

'Then to Silvia let us sing
That Silvia is excelling:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling!'

But 'weakness,' the French apophthegm says, 'begins with exaggeration,' and it is impossible not to feel the presence of both, when we find, not poetry with her license, but plain prose assigning every contrasted gift and grace, every moral and intellectual eminence, and all in the most eminent degree, even to one so fondly loved, and deplored so profoundly. Here, again, we are compelled to trace that uneven balance between the functions of head and heart which was the result of Mill's education, and of the scheme of life which grew from it. It is the Nemesis of the affections, long enthralled by a cold philosophy and a horizonless creed. Man must 'love that much which he must lose,' and that without hope, 'ere long.' And the bow, overstrained in youth, well nigh breaks in the inevitable reaction.

No reasonable person will doubt that there was something—some will think that there was much—which answered to Mill's eulogy. This we can partly test by the Essay on the Enfranchisement of Women, reprinted in the 'Dissertations' with a preface, assigning its authorship to this lady.

'So elevated was the general level of her faculties, that the highest poetry, philosophy, oratory, or art seemed trivial by the side of her, and equal only to expressing some small part of her mind. And there is no one of these modes of manifestation in which she could not easily have taken the highest rank.'

I venture to prophesy that, if mankind continue to improve, their spiritual history for ages to come will be the progressive working out of her thoughts, and realization of her conceptions.'

Having read this, and put it out of his mind, let the reader turn to the essay; and even if he should approve its general tenour, we are satisfied that he will find it at once the most instructive and the most ironical comment upon the preface imaginable. The most that can be said, is that it is a most respectable parody of Mill's worst style. Feebler arguments and more pompous words have rarely come together.

Meanwhile the French revolution of 1830, and the Reform movement in England, drew Mill for a while more into politics, and for some years he wrote frequently in the newspapers. But his hope that a strong party of 'philosophic Radicals' would now be formed

* A protest, however, must be made against the doctrine enunciated on p. 229, that 'we did not consider the ordinances of society binding on a subject so entirely personal,' as 'our relation to each other,' before Mr. Taylor's death. Admitting that the phrase may have been left unguarded through oversight or conciseness, we must acknowledge that the doctrine, as stated, might logically be pleaded as a justification for breaches of public law which we should regret to think that Mill justified, and for vicious excesses, which we are sure that he would have energetically condemned.

was disappointed; neither the men nor the season were forthcoming. He modestly tells the only practical successes which he could claim: the advocacy of Lord Durham, which contributed to the establishment of the doctrine of colonial self-government; and the popularization of Mr. Carlyle's 'French Revolution'—a book which, by its picturesqueness of style and total want of historical idea, has more than any other been an obstacle in England towards a true understanding of the events which it professes to narrate.

Withdrawing hence even more from his fellow-creatures (p. 229), and set free—the phrase is not too strong—by his father's death (1836) to say what he thought, the influence of his highly-honoured companion, he tells us, became more dominant; his early Benthamism now seemed 'sectarian' in his eyes, and the 'heretical' side of his opinions (it is his own word), decidedly took the lead.

A democrat throughout, in the 'sectarian' period he had been satisfied to mitigate social inequality 'by getting rid of primogeniture and entails.' To go further 'I then reckoned chimerical, and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable.' But in the 'heretical' period these ideas advanced in a manner which, during the life of James Mill, the '*vultus instantis tyranni*' would have rigorously silenced. 'Our idea of ultimate improvement went far beyond democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialists.' And Mill then proceeds, in some pages which are in every way interesting and instructive, to paint that mirage of indefinite human perfectibility which was the sole and ever-receding horizon on the desert which life presented. Selfishness, it may perhaps be summarized, is to be cast out by self. Human nature is to achieve its own perfection.

It is natural to ask by what means this millennium of the philosopher will be reached? Where is the leverage with which Mr. and Mrs. Mill proposed that the world should be moved? In early days, Mill's answer, if not convincing, would have been clear. Advance and perfection would then have depended upon the exact proportion in which the truths of Utilitarianism and the Association Philosophy had possessed mankind. But we must confess, with regret, that the latter solution, as presented in the pages before us (231-4), is by no means so definite. The argument, like many of those written under the female influence to which Mill accorded so much, with the greatest

air of scientific clearness and logical accuracy, contains nothing more than the identical proposition which it seemingly undertook to demonstrate. That men may be trained to prefer public good to private; that they may learn to love their neighbours better than themselves; that, in short, selfishness (as we have said) may be cast out by self, when mankind is willing to perform this great act of renunciation, is all that we can here find presented to us. The one and only hope which the Mills had reserved for the future, the sole spot which brightened on their cheerless horizon, is no more than this! To no more definite or practical issue came at last the most advanced thoughts of one whom the cruel folly of partisanship numbers among the world's most advanced thinkers! Injurious and limited in many ways, as we hold Mill's philosophy to have been, these pages show that we confess our gratitude to him for much of high value. But this recognition binds us, at the same time, to lay bare without remorse the barren places in the system. If partisans resent the exposure, they should have committed to the flames the suicidal pages of the 'Autobiography.'

If then to the influence which governed Mill's later life, as his father's had governed the earlier, we correctly trace those lines of thought and sentiment which we think all but a very small party of thinkers, 'advanced' beyond the reach of thought itself, would hold to be the points where he is weakest, that elevation of aim in which he rarely fails (and if he does fail, unconsciously and under impulse for good), may be also, in part, ascribed to the same influence. But the pages which precede and follow those just mentioned (227-9, 238-9), are in the worst manner of what we have called the journalistic spirit. We have here the tirade against 'society' (already quoted), and which, we now can see, probably is in a degree the unconscious reflection of that isolated state in which he had placed himself—with contemptuous diatribes against the English public, and assumptions in regard to 'philosophic minds of the world,' in a style which would be as effective in a leading article as it is antagonistic to scientific thought. And even when describing the production of his two great works, the 'Logic' (1839) and the 'Political Economy' (1847), it is the polemical side upon which Mill here dwells. He speaks with admirable modesty of the value of his 'Logic' as a treatise. But what interests him in the retrospect is, that it is a protest in favour of the 'Experience' theory, to the antagonist of which he ascribes endless moral evils.

Similarly, his rapid advance towards Socialistic doctrines is prominent in his notice of the 'Political Economy.' But his emancipation from 'sectarianism' is not complete before the date of his essays on 'Liberty' and the 'Subjection of Women.'

It is in these works that the logical framework is most strongly contrasted with the journalistic tone and the emotional character of the materials. We do not mean that they are devoid of much forcible argument, to which the writer's passionate impulse lends additional force. But there is also much wherein the opposing tendencies are confused and antagonistic; where exaggerated feeling disguises itself as fact, where the forms of argument veil the weak places in the reasoning, or the loud declamation of logic drowns the cry of natural instinct. Reason and emotion, like water and oil, are powerfully frothed together, not amalgamated; the ineradicable one-sidedness of Mill's education is not really supplemented by the efforts of his later reaction. He changes one 'sectarianism' for another: and we know no writer to whom opinions, which in truth reflect his own personal and private sentiments, have so uniformly presented themselves as founded upon general principles.

These phenomena, which the 'Autobiography' now displays and justifies, raise a grave question (which may be diffidently suggested) as to the probable duration and effect of Mill's writings. We have only attempted, here, to view them in relation to his life. But this analysis seems to furnish some remarkable presumptions against the vitality of books which, more or less, and with full acknowledgment of their conspicuous ability, might be defined as too emotional for the scientific reader, and too severe for the sentimental.*

A very few words remain for summary. Our aim in this paper has been to judge Mill by himself, with the least possible criticism, in cases where we dissent, based upon premises which, however secure, we are unable here to exhibit. This method of judging relieves us also, in some degree, from the diffidence with which any attempt to examine the life and the mind before us must be accompanied. Adequately to value the 'Logic,' the 'Political Economy,' the 'Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy,' may require a mind equal to their author's

in intellectual stature. We have here been concerned only with the picture which he has himself drawn, and with his works so far as they illustrate it. If that picture shows a man far less governed by 'pure reason,' far more impelled by sentiment passing into morbid excess from its own intensity than many will have expected; if the mind emancipated from early logical narrowness revels too freely in a realm of vague possibilities and speculative tendencies, exultingly glorifying Liberty and Individuality rather as ends than as means; if the gray tone of the life suggests that Mill's philosophy threw away more happiness than it insured;—if, in short, we see 'the engineer' sometimes 'hoist with his own petard';—the author's unflinching honesty, whilst rejecting them for himself, would allow us to draw conclusions which we hold to be strictly contained in the evidence.

Genius generally implies sensitiveness accompanying originality. Mill, comparatively deficient in originality, was swayed the more by sensitiveness. He speaks of his mind as one 'which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn either from its own thoughts or those of others.' But it is the immensely preponderant impulse of others with which the 'Autobiography' most impresses us. That rigidity, that dogmatic habit, which have struck many as characteristic of Mill, we are convinced came from no natural bias, but were the result of the father's 'mandat impératif.' He has probably overrated the value of the wife's influence; of its dominance there can be no doubt. From his father he held that Hellenized Puritanism which formed his first ethical creed; from the wife that sentimentalism, often noble, but often one-sided and overruling, which impairs his ultimate power over us as a philosopher, while it brings him nearer to us as man. But he remains to the close a type of consistent inconsistency. The wisdom of love never becomes one with the love of wisdom.

External influences, such as these, may bring opposite and mutually-supplementary tendencies into mechanical juxtaposition within the soul; they can never supply that vital fusion, that chemical interpenetration that comes only from the spontaneous work of the soul itself. The struggle, energetic yet ineffectual, to render his opinions homogeneous, to attain unity, is the feature which, finally, most strikes us in Mill. The latter part of the life is a kind of protest against the former, from which, however, he can never essentially free himself. The spell of the ruinous *coterie* life, of contempt for the

* If these considerations be true, Mill's writings are eminently unsuitable for use as University text-books. From nineteen to three-and-twenty is precisely the age at which passion does not require the additional force gained from its presentation under the disguise of logic.

common ways of men, and especially of Englishmen, which characterized the dour ex-Calvinist, hung over his son to the end. He approached new problems and new ideas from the old narrow standing-ground. He is like a traveller who, pressing bravely on, and nobly ambitious to master the glorious heights which unfold themselves by glimpses before him, is yet never able to lift himself from the deep and iron-bound valley within which his journey began.

What a singular picture is this! What contrasts in a life externally so uniform! How 'antithetically mix'd' is the nature before us! The passionate lover of Freedom and Individuality,—yet, more than any man we know of similar power, the creature of external circumstance:—vibrating simultaneously, like a sensitive flame, to the impulses of scepticism and credulity, of liberality and intolerance:—from the first day to the last, labouring for, sympathising with, yet rancorously despising and alienating himself from, his fellow-countrymen:—a something dishuman in the very heart of his humanity, and a something anarchic in the sternness of his morality:—truly loveable, yet almost without the charm of love:—at the same time an iconoclast and an idolater:—modest beneath the tones of dogmatic arrogance, rigid in form and pliable in material:—at once a warning to his friends and an example to his antagonists!

Such are some of the paradoxes of heart and head which this remarkable book presents. The 'process of the suns,' the causes already indicated, the development of the sciences to which Mill devoted his greatest works, may perhaps efface them at no distant period. But the character partially revealed in the pages of the 'Autobiography,' as a problem and a lesson, will long retain its hold upon the students of human nature.

ART. VII.—1. *An Act to Amend the Statute Law as between Master and Servant.* 30 & 31 Vict. cap. 141.

2. *An Act to Amend the Criminal Law relating to Violence, Threats and Molestation.* 34 & 35 Vict. cap. 32.

3. *The Law of Criminal Conspiracies and Agreements.* By R. S. Wright, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1873.

4. *Roscoe's Digest of Criminal Evidence.* New Edition. London, 1873.

5. *The Beehive.* London, 1873.

It is evident that the Trades' Unionists

have determined to strain every nerve at the next elections, and the result of the contest will probably diminish the uncertainty which has hitherto prevailed as to the extent to which they have made themselves masters of the votes of the working classes. Apart from the immediate objects of the present agitation, they are apparently anxious to make an impressive demonstration of their political strength. In 1868 the Reform Act had only just come into effect, and there was no time to make the necessary preparations for turning to account the voting power of the newly-enfranchised electors. The five years which have since elapsed have not, however, been idly spent. It has been announced by an enthusiastic advocate of the Unions that there now 'seven hundred thousand men, all enrolled and organised as exactly as a German army,' and ready to act as one man at the word of their leaders. There may be an exaggeration in these figures; and, in any case, the Trades' Unionists are only a part, and a comparatively small part, of the great body of the working classes. But then they are a compact and organised force, with a distinct policy, in the midst of loose masses of population, ignorant, bewildered, and prone to the belief that they are somehow very much ill-used by the classes above them; and organisation, under such circumstances, cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence.

The Trades' Unionists also enjoy the advantage of having a plausible and popular cry. They have resolved to attack certain laws which interfere with the peculiar methods by which they are in the habit of enforcing the discipline of their societies; and it has been found to be very easy to misrepresent these laws so as to produce an impression that one kind of justice is measured out to the rich and another and more cruel kind of justice to the poor. It is said to be very unfair that a working-man should be sent to prison for a breach of contract, while his employer, for the same offence, would only have to pay what to him would be a trifling and insignificant sum. And statistics are quoted to show that, in point of fact, the law operates unjustly in this respect, and that, while working-men have been imprisoned for breach of contract, there is no case in which an employer has been subjected to a similar punishment for any such offence. In a certain sense these assertions are true. A fine is imposed for an ordinary breach of contract whether on the part of employer or employed; the employer is able to pay the fine, but occasionally a workman cannot do so, and is therefore imprisoned. The question, however

is whether a working-man who commits an offence, and who has no money to pay a fine or compensation for the injury he has done, should be allowed to get off scot-free. The ordinary course of law points in an opposite direction. Again, it is true that for molestation and intimidation working-men have been imprisoned, while employers appear to have escaped punishment. But the reason why no employer has been imprisoned is simply that no employer has been convicted, and no employer has been convicted because none have been prosecuted. 'There is something,' says Mr. Frederic Harrison, 'refreshing in the thought of a pair of manufacturers or squires in the Commission giving a neighbour three months in gaol for a harsh act done in a fit of temper.' The suggestion here is of course that employers are improperly acquitted; but magistrates cannot punish offenders who are not brought before them. Again, Mr. Harrison complains that 'the great firms and associated masters who concerted in violating the Truck Act were never sent to gaol for twelve months on a charge of conspiracy;' but he forgets to mention that no attempt was made to prosecute them. The Trades' Unions are exceedingly powerful and active bodies, with abundant funds at their disposal, and, if they have not taken proceedings against employers for illegal acts, it may be presumed that it is only because they have been unable to discover any acts which would justify a prosecution. Lord Aberdare, when at the Home Office, laid down the proper principle to be observed in legislation. The question, he said, is not whether one class suffers more than another under a certain law, but 'whether the offences against which the law is directed are the proper subjects of punishment; if they are, the circumstance that they are committed only by one particular class of men in the State is not a just or sufficient reason for exempting the offenders from due punishment.' The agitators, however, find it convenient to forget that the object of the law is the protection of the public by the prevention of crime, and assume that no offence ought to be punished unless all classes are in the habit of committing it to such an extent that they are likely to be sent to prison in very much the same proportions.

This agitation has perhaps scarcely received the attention which it deserves; and there are possibly many persons who have been misled by the unscrupulous misrepresentations and plausible sophistries of the Trades' Unionist advocates, and who have failed to perceive the practical consequences

of such a change in the law as is now proposed. What is demanded is, in effect, nothing less than the repeal of the whole body of law by which a dangerous and encroaching despotism is at present held imperfectly in check; and the consequence of granting this concession would necessarily be to strengthen and encourage the Unions in their attacks on industrial and social freedom.

In order to understand distinctly the full bearings of this agitation, it is necessary to go back a little, and to observe the course of recent legislation with regard to the questions at issue. In 1866 a Select Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the operation of the Master and Servant Act. Mr. Odger, Mr. Macdonald, of the Miners' Association, and other witnesses representing Trades' Unions, were examined, and led the Committee to believe that they would be satisfied if an ordinary breach of contract were treated as a civil injury, to be met by the payment of a fine or compensation. A question was raised as to what should be done with men who could not pay, and the answer was that there would be no objection to imprisonment in such a case. Accordingly the Master and Servant Act was, on the report of the Committee, modified in this sense in the following year.

In the same year (1867) a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the organisation and rules of Trades' Unions and other associations; and this Commission, after taking a voluminous mass of evidence (a large proportion of the witnesses being officials or members of Trades' Unions), reported in 1869. Unfortunately blue-books are little read, and are soon forgotten. There are probably not many persons who have gone through the eleven volumes which were published by the Commissioners, which present an extremely interesting and instructive picture of the complex organisation and relationships of the industrial system. The result of the Commissioners' Report was that Trades' Unions were relieved from various disabilities under which they had previously laboured in consequence of the operation of the old principle of 'restraint of trade.' It has been hastily assumed that this concession was tantamount to an acknowledgment that these combinations were established on sound economic principles, and that the objects which they served were, from a public point of view, of a useful and beneficial character. Any one who will take the trouble to turn to the Commissioners' Report will see how very far this is from the truth.

There is the widest possible difference between saying that Trades' Unions and strikes are good things in themselves and saying

that, whether good or bad, they are entitled to legal toleration. And it was only the second of those propositions which the Commissioners affirmed. They laid down the rule that the 'law should recognise the right in the labourer to dispose of his labour, the capitalist of his capital, and the employer of his productive powers, in whatever manner each of them, acting either individually or in association with others, may deem for his own interest; and that without reference to the question whether he is acting wisely for his own interest and advantageously to the public,' or the contrary. 'The interest of the public,' they added, 'will be best consulted by allowing each of these parties to do what he thinks best for himself, *without further interference of the law than may be necessary to protect the rights of others.*' On this ground they recommended that the law relating to voluntary combinations for the disposal of labour or capital should be relaxed, so that no combination should be deemed unlawful by reason only that its operation would be in restraint of trade; but at the same time they deemed it 'of the highest moment that the law, so far as it aims at repressing all coercion of the will of others in the disposal of their labour or capital, should be in no degree relaxed.' The Criminal Law Amendment was passed in accordance with these recommendations, and for the moment the Trades' Unionists professed to be satisfied. A sense of the power which they have since acquired from the reduction of the franchise has now, however, stimulated them to make further demands. They have obtained freedom of combination among themselves. They now claim freedom of coercion in regard to others. The whole object of the present agitation is practically to obtain the abolition of those securities for the protection of freedom in the disposal of labour and capital to which the Commissioners attached such grave importance.

The demands of the Trades' Unionists may be thus summed up. They ask for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, except in so far as it legalises Trades' Unions and strikes; the repeal of all criminal penalties for breach of contract; and the special exemption of working-men from the operation of the general law of conspiracy. We will examine these demands in detail, and try to explain what they really amount to.

First, then, there is the Criminal Law Amendment Act (34 & 35 Vict. c. 32). This Act provides that 'No person shall be liable to any punishment for doing or conspiring to do any act on the ground that such act restrains or tends to restrain the free course of trade'—and so far the Trades' Unionists of course

approve of it; but it goes on to make an exception—'unless such act is one of the acts' specified in the statute, and 'is done with the object of coercing' in various ways which are defined. It is this necessary and reasonable exemption from the general rule which is denounced by the Trades' Unionists. There has been so much misrepresentation on the subject that it may be worth while to give the definitions of the prohibited acts and of coercion. The prohibited acts of coercion are three:—

(1) To use violence to any person or any property.

(2) To threaten or intimidate any person in such a manner as would justify a justice of the peace, on complaint made to him, to bind over the person so threatening or intimidating to keep the peace.

(3) To molest or obstruct any person in the manner defined by this section.

Coercion in any of these forms is unlawful where it is with a view to coerce any person—

(1) Being a master, to dismiss or to cease to employ any workman; or being a workman, to quit any employment, or to return work before it is finished.

(2) Being a master, not to offer, or being a workman, not to accept, any employment or work.

(3) Being a master or workman, to belong or not belong to any temporary or permanent association or combination.

(4) Being a master or workman, to pay any fine or penalty enforced by any temporary or permanent association or combination.

(5) Being a master, to alter the mode of carrying on his business or the number and description of any persons employed by him.

The Act then goes on to say that a person shall, for the purposes of this Act, be deemed to molest or obstruct another person in any of the following cases:—

(1) If he persistently follow such person from place to place.

(2) If he hide any tools, clothes, or other property owned or used by such person, or deprive him of or hinder him in the use thereof.

(3) If he watch or beset the house or other place where such person resides, or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place, or if with two or more other persons he follow such person in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road.

It would be idle to deny that this Act is levelled at certain notorious practices of the Trades' Unions; but it will be observed that the Trades' Unions are not mentioned in any way, and that the law applies indiscriminately.

minately to all persons, whether employers or employed, who may commit the specified offences.

The objections which are raised to this Act are that the offences are not defined in a sufficiently explicit manner, and that the justices* who administer the law are prejudiced against working-men and do not treat them fairly. The second of these objections would seem to imply that what is wanted is the substitution of stipendiary magistrates for justices; but it appears that the Trades' Unionists equally distrust the capacity or willingness of all courts of law, superior and inferior, to do justice to them. The war is, not merely with justices, but with the whole judicial body from the Lord Chancellor and Chief Justice downwards. The Trades' Unionists imagine that they would be happier in a world where there were no judges and no law. They prefer to be a law unto themselves. The objection that the definitions of offences in the statute are not very definite is more to the purpose. It is true that they are not very definite, but they are probably as definite as they can be made; and as far as we are aware, the Trades' Unionists have not suggested any form of words which would be an improvement. What they ask is that in consideration of the hopelessness of attempting to define violence, intimidation, and coercion, the Act should be altogether abolished. It is necessary to remember that a certain degree of vagueness can hardly be avoided in legal definitions. It is impossible in all cases to put down in words an exact and complete account of all the different things which may come within a certain general description. Something must be left to the discretion of the court. Murder, it might be supposed, would be a much simpler thing to define than molestation or coercion; but a number of learned persons a few years ago sat down to the task of defining the different degrees of murder with very small success. Again, there is electoral intimidation. Nobody can say positively in every case what might or might not be held to be intimidation. The recent trial of Irish priests and prelates for interfering at an election shows the difficulty of stating in precise language the exact point at which lawful argument and persuasion pass into spiritual intimidation such as the law will punish. In short, the objection of vagueness applies more or less to almost every

offence in the statute-book; and it may even be doubted whether it is altogether desirable that the law should invariably be laid down in such a manner that, with a little care and cunning, it may be broken in spirit with impunity. The object of the law is to keep people as far off from criminality as possible, and not to tempt them to nice balancing on the edge of it.

Substantially, as the law stands, all that is made liable to punishment is coercion by violent interference with person or property. This violence usually takes the form of 'rattening' or 'picketing'—familiar phrases which can scarcely require explanation. 'Rattening'—that is, the abstraction of a workman's tools so as to prevent him from working for his livelihood until he has obeyed the arbitrary orders of the Union—has been described by a Unionist apologist as a form of distraint for rent; and it is still a familiar instrument of discipline in certain trades. Here for example, is a recent case at Sheffield:—

'The works of Messrs. G. Wolstenholme and Co., 26, Wellington Street, Sheffield, have been broken into, and four valuable driving bands cut. Two hundred workmen have thus been thrown out of employment during the necessary time for repairs.'

'Picketing,' which consists in posting members of the Union at the approaches of the works struck against or at the dwellings of workmen who are working in defiance of the Union, has also been defended on the ground that it is only a means of communicating information in regard to the objects of the strike. On this point the Trades' Unions Commissioners obtained abundant evidence to show that non-Unionist workmen were, through the agency of the pickets, subjected to molestation, intimidation, and other modes of undue influence. If the only object were to disseminate information, that might of course be done by a single picket silently distributing handbills, which would be innocent, unless they contained threats of violence. That intimidation is intended is shown by the desire of the Unionists to be allowed to employ men in groups, and to have the right of accosting and arguing with men who do not wish to be spoken to. A great outcry was lately made because six tailors at Perth were sent to prison for 'looking at a man.' What happened was that they took it in turns to stand before the window of a workshop where a non-Unionist workman was employed, and to stare at him. In another case it was said that a picket had been punished for 'only just speaking to a man,' but the words spoken implied a threat of murder. There is, in fact, no room for

* It should be mentioned that it is expressly provided in the Act that a person who is a master, or a father, son, or brother of a master, in the particular trade in connection with which a charge has risen, shall not act as a magistrate in hearing the charge.

doubt that rattening and picketing are practised by the Unions as a part of the general system of terrorism by which they seek to enforce their authority; and it does not require much reflection to understand what would be the natural consequences of relaxing the law by which these offences are held in check.

The advocates of the Unions always assume that they have a right to protest against any reference to the unpleasant disclosures of the Sheffield Commission. They argue that this is an old story now, and that it is malicious to rake up past offences of an exceptional character. It may be admitted that Broadhead was in some respects an exceptional person, and that the atrocities for which he was responsible went beyond the ordinary range of Trade Union outrages. The story, however, is not by any means an old one. It is only six or seven years since, with the connivance of the rest of the Sheffield Unionists, Broadhead was in the full swing of his murderous career; and it must not be forgotten that the Saw Grinders' Society, after full deliberation, refused to expel Broadhead even after he had confessed his crimes, on the ground that what he had done ought not to be considered criminal, but arose from the want of properly regulated tribunals for binding workmen to what was 'honourable, just, and good.' The meaning of this is plainly that assassination is justified as a means of compelling non-Unionists and employers to submit to the decrees of the Unions when the State does not undertake this duty on their behalf. There is no reason to suppose that the Unionists have ceased to adhere to this principle, and it is known that their objects are still substantially the same as those which Broadhead had in view. At one of the recent mass meetings against the Criminal Law Amendment Act, one of the speakers said:—

'The "rats"—i.e. non-Unionists—' could not be driven out by fair means. Therefore it was perfectly legitimate for men to unite together; and if fair means would not compel the "rats" to leave their prey, then strangle them.'

The Unionists have obtained legal authority over their own members, and they now claim legal authority over the rest of the community.* It should be remembered

* A few passages from Broadhead's confessions will show the grounds on which he acted. (1.) He hired Dennis Clarke to blow up Helliwell for being brought into the trade contrary to rule. 'We expected if he was admitted a member we should have him on the box'—that is, entitled to relief—and it was to drive him from the trade

that the equally horrible outrages which were exposed by the Assistant Commissioners who made inquiries in the Manchester district are stated to have been 'all of them instigated and sanctioned by the several Unions in the districts in which they were respectively committed; they were all deliberately planned and executed in furtherance of a system which had for its object the subjection of both masters and men to the rules of the Union, and the destruction of freedom of labour.' It may be true that Unionists are no longer in the habit of perpetrating the worst of the outrages which were formerly committed at Sheffield and in parts of Lancashire, but the spirit which prompted these outrages is still at work. The Unionists are more cautious in their choice of weapons, but they still uphold the principle upon which the outrages were committed—the principle that Trades' Unions have a right to exercise a coercive authority not only over those persons who choose to belong to them, but over all persons connected with a particular trade or district; and the object of the present agitation is to facilitate the exercise of this authority by removing the criminal penalties which are at present attached to various forms of violence.

Next there is the Master and Servant Act. This Act was passed in 1867, on the recommendation of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and was expressly framed to meet the views of the Unionist leaders. The principal complaint against the then existing state of the law was that the servant was placed at a disadvantage as compared with his master, inasmuch as a simple breach of contract on the part of a workman was made a criminal offence, while breaches of contract by employers were left to the civil law. The language of the new Act was therefore scrupulously chosen, so that employers and employed—the old-fashioned words, master and servant, were discarded as possibly invidious—should be placed thoroughly on a footing of absolute equality. It was provided that a simple breach of contract on either side should be

that he was blown up.' (2.) He hired Crookes to lame Helliwell to prevent his working. (3.) He caused Elisha Parker's horse to be hamstrung and hired a man to shoot him. Price £20 to £30. Parker had resisted the Union. (4.) He hired some one to blow up the boilers of Firth and Son (price £5), for employing non-Unionists. (5.) He paid Crookes for throwing a canister of gunpowder down the chimney of Samuel Baxter's house, because Baxter had 'held himself aloof from the trade.' (6.) He employed Crookes to blow up Holdsworth by putting powder in his cellar, for employing non-Society men, &c. &c.

treated as the subject of a civil remedy. The 4th and 9th sections enact in substance that wherever the employer or the employed neglects or refuses to fulfil any contract of service, or wherever any dispute arises as to the rights or liabilities of either of the parties, or touching any misuse, misdemeanour, misconduct, ill-treatment, or injury to the person or property of either of the parties, the party aggrieved may lay an information, upon the hearing of which the magistrate—it may be a police magistrate or two justices—may either direct the fulfilment of the contract or annul it, awarding such compensation as appears to be required, or where compensation cannot be assessed or will not meet the circumstances of the case, he may impose a fine up to 20*l*. If, however, the party complained against cannot pay the compensation or fine, as the case may be, or find security for doing so, he may be committed to prison for not more than three months. By the 14th section, the magistrate may inflict a maximum of three months' imprisonment as a punishment for aggravated breach of contract—that is to say, where the misconduct complained of, or the injury inflicted on the person or property of the complainant has been of an aggravated character, and has not arisen in the *bond fide* exercise of a legal right existing or reasonably supposed to exist, and where pecuniary compensation will not meet the circumstances of the case.

The general effect of the statute may be said to be that a simple breach of contract is treated as a civil matter, and that it is only an aggravated breach of contract which is punished as a crime. It is true, no doubt, that under the first part of the Act imprisonment follows unless the decree of the court is satisfied; but this is in strict accordance with the procedure of all courts of law. As Sir George Jessel remarked, 'it is a delusion to use the words civil and criminal in this connection; it has always been the custom in this country that every civil contract should be enforced by imprisonment in the last resort.' If a man is ordered to do a thing by the Court of Chancery, and disobeys the order, he is sent to prison. If the Court of Queen's Bench issues a mandamus, and the person to whom it is addressed fails to comply with it, he is attached. And it is the same with other courts. In this respect the Master and Servant Act merely gives to justices and magistrates powers similar to those which are already exercised by the judges of the superior courts. It would obviously be a farce to authorise a court to give orders

without at the same time furnishing it with the means of enforcing obedience to its commands. In the case of a breach of contract, the person who is at fault has done something for which he is bound to make amends, and if he cannot pay in purse, it is natural that he should suffer in person. Damages are the appropriate remedy for a private injury, but it has always been the rule that in cases where there is no adequate civil remedy criminal punishment should be inflicted.

It has been suggested that a breach of contract by a workman should be left to be redressed, like any other breach of contract, by an action for damages or a suit for specific performance. Those who make this proposal must surely have been laughing when they made it. It is clear that a remedy of this kind would be no remedy at all. Before proceedings could be taken ^{ages} workmen who had suddenly deserted ^{their} employment, they would be scattered in ^{all} directions, and those who might be found would probably be unable to pay either compensation or a fine. If there were no power, under such circumstances, to imprison offenders who could not pay, they would be enabled to go off in triumph, snapping their fingers in the faces of their victims.* Besides, there would be an obvious inequality between the employed and the employer. A workman would always be able to obtain any wages or compensation that might be due to him from his employer, because the latter would have a fixed residence and place of business, and could always be got at, while the employer would be left with a mere mockery of redress against the workman. Yet the chances are that the loss inflicted by the workman on his employer would be considerably greater than that inflicted by the employer on the workman. What a workman loses by being improperly dismissed is seldom more than a week's wages; but a breach of contract by a workman, especially if acting in concert with others, at a critical moment may involve a loss of thousands of pounds, and perhaps even the ruin of his employer. Take the case of a colliery, for instance. It might be in the power of a few men to stop the whole working of the colliery and throw the other men out of employment. A single man might perhaps be able to flood a mine. And what remedy for such an offence, committed with a criminal inten-

* The more cautious advocates of the Unions naturally hesitate to demand in naked terms the total abolition of imprisonment as a substitute for a payment of money; but the general result of their proposals would practically come to pretty much the same thing.

tion, could be obtained by civil process? Nor must it be overlooked that workmen in this respect require protection against other workmen. At the National Conference of Miners in Glasgow, in May last, the question was discussed, and one of the delegates spoke very strongly against meddling with the law. 'There was,' he said, 'amongst them a class of men who required some compulsion, and he held that in dealing with such people the Act did not go an inch too far.' It might almost be imagined from the language which is sometimes used that there was some extraordinary difficulty in keeping contracts of service; and that it was too much to expect from working-men fidelity to engagements which they had voluntarily entered into. It is obvious that in most cases a workman need not break a contract unless he chooses, and if he has a valid excuse, such as sickness, that is a sufficient defence.

The majority of cases under the Master and Servant Act are simple breaches of contract, and are dealt with under the first part of the Act. The party against whom a decision is given is ordered to pay a certain sum of money, and it is only in the event of his being unable to pay or to find security for paying that he is liable to be sent to prison. The power of inflicting three months' imprisonment without the option of a fine is confined to cases of aggravated injury or misconduct where pecuniary compensation will not meet the circumstances of the case; and it is seldom resorted to. The ground on which the Trades' Unionists object to this section is that it is invidious in placing contracts of service on a different footing from other contracts. It should be observed, however, that, in the first place, the Act is directed against employers as well as against the employed; and that, in the second place, there is a great deal of equally invidious legislation in regard to other classes. Publicans, for example, are treated in a very different way from other classes of tradesmen; the owners of mines and factories are placed under restrictions and penalties in managing their works; and shipowners have lately been brought under the criminal law. The question which has to be determined in all these cases is, not whether the legislation is agreeable to the classes affected by it, but whether it is necessary on public grounds. In the present instance, there is reason for believing that aggravated breach of contracts of service is an offence which particularly requires to be kept in check. It is one of the principal weapons of the Trades' Unionists in coercing their employers and fellow-work-

men; and if the option of a fine were invariably allowed, the offence could practically be committed with impunity, since the fine would be paid out of the funds of the Union. If it can be shown that there are other cases of breach of contract which require to be brought within the range of criminal penalties, that may be a very good reason for extending the application of the principle accordingly; but it is a very bad reason for discarding it altogether. It is necessary to remember that the great object of the law is to keep society in order with as little pressure as possible, and consequently civil process is invariably preferred to criminal prosecution when it is found to answer the purpose. No doubt other contracts besides contracts of service are sometimes broken, but in those cases, as a rule, civil remedies are sufficient to secure redress to the injured persons.

Mr. Frederic Harrison is one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of Trades' Unionist principles, and it is instructive to observe how he deals with this question. He puts two cases side by side. A manufacturer has agreed with a rich neighbour to buy extensive new premises. He makes fifty contracts, all dependent on the work being ready by a certain day, and engages a thousand extra hands. A rival in trade steps in, induces the neighbour to break the contract, and leaves the unfortunate manufacturer in the lurch. The manufacturer goes to law, but litigation may be protracted for years; and Mr. Harrison draws a pathetic picture of the wicked rich man dragging his victim from court to court, and finally, by discovering some screw loose in his case, defeating him with costs. In its way this is a very pretty bit of fiction, but when it is analysed it comes to this, that a rich man has a certain advantage over a poor man in going to law, and that a suitor with a screw loose in his case is very likely to be defeated. Nobody supposes that litigation invariably results in a verdict for the person who really deserves it; yet it is generally supposed to be a not unsatisfactory method of settling disputes. As a rule, persons who suffer from breach of contract of the kind suggested rarely fail to obtain damages. Mr. Harrison's companion picture is that of a workman who has left his work. 'He may have had a tempting offer of higher wages; he may have had a dispute with the foreman; he may have a wife dying at home.' Various other excuses are suggested, but Mr. Harrison assumes that nothing the man can say in excuse or extenuation will be listened to by the Bench, and that he will be sentenced to the full term of imprisonment

for an aggravated breach of contract. This is a fancy sketch of an extreme, and, we may almost say, impossible, case. There could hardly be a more conclusive proof of the weakness of an argument against an existing law than the fact that it cannot be sustained without assuming that justice, whether in a superior or inferior court, must necessarily be administered unjustly.

We now come to the question of the law of conspiracy. There is considerable doubt as to various points connected with the law, but on one point all authorities are agreed, and that is that it is a crime to combine in order to commit an act which is criminal in its end or means. It was under this rule that the ringleaders of the gas-stokers who conspired to plunge London suddenly into darkness by quitting their employment without notice were convicted and sentenced. The sentence passed on the men was severe—too severe, as many persons thought—and it was commuted by the Government. In any case the severity of the sentence is a separate question from that of the justice of the conviction, and the ground of the conviction cannot be impugned. It is a crime to commit an aggravated breach of contract, and if ever there was an aggravated breach of contract it was that committed by the gas-stokers. Consequently the combination to commit this crime was unquestionably a criminal conspiracy. Mr. Justice Brett, it is true, in his summing up made some remarks, which were either loosely expressed or imperfectly reported, as to what constitutes criminal coercion in industrial relations; but these remarks had no effect, as the jury based their verdict exclusively on the breach of contract. This passage has been taken hold of, however, as a reason for denouncing the whole law of conspiracy as it relates to offences committed by the working classes. There can be no doubt that on some points the law of conspiracy is exceedingly vague, and is capable of startling applications. It leaves a large amount of discretion to the Judges, and it has been said, not without truth, that plausible reasons might be found for declaring it to be a crime to combine to do almost anything which the Judges chose to regard as morally wrong, or politically or socially dangerous. Similar remarks might, however, be made in regard to other branches of the law. It has not hitherto been found to be possible to avoid giving the Judges a very wide range of discretion in interpreting the principles of the Common Law as well as the clauses of Acts of Parliament. As Mr. Fitzjames Stephen has pointed out, the power which the vagueness of the law of conspiracy puts into the hands

of the Judges is something like the power which the vagueness of the law of libel puts into the hands of juries. Practically a libel is almost anything which a jury, under the direction of a Judge, chooses to consider a libel; and the same may be said of political intimidation and many other offences.

It cannot be said that the law of conspiracy is an unreasonable law as long as it is discreetly applied; and it would seem that, looking to the past, the Judges may be trusted to apply it discreetly. No doubt it might be abused, just as other laws might be, but it does not appear that, in point of fact, it has been, or is likely to be, abused. Take, for example, the ruling of the Judges in O'Connell's case. Chief Justice Tindal laid it down that 'an agreement to diminish the confidence of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland, in the general administration of the law therein, was a criminal conspiracy.' Lord Campbell held that 'any person who deliberately attempts to promote feelings of ill-will and hostility between different classes of Her Majesty's subjects—to make the English be hated by the Irish, or the Irish by the English—is guilty of a most culpable proceeding, and that if several combine to do so, they commit a misdemeanour for which they can be indicted and punished.' There can be no doubt that this is as good law now as it was thirty years ago, and that, as far as words go, it might be made to cover a good many things which are being said and done at this moment. Yet nobody would think of proceeding against any of the Home-Rule agitators on this ground, nor is there any reason to suppose that any court of law would countenance such proceedings. The use of such a law is properly reserved for a time of great public danger. The prosecution of O'Connell unquestionably nipped in the bud an agitation which might have ended in civil war. In the same way, as has been remarked, the power of impeachment has been valuable in many cases—in that of Warren Hastings, for example—though it is difficult to say what constitutes such a 'high crime and misdemeanour' as to warrant an impeachment.

The law of conspiracy is too large a subject to be dealt with incidentally, and it is unnecessary for our present purpose to examine it in detail. The general principle of the law is that an unlawful act committed by a number of persons in combination is a much more serious affair than a similar act committed by an isolated individual, and should therefore be more severely punished; and that, for the same reason, an act which, if done by a single person, would be only a civil injury, may, if done in concert, become

a crime. It is further recognised that an agreement to commit an act which would thus be regarded as criminal may be treated as if it had been accomplished, since the agreement proves the intention. It seems to us that there is nothing unreasonable in these propositions. The act of an individual has a comparatively small range. What one man can do by himself is not usually very much, and society can, to a great extent, protect itself against him without the help of the law. But when a number of men enter into a preconcerted plot, the affair assumes a graver aspect, and it is natural that it should be punished more severely than an isolated act. Yes, it is said, this may be very true as regards actual crimes; but why should that which is not a crime when done by one man become a crime when done by two or three men? The answer is, because the combination makes it a public injury. It is one of the leading principles of English jurisprudence that it is well to leave people as much as possible to take care of themselves, that civil remedies are preferable to criminal penalties, and that the latter should be resorted to only in cases of necessity. A great many illustrations might be given of the effect of combination in making an act criminal. Sir J. Coleridge mentioned in the House of Commons a case under the Copyright Acts, in which the piracy of a valuable engraving by a number of persons was punished as a criminal conspiracy, although the same offence, if committed by an individual, would have been met by a fine under 20*l*. Adultery and seduction are not crimes; but a conspiracy to debauch a woman is a crime. The sale of unwholesome food by an individual is punished by a fine, but a combination to sell unwholesome food would be indictable as a conspiracy against the public. An individual who issues a misleading prospectus is liable only to civil proceedings, but if a number of persons—as, for instance, a board of directors—join in the act, it acquires a criminal character. The Directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (Limited) were prosecuted on this ground. It is doubtful whether sending a false telegram is an indictable offence, but a conspiracy to influence the funds by such means would certainly be so. In the year 1814, a man named De Berenger combined with others to spread at the Stock Exchange a false report of the death of Buonaparte, for the purpose of ‘bulling’ the price of Stocks; and the court decided that the public had an interest in the security of the public funds sufficient to make such a combination to effect a private wrong a crime. Chief Justice Erle has laid it down that a combination to

trespass may be held to be a crime, although a single trespass would be liable to action only, and not to indictment. In a recent case, Chief Justice Cockburn ruled that it is not necessary, in order to constitute a conspiracy, that the acts agreed to be done should be criminal acts; it is enough if they are wrongful, *i.e.*, amount to civil wrong. In all these cases the whole question turns on the danger to the public, and on what is necessary to protect the public; and this distinction rests, as Mr. Stephen has remarked, on very solid ground, for though every wrong may not be of dangerous tendency to the public, yet every coalition to promote wrong is manifestly of this character.

This rule of law is very clearly explained in Wheatley's case (1761). Wheatley was charged with supplying short measure of malt liquors, and Lord Mansfield said:—

‘The offence that is indictable must be such an one as affects the public. As, if a man uses false weights and measures, and sells by them to all or to many of his customers, or uses them in the general course of his dealing: so, if a man deprives another under false tokens. For these are deceptions that common care and prudence are not sufficient to guard against. So, if there be a conspiracy to cheat; for ordinary care and caution is no guard against this.

Mr. Justice Wilmot gave a similar opinion:—

‘The true distinction which ought to be attended to in all cases of this kind, and which will solve them all, is this: That in such impositions or deceptions when common prudence may guard persons against the suffering from them the offence is not indictable, but the party is left to his civil remedy for the redress of the injury that has been done him; but when false weights and measures are used, or false tokens produced, or such methods taken to cheat and deceive as people cannot by ordinary care or prudence be guarded against, then it is an offence indictable.’

This is surely a very sound principle. It is easy to imagine a hard application of the law, and to say that if two men sneeze together in church, or two little boys slide together on the pavement, they are liable to indictment; but in point of fact no such cases have arisen. If, however, a number of people were to go to church and sneeze, by a concerted design, so as to create a disturbance, they might very properly be liable to a prosecution for conspiracy. Sneezing, even if wilful and malicious, is a trivial matter in the case of one man, but it might assume a different aspect when practised by many men in concert. In the same way, every one has a right to hiss at the theatre,

but a combination to hiss is criminal. In 1775 a number of men combined to hoot Macklin the actor off the stage. When he appeared, there was a cry of 'No play; off, off,' and a paper was handed up from the pit to the stage containing a demand that Macklin should be dismissed. The clamour was kept up for some time, and at last Colman, the manager, sent an actor on the stage with a black board, on which was chalked, 'Macklin is discharged.' This was held to be a criminal conspiracy; but the offenders were never sentenced, Macklin having agreed, with the assent of the court, to forgive them if they took 200*l.*'s worth of tickets for his own and his daughter's benefits. Chief Justice Mansfield put the matter very strongly:

'To be sure, every man that is at the play-house has a right to express his approbation or disapprobation, according as he chooses—that is a right, an unalterable right. The gist of the crime here is aiming and conspiring to ruin a particular man—to hiss, if they were ever so pleased, let him do ever so well. They came to knock him down, and hiss him off the stage. They came with a black design, and that is the most ungenerous thing they could do.'

In a case arising out of the O. P. Riots in 1809, and in the action by Gregory, of the *Satirist*, against the late Duke of Brunswick, who, as he had been shamefully attacked by Gregory, thought he would take his revenge by hissing the libeller on the stage, similar opinions were expressed. The conduct of the people who joined the plot to hiss Macklin seems to bear a very close resemblance to the conduct of Trades' Unionists who try to drive off and ruin obnoxious workmen by picketing and other means. It is also necessary to bear in mind that Trades' Unions and similar combinations are as yet only in their infancy, and that for the present they are confined to trade objects. It is not inconceivable, however, that, as they grow in strength and arrogance from the command which their organisation gives them over the votes of the working-classes, they may assume the government of society in other respects. They would then apply their peculiar practices in new directions, and, except through the law of conspiracy, there might be no means of dealing with organised acts of oppression and tyranny of the most dangerous character. 'Suppose,' says Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, 'that a Trades' Union resolved to undertake business quite unconnected with trade objects, and that they were to bring their powers to bear on employers, in order to effect political or religious objects. Suppose that it was determined that a man who had made

himself conspicuous as an advocate for some unpopular measure should be ruined in revenge for it. Suppose a deliberate combination to ruin an author or professional man; suppose, for instance, that a body of people combined to hiss an actor wherever and whenever he appeared—a slight exaggeration of Leigh's (that is Macklin's) case—or to watch a man, and sue him in civil courts, whenever an excuse for doing so occurred. In these, and a thousand other cases which might be put, the law of conspiracy might interfere between a person singled out for persecution and his enemies.'

It is perhaps not without significance that the law of conspiracy, which is of statutory origin, although its development belongs to the growth of the Common Law, was in the first instance required as a check upon the malicious combinations of a turbulent nobility. 'Conspirators,' says the statute of Edward, 'be they that do confeder or bind themselves by oath, covenant, or other alliance' to crush opponents by false and malicious charges or violence. The conspirators of our day belong to another section of society; but it is not less necessary that what the statute calls their 'malicious enterprises' should be kept in check. To tamper rashly with a law of this kind, and especially to bestow on a particular class of the community an exemption from its penalties, would surely be a very unreasonable and dangerous proceeding.

There are two ways of testing the value of a law. We may ask whether it is sound in principle, and whether it works satisfactorily in practice. The law of conspiracy will bear both these tests. The principle of the law is sound and logical; and though it is capable of being misapplied, it does not appear that in point of fact this has actually happened. If it has not yet happened, is it likely to happen? The Judges act under the influence of public opinion, and especially of the general opinion of their own body. It is highly improbable that a Judge would strike out a line of his own in antagonism to the rest of the bench; and when all the Judges are of the same way of thinking, they are not likely to be far wrong. Even, however, if any judicial error should be committed, there is an appeal open, on the one hand, to the Court of Criminal Appeal, which will set right the law, or, on the other hand, to the Home Secretary, who can, if he thinks proper, remit or commute the sentence. There can be no doubt that in some respects the law of conspiracy, like a great many other branches of the law, stands in need of more precise and scientific definition; but this is an operation which

would have to be very cautiously performed, and in which the assistance of the Judges is indispensable.

These, then, are the demands which are put forward by the Trades' Unionists in the name of the working classes; and it is well to observe what they amount to when put in plain language. They amount in effect to this—that working-men, while entitled to damages against their employers for breach of contract, shall be at liberty to break contracts whenever they choose, subject only to a nominal liability for damages which they have no means of paying; and that they shall be exempt from criminal punishment even when the breach of contract is wilful, is accompanied by aggravated misconduct, or aggravated injury, and is not to be met by mere pecuniary compensation. That working-men shall be at liberty to use violence to person or property, to threaten, intimidate, or molest their employers or fellow-workmen, in order to compel them to submit to the dictates of the Trades' Unions. And that, in order more effectually to promote these objects, working-men shall be specially exempted from the operation of the general laws of conspiracy.

It is part of the tactics of the fanatics and adventurers who direct the proceedings of the Trades' Unions to assume that any suspicion of their projects for the aggrandisement of these societies necessarily implies hostility to the working classes at large. It is known that whatever affects the interests of the working classes, necessarily affects the welfare of the whole community; and if it could be shown that their interests would really be promoted by the change of law which is demanded, that would undoubtedly be a very strong argument in its favour, although even then it would be necessary to remember that there are other classes who are also entitled to some degree of sympathy and protection. But how can it be supposed that the working classes will gain by acquiring the power of committing a number of offences with impunity? Does their happiness consist in perfect freedom to molest and intimidate other people? Is their material comfort likely to be increased by an unlimited right to break contracts? Is criminal conspiracy their normal state? It does not require much reflection to see that the working classes would be the worst sufferers from the kind of legislation which they are now supposed to be demanding. The repeal of the penal consequences of breach of contract, intimidation, and conspiracy would naturally be regarded as a justification of those offences, and would encourage working men to commit them. But if contracts were

constantly being broken, contracts would cease to be made; less business would be done; the profits of business would be reduced; and wages would fall. Employers would suffer, but working men would suffer infinitely more. It is possible that employers might be able to devise various remedies for this state of things, as, for instance, by working with a small staff of picked men who could be trusted not to strike, by getting men into their power by advance notes, by exacting the deposit of money or tools as a security for the fulfilment of an engagement, or, by substituting machinery for men. Mr. Nasmyth, it will be remembered, stated before the Trades' Union Commission, that by the introduction of self-acting tools he reduced the number of men in his employment by fully one-half. There is also another question to which Professor Fawcett has just directed attention, and which working-men would do well to consider; and that is the export of capital. There is no constraint on capitalists to keep their money in a business which appears to them unprofitable; and they have all the world before them for their investments. The effect of pushing up wages to a certain point would therefore be simply to drive so much capital into other countries. This would scarcely be a gain to British workmen. But in the political economy of the Unions water always runs uphill and never finds its level. It is impossible that their efforts can permanently counteract the operation of irresistible laws; but they may inflict grievous injury on British industry.

As it is, the employers have been driven to form a compact alliance, which includes many of the great firms in the country, and which will be a very formidable body for the Trades' Unions to encounter. A conflict of this kind, if carried to extremities, is on every ground to be deprecated, but it is the Unionists who are forcing it on. It is stated that the National Federation of Employers is to be purely defensive, and that its object is to diffuse accurate information on industrial questions, and to watch over legislative proposals on such subjects. The proceedings of the Trades' Unions have rendered inevitable the establishment of associations of employers in almost every trade, and the Federation appears to be, for the most part, only an amalgamation of existing societies. A combination of this character must of course be judged by its acts rather than by its professions; but in the meantime it cannot be denied that its existence is justified by the provocation which employers have received, and that there is useful work for it to do. It is natural that formal resis-

tance should be offered to the insincere flattery of the working-man which has been encouraged by the reduction of the franchise, and to the sycophantish cant in which he is assumed to be the sole creator of the wealth and greatness of the country. The organisation of falsehood and imposture with which the professional agents of the Unions seek to cover their mischievous designs requires to be exposed; and the public will be grateful for authentic information as to the actual working of the legislation which is now attacked. The chief danger of the Federation is perhaps lest it should allow itself to be compromised in any way by professional agitators on its own side, or misled into imitating any of the vices of the organisation to which it is opposed. It is possible that on reflection employers may come to the conclusion that any statements which they may desire to make will receive the most respectful attention when published under their own names and on their own responsibility, and that their personal influence on the side of social order and political intelligence may be more effectually exercised as citizens than as members of a class association.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Mr. Lowe, who in 1866 pointed out the probable consequences of investing the working classes with paramount political authority, should now be the Minister who will primarily have to answer the demands of the Unionists. The object of their proceedings was, he said, obvious:—

'It is to enclose as many men as can be got into these Societies, and then to apply to them the strictest democratic principle, and that is to make war against all superiority, to keep down skill, industry, and capacity, and make them the slaves of clumsiness, idleness, and ignorance. . . . Add to this—what does not appear in any of the rules and regulations, but what we know well—the system of terrorism that lurks behind these Trades' Unions, and makes the lives of the "knobsticks" and "black sheep" miserable till they are driven into them. And then look at this tremendous machinery, if you only arm it with the one thing it wants—the Parliamentary vote!'

The question now is, whether Mr. Lowe will make this 'tremendous machinery' still more formidable, by giving it what it now demands—the relaxation of the whole body of law which restrains and moderates its terrorism and oppression. Working-men at present enjoy perfect freedom of contract and combination up to the point at which they assume the right to coerce other people by repudiating contracts, or by resorting

to violent molestation, or intimidation. Trade Unionists now ask to be relieved from the laws which embarrass their enterprises of coercion. What they seek is not freedom, but privilege; and if this is granted the effect will, of course, be greatly to strengthen the hold of the Unions on the working classes, who will then be helpless in their grasp. The next step will naturally be a demand for legislation for the purpose of giving effect to Unionist projects of social reform. A law for shortening the hours of labour has already been proposed; and other measures would quickly follow for artificially limiting the supply of labour by similar means. There is no compulsion on working-men to enter into any contract unless they choose; but when they have voluntarily entered into a contract they should be made to adhere to it, or to suffer in some way for their misconduct. And, having power to contract freely themselves, they must allow equal freedom to others. It is impossible to imagine a more fatal blow at personal liberty and social order than would be involved in a surrender to the present agitation, the object of which is simply to increase the arbitrary authority of the Trades' Unions in order that they may be enabled to extend and consolidate their despotism over the community.

ART. VIII.—*Lettres à une Inconnue*. Par Prosper Mérimée, de l'Académie Française. Précédées d'une Étude sur Mérimée, par H. Taine. Paris, 1874.

No literary event since the war has excited anything like such a sensation in Paris as the publication of the *Lettres à une Inconnue*. Even politics became a secondary consideration for the hour, and academicians or deputies of opposite parties might be seen eagerly accosting each other in the Chamber or the street to inquire who this fascinating and perplexing 'unknown' could be. The statement in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' that she was an Englishwoman, moving in brilliant society, was not supported by evidence; and M. Blanchard, the painter, from whom the publisher received the manuscripts, died most provokingly at the very commencement of the inquiry, and made no sign. Some intimate friends of Mérimée, rendered incredulous by wounded self-love at not having been admitted to his confidence, insisted that there was no secret to tell; their hypothesis being that the *Incon-*

nue was a myth, and the letters a romance, with which some petty details of actual life had been interwoven (as in 'Gulliver's Travels' or 'Robinson Crusoe') to keep up the mystification. But an artist like Mérimée would not have left his work in so unformed a state, so defaced by repetitions, or with such a want of proportion between the parts. With the evidence before us as we write, we incline to the belief that the lady was French by birth, and during the early years of the correspondence in the position of *dame de compagnie* or travelling companion to a Madame M * * de B * * *, who passes in the letters under the pseudonym of Lady M * *. It appears from one of them that she inherited a fortune in 1843; and she has been confidently identified with a respectable single lady residing in Paris, with two nieces, and a character for pedantry fastened on her (perhaps unjustly) on the strength of the Greek which (as we shall see) she learned from Mérimée.

The extraordinary amount of interest taken in her is owing to something more than the Parisian love of scandal, gossip, or mystery. Prosper Mérimée belonged to that brilliant generation of which MM. Thiers and Guizot are the last, and he will be remembered longer than many of those by whom he was temporarily outshone. His character was no less remarkable than his genius; and the strangely contrasted qualities that formed it will be found almost as well worth studying as his works. It was because he was an enigma when living that people are so eager to know everything concerning him when dead. Was his cynicism real or affected? Had he, or had he not, a heart? Did he, or could he, love anything or anybody at any time? Was he a good or bad man? a happy or unhappy one? These are among the problems raised by the letters, and which M. Taine proposes to solve, or assist in solving, by his acute and discriminating 'Étude.'

'I have often (it commences) met Mérimée in society. He was tall, upright, pale, with the exception of the smile, he had the look of an Englishman; at least, he had that cold, distant air which checks all familiarity from the first. To see him was enough to feel in him the phlegm natural or acquired, the self-command, the will and the habit of being on his guard. In ceremony above all, his physiognomy was impassible. Even in intimacy, and when he related a droll anecdote, his voice remained unbroken and calm; no *éclat* or *élan*: he told the raciest details, in appropriate terms, in the tone of a man who was asking for a cup of tea. Sensibility in him was tamed down to the point of appearing absent: not that it was: quite the contrary; but there are thoroughbred horses so well

broken by their master that, once well in hand, they no longer venture on a gambol.'

This closely corresponds with the character of Saint-Clair in his novel of the 'Vase Étrusque,' evidently intended for his own:—

'He (Saint-Clair) was born with a tender and loving heart; but at an age when we too easily receive impressions which last through life, his too expansive sensibility had provoked the raillery of his comrades. Thenceforward he studied to conceal the outward and visible signs of what he regarded as a dishonouring weakness. . . . In the world, he obtained the melancholy reputation of insensible and indifferent. . . . He had travelled a great deal, read a great deal, and only spoke of his travels and his readings when it was exacted of him.'

We have our doubts whether the original inborn bent of a character was ever changed in this manner: whether a warm, loving nature, with sympathetic yearnings, was ever effaced or kept under so as to impress a general conviction of insensibility. Nor do we think that any man can adopt a bad habit like that of habitually suppressing his most generous and ennobling impulses, without damming up or vitiating their source. He will end by at least partially becoming in sad earnest what he began by simulating. We have already seen in the 'Autobiography of Stuart Mill' to what extent both head and heart may be impaired by the abuse of the analytical process; and Mérimée, although he suffered less from it, practised it to the extent of rendering anything like a sustained illusion an impossibility. He constantly recalls the scene in 'L'Homme Blâsé' (or Used-up), when the hero, about to strike, suspends the blow to feel by how many beats per minute the rising emotion has accelerated his pulse. 'He passed through life (says M. Taine) *en amateur*: one can hardly do otherwise when one has the critical disposition: by dint of reversing the tapestry, one ends by seeing it habitually on the wrong side. In this case, instead of handsome, well-placed figures, we see fag-ends of thread: it is then difficult to engage, with abnegation and as a workman, in a common work—to belong even to the party which we serve, even to the school which we prefer, even to the science which we cultivate, even to the art in which we excel; if at times we descend into the *mêlée* as volunteers, we more frequently hold aloof.'

Fortunately for the indulgence of his humour, unfortunately perhaps for the development of his powers, Mérimée had a small independent fortune and a place which exactly suited him—the inspectorship of historic monuments. He was elected a member of

the Academy in 1843, and of the imperial Senate (with a salary of 30,000 francs) in 1853. When he first formed the acquaintance of his *Inconnue* he was thirty-seven years of age, and a recognised celebrity, if not quite in the fulness of his fame. The precise period is fixed by a letter, dated Paris, February, 1842, in which, apologising for not sending her some Turkish slippers, he sends a Turkish looking-glass instead. 'Perhaps you will like it best; for you strike me as having become still more *coquette* than in the year of grace 1840. It was in the month of December, and you had on stockings of ribbed silk: that is all I remember.' It was quite in his way to be thinking, when he wrote this, of Charlotte first seen by Werther when she was cutting bread and butter for the children, or the image of Matilda Pottingen associated by Rogero with the—

'Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sate knotting in.'

It appears from frequent allusions that the lady had pretty feet and ankles, and prided herself on her *bottines*. He is also enthusiastic in his praise of her hands, her hair, and her 'splendid black eyes.'

M. Taine has culled some of the most illustrative passages for the purposes of his 'Étude;' but we think it best to take the letters as they come, and leave them to tell their own story. The first of the collection, written in Paris and received in England, begins with a reproach:—

'All is mysterious in you, and the same causes make you act in the diametrically opposite manner to that in which other mortals would conduct themselves. You are going into the country: well—this is as much as to say that you will have plenty of time; for there the days are long, and the want of something to do leads to the writing of letters. At the same time, the watchfulness and restlessness of your dragon being less checked by the regular occupations of the town, you will have more questions to undergo when letters are brought to you. Moreover, in a country house the arrival of a letter is an event.—Not at all: you cannot write, but, on the other hand, you can receive no end of letters. I begin to adapt myself to your ways, and I am now hardly surprised at anything. For all that, spare me, I pray, and do not put to too hard a trial that unhappy disposition which I have contracted, I know not how, to approve of everything you do.'

This commencement is the keynote of the correspondence for many years; indeed, until all uncertainty as to the mutual feelings of the pair is at an end, and Mérimée is content to regard his fair correspondent as

one who can never, under any circumstances, be to him more than a devoted and sympathising friend. The letter continues:

'I remember having been perhaps a little too frank in my last letter, in speaking to you of my character. A friend of mine, an old diplomat, a man of great sagacity, has often told me: "Never speak evil of yourself; your friends will speak enough." I begin to fear that you take literally all the evil I have said of myself. Understand that my great virtue is modesty: I carry it to excess, and I fear that this will injure me in your opinion. Another time, when I feel better inspired, I will draw up for you the nomenclature of all my qualities. The list will be long.'

Johnson gave Boswell the same advice which Mérimée received from his old diplomat, but based it on sounder grounds. Never speak ill of yourself, because, besides being exaggerated in repetition, it will probably be repeated as the result of detection or discovery by others, and not even your indiscreet frankness will be credited to you.

'I give you a hundred guesses to say where I was Saturday evening, what I was doing at midnight. I was on the platform of one of the towers of Notre Dame, and I was drinking orangeade and eating ices in the company of four friends and an admirable moon, the whole attended by a big owl who flapped his wings round us. Paris is really a very fine spectacle by moonlight. It resembles those cities in the "Arabian Nights," where the inhabitants had been enchanted during their sleep. The Parisians in general go to bed at midnight, fools as they are in this respect. Our party was strange enough: four nations were represented, each with a different manner of thinking. The tiresome part of it was that there were some of us who, in the presence of the moon and the owl, thought themselves obliged to affect the poetic tone and talk commonplaces. In fact, little by little everybody set to talking nonsense.

'I do not know how and by what connection of ideas this semi-poetic evening makes me think of another which was by no means poetic. I went to a ball given by some young men of my acquaintance, to which all the *figurantes* of the opera were invited. These women are mostly stupid (*bêtes*); but I have remarked how superior they are in moral delicacy to the men of their class. There is only a single vice which separates them from other women—poverty.'

A man must be far gone in cynicism to hazard such a paradox, and the 'unknown' must have been singularly destitute of feminine dignity and self-respect could she have endured to be told that she was only separated from a class of women, whom he pronounces *bêtes*, by poverty; she herself being little, if at all, elevated above them in that respect. She might have replied in the

words of Dickens's stage-coach driver, ruined by railroads: 'Poverty, sir, is no disgrace to a man, but it's devilish inconvenient.' She obviously administered a sharp rebuke, although it failed to convince him of his want of tact and taste, for in his next letter he resumes the topic unabashed.

'Frankness and truth rarely succeed with women: they almost always fail. Here are you looking on me as a Sardanapalus, because I have been to a ball of opera dancers. You reproach me this as a crime, and you reproach me as a still greater crime the singing the praises of the poor girls. Make them rich, I repeat, and they will retain only their good qualities. But the aristocracy have raised insurmountable barriers between the different classes of society to let us see how much what goes on without the barrier resembles what goes on within. I will tell you an opera story I heard in this so perverse society.'

'In a house of the Rue St. Honoré there was a poor woman who had never quitted a small room in the garret, which she rented at three francs a month. She had a daughter twelve years old, very neatly dressed, very reserved, who never spoke to anybody. This little girl went out three times a week in the afternoon, and returned by herself at midnight. She was known to be an opera figurante. One day she comes down to the porter and asks for a lighted candle, which is given her. The portress, surprised at not seeing her come down again, repairs to her garret, finds the woman dead on her mattress, and the little girl busied in burning an enormous quantity of letters which she was taking from a very large trunk. She said: "My mother died last night, and charged me to burn all her letters without reading them." This child never knew the real name of her mother: she is now absolutely alone in the world, and without any other resource than playing the vultures, the monkeys, and the devils at the opera.'

'The dying advice of her mother was to be virtuous and remain a figurante. She is, moreover, very virtuous, very devout, and not fond of telling her story. Have the goodness to say if this little girl has not infinitely more merit in leading the life she leads, than you have; you who enjoy the singular happiness of irreproachable *entourage*, and of so refined a nature that, to a certain degree for me, an entire civilisation is resumed in it.'

Gracefully told as is the story, and prettily turned the compliment, the moral is dubious and the reasoning obviously at fault. The poverty of this little girl was rather her virtue than her vice. It perfected and brought out her best qualities: her patience, prudence, filial duty, fortitude, and faith. Nor is it by any means clear that, when the trying time of temptation arrived with advancing womanhood, she was not better fitted for resistance than she would have been,

had her childhood been surrounded with all the luxuries, vanities, and frivolities of wealth.

He goes on to say that he can only endure bad company at rare intervals, and from an inexhaustible curiosity for all the varieties of the human race.

'I never venture to try bad company in men. There is something too repugnant, especially in this country; for in Spain I have often had muleteers and bull-fighters for friends. I have eaten more than once out of a wooden bowl with people that an Englishman would not look at for fear of losing the respect he has for his own eyes. I have even drunk out of the same skin with a convict. It should be added, however, that there was no other skin, and one must drink when one is thirsty.'

They were in the habit of interchanging presents. After saying that the water-colour drawing he had promised her was not worthy of her acceptance, and expressing a hope that this would not prevent her from sending him the tapestry destined for him, he adds:

'Try to choose a safe messenger. Rule general: Never choose a woman for confidant: sooner or later, you would repent of it. Know also that there is nothing more common than to do evil for the pleasure of doing it. Get rid of your ideas of optimism, and be thoroughly convinced that we are placed in this world to fight against everybody. As to this, I may tell you that a *savant* of my acquaintance, who reads hieroglyphics, has told me that on the Egyptian coffins these two words were often found: *Vie, guerre*; which proves that I did not invent the maxim I have just given you.'

His reflections on her sex, or on human nature in general, excited her indignation, and he rejoins:

'Your reproaches delight me. In truth I am the elect of the fairies. I often ask what I am for you, and what you are for me. To the first question I can get no answer: as for the second, I conceive that I love you like a niece of fourteen whom I am bringing up. As to your very moral relative, who says so much evil of me, he makes me think of Thwackum (spelt *Twachum*), who is always saying: "Can any virtue exist without religion?" Have you read "Tom Jones," a book as immoral as all mine put together? If you were forbidden it, you will certainly have read it. What a ridiculous education is received in England! What is the use of it? You are out of breath with lecturing a young girl ever so long, and the result is that this girl is longing to become acquainted with the immoral being towards whom you had done

* Thwackum says: 'Can any honour exist independent of religion?'

your best to inspire her with aversion. What an admirable history is that of the serpent !'

We once heard him enforce this (his favourite) theory by an ingenious story, borrowed from a contemporary. A Comte de —, with or without reason dissatisfied with the attention of a neighbouring Vicomte to his wife, was leaving home for an absence of some days, and had proceeded a short distance from the chateau, when a thought struck him, and he sent back his groom with a message to madame to the effect that something had taken place which compelled him to request that she would on no account admit the Vicomte while he was away. On his return he heard that the Comtesse was confined to her bed, and on hurrying to her heard to his surprise that she had been bitten by the great dog in the yard. 'But why did you go near the great dog!' 'Why did you send back to desire me not to go near it?' Completely mystified, he proceeded to catechise the groom, who avowed and justified what he had done. 'I told madame you desired her not to go near the dog, and you see what came of it. If I had told her not to receive the Vicomte, she certainly would have received him, and he would have done her more harm than the dog.'

Mérimée's speculations on female dress are more fanciful than sound.

'I study you with lively curiosity. I have theories on the smallest things, on gloves, *bottines*, buckles, &c., and I attach much importance to them, because I have discovered that there is a certain relation between the character of women and the caprice (or, more properly speaking, the *liaison d'idées* and the ratiocination) which makes them choose such or such a stuff. Thus, for example, people are indebted to me for the discovery that a woman who wears blue is coquette and affects sentiment. The demonstration is easy, but it would be too long.'

No coquettish Frenchwoman who understood dress ever wore blue, unless it suited her complexion; never, if she chanced to be a brunette.

Where Mérimée shines, in his letters as in his books, is in telling a story in the fewest possible words, or sketching a scene by a few rapid strokes, and then pointing the moral or drawing the conclusion in a sentence or two, e.g. :—

'I went boating the other day. There were a number of little sailing boats on the river carrying all sorts of people. There was one very large in which were many women (of doubtful character). All these boats had come on shore, and out of the large one came a man of forty, who had a tambourine and

was playing on it for his amusement. Whilst I was admiring the musical organization of this animal, a woman of about twenty-three approached him, called him monster, told him she had followed him from Paris, and that if he refused to take her with him, he would repent of it. All this took place on the bank from which our boat was about twenty paces distant. The man of the tambourine went on playing during the discourse of the deserted woman, and replied with the utmost coolness that he would have none of her in his boat. Thereupon, she runs to the boat which was moored the farthest from the bank, and throws herself into the river, splashing us most ignobly. Although she had extinguished my cigar, indignation did not prevent me any more than my friends from pulling her out before she could swallow two glasses of water. The fine object of so much despair had not stirred, and muttered between his teeth: "Why pull her out, if she was so eager to drown herself?" We placed the woman in a cabaret, and as it was getting late and the dinner hour was near, we left her to the care of the landlady.'

'How happens it that the most indifferent men are the most loved? This is what I asked myself, all the time we were descending the Seine: this is what I still ask myself, and what I beg you to tell me if you know.'

The solution of the phenomenon, when it occurs, is to be found in that very perversity of human nature on which he is so fond of expatiating. Thus, when the Unknown tells him that her affections are engaged, he runs on :—

'You say that you are engaged for life, as if you were saying, I am engaged for the *contre-dance*. So far, so good: my time, it seems, has been well employed in disputing with you about love, marriage, and the rest! You have not got beyond believing or saying that when you are told *Aimez Monsieur*, you love. Have you promised by a contract signed before a notary as on *papier à vignettes*? When I was a schoolboy, I received a love-letter surmounted with two burning hearts strung on an arrow from a milliner. My schoolmaster began by taking away my love-letter and locked me up. Then the object of this rising passion consoled herself with the cruel schoolmaster. There is nothing more fatal to those in whose favour they are subscribed than engagements. Every obligation is naturally tiresome. In a word, from all this, if I had less modesty, I should draw this final consequence, that if you had promised your love to any one, you would bestow it on me; me to whom you have promised nothing.'

Resolved not to be the heroine of an adventure like that in *La Double Méprise*, Mérimée's Unknown was constantly on her guard. She makes appointments to meet him at public places; they take long walks together; she accepts him as her *cicerone*

through museums and picture galleries; and once or twice (never without a chaperon) occupies a box of his providing at the opera, but takes especial care never to be alone with him in a carriage or a room. In vain does he labour to inspire her with confidence by language that sounds like a prose version of Moore's Ode to Nea:—

'Nay, tempt me not to love again!
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea, had I known thee then
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh! this weary heart hath run
So many a time the rounds of pain,
Not e'en for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.'

He tells her that he has not only outgrown the capacity for being in love, but can be on occasions as prudent and self-denying as she could desire:—

'Don't be afraid, I shall never fall in love with you. Some years ago, it might have come to pass. I am too old and have been too unhappy. I could not be in love again, because my illusions have procured me many *desganas* in love. I was on the point of falling in love when I started for Spain. It is one of the finest actions of my life. The person who caused my journey has never known anything about it. If I had remained, I should haply have committed a great folly: that of offering to a woman worthy of all the happiness that can be enjoyed on earth, of offering her, I say, in exchange for everything dearest to her, a tenderness that I myself felt to be very inferior to the sacrifice that she would perhaps have made. You remember my moral: "Love excuses all, but we must be quite sure that it is love." Take my word for it, this precept is more rigorous than those of your Methodist friends. Conclusion: "I shall be charmed to see you. Perhaps you will make the acquisition of a true friend, and I perhaps shall find in you what I have long been looking for; a woman with whom I am not in love, in whom I can put my trust. Both of us shall probably gain by being more thoroughly acquainted with each other. Do, however, what your exalted prudence may dictate."

Here he is unconsciously echoing the Byronic apophthegm:—

'No friend like to a woman man discovers,
So that they have not been, nor may be,
lovers.'

He invariably speaks of marriage in a manner to inspire feminine distrust:—

'To say the truth, I am terribly out of humour, in thinking of that ceremony which you are going to attend. Nothing makes me more melancholy than a marriage. The Turks, who buy a woman after examining her like a fat sheep, are better than we, who have put a

varnish of hypocrisy, alas! too transparent, on this vile bargain. I have often asked myself what I could say to a woman on my wedding-day, and I have found nothing possible, except a compliment on her night-cap.

'The devil fortunately must be very cunning to catch me at such a *fête*. The part of the woman is easier than that of the man. On a day like that, she models herself after the Iphigenia of Racine; but if she has any observation, what strange things she must see! You will tell me if the *fête* has passed off well. You will be courted and regaled with allusions to domestic happiness.'

He is thrown into despair on hearing directly afterwards that she is about to undertake in a similar ceremony the part he thinks so much easier than the man's:—

'Lady M. announced to me yesterday evening that you were going to be married. This being so, burn my letters: I shall burn yours, and adieu. I have already spoken to you of my principles. They do not admit of my remaining on the same terms of intimacy with a married woman whom I have known as demoiselle, with a widow whom I have known as wife. I have remarked that, the civil *status* of a woman being changed, the ties change too, and always for the worse. In a word, I cannot bear my female friends marrying. If, then, you marry, let us forget one another. Do not, I entreat, have recourse to one of your ordinary evasions, but answer me frankly.'

She does answer him frankly and satisfactorily. His next letter begins, 'We are growing very tender. You call me *Amigo de mi alma*, which is very pretty in a friend's mouth.' Then, referring to the essential point:—

'I need not say that I am pleased with your answer. You have even told me, and perhaps involuntarily, many things that have given me pleasure, and especially that the husband of a woman who should resemble you, would inspire you with real compassion. I can easily believe it, and I add that no one would be more unhappy, unless it were the man who should be in love with you. You must be cold and mocking in your fits of crossness, with an invincible haughtiness which prevents you from saying, "I am in the wrong." Add to this the energy of your character, which must make you despise tears and complaints. When, by a lapse of time and the force of events, we shall be friends, then we shall see which of us knows best how to torment the other. My hair stands on end at the bare thought of it.'

She must have been young when they first met, for in the third year of their acquaintance he tells her that she is not old enough to have a heart:—

'What is your disease? Are you suffering from any pang or disappointment of the

heart? There are some phrases in your last note, mysterious like the rest, which seem to say as much. But, *entre nous*, I do not believe that you have yet the enjoyment of that intestine (*viscère*) called heart. You have pains of the head, pleasures of the head; but the intestine named heart is not developed till towards twenty-five years of age in the 46th degree of latitude. You will contract your black and beautiful eyebrows, and you will say: "The insolent fellow doubts whether I have a heart!" for it is the grand pretension now-a-days. Since so many passionate or so-called passionate romances and poems have been concocted, all women pretend to have hearts. Wait a little. When you have a heart in right earnest, you will give me news of it. You will regret that good old time when you only lived by the head, and you will find that the evils you are now suffering are but pricks of the pin in comparison with the stabs of the dagger which will rain upon you when the time of the passions has arrived.'

The hard, cold materialism which abounds in these letters grows tiresome or repulsive when the novelty has worn off and we have got accustomed to the peculiar kind of wit of which it is the seasoning or the sauce.

On ne plaît pas long-temps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit. Neither do we regret the change when the tone of gallantry cools down to the conventional temperature, and the letters assume more of the character of a journal recording the writer's impressions of things and people as they pass.

In March, 1842, after congratulating her on her recent accession of fortune, he writes:—

'My Minister has given me leave of absence for three months, and I have passed five in travelling between Malta, Athens, Ephesus, and Constantinople. During these five months, I have not felt bored for five minutes. You to whom I gave such a fright long ago, what would have become of you had you seen me during my expedition in Asia, with a belt of pistols, a big sabre, and—would you believe it?—moustaches reaching beyond my ears? Vanity apart, I should have frightened the boldest brigand of melodrama. At Constantinople I saw the Sultan in polished leather boots and black frock coat, all covered with diamonds, at the procession of the Bairam. There, a fine lady, on whose slipper I had trodden by accident, gave me the grandest of fisticuffs, calling me *giaour*. This was my nearest approach to intimacy with the Turkish beauties. At Athens, and in Asia, I saw the finest monuments in the world, and the most beautiful (if possible) landscapes. The drawback consisted in fleas and gnats as big as larks; so that I never slept. In the middle of all this, I have grown quite old. My firman gives me hair colour of turtle dove: a pretty oriental metaphor to say ugly things. Picture your friend quite grey.'

They manage a meeting on his return, and he writes:—

'If I must be frank, and you know that this defect in me is incorrigible, I will own that you struck me as much improved physically, not at all morally; you have a very fine complexion, and admirable hair, which I looked at more than your cap, which probably was worth looking at, since you seemed angry at my inability to appreciate it. But I could never distinguish lace from calico. You have always the figure of a sylph, and, *blasé* as I am with black eyes, I never saw finer at Constantinople, nor at Smyrna.

'Now, for the reverse of the medal. You have continued a child in many things, and you have become hypocritical into the bargain. You do not know how to conceal your first impulses; but you think to mend matters by a host of petty expedients. What do you gain by them? Remember this great and fine maxim of Jonathan Swift: "*That a lie is too good a thing to be wasted.*" This magnanimous sin of being hard to yourself will certainly carry you a long way, and a few years hence you will find yourself as happy as the Trappist, who, after having scourged himself time out of mind, should discover some fine morning that there is no such thing as Paradise.'

It is a problem *à la Mérimée* why women will forgive any but really compromising reflections on their morals, sooner than the slightest depreciatory allusion to their looks. Sir Robert Walpole used to say that he could always make up a quarrel between two women if neither had called the other ugly or old. It would seem that Mérimée's charmer was rather pleased than the contrary with his ringing the changes on her falsehood, hypocrisy, and infernal coquetry (his favourite phrase), so long as he is as warm and eloquent as ever on the subject of the hair, the figure, and the eyes. In this same letter he traces her a route for a meditated tour in Italy:—

'It is possible that we may meet at the corner of a temple or a circus. I advise you to go straight to Naples. M. Buonnici will take you to Pompeii. You will go to Pæstum, and you will think of me: in the temple of Neptune, you may say to yourself that you have seen Greece. From Naples you will go to Rome, where you will pass a month in saying to yourself that it is useless to see everything because you will return. Then you will go to Florence, where you will remain ten days. Then you will do what you like. . . . Probably I shall then be at Arles or Orange. If you stop there you will ask for me, and I will explain a Greek theatre to you, which will not interest you much.

'You have promised me something in return for my Turkish looking-glass. I rely religiously on your recollection. Ah! great news! The first Academician who dies out

of forty will be the cause of my paying thirty-nine visits: I shall pay them as awkwardly as possible, and I shall doubtless gain thirty-nine enemies. It would be tedious to explain to you the *pourquoi* of this fit of ambition. Suffice it that the Academy is now my blue cachemire.'

The allusion to the blue cachemire is explained in the next letter: '*A propos* of your blue cachemire, I suspected you of devotion, because devotion in 1842 is a fashion like the blue cachemires. This is the analogy which you did not catch: it is clear enough, however.' His instructions for reading Homer are more serious and detailed than his outline of the Italian tour; and the mocking tone is kept under, if not entirely subdued, by the enthusiasm of the scholar for Greek:—

'I am very sorry that you read Homer in Pope. Read the translation of Dugas-Montbel: it is the only readable one. If you had the courage to brave the ridicule, and the time to spare, you would take the Greek grammar of Planche and the dictionary of the same. You would read the grammar for a month to make you sleep. It would not fail in this effect. At the end of two months you would amuse yourself by looking out in the Greek the word translated (in general) literally enough by M. Montbel: two months afterwards, you would easily perceive from the embarrassment of his phrase, that the Greek says something different from what the translator makes it say. At the end of a year, you would read an air; the air and the accompaniment: the air is the Greek, the accompaniment the translation. It is possible that this would give you the wish to study Greek seriously, and you would have admirable things to read. But I suppose you with neither dresses to occupy you nor people to show them to.

'Everything in Homer is remarkable. The epithets, so strange in French, are admirably appropriate. I remember his calling the sea "purple," and I never understood this word. Last year I was in a little caique on the Gulf of Lepanto, going to Delphi. The sun was setting. As soon as it had disappeared, the sea took for ten minutes a magnificent tint of dark violet. This requires the air, the sea, the sun, of Greece. I hope that you will never become artist enough to enjoy the discovery that Homer was a great painter.'

A little farther on he writes out for her a regular course of Greek reading:

'If you have the courage to read history, you will be charmed with Herodotus, Polybius, and Xenophon. Herodotus enchants me. I know nothing more amusing. Begin with the "Anabasis," or "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand": take a map of Asia and follow these ten thousand rogues in their journey: it is Froissart gigantesque. Then you will read Herodotus: then Polybius and Thucy-

dides: the two last are very serious. Next get Theocritus and read "The Syracusans." I would also fain recommend Lucian, who is the Greek with most wit (*esprit*), or rather most of *our* wit; but he is a sad rake, and I dare not. As to the pronunciation, if you wish I will send you a page that I had written out for your use, which will teach you the best, that is, the pronunciation of the modern Greeks. That of the schools is easier, but absurd. We began writing to each other *en faisant l'esprit*; then we have done, what? I will not remind you. We are now at work on erudition.'

Whilst playing tutor he affects towards his pupil the same tone in which Cadenus speaks of Vanessa:

'He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
Her conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.'

It would seem that the Roman classics divided her attention with the Greek:

'You have done well not to speak of Catullus. He is not an author to be read during the holy week, and there is more than one passage in his writings which it is impossible to translate into French. We see plainly enough what love was at Rome about the year 50 before J.C. It was, however, a little better than love at Athens in the time of Pericles. The women were already something. They made men commit follies. Their power has come, not, as is commonly said, from Christianity, but I think through the influence which the barbarians of the North exercised over Roman society. The Germans had exaltation. They loved the soul. The Romans loved little but the body. It is true that for a long time women had no souls. They still have none in the East, and it is a great pity. You know how two souls speak to one another. But yours hardly listens to mine. I am glad you value the verses of Musset, and you are right in comparing him to Catullus. Catullus wrote his native tongue better, and Musset has the fault of not believing in the soul more than Catullus, whom his time excused. . . .

'Would you believe that a Roman could say pretty things, and could be tender? I will show you on Monday some Latin verses, which you will translate yourself, and which fit in like wax *à propos* of our ordinary disputes. You will see that antiquity is better than your Wilhelm Meister.'

He falls ill, and asks her what she would say if he became (in Homeric phrase) the guest of the gloomy Proserpine:

'I should be delighted if you were saddened by it for a fortnight. Do you think this an extravagant pretension? I pass a part of my nights in writing, or in tearing up what I have written the night before, so that I make small progress. What I am doing amuses me, but will it amuse others? I believe that the

ancients were more amusing than we: they had not such mean ends: they were not pre-occupied by a mass of silliness (*niaiserie*) like us. I find that my hero, Julius Cæsar, was guilty of follies (*bêtises*) for Cleopatra at fifty-three, and forgot all for her, so that he was within an ace of drowning himself actually and figuratively. What man of our generation, I mean amongst the statesmen, is not completely case-hardened, completely insensible, at the age (forty) at which he can aspire to be a deputy? I should like to show the difference of that world from ours, but how to set about it?

He must have set about it by a different line of argument and illustration, if he wished to produce conviction. There have been modern Mark Antonys, if not Cæsars, who would have deemed the world well lost for Cleopatra's eyes. Mérimée must have known an eminent French statesman, with a character for austerity, who when long past forty could hardly meet a very celebrated lady in a room without betraying his feelings by a flutter or a flush; and it is clear from Gentz's 'Diary' that the select few who had undertaken the settlement of Europe at the Congress of Vienna, were quite as much occupied with their own love affairs as with the destinies of nations.*

Mérimée tries in vain to pass off his candidature for the Academy with an air of unconcern. He is deeply interested in the result, and submits, with a grimace, to the (to him) especially repugnant ceremonies imposed by it. It is the inexorable rule for the candidate to call on each academician for the personal solicitation of his vote; and some of these compulsory visits have given rise to amusing and characteristic scenes.

When Victor Hugo called on Royer-Colard, he was received with a bow and a stare. 'Je me nomme Victor Hugo.' 'Connoiss pas.' 'L'auteur de Notre Dame de Paris, &c. &c.' 'Je ne les ai jamais lu.' 'Permettez moi de vous en offrir des exemplaires.' 'Je ne lis plus les livres nouveaux.' *Exit* Hugo in a rage. Mérimée had no reason to complain of his reception.

'I find people very polite, quite accustomed to their parts, acting them very seriously.

* Sept. 12, 1814.—Went to Prince Metternich; long conversation with him not (unhappily) on public affairs, but on his and my relations with Madame (the Duchess) de Sagan.'

Sunday Nov. 6.—Went out at ten. Conversations of different kinds with Metternich. Returned at mid-day. Count Clam: long talk with him on his new passion for Dorotheë (Madame de Périgord).'

Friday, 11th.—Visit to the King of Denmark—talked an hour with him. Then Metternich: long conversation, constantly turning more on the confounded women than on business.'

Does it not strike you as ridiculous to say to a man: "Monsieur, I believe myself one of the forty cleverest men of France; I am as good as you," and other drolleries. It is necessary to translate this into polite and varied language, according to the persons.'

He was elected on the 14th March, 1843, and on the 17th he writes:—

'Why do you weep? The forty chairs (*fautouils*) were not worth one little tear, I am worn out, broken-down, demoralised, and completely "out of my wits." Then, *Arsène Guillot* (his novel) makes a palpable *fiasco*, and excites the indignation of all the so-called virtuous people, and particularly the women of fashion who dance the polka and listen to the sermons of the Père Ravignan; they go so far as to say that I act like the monkeys who climb to the top of the trees, and having reached the topmost branch make grimaces at the world. I believe I have lost votes by this (so-called) scandalous story: on the other side, I have gained some.'

Her tears prove the warm interest he had inspired in her, despite her assumed coldness.

'Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.'

There was a crisis towards the end of the year:—

'It is evident that we can no longer meet without quarrelling horribly. We both of us desire the impossible: you—that I should be a statue; I—that you should cease to be one. Every fresh proof of this impossibility (of which at bottom we have never doubted) is cruel for both. For my part, I regret all the pain I have caused you. I give way too often to impulses of absurd anger: as well get angry with ice for being cold.'

He had obtained a high reputation as an archæologist by his 'Notes of Travel' in the South and West of France, which contained the pith of his official Reports, and towards the end of 1843, he was a successful candidate for admission to the Academy of Inscriptions. This second candidature seems to have been more annoying than the first:

'You are wrong to be jealous of Inscriptions. My self-love is to a certain extent engaged, as in a game of chess with a skilful adversary; but I do not believe that the loss or gain will affect me a quarter as much as one of our quarrels. But what a wretched calling is this of solicitor! Did you ever see dogs enter the hole of a badger? When they have any experience, they have an appalling look on entering, and they often come out faster than they went in, for he is a most disagreeable brute to visit, is your badger. I always think of the badger when about to ring the bell of an academician, and, as seen "in the mind's eye," I present an exact likeness of the dog.'

Early in 1843 he formed one of a dinner party, given by an academician to introduce Rachel to Béranger. After dinner Béranger told her that she was wrong to waste her talent in salons, that there was for her only one veritable public, that of the Théâtre Français. She listened with an assenting air, and to show how much she had benefited by the advice, played the first act of 'Esther.'

'Some one was required to give her the *réplique*, and she caused a Racine to be formally presented to me by an academician who was doing the duties of *cicisbeo*. I rudely replied that I knew nothing about verses, and that there were people in the room who, being in that line, would scan them much better. Hugo excused himself on account of his eyes; another for some reason or other. The master of the house devoted himself. Imagine Rachel in black, between a piano and a tea-table, with a door behind her, preparing a theatrical effect! This preparation before our eyes was very amusing and very fine: it lasted about two minutes, then she began—

"Est-ce toi, chère Élise?" . . .

The confidant, in the middle of his reply, lets fall his spectacles and his book: it takes him ten minutes to recover his page and his eyes. The audience see that Esther is getting angry. She resumes. The door behind opens: it is a servant coming in. He is signed to withdraw. He makes a hurried retreat, and cannot manage to shut the door. The said door keeps swinging backwards and forwards, accompanying Rachel with a melodious and very diverting creak. As there seemed no end to this, Mademoiselle placed her hand on her heart and grew faint, but, like a person accustomed to die on the stage, giving time for people to come to the rescue.

'During the interlude, Hugo (Victor) and M. Thiers came to words on the subject of Racine. Hugo said that Racine was *un petit esprit* and Corneille *un grand*. "You say that," replied Thiers, "because you are *un grand esprit*; you are the Corneille—here Hugo looked the picture of modesty—"of an epoch of which Casimir Delavigne is the Racine." You may guess what became of the modesty. However, the faint passes off and the act is finished, but *flascheggiando*. One who knows Mademoiselle well, remarked: "How she must have sworn this evening on going away." The remark set me thinking.'

A still more mortifying mishap once befell Mrs. Siddons in a drawing-room, where she was acting Constance in 'King John.'

'Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it,

Through some untoward accident in suiting the action to the word, instead of sinking gracefully to the ground, she lost her balance, and came to the sitting posture

with a bump that shook the floor and fairly put tragedy to flight.

In November, 1845, he is at Madrid, which he finds changed for the worse since his last visit in 1840. 'The bulls have no longer any heart, and the men are not much better than the bulls.' Writing again from Madrid in October, 1853, he says:—

'No one reads at Madrid. I have asked myself how the women pass their time when they are not making love, and I find no plausible reply. They are all thinking of being empresses. A demoiselle of Granada was at the play when she heard in her box that the Comtesse de Téba was to marry the Emperor. She rose with impetuosity, exclaiming: *En ese pueblo, no hay porvenir* (In this country there is no chance of rising). . . .

The marriage of the Countess de Téba was the turning-point in his life. He was an old and attached friend of her mother, Madame de Montijo, through whom he was named senator, and became an habitual guest of their Imperial Majesties at the Tuileries, Biarritz, Compiègne, and Fontainebleau. Although there is no allusion to the fact in these letters, there is no doubt that he was a valuable assistant to the Emperor in the composition of the 'Vie de César.' The drawback to the advantages of his new position was the estrangement from many old friends: the majority of the French men of letters, and especially the academicians, having proudly held aloof from the dynasty to the last. The consciousness that he was regarded with suspicion and distrust will go far to account for the increasing cynicism with which his letters are seasoned as we proceed. He literally spares nobody. From Madrid again:—

'It is the custom here to offer everything that is praised. The fair friend of the Prime Minister sat next me at dinner the other day. She is *bête comme un choux*, and very fat. She displayed tolerably fine shoulders, on which rested a garland with beads of metal or glass. Not knowing what to say, I praised both shoulders and beads, and she replied: *Todo ese á la disposicion de V.'*

He is almost always in his caustic mood during his visits to England. Admitting that there was something grand and simple in the invention and execution of the Crystal Palace, he terms it perfectly ridiculous as regards art and taste; 'a plaything which costs twenty-five millions, and a cage in which several great churches might waltz.'

'The last days I passed in London (July, 1854) have amused and interested me. I have seen and associated with (*vu et pratiqué*) all the political men. I have attended the debates on the Supplies in the Houses of Lords

and Commons, and all the renowned orators have spoken, but very badly, as I thought. Lastly, I have eaten an excellent dinner. They give excellent dinners at the Crystal Palace, and I recommend them to you—you who are *gourmande*. I have brought from London a pair of garters, which come, I am assured, from Borrin (of Paris). I do not know with what Englishwomen keep up their stockings, nor how they procure this indispensable article, but I believe it to be a very difficult affair, and very trying to their virtue. *The shopman who gave me these garters blushed up to the eyes.*

Mérimée has here fairly outdone the German traveller who, describing the Boyle Farm fête, stated that only the wings of the chicken were placed upon the refreshment-tables, because the English ladies could not bear to hear of the leg or *cuisse*. The fact is, Mérimée saw and knew little of English society. He did not lay himself out for it. His manners were reserved, and his name was not one of those which create a sensation in a *salon*. But he had good introductions, and was taken to a few of the best houses by his friends; who will hardly be pleased at the use he made of his opportunities:—

‘Edinburgh, Douglas Hotel,
26 Juillet 1856.

‘I am going with a Scotchman* to see his chateau, but I cannot tell you where we shall stop on the route, which he promises me with abundance of castles, ruins, landscape, &c. I have passed three days at the Duke of Hamilton’s in an immense chateau and a very fine country. . . . All over this chateau are pictures by great masters, magnificent Greek and Chinese vases, and books with bindings of the greatest amateurs of the last century. All this is arranged without taste, and one sees that the proprietor derives small enjoyment from it.’

‘I now understand why the French are so much in request in foreign countries. They take pains to be amused, and, in doing so, amuse others. I found myself the most amusing of the very numerous society where we were, and I had at the same time the consciousness of hardly being so.’

We never heard before that the French are or were so much in request. A cultivated and agreeable Frenchman, like any other cultivated and agreeable foreigner, would be in high request; but unless he spoke English fluently (which is rarely the case with Frenchmen), there are very few English country houses in which, except from motives of politeness, he would be pressed to prolong his stay. Mérimée could be a most pleasing companion when he thought fit;

* The Right Hon. Edward Ellice: printed twice over ‘Ellné.’

and he does himself great injustice in supposing that he owed his English welcome to an all-pervading sense of wearisomeness or vacuity:—

‘London, 20th July, 1856.

‘I have found people here so amiable, so pressing, so overwhelming, that they are evidently much bored. Yesterday I saw two of my former beauties; the one has become asthmatic, and the other methodist: then I made the acquaintance of eight or ten poets, who struck me as a little more ridiculous even than ours.’

Speaking of Edinburgh, he says:—

‘The accent of all the natives is odious to me. The women are in general very ugly. The country demands short petticoats, and they conform to the fashion, and to the exigencies of the climate, by holding up their gowns, with both hands, a foot from their petticoats, showing sinewy legs and half-boots of rhinoceros leather, with feet to match. I am shocked at the proportion of red-haired women whom I meet. The site is charming, and the weather has been warm and clear for two days.’

In a letter dated from a country house, near Glasgow, August 3, 1856, after bearing testimony to the hospitality with which he is everywhere received, he says:—

‘I am contracting bad tastes. Arriving here the guest of poor people who have hardly more than thirty thousand pounds a year, I thought myself neglected on finding that they gave me a dinner without wind instruments and a piper in grand costume.*

‘I passed three days at the Marquis of Breadalbane’s, in driving about in a carriage in his park. There are about two thousand deer, besides eight or ten thousand others in his forests not adjacent to the chateau. There are also, for singularity’s sake, at which every one aims here, a herd of American bison, very fierce, which were inclosed in a peninsula, and one goes to see through the clefts of their palisades.† *All the world there, marquis and bison, had the air of being bored.* I believe that their pleasure (bison included?) consists in making people envious, and I doubt whether this makes up for the flurry they are in to be hotel-keepers to gentle and simple.

* At Taymouth Castle, in the time of the late Marquis of Breadalbane, a piper, placed behind a recess, played during the first course, and a complete band of wind instruments during the second; the programme of the music being placed by the side of each plate with the *menu*. A Frenchwoman who heard the bagpipe for the first time at Taymouth, turned to her neighbour with a cry: ‘*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, est-ce que cela s’appelle musique?*’ The domain of Taymouth is so large that it would require seven-league boots to walk over it in three days.

† There were three or four in an inclosure bounded on one side by a river.

Among all this luxury, I observe from time to time little instances of stinginess which amuse me.'

We should not have thought it possible for even a cynical Frenchman to carry away such an impression from Taymouth Castle in 1856. There could hardly be more magnificent hospitality, or a grand seigneur more free from pretension, assumption, or the littleness of wishing to excite envy, than the host. He had a keen sense of humour, with a blunt rough way of giving expression to it, not much unlike Lord Melbourne's; and the frequency of his hearty laugh was alone enough to refute the notion of his being an habitual sufferer from *ennui*.

That Mérimée should see little beauty in Highland scenery might have been anticipated from a principle of æsthetics incidentally laid down in a letter from Paris in 1843:—

'What did you think of the fireworks? I was at an ambassador's who has a fine garden, from which we had a good view. The bouquet was fine. It must be very superior to a volcano; for art is always much finer (*plus beau*) than nature.'

The man who thinks a bouquet of fireworks superior to an eruption of *Ætna* or *Vesuvius* might, with equal plausibility, maintain that the *Grandes Eaux* of Versailles are finer than the falls of Niagara.

Turning back a little, we find him recording a rather remarkable dinner in May, 1850:—

'I dined yesterday' with a bishop and a dean, who have made me more and more socialist. The bishop is of what the Germans call the rationalist school: he does not even believe what he preaches, and, on the strength of his black silk apron, pockets his five or six thousand a year, and passes his time reading Greek.'

Salisbury Cathedral is more than lost upon him:—

'Salisbury, Saturday, 15th June, 1860.

'I begin to have enough of this country. I am tired to death of the Perpendicular architecture and the manners, equally perpendicular, of the natives. I have passed two days at Cambridge and Oxford with the reverends, and, all things considered, I prefer the capucins. A Fellow had the *insolence* to ask me to dinner. There was a fish, four inches long, in a great silver dish, with a lamb cutlet in another. All this served in magnificent style, with potatoes in a dish of sculptured wood. But never was I so hungry. This is the result of the hypocrisy of these people. They like showing foreigners that they are abstinent (*sobres*), and, eating luncheon, they do not dine.

'I have just committed a blunder. I gave

half-a-crown to a man in black who showed me over the cathedral, and then I asked him the address of a gentleman for whom I had a letter from the Dean. It turned out that the letter was addressed to himself. He looked foolish, and so did I: *but he kept the money.*'

The man was obviously the beadle or verger to whom the letter was addressed, with directions to show the foreign gentleman over the cathedral.

Although he always speaks well of the Emperor and Empress, he is no sooner settled in an Imperial residence than he wishes to get away. In November, 1858—

'We shall be detained another day at Compiègne. Instead of Thursday it is Friday that we return, on account of a comedy of Octave Feuillot that is to be acted on Thursday. I hope this will be the last delay. I am, moreover, ill. One cannot sleep in this place. One passes the time in freezing or roasting, and this has given me an irritation of the chest, which exhausts me. But it is impossible to imagine a more amiable host or a more gracious hostess. Most of the guests took their departure yesterday, and we are left *en petite comité*, that is to say, we are but thirty or forty at table.'

Besides giving his Imperial host the aid of his classic lore, his varied talents, especially as a writer of fiction, were frequently laid under contribution for the amusement of the company.

'We have here (Compiègne) Mademoiselle —, a fine sprig of a girl, five feet six high, with all the pretty manner of a grisette, and a mixture of ease and unaffected timidity, sometimes very amusing. Fears were entertained lest the second part of a charade should not correspond with the beginning (a beginning of which I was the author). "It will go off very well," said she: "we shall show our legs in the ballet, and that will make up for all."—N.B., her legs are like two flageolets, and her feet are far from aristocratic.'

More than one of his short novels arose out of discussions in the Imperial circle, and was read over to them by way of testing its probable success with the public.

'Being at Biarritz (in 1866), a discussion one day arose as to the difficult situations in which one might be placed, as, for example, Rodrigo (in the *Cid*), between his papa and Chimène, or Mademoiselle Camille between her brother and her Curatius. The same night, having drunk some over-strong tea, I wrote fifteen pages on a situation of this kind. The thing is perfectly moral *au fond*, but there are details which might be disapproved by Monseigneur Dupanloup. There is also a necessary begging of principle from the commencement of the narrative: two persons of different sexes go together to an hotel;

this was never seen, but this was necessary to me; and, in their vicinity, something very strange occurs. It is not, I think, the worst thing I ever wrote, although it was written very hastily. I read it to the lady of the house (the Empress). There was then at Biarritz the Grand-Duchess Marie, the daughter of Nicholas, to whom I had been presented some years since. We have renewed our acquaintance. Shortly after my reading, I received a visit from a policeman, professing to be sent by the Grand-Duchess. "What do you want?" "I come on the part of her Imperial Highness to beg you to wait on her this evening with your romance." "What romance?" "That which you read the other evening to the Empress."

"I replied that I had the honour to be the jester of Her Majesty, and that I could not work abroad without her leave; and I hurried to tell her what had passed. I expected that the least result would be a war with Russia, and I was not a little mortified that not only was I authorised but entreated to wait on the Grand-Duchess, to whom the policeman had been assigned as factotum. However, to comfort myself, I wrote the Duchess a letter in a sufficiently becoming tone, and announced my visit. I was on my way to carry my letter to her hotel: the wind was high, and in a little side street I met a woman who was in danger of being blown into the sea by her petticoats (the wind having got under them), and who was in the greatest embarrassment, blinded and confused by the noise of the crinoline and the consequences. I ran to her assistance; I had much difficulty in aiding her effectually, and then only did I recognise the Grand-Duchess. The wind spared her some little epigrams. Besides, she played the good princess with me, and gave me excellent tea and cigarettes, for, like almost all the Russian ladies, she smokes."

The romance he read to these august ladies, was 'La Chambre Bleue,' afterwards published in a Review, and included in his 'Dernières Nouvelles.' A young couple, just arrived from Paris, occupy the apartment of honour, called La Chambre Bleue, in an hotel. In the next room, separated only by a wooden partition with folding doors, is an Englishman, their fellow-traveller on the railway, who had been exhibiting a roll of bank-notes and had quarrelled in their hearing with an ill-looking nephew, after threatening to cut him off with a shilling. The Englishman calls for a bottle of port. 'I told him we had none,' says the maid. 'You are a fool,' says the landlord. 'We have every sort of wine. I will soon find some port for him! Bring me the bottle of ratafia, a bottle of fifteen sous wine, and a carafe of brandy.' This composition was so successful, that the last articulate sound heard in the hotel before the couple retired to rest, was the Englishman

exclaiming: 'Waiter, bring me another bottle of the same port.'

'The night-candle burning on the chimney-piece in the blue chamber was more than half-consumed, when, in the apartment of the Englishman hitherto silent, a strange sound was heard, such as a heavy body might produce in falling. To this noise was added a sort of crack no less strange, followed by a stifled cry and some indistinct words, resembling an imprecation. The two young occupants of the blue chamber started. They had probably been suddenly awakened. This noise, for which they were unable to account, had made a sinister impression on both.'

"It is our Englishman dreaming," said Léon, with a forced smile.

'Two or three minutes afterwards a door was opened in the corridor, cautiously as it seemed: then it was shut very gently. They heard slow and unsteady steps, which, according to all appearance, sought to escape notice.'

"Confounded inn!" exclaimed Léon. "Ah, it is a paradise," replied the young woman, letting her head drop on Léon's shoulder: "I am so sleepy," she sighed, and fell asleep again immediately. Not so Léon, who could not help thinking of the uncle with the bank-notes, the nephew coveting them, and that death-sounding blow, like the blow of a club on a bald skull, that stifled cry, that frightful oath, and the muffled steps afterwards. That nephew had the look of the assassin.'

'While these things were passing through his mind, Léon had his eyes mechanically fixed on the door of communication between the blue room and the Englishman's. There was an intervening space of half-an-inch between the door and the floor. All at once, in this space, appeared something like a dark shining line, moving slowly in the direction of a little blue satin slipper, thrown carelessly near this door. Was it some insect like a centipede? No, it is not an insect. It has no determinate form. Two or three similar lines have penetrated into the room, with an accelerated movement owing to the slope of the floor. They advance rapidly; they come in contact with the little slipper. No more room for doubt! It is a liquid, and this liquid—the colour was now distinctly visible by the light of the candle—it was blood.'

What was Léon to do under these circumstances? His obvious duty was to rush to the aid of the Englishman, who might be yet living, or, at all events, to ring the bell and call up the people of the hotel.

'To this I reply, first, that in French hotels the bell-handles are there for the sake of ornament, and the ropes are not in correspondence with any metallic apparatus. I will add firmly, but respectfully, that if it be wrong to let an Englishman die close to you, it is not praiseworthy to sacrifice to him a

woman who is sleeping with her head upon your shoulder. What would have happened if Léon had given the alarm? The gendarmes, the procureur-impérial and his clerk, would have arrived forthwith. Before asking what he had seen or heard, these gentlemen are by profession so curious that they would have begun by saying to him: "What is your name? Your papers? And the lady? How came you to be together in the blue-room? You will have to appear to the assizes to say that on such a day of the month, or such an hour of the night, you were witnesses of such a fact," &c. &c.'

What appeared to him the most prudent, if the most selfish, course under the circumstances, was to lie still till daybreak, then frankly explain to his fair friend the compromising nature of their position, and leave for Paris by the first train before the discovery of the catastrophe. It has been guessed long since by the practised novel reader. The couple are hurrying away without their breakfast, when the chambermaid is heard calling to the waiter: 'Make haste with the hot-water for milord's tea. And bring a sponge; he has broken the bottle, and his whole room is flooded with his port.'

Several of the letters relate to the conception, progress and completion of another romance, originating much in the same manner and similarly composed as an experiment. On the 5th of August, 1869, he writes:

'At Saint-Cloud, I have read *Lokys** before a very select audience, comprising several demoiselles, who have seen no wrong so far as I could discover. This has encouraged me to make a present of it to the *Revue*, since it causes no scandal.'

Either *dame* or *demoiselle* must be gifted with a very lively imagination to be scandalised by this story in the polished and corrected shape in which it eventually appeared in print. The story is supposed to be told by a *savant*, to whom the doctor, in attendance on an insane Lithuanian lady of rank, relates the cause of her insanity:—

'She has been insane for more than twenty-seven years, having gone mad from fear. Two or three days after her marriage with the deceased count, the father of our host, she goes with him to the *chasse*. She remains behind or outstrips the sportsmen—I do not know which. Never mind! all of a sudden the countess's little Cossack, a boy of fourteen, gallops up to the count. "Master, a bear is carrying off my mistress." "Where?" "This way." They all hurry to the place indicated: no countess. On one side her strangled horse: on the other her pelisse in shreds. They search, they beat the cover in all direc-

tions. At last, a sportsman exclaims: "There is the bear!" In fact, the bear was seen traversing a glade, still dragging the countess, no doubt to devour her at his leisure in his den, for these animals are epicures in their way. They like, like the monks, to dine quietly. Having been married but two days, the count was very chivalrous: he wanted to throw himself on the bear, hunting-knife in hand, but, my dear sir, a Lithuanian bear does not let his throat be cut like a deer. Fortunately, the gun-bearer of the count, an idle vagabond, too drunk that day to distinguish a rabbit from a stag, fires his rifle a hundred paces off, without caring whether he hit the beast or the woman.

'And he killed the bear?'

'Dead upon the spot. It is only drunkards who make such shots as that. The countess was badly scratched, without consciousness, as you may suppose, and with a leg broken. She comes to herself; but her reason was gone. She is taken to St. Petersburg. Grand consultation: four doctors covered with orders. They declare: "The countess is with child; it is probable that her delivery will bring about a favourable crisis." Nine months afterwards, the countess is brought to bed of a well-formed boy: but the favourable crisis? Nothing of the kind. The count shows her her son. That never fails in romances. "Kill him! kill the monster!" was her exclamation: it was as much as they could do to prevent her from twisting his neck. From that time to this, alternations of stupid and raving insanity.'

The young count, when we are introduced to him, is a handsome and highly accomplished man of twenty-six, but he has odd, eccentric habits, and no dog or horse sees him for the first time without showing symptoms of fear. He has also a curious hunting adventure, which ends very differently from his mother's. This also is related by the doctor:—

'"Not a year ago he found himself exactly in the same position, and, thanks to his *sang-froid*, had a wonderful escape." "From the claws of a bear?" "Of a she bear, and the largest that had been seen a long time. The count attacked her spear in hand. But, with a back-hand blow of her paw, she turned aside the spear, then seized the count and threw him on the ground as easily as I could upset this bottle. He cunningly pretended to be dead. The bear smelt him all over, and instead of tearing him to pieces licked his face. He had the presence of mind not to stir, and she went her way. The bear believed him to be dead. Indeed, I have heard say that these animals never eat dead bodies. We must believe it, and abstain from trying the experiment in our own persons."'

We pass over the details to arrive at the *dénouement*. The count is about to be married to a beautiful girl, whom, according to the custom of the country, he brings on the

* The Lithuanian word for 'bear.'

day fixed for the ceremony from her own house to his chateau, where a distinguished company are assembled. As the carriage and four dashes up to the door the horses take fright; the bride utters a cry; when the bridegroom, who has sprung out, seizes her in his arms, and carries her up the steps. All of a sudden a woman, of tall stature, pale, worn, her dress in disorder, her hair dishevelled, and all her features contracted by fear, appeared at the top of the steps, without anyone knowing where she came from. 'The bear,' she cried, in the most piercing tones, 'the bear! Bring guns. He is carrying off a woman. Kill him. Fire! fire!' It was the countess, who had escaped in the confusion from the persons who had charge of her.

'It was a very painful scene. It was necessary to take her away despite her cries and her resistance. Many of the guests were not aware of her malady. Explanations were required. They conversed for some time in whispers. Every face was saddened. "Bad omen," said the superstitious; and they are very numerous in Lithuania.'

They gradually recovered their spirits; the wedding banquet was in the first style of Lithuanian hospitality; and the relator was one of the very few who went sober to bed, and fell asleep. He awoke as the castle clock was striking three, and was looking about for his matchbox, when an opaque body, very large, passes before his window, and falls with a dead thump into the garden. His first impression was that it was a man, a drunkard who had fallen from an upper window. He opened his own and looked out, but saw nothing. On his coming down rather late next morning to the *salon*, he found that neither the count nor countess had appeared. The assembled guests, who began by making jokes on their laziness, at length became seriously alarmed. The *valet de chambre* of the count had knocked several times at the door of his room without any notice being taken.

'We consulted together. Madame Dowghello (the bride's aunt), the doctor and myself. The alarm of the valet had proved catching. We all three went up with him. Before the door we found the *femme de chambre* of the young countess in a fright, vowing that some misfortune must have happened, for the window of madame was wide open. I remembered with alarm this heavy body falling before my window. We knocked loudly. No reply. At last, the valet brought a bar of iron, and we broke open the door. No! I have not the courage to describe the spectacle that met our view. The young countess was stretched dead upon the bed, the face horribly lacerated, the throat open, inundated with

blood. The count had disappeared, and no one has since heard of him.

'The doctor examined the horrible wound of the young woman.

"It is not a steel blade," he exclaimed, "that has made this wound. It is a bite!"'

It should be remembered that the charm of Mérimée's stories consists in the style, the idiomatic language, the latent humour, the playful fancy, and the fine, hardly perceptible, touches of irony interspersed. It is therefore quite impossible to do justice to them in abridgment or translation.

On the 24th October, 1860, he writes from Paris:—

'I went to St. Cloud yesterday, where I dined almost tête-à-tête with the Emperor, the Empress, and "Monsieur fils," as they say at Lyon: all in excellent health and good humour. I talked a long time with the Emperor, especially on ancient history and Cæsar. He astonishes me by the ease with which he comprehends things of erudition, for which he has recently enough contracted the taste.'

'The Empress told me some curious anecdotes of her journey to Corsica. The bishop spoke to her of a bandit named Bosio, whose story has the air of having been copied from *Colomba*. He is a thoroughly honest youth, whom the counsels of a woman have driven to commit two or three little murders. He is pursued for several months, but uselessly. Women and children suspected of carrying him food are thrown into prison, but impossible to lay hands on him. *No one knows where he is*. Her Majesty, who has read the romance you wot of, felt interested in this man, and said she should be very glad if he could be induced to leave the island and go to Africa or elsewhere, where he might become a good soldier and an honest man. "Ah, Madame," said the bishop, "will you allow me to tell him this?" "How, Monseigneur, you know where he is?"

'Rule general: the veriest rogue in Corsica is always related to the honestest man. What greatly surprised them is that they (the Imperial party) were asked a prodigious number of *grâces* but not a sou: so that the Empress returned full of enthusiasm.'

In his charming novel, '*Colomba*,' much of the plot turns on the secret understanding that is kept up between the bandits and their hereditary chief.

'The meeting at Warsaw (he continues) is a failure. The Emperor of Austria invited himself, and was received with the politeness observed towards the indiscreet. Nothing serious was done there. The pretension of the Emperor of Austria was to establish that if Austria had the incubus of Hungary, Russia had Poland, to which Gortschakoff replied: "You have eleven millions of Hungarians, and

* '*La Vie de Jules César*' was published in 1865.

you are three millions of Germans. We are forty millions of Russians, and have no need of help to keep six millions of Poles in order.' Consequently no mutual assurance.'

He rarely comes in contact with a celebrity, especially an academician, without a sneer. Writing from Cannes:—

'I have been in the company and the vicinity of M. Cousin, who has come to cure himself of a complaint in the eyes, and who talks like a one-eyed magpie, eats like an ogre, and is surprised at not getting well under this beautiful sky which he sees for the first time. He is, moreover, very amusing; for he has the quality of talking his best for all the world. I believe that when he is alone with his servant he talks with him as with the most coquettish Orleanist or Legitimist duchess. The Cannites *pur sang* do not know what to make of him, and you may fancy how they look upon being told that this man who talks on every subject, and talks well on every subject, has translated Plato and is the lover of Madame de Longueville. His only defect is not knowing when to stop talking.'

Almost the only man of mark who passes through the ordeal unscathed is Prince Bismarck, whom he met (October, 1865) at Biarritz:—

'Another personage, M. de Bismarck, has pleased me more. He is a tall German, very polite, who is far from *naïf*. He has an air absolutely devoid of *Gemüth* but full of *esprit*. He has made a conquest of me. He has brought with him a wife with the largest feet in Germany, and a daughter who walks in the footsteps of the mother.'

From Cannes, 16th December, 1867:

What shall I say to you of the policy of M. Olivier and *tutti quanti*. In vain do they turn their phrases very elegantly, and affirm that they are profoundly convinced. They seem to me second-rate actors, who play the first parts in a manner that can deceive nobody. We are daily growing less and less. The only real great man is M. de Bismarck.

'Apropos, might it be true that he spent some of his secret service money (in Paris)? I hold the purchase of the journals to be highly probable. But, as M. de Bismarck will not send his receipts to M. de Kervegnan, I suppose these gentlemen will come off with honour.'

It did not require his confirmed habit of turning the worst side outwards to discern symptoms of national degeneracy and decline in June, 1869; when he writes from Paris:

'I feel sure that we are about to have, in words and actions, enormities for which there will not be roasted apples enough. Alas! things may end in harder projectiles. What a misfortune that the modern mind is so flat

(plat)! Do you believe that it was ever so much so? Doubtless, there have been ages when people were more ignorant, more barbarous, more absurd; but there were here and there some great geniuses to compensate; while now-a-days, it strikes me, there is a very low level of all intellects.'

November 11, 1869, from Cannes:—

'I breakfasted yesterday at Nice with M. Thiers, who is greatly changed physically since the death of Madame Dosne, and not at all morally, so far as I saw. . . . In politics I found him still more changed: he has become reasonable, at seeing this immense madness that has taken possession of this country, and he is preparing to combat it, as he did in 1849. I fear he deceives himself a little as to his strength. It is much easier to burst the bags of Æolus than to mend them and make them air-tight.

'It seems probable that we are coming to a fight: the *chassepot* is all powerful, and can give the populace of Paris an historic lesson, as General Changarnier remarked; but will it be used *à propos*? Personal government has become impossible, and parliamentary government, without good faith, without honesty, and without men of capacity, appears to me not less impossible. In a word, the future, and I might say the present, are to my thinking as gloomy as they well can be.'

In January 1870 he writes from Cannes that, worse than having no appetite, he has a horror of every kind of nutriment; that he cannot read, nor at times discern what is before his eyes: 'Such, dear friend, is the situation in which I find myself. I feel certain that it is a slow and very painful death which is approaching. I must make up my mind to it.' His mode of life, on his return to Cannes in the following autumn with the intention of wintering there as usual, is described by M. Taine. His main, almost exclusive, object, was necessarily his health. The practice of archery had been prescribed to him as an exercise, and he was fond of sketching. Daily, therefore, when the weather permitted, he might be seen walking silently toward some preappointed ground, in company with two elderly Englishwomen, one of whom carried his drawing-box, and the other his bow and arrows.* By way of varying the programme he sometimes made an expedition to a cottage, half a league off, to feed a cat, or amused himself with catch-

* 'Towards the end of his life, there were found with him two elderly English ladies to whom he spoke little, and for whom he did not appear to care much; one of my friends saw him with tears in his eyes because one of them was ill' (Taine). They were friends of his mother, who endeavoured to supply her place by looking after his domestic arrangements. She did not die till he was near fifty.

ing flies for a pet lizard. 'When the railway brought him a friend, he lighted up, and his conversation became charming. But happiness was wanting; he saw the future in black, pretty nearly as we have it at this day; before closing his eyes, he had the pain of witnessing the complete downfall, and he died on the 23d September, 1870.' The last of the letters is dated the day of his death:—

'Dear friend, I am very ill; so ill, that writing is a trying affair. There is a little amendment. I will write to you soon, I hope, more in detail. Send to my apartment at Paris for the "Lettres de Madame de Sévigné," and a "Shakspere." I ought to have sent them to you before starting. *Adieu, je vous embrasse.*'

Two hours after writing these words, he was a corpse. Dying in the very crisis of a nation's destiny, he passed away unhonoured because unobserved;* and one good at least will result from the publication of these Letters: they will lead to a retrospective review of his literary productions, and a calm estimate of their merits and demerits, which can hardly fail to be favourable to his memory upon the whole. The bare recapitulation will surprise those who have been wont to look upon him more in the light of a literary amateur, like Walpole, than a working man of letters.

Although a member of the French Bar, he never practised as an advocate, and his 'Théâtre de Clara Gazul, Comédienne Espagnole,' was published in 1825, when (born in Paris, September 28, 1803) he was barely twenty-two. This is a collection of dramatic pieces, purporting to be translated from the Spanish of a Spanish actress, by a Frenchman named Lestrangé, who had been intimately acquainted with her and seen her in all her best parts. Both actress and translator were imaginary. To complete the deception, M. Delescluze produced a portrait (afterwards lithographed) of Clara, 'from the life,' which, in one sense, it was; being in fact, a portrait of Mérimée, with the features a little softened; in the costume of a Spanish woman. The success was so complete that a Spaniard (ashamed, probably, to confess his ignorance of so celebrated a countrywoman) on being asked his opinion of the translation, replied that, although very good, it hardly did justice to the original.

* The 'Discours' of the successor to his *fauteuil* in the Academy, M. Loménie, was delivered on the 8th instant, after this article was in type. Although abounding in curious and valuable matter, it is completely silent on the subject of the 'Inconnue.'

In 'La Guzla,'* published in 1827, a similar system of mystification is pursued. This was an alleged translation of the songs or popular poetry of an Illyrian bard, named Hyacinth Maglanowich, whose biography is given by the translator, an Italian refugee. The most learned linguists, French and German, were completely taken in; an Ossianic controversy arose as to the existence and authenticity of the alleged originals; and the first to penetrate the mystery was Goethe, who said he was put upon the right track by observing that *Guzla* is the anagram of *Gazul*. On throwing off the disguise, Mérimée writes: 'What diminishes the merit of Goethe in divining the author of "La Guzla" is; that I sent him a copy, with signature and flourish (*paraphe*), by a Russian who was passing through Weimar. He has given himself the honour of the discovery to appear more mischievous.'

'La Jacquerie' appeared in 1828; 'La Chronique du Règne de Charles IX.' in 1829; 'Notes d'un Voyage dans le Midi de la France' in 1835; 'Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Onest de la France' in 1837; 'Études sur l'Histoire Romaine' in 1844; 'Histoire de Pierre I., Roi de Castille' in 1848; 'Le Faux Demetrius' in 1853. His minor works and novels are spread over the whole of his literary life, and, many having appeared piecemeal in reviews, it would be difficult to fix the precise dates. His 'Notes et Souvenirs sur Beyle' originally appeared as an introduction to Beyle's 'Correspondance Inédite,' in 1856. His historical works have never been popular, and the reason is plain. Instead of studying artistic effects, he avoided them. There is no glowing or flowing narrative, no dramatic grouping, no seasoning of romance, no suppression or exaggeration of facts, no rhetorical effusions, no undue colouring of character, nothing that will remind the reader of Thiers or Lamartine, Macaulay or Carlyle.

'By dint of insisting on certainty,' says M. Taine, 'he dried up knowledge, and kept of the plant only the wood without the flowers. There is no other mode of accounting for the coldness of his historical essays, "Don Pedro," "The Cossacks," "The False Demetrius," "The Servile War," "The Catiline Conspiracy,"—complete, solid studies, well supported by authorities, well developed; but the personages of which are lifeless: probably because he did not choose to make them live. . . . He might easily have done so; but it was contrary to his system to set them visibly before us: admitting in history only proved details, refusing to give us his own guesses for authentic facts, critical to the detriment of his work,

* The name of an Illyrian lyre or harp.

rigorous to the point of retrenching the best part of himself, and putting an interdict on his imagination.'

The facility with which he had mystified the critics had confirmed him in a mistaken estimate of art. 'About the year 1827,' he writes, 'I was a romanticist. We told the classicists, "Point de salut sans la couleur locale." We understood by *couleur locale* what in the seventeenth century was called *les mœurs*, but we were very proud of our word, and we fancied we had invented both the word and the thing. But the process was so simple, so easy, that I came to doubt of the merit of the *couleur locale* itself, and I forgave Racine for having civilised (*police*) the savage heroes of Sophocles and Euripides.'

If we may trust the author, the receipt for the local colour in 'La Guzla,' was this: 'Procure a statistical work on Illyria, with the "Travels of the Abbé Fortis," and learn five or six words of Slavonic.' This is a palpable exaggeration as regards 'Guzla,' and pure affectation so far as his best works of fiction are concerned. In 'Carmen,' for example, of which the scene is laid in Spain, the local colour is so complete that the best scenes read like extracts from 'Don Quixote,' or 'Gil Blas.' In 'Colomba,' again, the Corsican manners, habits, and modes of thinking are depicted to the life. He had paid frequent visits to the countries in which his plots are laid; mixed with the people, and conversed with them in their own language, including (if necessary) their *patois*. One of the places in which he was most at home was a Spanish hostelry, with Andalusian muleteers and peasants. He spoke 'Calo' with a facility that astonished the Spanish gypsies;—and Carmen was a Spanish gypsy. He must also have been perfectly at home in Russian to enable him to write 'La Faux Demetrius,' in which free use is made of popular legends and traditions.

The true Demetrius was the Tsarevitch supposed to have been murdered in 1591, in his tenth or eleventh year, at the instigation of Boris, a sort of mayor of the palace, who soon afterwards usurped the imperial throne, and was firmly seated on it when, about 1603, a claimant started up. This was a young man of twenty-two, who told a plausible story of his escape from the assassins, and produced, in default of witnesses, a seal bearing the arms and the name of the Tsarevitch, and a golden cross ornamented with precious stones, which he pretended to have received, according to usage, from his godfather, Prince Ivan Mstislowski, on the day of his baptism. He was red-haired, with blue eyes, a broad face, large nose, thick

lips, and low in stature. The mother of the true Demetrius was very dark, and his father, the Tsar Fedor, tall and handsome. Yet, somehow, people managed to discover a strong resemblance to both. We give, as a specimen of Mérimée's strict adherence to details, what he deems the best accredited version of the first appearance of this personage upon the stage:—

'One day, at Bralin (in Lithuania), Prince Adam Wisniowiecki being in his bath, a young valet de chambre, who had been some time in his service, forgot to bring him something he had called for. Irritated at this want of attention, the Prince gave him a box on the ear, and called him a son of ——. The young man, much moved, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: "Ah, Prince Adam, if you knew who I am, you would not treat me in this manner. But never mind, I must endure everything since I myself have taken the place of a domestic." "And who are you then, and where do you come from?" "I am the Tsarevitch Demetrius, son of Ivan Vassilievitch."

'Then he narrated the story of his miraculous escape, and showed his baptismal cross. The Prince, at his wits' end, believed all this modest and good-looking young man told him. He began by begging pardon for the box on the ear and the injurious epithet he had applied. Then begging the youth to remain in the bath-room, the Prince hurried to his wife and ordered her to prepare a magnificent repast; since that very evening the Tsar of Muscovy was to be their guest. While the Princess knows not what to make of this sudden journey of the Tsar, her husband orders six of his finest saddle horses, dapple greys, to be caparisoned, and has each led by a skilful groom habited with all possible magnificence. A traveling carriage is then got ready and amply supplied with cushions and rich carpets.* Then the Prince enters the bath-room followed by twelve servants carrying kaftans of brocade, pelisses of sable, and arms incrustated with gold. He respectfully assists his ex-valet to put on the richest dress, and places horses, carriage, &c. &c., at his disposal. "Let your Majesty deign to accept this trifle: all I have is at your service."

'All the ordinary forms of the Slavonic legend will be found in this recital. It forgets nothing, neither the housings of the horses, nor the colour of the stuffs, nor the price of the furs. It repeats in the Homeric manner the dialogue of its heroes. But why, under these details embellished by an Oriental imagination, might there not be a genuine historical tradition?'

Introduced under such auspices, the claimant was everywhere received with acclamations; he is proclaimed Tsar; and then, to

* 'There were then no seats in the carriages. The persons using them sat on cushions, and covered their legs with rich Persian carpets; as still or recently in Turkey.'

put the copestone to popular credulity, an interview is arranged for a formal recognition by the mother, whom he was to see for the first time since his resurrection :—

'A rich tent had been erected near the village of Totrnisk : it was there that Demetrius received the widow of Ivan : they remained in it for some instants hidden from all eyes : what they said to each other was known to none :* then they came out of the tent and fell into each other's arms with all the marks of the most lively tenderness. At this spectacle, the acclamations of the multitude rang out on all sides : all doubt had disappeared in the general sympathy, so easy and so catching for the masses. The respect of the son, the emotion of the mother, drew tears from the assembled crowds : not a person could have been found in it who was not ready to swear that the Tsar was verily the son of the widow of Ivan. . . . She had revenues and an establishment befitting the mother of a sovereign assigned to her. He visited her daily, and always with demonstrations of the most profound respect and the most sincere affection. The incredulous were reduced to silence. Who would have dared to deny the evidence of the religious Tsarine ? A few days afterwards, Demetrius was crowned with great pomp in the cathedral, and with the ceremonial already consecrated by Fedor and Boris.'

The career of the false Demetrius was cut short precisely as that of the true Demetrius might have been—by assassination ; and immediately a fresh one sprang up, to announce that he had never been assassinated at all. He, too, though a bad copy—with different features, coarse manners, and gross ignorance—was recognized by the flower of the Lithuanian and Polish nobility, with the identical Prince Adam, the patron of the original claimant, at their head.

To the same fastidiousness which (except, perhaps, in 'The False Demetrius') led Mérimée to strip history of everything melodramatic or meretricious, may be traced his practice of pruning and polishing his novels, especially the shorter ones, till they might be compared to rare gems in choice settings, or to cabinet pictures by Meissonnier or Gerome. Moreover, we agree, with M. Taine, that if they do not always point a moral, they are eminently suggestive, and afford ample food for speculators who like to 'expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man.' It is hardly going too far to say, that 'the hundred pages of "Carmen" are worth more than many dissertations on the primitive and savage instinct ; that the tale of "Arsène Guillot" contains the pith of many vol-

umes on popular religion and on the true feelings of courtesans ; that there is no severer sermon against the errors of credulity, or of the imagination, than "La Double Méprise" and "Le Vase Étrusque" ; that the "Partie de Trictrac" may be reperused in the year 2000 to learn what a single departure from honour may cost.'

A few kind actions go far to redeem an infinity of unkind and cynical words ; and not a few kind actions of Mérimée's are remembered by his friends. Those who knew him best believed him when he wrote : 'It rarely happens to me to sacrifice others to myself, and when this does happen, the utmost possible remorse is the result.' He gave signal proof of both courage and generosity when he came forward as the defender of Libri in 1852. In support of the theory that an affectionate disposition lay hidden under his cold, calm demeanour, they may confidently point to his thirty years' warm, unbroken, confiding attachment to his 'Inconnue.' All things considered, therefore, we are content to accept and conclude with M. Taine's summary of his character : 'It will be found, I think, that, born with a thoroughly good heart, endowed with a superior mind, having led an honourable life, worked hard, and produced some first-rate works, he has, notwithstanding, not drawn from himself all the service he might have rendered, nor attained to all the happiness to which he might have aspired. Through fear of being a dupe, he distrusted himself in life, in love, in science, in art ; and he was the dupe of his distrust. We are always the dupe of something, and perhaps it is best to resign ourselves from the first to being so.'

ART. IX.—1. *The Songs of the Russian People, as illustrative of Slavonic Mythology and Russian Social Life.* By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., of the British Museum ; Author of 'Krilof and his Fables.' London, 1872.

2. *Russian Folk-Tales.* By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A. London, 1873.

LIKE its proverbs or its fables, surviving in the lower strata the obliterating influences of civilisation, the songs and folk-tales of a people throw curious light on its history and origin. And if, in those of Russia, this light is dim and uncertain through a long and unaccountable lack of curiosity, yet the mere glimmer of it ought to attract peculiar interest amongst English readers, seeing that it reflects

* She subsequently confessed that she was influenced by threats and promises to recognize the impostor.

a common Aryan source, and points distinctly, if sparingly, to a common Aryan ancestry 'somewhere away in Central Asia.' To ignorance or oversight of this tie must be referred the difference of opinion, as to the mental calibre and range of thought of the Russian peasant, between matter-of-fact observers like Mr. Herbert Barry, on the one hand, and the scholarly and sympathetic author of the work before us, on the other. While the former would persuade us that the popular holidays of the Russian calendar are an absolute cruelty to the peasant who has no amusement save sitting on a ledge outside his house, or lying flat upon his face to have his hair combed, or, peradventure, drinking himself drunk at the *Traktir*, and whilst he misses the burden of the 'mournful national songs,' in which he has seen groups of girls engaged at such festivals, Mr. Ralston brings to bear on Russian character and folk-lore not only personal observation and acquaintance with the Russian language, but also a deep study of those Russian writers, Tereshchenko, Orest Miller, Afanasief, and Ruibnikof, who have done for their own field of mythology what Grimm and Max Müller, and Thorpe and Dasent, have for others. The difference consists in the education of an eye to mark a nation's manners, customs, and ritual; and inasmuch as Mr. Ralston's eye has apprehended in the lyrics and folk-tales of the Russian peasantry principles, springs, and motives hidden beneath the cloak of the old Slavonic religion and superstitions, it will be surprising if an access of interest in a neglected or misapprehended character does not result from the appearance of his volumes. Certainly if in the holidays of the Russian calendar, and in the rites of a Russian wedding or funeral, there lurks one-half the philosophy and meaning which our author has learnt, from investigations at first-hand, to discover in them, the triste and formal dance-songs, which casual observers fails to appreciate, will be invested henceforth with an interest such as attaches to those various ballad-literatures, which best introduce us to the history and characteristics of particular nations.

The volume of the songs of the Russian people, published a year or two ago, has recently been followed up by a capital collection of prose *skazkas*, or folk-tales, illustrative of the whole field of Russian folk-lore, except the 'Beast Epos,' which has been quarried by Professor A. de Gubernatis, and the *Builinas*, on which we are promised another volume. Mr. Ralston is evidently disposed to take time before committing himself to the conclusions, on the former topic, of the erudite Florentine professor; and with

the *Builinas*, or fragmentary epics of Russia, the work on Russian songs does not profess to make us so well acquainted as with the picture of its people, in social life: yet the glimpses given suffice to quicken a desire that this phase of them should be thoroughly studied before the tradition of it—very intermittent already in its most congenial soil, the Olonetz government—shall have utterly died out. One of the first collections of this fragmentary national epos rests, we learn, in the Bodleian Library, and records the results of the curiosity of one Richard James, an English clergyman, in 1619. Native interest took up the work at the beginning of this century, and besides the more recent collection of the St. Petersburg Academy of Science, two great private collections—that of Ruibnikof, finished in 1867, and that of Kiryevsky, not yet completed—represent the quickening of literary Russia's curiosity as to one of its richest treasures. The field we have to traverse is too wide to admit of any further account of these ballads—indigenous embodiments, as some hold, of the past history of the country, whilst others see in them adaptations of Eastern romance, derived through Turkish or Mongol sources—than to notice their division into four cycles: (1) the Elder Heroes, or personified powers of Nature, amidst whom towers the mythic Svyatogor, a giant with a right good will to achieve by brute strength the feat which Archimedes, with standing-room, would have accomplished by subtler leverage; (2) the Vladimir cycle in which the 'younger heroes' or Russian paladins cluster round the Slavonic counterpart of Arthur or Charlemagne in the halls of Kiev; (3) the Novgorod cycle, concerned with the palmy days of that ancient republic; and (4) the Moscow cycle, which embraces actual Russian history and those *soldier* songs which represent the conscript and the Cossack full of faith and loyalty to the Tsar. How Ruibnikof hunted out these *Builinas* from a few lively oracles, who carried them in their heads; * how he braved the frowns of the old Ritualists or Puritans of Russia, who regarded them as Satanic songs; and how he succeeded in catching a poetic tailor (yclept 'Butuilka the Bottle'), who was a walking repertory of these ballads, may be learnt in pp. 63-76 of Mr. Ralston's opening chapter.

* The reciters of these *Builinas* are blind old psalm-singers, called *Kaliki*, who find an exact counterpart in Greece—ancient as well as modern. In the Russian *Khorovods*, too, we find a close resemblance to the mixed song and dance of a religious character still surviving in Greece.

As might be inferred from the lively interest in Russian home life and popular tales evinced by Mr. Ralston in his prose version of the fables of Krilof, the main strength of his first work is expended upon the songs which specially illustrate Russian social scenes. Into these the Slavonic mythology ever and anon is found insinuating itself; oftener, indeed, than at this distance of time from the composition of these songs those most conversant with them are perhaps fully aware. For these songs, and the insight of Russian social life which they furnish, two institutions have from time immemorial offered themselves 'as at once canvas and frame,' to wit, the *Khorovod*, or choral dance (from *kolo*, 'a circle'), which keeps the Russian villages astir in spring, summer, and autumn; and the *Posidyelka*, or indoor social gathering (from *posidyet*, 'to sit a while'), which helps lads and lasses to wear out the long evenings and nights of the winter season. Of more recent date than the mythic fragments, or the ritual songs, these seem to be strictly the people's heritage, available respectively for the outdoor holiday of men, women, and children, in the open space beyond the village street—where oftentimes two *Khorovods* of mixed youths and maidens, or of wholly maiden berries with a leader in a man's cap, to denote assumption of a male part, blend into one for the performance of a rural operetta—and for the extemporised winter concerts in rooms for which, in some districts, all the company pay alike, whilst in others more gallantly the young men are at charges, securing thus the privilege of treating their sweethearts. Both institutions have been prolific of rural lyric, and, as might be expected, the burden of songs thus called forth is not infrequently *love* and *marriage*. Mournful as the maidens' songs may have seemed to a casual observer,* it may well have been clever acting that made the 'Lady' in the 'Murmur Cap,' or the 'Wife' in a 'Wife's Love' or in some of those *Khorovods* which prove that wife-beating was not always confined to brutal England, assume the guise of solemn deference to the despotic power of the husband, which is one of their most marked features.

The general burden of these songs is, as need scarcely be repeated, *Love*; love under difficulties; love intensified by separation, or, quite as often, disappointed or betrayed by an ill-assorted union with a wrong object. Now it is a peasant lad who laments that a fowler has wounded and carried off his *dove*—

'The Merchant's son hath wounded my Dove,
Wounded her with a weapon of gold.'—P. 17.

Now a girl weeps her 'good youth's' faithlessness in a despairing love-lyric. In one song a broken-hearted youth declares—

'The swan knows not two mates,
Two mates the dove knows not,
Nor I two loves.'—P. 18.

In another, a maid coerced by hard parents invokes wild beasts to do for her what Pyramus thought they had done for Thisbe. When death comes between a loving pair in these songs, the survivor calls on the winds to rend the moist earth and unbare the coffin-planks (nailed and compacted coffins being new inventions in Russia),* so that a final adieu may be feasible. When sickness is nigh the fatal climax, the maiden, a sweetheart, sister, or mother, indulges in a poetic dream of what might have been, 'weeping opposite the dear friend's heart.' More tragic are the songs of marriage where *love* has not lit the torch, where a husband rids himself of his wife, 'thanks, thanks to the *blue pitcher*,' a poetic euphemism for the cup of poison; or where a girl avenges the unpardonable slight by the proffer of such a deadly draught as in one lyric, of foreign origin and mythic character, a girl offers to her brother, who escapes the fire-consuming fate by the accident of a drop betraying the fiery elements, through its effect upon his horse's mane. This sister, when decapitated, proves to be no sister, but a serpent, or witch in serpent's guise, and Mr. Ralston parallels the myth with Arthur's escape in the 'Bridal of Triermain,' and its German original, the Oldenburg horn offered by a fairy-maiden to Count Otto.† He notes, also, a truly Homeric characteristic of these folk-songs, the conventional epithets designating classes and objects. The *cruel* stepmother, the *good* youth, or horse, the *white* hand, the *blue* pitcher, are as sure to meet us in them as, when occasion serves, the *quiet* Don,‡ or the *orthodox* Tsar. A curious illustration is the 'evil wife,' i. e. a wife not to her husband's taste, of whom in one song he gets rid by *mere wishing*,

* In one of the folk-tales of Mr. Ralston's second volume, viz., 'The Soldier's Midnight Watch,' the merchant's daughter's coffin is bound with three iron hoops; but it would seem from other tales (pp. 310-12) that commonly the coffin-lid lay loose, and was removable, and indeed that Slavonic corpses, when they took to roaming, were fond of carrying these along with them.

† Thorpe's 'Northern Mythology,' i. pp. 128-130.

‡ See the legend about Lake Ivan's two sons, Shat and Don.—'Folk-Tales,' p. 209.

* Herbert Barry, 'Russia in 1870,' p. 239.

though oftener his wishes are ineffectual, as where, in a lyric at p. 26, he says he cannot fly to the A-oo, or woodland note of his paramour, because—

‘Over me are watchers three—
 Watchers three—three stern ones they.
 The first watcher—my wife’s father,
 The second watcher—my wife’s mother,
 The third watcher—my young wife.’—P. 26.

Quite as often the young wife yearns—in song—to be loosed from an old and uncongenial husband, and, *à propos* of Russian marriage-connections, the author complains of the cramping effect of our family nomenclature on satisfactory translation. We lack equivalents for the precise Slavonic degrees of consanguinity and connection which the Russians retain almost intact from remote ancestry, witnessing ‘to the strength of their domestic attachments and the vigour of their family life.’

The social Posidyelki, called in Little Russia *Dosvitki* (from, *do svita*, ‘till the dawn’), of the dark evenings and nights, are equally fruitful of song and dance. The simplest form of these is when, after some hours of spinning or combing flax and wool in company, the maidens in some cottage rendezvous fling away their task on the appearance of their youths, and, dancing to music, sing in concert such songs as ‘Remember, dear, remember,’ or the plaintive and popular ‘Oak-wood, dear oak-wood.’ But in the Olonetz government there are kindred meetings called *Besyedui*, beginning with autumn and continuing through winter, between maidens and their sweethearts in a cottage hired for a concert-room, of which Mr. Ralston gives a lively picture from *Ruibnikof*. Benches and shelves surround the walls, a raised floor at one side of the room providing accommodation for loungers and sleepers. There is a brick stove near the door, and, at the end of the wall, which is pierced by windows, a corner of honour is devoted to the *iconui*, or holy pictures with a lamp burning before them. It is, however, upon candles placed on the shelves and cross-beams that the room depends for light; and the scene, wherein the picturesque costumes and lively movements of the young contrast with the gravity of the elders and married couples who “do propriety” near the stove, must be one to be remembered by such as have witnessed it. ‘Here and there an old woman holds a lighted fir-wood splinter for the benefit of the guests.’ Although such gatherings and village soirées involve a singular amount of liberty to the rustic lover, as may be seen in the *Skazka* or folk tale of the ‘Fiend’ (Ralston’s ‘Folk

Tales,’ pp. 10–17), who, in the guise of a handsome stranger, persuades Marusia thrice to see him off, after a dancing bout, it does not appear that maidenly confidence is often, as in that case, misplaced. The attentions of the rustic lover, who ends the night by seeing his charmer home across the snow, almost invariably end in marriage (p. 37).

Although considerable interest attaches to the Cossack, robber, and soldier songs of Russia as illustrative of history and character, and of the daring contempt of death and devotion to the Tsar exhibited by these classes, it is to those which concern myth and ritual that Mr. Ralston, with sound judgment, devotes the greater part of his song volume. To understand the first of these, a careful study of the chapter on Russian mythology is a *sine quâ non*; but, at the same time, anything but a labour, seeing that the author has enhanced the intrinsic attraction of his subject by the enthusiasm breathed into his treatment of it, and by the skill with which he has marshalled the results of his study of comparative mythology. One feels that, were it in his programme, he could trace in all its features the strong family likeness to an Eastern original in the songs and myths of the dwellers by the Baltic or the Adriatic, of the Russian or Servian, of the Pole or Czech. But he wisely narrows his subject to the currency of modern Russia, and sets himself to trace the transformation of the once ignorantly worshipped Slavonic deities into grotesque and capricious occupants of a ‘no-man’s land’ between Christianity and heathendom, in whom the peasantry, who still see them by the hearth, amid the storm, or in the wild wood, retain sufficient belief to justify the current imputation of being ‘two-faithed.’

‘On the popular tales of a religious character current among the Russian peasantry, the duality of their creed or of that of their ancestors has produced a twofold effect. On the one hand, into narratives drawn from purely Christian sources, there has entered a Pagan element, most clearly perceptible in stories which deal with demons or departed spirits; on the other, an attempt has been made to give a Christian nature to what are manifestly heathen legends, by lending saintly names to their characters, and clothing their ideas in an imitation of Biblical language.’*

Tracing back to the builders of Novgorod, and the founders of Kief, we find the earliest cultus in Russia to have been that, peculiar to the Aryan family, of the forces of Nature and the spirits of the dead. Setting aside

the prehistoric Svarog, or Uranus, and his children, Dazhbog, the sun, or day-god, and Ogon, or fire, of whose worship a trace remains in the association of the stove with Russian superstition, we discover the first definite dynasty of celestials in the hosts of heaven, under the supremacy of Perun, the thunder-god. With no sacerdotal class or distinct sanctuary, such sacrifices as were customary were performed under an oak, or beside a stream by the elder (*Sem'ya*) of each *Rod* or clan. But the prime object of worship was Perun, the *πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφή μία*, which among the Hindoos was Parjanya, and in different branches of the Sclavo-Lettic family, Perkunas, Perkunos, Perkons, Piorun, and Peraun. This is the thunder-god whose name (from *perieti*, i. q. *pario*) bears witness to the Indo-European belief in the creation of the universe from the action of warmth; and though now shorn of his divinity in Lithuania, he is still, if not 'the glorious god that maketh the thunder,' at least the *nominis umbra*, to whom the peasant attributes disturbance of the elements. 'Did the Northwind blow,' sings a girl who has lost her flowers, 'or did Perkunas thunder and send lightnings?' 'Father Perkons,' says a Lettish song,

'has nine sons—
Three strike, three thunder,
Three lighten.'—P. 90.

The Livonians hold a feast to him in the spring. When the White Russian swears, his imprecation is, 'May Perun smite thee!' or 'May Parom show thee his teeth!' By a curious mixing up of the old and new faiths he reappears in Poland in the shape of the Virgin (*Panna Maria Percun-atele*, or Lady Mary the Thunderer'), to whom solemn service is paid on Lady-day with lighted tapers, the ends of which, preserved and lighted before the holy pictures at the approach of storm, for the rest of the year invoke Mary's protection against wind and weather. On the same principle which turned heathen temples and basilicas into Christian churches, a composition between superstition and orthodoxy is discoverable in other appropriations by the Russian Church. This storm-compeller has got connected in the peasant's mind with Ilya or Elijah, perhaps from the resemblance which recent converts from Paganism saw between 'their dethroned thunder-god and the' prophet who was connected with drought and rain, whose enemies were consumed by fire from on high, and on whom waited a chariot and horses of fire, when he was caught up by a whirlwind into heaven.*

He is also connected with St. Peter and St. George; but it is Elijah or Ilya, to whom most the resemblance is found, insomuch that in the old Novgorod there used to be two churches, one dedicated to 'Ilya the wet,' the other to 'Ilya the dry,' in token of his succession to Perun's functions as Lord of the Harvest. The tradition of his bodily presence is as of one tall and shapely, with black hair, and a long golden beard. He rides the storm, which mountain spirits brew for him, in a car of flame, or upon a huge millstone. His mace is equivalent to Thor's hammer, the name of which corresponds with the Russian words for 'hammer' and 'lightning.' His fiery bow is identified with the rainbow; his arrow, or flaming dart, is sometimes changed for a golden key, symbolic of the power of his warmth to thaw the ice, break up the winter-bound earth, and free the imprisoned rains—the 'water of life' of so many folk-lore. Other deities besides Perun are traceable in heathen Russia, representing moral and physical light and darkness; and Russian song especially preserves the names of 'Lado' and 'Lada,' Slavonic synonyms of Freyr and Freyja, the sun-god and the goddess of spring and love. Of the benign influence of these an idea may be gained from the root's meaning; for *lad* is equivalent to 'peace and harmony.' The Russian proverb runs, 'When a husband and wife have *lad*, they don't need '*klad*,' i.e. 'treasure.'

If Perun and these lesser deities represent the forces of Nature, in the reverence which superstition still pays in Russia to hearth-spirits and kindred demigods we recognise the cultus of departed ancestors. The Church may teach that these are fallen angels, and invest the spirits of the stove, the forest, the air, and the water, with a demoniacal character; to the Russian peasant the traditions of the Slavonic unseen world are not the less as sacred as ever; and conformable to his belief as to the state of the dead is his treatment of the spirit-world, which, in his theory, they people. Though separated, according to Aryan faith, by a long atmospheric ocean, or an arduous land-passage, surmountable by the rainbow bridge or the *milky way*—or, to descend to the devices of human piety, by placing coins in the grave, making the coffin boat-shaped, furnishing the corpse with boots, nail parings, and owl-claws, and even ladders of dough, to the end that it might the more easily *superas evadere ad auras*—the departed soul was credited with so much ubiquity that, though received into the 'land of the sun eastward by the ocean'—whither birds and insects migrate at the fall

* 'Folk Tales,' pp. 388, 389.

of the leaf, and whence dead children come back as swallows at spring-tide to twitter round bereaved parents—it could still occupy impalpable quarters in the old home, and exercise a guardianship of the hearth compatible with a tenure in Rai, the Slavonic heaven, an upper-world home of departed spirits, approachable, according to the Skazkas, chiefly by a bean-stalk or a pea-stalk, and but vaguely mentioned in either the songs or the stories of the people. The favourite embodiment of this belief is the *Domovoy*, a close counterpart of the Roman ‘*Lar Familiaris*,’ though it is difficult to discern the original attributes of this domestic spirit from the accretions wherewith the ‘new way’ has thought fit to blacken his character. We must sketch him as we find him. As primary constructor of the family hearth, he is supposed to live all day behind the stove, upon which every night a meal is piously left out; and on special occasions, e.g. the 28th of January, a pot of stewed grain formally placed for him. In his synonym of ‘*Tsmok*,’ or snake, common in White Russia, may be traced a mental connexion between the spirit and the flame; indeed, so much is he still the representative of dead ancestry that to poke the stove endangers thrusting them through into hell; and when a family *flits* to a new house, the stove-ashes from the old are welcomed with the greeting, ‘Welcome, grandfather!’ In the inauguration of a new house, vast deference is paid to him. The blood of some species of scape-goat must be sprinkled on its foundations, and a cock’s head buried exactly at the upper corner. This is opposite the stove, and is the place assigned for the daily-spread spirit guest-table, around which formerly were ranged the images of ancestry, but now, instead, the holy pictures. Perhaps it is only a Christian libel to paint the *Domovoy* with ugly and mischievous traits; but he is represented as all hair, except his eyes and nose. He treats a family as it treats him, and his tenacity as to a due amount of victuals is marked.

As fantastic and more picturesque is the *Rusalka*, a water spirit (from *rus*, ‘a stream’), with wavy grass-green tresses, and a full snow-white form covered with green leaves, or an ungirdled shift. As shy as Diana, they tickle to death the unbidden watchers of their haircombing; and a comb run through their locks can at any time produce a flood, as, in the ‘*Rámáyana*,’ Ganga, queen of rivers, descends by the letting down a single tress of Siva’s hair.* Their

homes are in crystal palaces in the lake-depths, or else in nests of straw. Like *Nansicaa*, they are great laundresses, and at Whitsuntide are importunate in their desire to take in linen. Woe to the passenger who then turns a deaf ear to their petition for soiled garments. In winter they vanish, but on high-days at Easter or Whitsuntide, the peasantry neither wash linen nor pleach hedges, lest haply they should usurp the *Rusalka*’s province. To their dances beneath the moon, after St. Peter’s day, is referred the phenomenon of the ‘fairy ring;’ and the rustic who encounters and mocks their dancing is sure ‘to be struck so.’ If he treads on the linen in their drying-ground, he becomes weak-limbed or a cripple. Their influence can make or mar a harvest; and, in some districts, they act as ‘will-of-the-wisps,’ in others sphinx-like, harass travellers with witching riddles. Undersized *Rusalkas* are considered to be ghosts of stillborn or unbaptized babes, or infants cursed by their mothers before their birth, which may be laid, if not more than seven years gone, by the enunciation of the baptismal formula.

Passing over the ‘mythic and ritual songs’ of Mr. Ralston’s third chapter, a glance must be given at other classes of Russian song, and the social customs which have evoked them, especially at those connected with marriage, which have a peculiar interest at the present time.

A Russian peasant’s wedding, though its fictions of force and reluctance remind us of classical hymeneals, is rendered picturesque by the elaborateness of its little drama. After an acquaintance at the *Beýedas* has grown into ‘keeping company,’ the *Strat* and *Svakha*, i.e. male and female match-makers, are called in to negotiate a marriage. In some districts the girl’s family is said to make the first move: more commonly, the bride elect is fabled to be hard of approach, and assumes a mock reluctance, which breathes in characteristic laments, or *Zapláchki*. The start of the match-makers by night, the bride’s pleas for delay, the calling in of a *Voplénitsa*, or mistress of ceremonies, presume an obstacle or two to be got over, though the hobbing and nobbing in whisky which goes on might reassure a casual observer. After the hand-striking and betrothal, comes at last the wedding-eve, which is given up to the bride’s entertainment of her maiden friends, and to unplaiting her *Kosa*, or single plait of maidenhood, henceforth to be succeeded by two plaits wound round the

* See Miss Richardson’s ‘*Iliad of the East*,’ p. 48. In this interesting volume will be found

many parallels for the curiosities of Russian folk-lore.

head and confined by a kerchief. In the songs attending this ceremony there is much mock distress; but anon comes the bridegroom's brother, or perhaps the Svakha, to make a bid for this Kosa, which the bride so far resents as to wish a knife were bound up in it to cut the Svakha's fingers. 'It was not,' runs one of the Kosa songs,—

'A horn that in the early morning sounded;
It was a maiden her ruddy braid lamenting.
"Last night they twined my braid together,
And interwaved my braid with pearls.
Luká Ivanovich—may Heaven requite him!
Has sent a pitiless Svakha hither.
My braid has she begun to rend,
Tearing out the gold from my braid,
Shaking the pearls from my ruddy braid."'

—p. 273.

In the end, either on the wedding-eve, or before starting for church, the bride's friends are induced by gold to sell the Kosa, and then follows the poetic division of the 'Krisota' (or crown of ribbons and flowers) among her maiden friends, which is the subject of some very pretty songs, and which is imitated more or less in the weddings of higher circles in Russia.* The braid is finally unplaited on the wedding morning, when the Captain and Friends (*i.e.* Best man and Groomsmen) make their appearance (to sign the register and to be generally useful), and when the ceremony of the bridegroom thrice twirling the bride round, and kissing her as he does so, is a critical prelude to going to church. As the priest begins the service, the groomsmen hold crowns (*vyentsui*) over the bride and bridegroom; and these crowns which are a part of a ceremony corresponding with the 'stephanosis' of Christian Greece, as many Russian customs and superstitions resemble those of modern Hellas, ought to press the head, even at the risk of a head-ache, if the union is to be happy. Such it generally is, if we may accept the evidence of the songs after marriage, which breathe no trace of the feigned aversion with which a bride elect looks upon her husband's family as 'bears' or 'stinging-nettles,' they returning the compliment by calling the bride a 'she-bear,' a 'cannibal,' or a 'sloven.' It is surmised that such expressions witness to the strong home-affection in Slavonic families, whilst the giving up of the 'bear' and 'thief' theory after marriage is the result of the comparative freedom and

kindly treatment of the wife in the Russian peasant circles. After marriage the burden of her song is like 'the dinner of herbs where love dwelleth.' 'So happy is she that she prefers drinking water with her husband to indulging in mead with her mother.'

The one only drawback to the poetry of the Russian peasant's nuptials is, sad to tell, the cost of the ceremonial. What with the whisky, the wedding breakfast, the after-presents, and the after-feasting, such an expense is incurred, that a runaway match is not seldom winked at.*

But feasting and song and merry-making are not confined to weddings. The Slavonic faith holds not with there being 'neither marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven,' assigning wives to dead bachelors, and *vice versâ*. By a natural sequence, the mixture of grief and rejoicing which marks the Rádunitsa, or feast when the dead fathers feel relief from the long winter cold, after Easter, is conspicuous in the Russian funeral songs and customs. 'Beer was drunk at the carnival,' says a proverb, 'but it was after the Rádunitsa that heads ached.' And Madame Romanoff's account corresponds, where, describing the requiems at this spring commemoration, she says, 'When the weeping, which continued for two hours after the mass, had ceased, the mourners set to to commemorate the departed by partaking of his favourite dainty: and if he was fond of a glass, the Vodka (whisky) was sipped, with the ejaculation, "The kingdom of heaven be his! He loved a drink, the deceased!"'†

Indeed to the Russian peasant's passion for drink the Skazkas bear abundant witness. Greater people than the peasants get drunk, as is seen in the story of Semeletka (Folk-tales, p. 31); but an instance of the solace for the ills of life, which a Russian finds in his 'vodka,' occurs in a variant of the story of Norka ('Folk-tales,' p. 30), where a shoemaker, doomed to be hanged, unless by the morrow he produces a pair of impossible shoes, goes 'straight to a *tractir*, or tavern, and sets to work to drown his grief in drink. After a while he begins to totter: "Now then," he says, "I'll take home a bicker of spirits with me, and go to bed; and to-morrow morning, as soon as they come to fetch me to be hanged, I'll toss off half the bickerful. They may hang me then, without my knowing anything about it."'

Among the many traces of Slavonic cus-

* In Madame Romanoff's 'Rites and Customs of the Græco-Russian Church,' we read of a tea-tray in the bride's dressing-room, 'filled with what is called "maiden beauty," and supposed to be the cast-off attributes of girlhood, which the bride distributes among her companions.' This is in the context referred to the ancient custom of dividing the 'kosa' (pp. 193-4).

* Ruibnikof estimates this at from 4*l.* 8*s.* to 8*l.* 6*s.* of our money. See p. 281.

† 'Rites and Customs,' p. 249

toms connected with death and obsequies, Mr. Ralston notes the opening of windows, clearing cobwebs, and burning grass to facilitate the spirit's free passage. The body is washed while yet alive, the coin placed on the eyes or thrown into the grave. Very strict, too, were the rites of purification. Spades, carts and horses, for digging the grave and fetching the coffin, were unused for three days after. The casting of live coals over-head backwards from the hearth recalls the ceremonies in Virgil and Theocritus. The hollow-tree-trunk coffin is not universally given up, and is probably referable to the atmospheric sea, whereon the Slavonians held that the dead are launched. A kindred practice to Sutteeism is alluded to in songs and Builinas, 'an Aryan rite,' according to Mr. Tylor, 'belonging to a period even earlier than the Veda.*' With masters, too, the favourite slave is found, in song and legend, going down to the grave. Of such observances the Russian peasants' song-lore and folk-lore also bear ample traces, as they do of a belief in friendly spirits, and in ghosts of a baleful nature, vampires and were-wolves. Some of the laments are inexpressibly touching, e.g. the complaint at the funeral of the head of a family, supposed to be uttered by his widow. Here is a stave of it; but the song should be read as a whole.

'I would not have given thee up, O my wedded spouse;

I would have given up my children dear,
And so have preserved my wedded spouse.
Split open, moist Mother earth,
And be ye open, O new coffin planks,
And come flying from Heaven, Angels and Archangels,
And set the soul in the white breast,
And speech in the wise head,
And white light in the clear eyes!'—p. 340.

We can take on trust, after this, the author's assurance that no translation can do justice to the endearing diminutives which give so much charm to 'the simple, unaffected archaic language of these laments,' the preservation of which is the task of the Voplénitsa, or professional "crieress."

With the superstitions which we have seen clinging so tenaciously to the Russian peasant would naturally be connected a belief in witchcraft. To this subject Mr. Ralston devotes the concluding chapter of his 'Songs' book, noticing at length the riddles and spells, as well as those who deal in them. The sense-riddles, or Zagadki, are chiefly mythic or cosmical, and in truth seem dull enough to readers who have not the alternative of being tickled to death by

Rusalkas staring them in the face if they give them up. Princess Anna the Fair in the folk-tale of the 'Blind Man and the Cripple' must have been of kin to these sprites, for her hand was to reward the suitor who proposed a riddle she could not guess, whereas, if she guessed it, his head was to be cut off (p. 241). The Zagovór, or incantations, are more noteworthy, probably because, unlike the riddle which has gone through a process of degradation on the lips of the multitude, these have been jealously guarded by a close fraternity of sorcerers, and survived repressive measures in memory, if not in manuscript. Spoken of old *more Slavonico* on house-tops, they are now, by a Finnish innovation, muttered or whispered. Christianity, in fact, besides substituting in its formulas the sacred names (where both do not jostle oddly together) for those of elemental deities, has made the professors of these arts shamefaced, mysterious, and loth to let go their hold upon the masses, even if at the cost of being set down as 'devilish vessels,' by the aid of which Satan still keepeth his palace. In some of the spells a close inquirer will trace a resemblance to the samples of incantation which occur in classical literature. Thus in a Zagovór, 'to give a good youth a longing for a fair maiden' (p. 369), the clause, 'Plunge thyself, O longing; gnaw thy way, O longing, into his breast, into his heart: grow and increase in all his veins, in all his bones, with pain and thirst for me,' will be found almost identical with the language of the sorceress in the Pharmaceutria of Theocritus.* The worse use of these charms is to kindle desire. Some are to forefend drunkenness. The most poetic and innocent are amulets to preserve children and dear ones (pp. 373-4). But if the account of these spells is interesting, still more so that of those who ply them. The wizard's ostensible function is to be at every wedding to ward off evil influences, and to go in front of every procession, 'anxiously peering about and whispering to himself at the time.' He is credited meanwhile with power to steal the dew and the rain, the moon and stars, and to provoke the whirlwind, to say nothing of transforming himself or others into divers forms and shapes. Perhaps he is a more amiable character than the witch, whose attributes are pretty much those of the Bába Yagá. The account of her recalls Dryden's quatrain in the 'Annus Mirabilis':

'Thus to some desert plain, or old woodside,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance
their round;

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 421, q. c.

* 'Theocritus,' Idyll II., vv. 25-6, 28, 31.

And o'er broad rivers on their *fjends* they
ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted
ground.*

If, however, we may credit the legends collected in these pages, the witch's cock-horse is sometimes a bare log of wood, sometimes a human being, on whose spirit she rides over hill and dale, the while his body is asleep. A yet more hideous influence is the vampire, to whom, besides his normal blood-drunkeness, the Russian peasant attributes the famine and the drought, the storm, the murrain, and the cattle-plague. He is, according to some, a quondam wizard or witch; according to others, a spirit of one accursed or excommunicated; others again account him a combination of fiend and corpse; whilst the Little Russians consider him a cross-breed between a witch and a were-wolf. The districts of Russia where the vampire is most believed in are White Russia and the Ukraine; and the way to deprive him of his baleful power is to drive an aspen stake through him by a single blow. A second thrust, as numberless folk-tales agree, will resuscitate the fiend.† Considering the ill-name with which the introduction of Christianity has surrounded the whole race in Russia, it is creditable to the peasantry and people, that rarely—very rarely—has a fear of witchcraft resulted in such wholesale cruelty and fanaticism amongst them as in our own country in the days of Hopkins. Mr. Ralston hesitates (as on the threshold, so to speak, of a better knowledge of Russian folk-lore, he is surely wise in doing) to commit himself to Afanasief's theory, that these witches, wizards, and vampires, are simply remnants and survivals of a pagan and mythical system which had the Slavonic belief in the forces of nature for its basis; and, whilst attaching due weight to his able pleadings, as well as to the more cautious expressions of Hertz and Professor Bernard Schmidt, on the Slavonic name and origin of Vampire, prefers to leave the *lis* as he finds it, *sub judice*. When his researches into Russian song-lore, and his use of the opportunities of comparing other folk-lore which his connection with the British Museum and the Taylor Institution at Oxford afford, have enabled him to espouse a definite theory with mature confidence, it will command the respect due to one who is our first pioneer in the language, literature, and mythology of one of the most interesting countries in the world; one who has been the first to disabuse us of

the notion, adopted from unliterary, purely commercial, and commonplace English residents, that the Russian peasant is a joyless, songless, undemonstrative automaton, only fit to be driven to the slaughter in war for the orthodox Tsar, or to work his allotted hours in the mine, and drink himself drunk, on holidays, upon Vodka. It is one great step to have swept away false impressions; another and a greater will have been gained when Mr. Ralston shall have completed by a volume on the Builinas, or Epic poems, and the skazkas connected with them, his trilogy, so to speak, of the songs and legends, which, circulating through the hands of those who love the story-lands of whatever race or clime, may facilitate the apprehension of resemblances calculated to assist intelligent generalization. We have no fear that he will be unequal to his task, for the books before us, in spite of their necessary mixture of first principles and results, are singularly readable and attractive. He has laid himself out to sketch the Russian peasant from his songs, stories, and sports, rather than from an outer point of view. Into his descriptions he has thrown life and vivid portraiture, into his unrhymed versions of the minstrelsy of Russia and his photographic translations of the folk-tales, a freshness, *vraisemblance*, simplicity, and pathos, which no translator less wrapt up in his subject could have preserved. In our survey of 'The Songs and Folk Tales of the Russian People,' we have preferred giving, for the most part, the analysed matter of Mr. Ralston's account to hazarding any surmises or strictures which would at best savour of the imperfect critic. The fact cannot be too much insisted upon, that Mr. Ralston's labour has been bestowed upon unbroken ground and upon a virgin soil; we mean, of course, so far as English or Continental research is concerned. But if good honest work, underlying an attractive style, and a lively pleasant manner of putting forward the treasures which he has discovered, do not recommend him to antiquarian and general readers alike amongst his own countrymen, as it must needs lay under a deep debt of gratitude such literary Russians as Afanasief, Tourgenief, and others; then, in sooth, we shall have to fall back upon the conviction that not intelligent curiosity, nor a thirst for investigating national origins or mythologies, nor, in short, any research conducted on literary and scientific principles, can avail to circulate able and original books, if they fail to enlist the fashion and the lending-library on their side.

* 'Annus Mirabilis,' st. 245.

† 'Folk Tales,' pp. 831-4.

- ART. X.—1. *Speech of the Right Honourable John Bright, M.P., at Birmingham.* 'Times,' October 23, 1873.
2. *Speech of the Right Honourable W. E. Forster, M.P., at Liverpool.* 'Times,' November 26, 1873.
3. *Speech of the Right Honourable James Stansfeld, M.P., at Liverpool.* 'Times,' December 19, 1873.
4. *Speech of Sir William V. Harcourt, M.P., at Oxford.* 'Times,' January 2, 1874.
5. *Speech of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mayor of Birmingham.* 'Times,' January 2, 1874.
6. *Proceedings of the Home-Rule Conference, November, 18, 19, 20, and 21.* Published in Dublin.

THE New Year finds the public mind of England disturbed, bewildered, and uncertain, as to the chief political questions of the day. There is a painful and well-defined curiosity to learn how it happened that we were permitted to acquire possessions on the west coast of Africa, which it seems equally difficult for us to abandon without humiliation, or to maintain without constant trouble and danger. This wretched Ashantee war has already cost us much money and the lives of some gallant Englishmen, far more precious; and even were we speedily to conquer our barbarous enemies, we could not win military renown, or substantial advantages for ourselves, whilst upon them we must inflict national suffering and shocking carnage. With like impatience, and even greater apprehension of national shame, we wait for some light to be thrown upon the policy and operations of the Russian Government in Central Asia, ignoring, as it appears to have done, the assurances given by Count Schouvaloff with as little compunction or regard for the dignity of England as it showed when the worthless fragments of the Treaty of Paris were flung in the face of our Foreign Minister. On the other hand, all classes of money-earners and money-spenders are looking forward with hopeful eagerness to catch a hint as to the share which each is to have in the wonderful surplus of the financial year that is drawing to its close. But, setting aside these important topics, which are clearly marked out for an early treatment by the Government, opinion finds itself in the utmost confusion as to what the approaching Session of Parliament is likely to bring forth. So far as legislation is concerned, if it is not probable that much good will be accomplished, neither is it to be feared that much harm will be done. For the last five months people have been amused,

where they have not been wearied, by the vagaries and vapourings of public men and newspapers during an electioneering recess; and now we must make up our minds for a further vigorous display of party tactics and parliamentary tricks, for the Session of 1874 can be little better than an electioneering session.

Although but faint interest attaches to the proceedings of the Parliament just about to reassemble for any solid results that is likely to leave behind, every political incident will be watched with intense anxiety, as a sign of what is likely to befall the country when the *entr'acte* is over, and the curtain of a dissolution falls, to rise again upon a new House of Commons and, as it is said, a new phase of our national drama. The strangest feature of the situation is that, in a period of unusual freedom from party conflicts, and at a time when Mr. Gladstone still controls a larger number of votes in the House of Commons than any other English statesman has commanded for many a year, the conviction spreads wider and deeper every day that there must be a change of Ministry, and that the change will be the signal for the closing of an old, and the opening of a new chapter of English history. Men differ in opinion as to whether Mr. Gladstone's loss of the premiership will be for a long or short period; they may view such an event with gloomy misgivings or with confident hopes. But for better or for worse, for a shorter or a longer time, they are almost unanimously agreed that a change of Government is imminent. That this opinion should be so generally entertained at a time when the Liberal Whip can count such a huge majority as sixty-eight in one House, and the Liberal Ministry have successfully adopted the practice of setting at nought large majorities against them in the other House of Parliament, is at first sight certainly a puzzle. It is known that the Conservatives will not take office unsupported by a majority of the House of Commons. It is doubted by some that they will at the general election make such large gains as would secure to their party, as at present constituted, a working majority; and yet, while the enemies of the present Government assert that it cannot live long, many of its wisest and warmest friends insist that it is better it should die soon. There may be sources of disquietude and dangers awaiting Mr. Gladstone's government in the future, enough to make the hearts of a strong Ministry, resting on a healthy and united party, fail them for fear; but the signs of peril that show themselves within their own boundaries are the chief causes of alarm—the subterranean rum-

blings that seem to come from under their feet—for they forebode the breaking up of the very ground upon which they stand.

Whether the Session of 1874 will be allowed to run on into the summer, or whether from necessity or by choice the Government will make an early appeal to the opinion of the country, is a question with which the public but little concerns itself. It is felt that the present Administration, discredited, divided, and depressed, will attempt little, and can perform less, in this effete and moribund Parliament. Matters of the first importance, in our foreign as well as in our home policy, will no doubt come up for discussion, and ought to receive instant settlement; but those who watch the political weather pay less attention to these lowering clouds, ominous as they are of dangers immediately at hand. They look anxiously to the pale streaks in the higher regions, to the white glare that comes up from the horizon.

In one respect, certainly, the present Ministry are eminently fortunate; they have no financial embarrassment to struggle with. The mightiest billow of wealth that ever swept over any country raises the hearts of the English people who are privileged to live in the year 1874 into buoyant and good-humoured self-complacency; it may, perhaps, also lift the Government safely out of many of its scrapes, and carry it over difficulties which might prove fatal under less prosperous circumstances. To bully King Coffee and be bullied by the Yankees are amusements which involve the expenditure of millions; to help the starving natives of India, and to satisfy the claims of the railway companies in respect to the transfer of the telegraphs to the Post Office—these are operations which will make large demands on the national resources. It is even hinted that a golden thread may be found to lead the Ministry out of the labyrinth of local taxation. To satisfy all these, and many other demands, the surplus which is to be enjoyed this year as an 'unearned increment' by the Government will be enough, and more than enough. Nay, we are promised wonderful financial surprises, that will please everybody, or nearly everybody. The budget for the year is to revive the dying popularity of the Ministry, and in order that such an opportunity for a wonderful *coup de théâtre* may not be lost, Prospero himself has kindly consented to act as stage-manager. There is to be a grand transparency of eloquence, through which a wealthy people will see all the internal economy of the Treasury exhibited in excellent working order. The lime-light of financial rhetoric will be shed upon the toiling millions who

daily and nightly build up the colossal pile of national wealth and national credit now recognised as the British Empire. Finally, there will be a charming Christmas-tree, with a little gift upon it for each interest worth conciliating, and if such unfortunates as the civil servants of the Crown are sent away from this great national entertainment with more kicks and fewer halfpence than ever—what matter? They do not count many votes, and are not very important at a general election.

If the success of Mr. Gladstone's financial statement answers at all to the expectations of his friends who write in the press, it will, undoubtedly, be followed by a sense of general contentment and satisfaction, which may enable the Government to consult its own convenience as to the time at which it is to make its appeal to the country. Indeed there are grounds for supposing that if the Ministry should desire to keep alive the weak and worthless Parliament of 1874 until the end of the summer, peculiar facilities for doing so may be found. There may be dangers, and perhaps disasters, impending in their foreign policy. There are certainly some ugly questions in domestic affairs in store, but it is against all the odds that the coming Session can produce a series of humiliations abroad, and of scandals at home, such as marked its predecessor. Yet Mr. Gladstone survives, and still reposes on a powerful, though diminished, majority. Should it become necessary to suppress an importunate appeal of public opinion, taking the shape of a motion in Parliament, the rank and file of the Liberal party will obey the crack of the ministerial Whip not less obediently now than twelve months ago. For although the probability of an early visit to their constituents may rouse to an attitude of unwilling and unwonted independence some whose chances of re-election now hang in the balance, on the other hand, the appeal to keep the Government in and the Parliament alive a little longer will be made to many who know but too well that their doom is already written, that they may never again revisit the sacred precincts of the House of Commons. To such hon. members each fleeting day of next Session will be of value priceless as the last leaf of the Sibyl. These considerations will also have the effect of making the system of 'Government by Committee,' which was erected into a science last Session, peculiarly easy to work. Whenever a Ministerial blunder comes to light, or the consequences of excessive zeal on the part of a valuable section of Government supporters bring the Administration into direct conflict with the well-known views of the people, it

is the happiest thought in the world to put up someone who, disclaiming all sympathy with the offenders, and, indeed, strongly condemning their conduct blandly suggests that the matter can be best sifted by a committee upstairs. Some hack of long experience and blameless manners is easily selected for this purpose, like the heavy agricultural character who usually acts as 'bonnet' at the gambling table of a country fair. The committee retires, and discussion of the question is suspended, its interest wanes or is superseded, the shock is broken and the excitement subsides. When the report is at last brought down in the Dog-days the House has become nearly deserted, and an organised battle over the findings of the committee is, of course, impossible. This procedure may carefully drive forward to the end of the Session a *bouquet* of scandals such as broke covert all together in last autumn, when four or five reports of committees, condemnatory of the Government, lay side by side upon the table of the House; but it has the undoubted effect of gaining time; it staves off an awkward division at an inconvenient moment, and it enables pliant supporters to assure their constituents that they could not refuse the Ministry the inquiry asked for, but that on the principle of the question they would have voted against the Government with Spartan integrity.

Besides the procedure 'by Committee,' there is also another method for carrying on an Administration under such circumstances as those in which Her Majesty's advisers find themselves just now, which may perhaps be best described as 'Government by Compromise.' It is worth while to analyse this system, because we are likely to see a good deal of it within the next few years if it should please the English people to retain the present Cabinet so long in office. There is a kind of compromise which a Liberal Ministry may fairly make; when, for instance, by common consent the time has come for making reforms in some old institution so as to bring it into harmony with the altered conditions of the country, though opinions range over every variety of proposal from absolute destruction to mild modification. Under these circumstances a Liberal Minister is entirely in his right, if he decides on such a course as is satisfactory to his own moderate supporters, and yet acceptable to the Opposition. He may thus succeed in making a law which has really the sanction of a majority of the people who are agreed that the proposed measure is good so far as it goes. Of course such a proceeding produces exasperation amongst the extremes, who lay by their vengeance

for a convenient day; this is therefore an experiment which cannot often be repeated with safety.

Again, an arrangement, which is quite legitimate, may be made within the ranks of the Liberal party, that each section shall drop for a time its pet crotchet, in order that the party as a whole may pursue a line of action upon which all are willing to travel. For instance, it is conceivable that the Radical should say to the Whig, I forego immediate action against the Established Church and the landed interests of England, in order that we may do 'something else,' as to the doing of which we are at one; and that the Home-Ruler should say to the English Liberal, I, too, postpone instant pressure for Repeal, until we shall have done this 'something else;' if the Left Centre can conscientiously accept the suggestions so made, there is a common desire for reform, to which a majority in the House of Commons—and presumably therefore in the country—desires that effect should be given; and though the Conservatives may not like or even deplore the change, they can but make a good fight, and when overpowered submit with a good grace. But where is this 'something else' to be found? It does not exist in the distinctive programme of the Liberal party at present. It would require an act of creation to produce it. There is no common object for which it is possible to rally Mr. Gladstone's heterogeneous followers, except that of keeping their illustrious Chief in office. It is perhaps with this view that he has been prevailed upon to maintain an unwonted silence. But it is obvious that if this be the sole bond of union, it can produce only a common consent to do nothing—a policy of mere negation. The Radicals must therefore either make a resolute attempt to break their way out of such an anomalous position by 'doing something,' or else retire from office. Mr. Stansfeld puts the matter plainly. 'When,' he says, 'the Liberal Party ceases to progress, it loses the reason of its existence.' Here arises an opportunity for a 'Government of Compromise' quite different from those with which we have just been dealing. Not an agreement with the Opposition to carry some moderate measure for which the Public Opinion of the country is ripe, nor an agreement within the Liberal Party that its several Radical sections shall leave unaccomplished their separate projects, in order that some common course of action may be pursued in spite of Conservative resistance; but an arrangement to do certain things upon which the Party as a whole is not agreed, driving a kind of bargain in

which the Whig seems to say to the Radical, 'What is the least you will be contented to take from me as a reluctant giver?' and the Radical to reply, 'What is the most I can screw out of you for our common necessity against your will?' Nothing can be more unconstitutional, nothing more fatal to the principles of English party politics. It is like the familiar device of the auction-room when the professional buyers agree to keep amongst themselves whatever advantages can be got from the sale. An arrangement is made that any outsider is to be recklessly outbidden, no matter at what price, and that the confederates are afterwards to divide the loss of any bad bargains amongst themselves. The difference is, that the political 'knock-out' must be achieved, not so much at the cost of the members of the Liberal Party as of the interests and institutions of the country.

Luckily, such compromises have always inherent elements of weakness. Something must be really offered to the men who, having some practical object to gain by it, clamour for the proposed reform, while those who are opposed to the principle of the change must be flattered by fine words—their interests must at least seem to be guarded by conditions and provisos; it may be possible, with this object, to contrive a measure which, like the University Bill of last year, will admit of being explained, in a clever speech, so as to please everybody, but cannot endure investigation or hostile criticism. A nice adjustment of balances is required to make it stand at all, and so soon as the least additional weight, on either hand, is added, it becomes lopsided, and is easily overturned.

Yet it is by such expedients alone that anything can be done in the approaching Session by the present Ministry, and it must be also their principal necessity to frame, before a general election, a Programme for the future upon these lines. Of course, it is impossible to place any hindrance in the way of the managers and officials of a political party when they are bent upon making some such attempt, and it is certain that in many constituencies the great majority of the electors will be deaf to all warnings, and will vote steadily with their traditional faction. But there are also those who can, if they will, prevent such mishaps. There are, we trust, men already members of the House of Commons, perhaps even members of the present Government, who are not so blinded by faction as that they can fail to see the true character, and the necessary consequences of this policy. There are thousands of voters throughout the United Kingdom,

who care little for the personal triumphs of contending statesmen, and very much for caution and consistency in the councils of their country. We are told on high authority that, with a new Parliament, a new era of national politics is to begin, in which we shall be brought face to face with new questions of solemn importance. If this be true, we say plainly, that whenever moderate men, who have hitherto acted with the Liberal party, find it impossible to resist successfully their more violent associates, and to return a representative pledged to their own calmer views, it will be their interest, as well as their duty, to vote for the Conservative candidate, with whose principles and policy they are now much more nearly allied than with those of the Radicals. Never before were the innovators more candid and uncompromising in the declaration of their intentions. By them will the movements of the Liberal Government be impelled and ordered. As surely as the fish swimming in the water, or the bird flying through the air, is steered by its tail, so surely will the policy of those who are now advocates of change only by tradition be controlled, and directed by the others, who are revolutionists in earnest.

Some silent but sound instinct warning them against such consequences has already caused many who, in 1868, cheerfully supported a Gladstonian member for their county or borough, to refuse to do so at late elections, or more wisely to ballot against him. On former occasions the Liberal Party had a distinct Programme, and with it these voters agreed, but now they forecast the action to which an embarrassed Radical Ministry may be driven, and are unwilling to elect a representative who may be marched off to support some measure they do not desire. They may find themselves landed, some fine day, in very unpleasant political events, but are unwilling themselves to contribute to such a result.

There is another feature in the annals of some recent elections that is worth remarking as bearing on this view of the situation. Wherever there was no contest the Government candidate was only too glad to assume a tone very much in accordance with the Conservative reaction, and as little Gladstonian, or sensational, as possible. But wherever there was a real fight he was obliged to come out in unmistakable colours; wherever, in fact, he could not compound with the constitutional party in the constituency he was obliged to promise everything to all kinds of Radicals. Of this latter phase of the difficulties of the Liberals, the canvass of its candidates at Exeter and Newcastle affords remarkable instances. We take the speeches

of the Solicitor-General at Oxford as in some degree an illustration of the former. Of course Sir William Harcourt stamps upon any part he may condescend to play characteristics created by himself; but, on the whole, there has been cast over the imperious Radicalism that distinguished the *Historicus* of former days a tone of patience, and even sympathy, with existing institutions, that is so genial, so lofty, nay so feudal in its conservatism, that the ordinary enervation which comes with office is not by itself enough to account for it. When the Solicitor-General was only a big boy in the lower school he contrived to give the managers as much trouble as any other urchin there; he used to assert a violent, almost a cantankerous independence, but now that he has been promoted to the sixth form he has lost no time in assuming all the calmness and obstructiveness due to his position. His first impulse seems to have been to step down amongst his former associates, and teach them at once that they must behave better for the future, now that they had got a master over them. He slashed at those political 'busy-bodies' who go about sowing seeds of discontent and disorder through the country, and banged without mercy the 'rickety philosophers' who are in favour of disestablishing the Church, and would borrow such institutions as universal county franchise amongst others from French experience. We have, we confess, enjoyed with much zest all this haughty and well-deserved abuse. The Solicitor-General has enunciated many excellent constitutional sentiments with a jovial vigour and a sonorous eloquence, such as no proclaimed Conservative, depressed by long exile from power, would venture upon, but we look forward with a good deal of curiosity to the time when these luckless political busy-bodies and rickety philosophers, recovering from the first shock of Sir William Harcourt's tremendous onset, shall get together for the purpose of concerting vengeance. Furthermore, though these words are soft and pleasant to listen to, they are only words spoken 'out of Session,' he will soon have to choose in a practical way between the policy which some of his language would seem to approve, and that other kind of progress without which the Government he now serves has no claim to existence.

From all these considerations it seems that—should Mr. Gladstone not decide to avail himself of the good-humour which he may produce by a prosperity Budget, for the purpose of a general election—it may be possible for him by various shifts and manœuvres to spin out the life of the present

Parliament to the end of the approaching Session. But on the other hand, it is plain that a dissolution may be upon us any day. We propose therefore briefly to consider two important problems, which may possibly at an early date be forced upon our attention, but which seem certain to be the most prominent topics of domestic politics when the time for a general election shall have come;—namely, the English Education question, and the group of controversies which together make up the Irish Difficulty. The former has been admitted by a Cabinet Minister to be the source of danger which he most fears. Perhaps if he had mastered the true character of the latter, he might have considered it the more formidable of the two.

The English education problem is not the difficulty of the country, but of the Ministry. After a struggle which had lasted through half a century, the Act of 1870 was carried as a fair and honourable compromise between the moderate Liberals and the Conservative party. Though the Nonconformists never accepted the measure, it met with hearty approval from an overwhelming majority in the country; and they who made the treaty are bound to stand by it. But while the School Board elections have shown this to be the prevailing opinion of the nation, some Parliamentary elections proved that without the help of the Dissenters the Liberal Party would find themselves in a decided minority. Hence arose a deadlock. The Ministers found themselves in a distressing predicament. Conscience and the country pronounced in favour of honourably adhering to the compromise; the instinct of self-preservation counselled them against it. At the same time, there lurked a doubt whether the gain of the Radicals would not be outbalanced by the loss of the Old Whigs. The Ministerial crew was evidently distracted, and the ship appeared to drift without a helm. To conciliate the Dissenters was, for election purposes, the pressing necessity of the moment. And accordingly Mr. Bright, who had denounced the Education Act as the worst Bill ever passed by the Liberal Party, was induced to join the Ministry. Thus called upon, the great demagogue did not spare himself. It was necessary that he should make it plain that, in returning, he brought his opinions with him, so, in his Birmingham speech, he protested in the plainest terms against the maintenance of the Education compromise, disclaimed all responsibility for it, and declared that his only hope consisted in the prospect of its speedy failure. A momentary popularity was restored to the Government, but it could

not last. It soon died away again, like the final 'effort' of a beaten 'favourite.' The famous letter to the 'Times' of 'Amicus Veritatis'—the friend of truth as opposed, we presume, to its opposite—showed a painful discrepancy between the facts and Mr. Bright's recollection of them. It is distressing to find infallibility at fault, but it was in vain that he endeavoured to escape from his critic, who, though writing in the character of 'one of the outer public,' and obliged only to appeal to public sources of information, was evidently well qualified to speak upon the Bill, and had personal reason to object to Mr. Bright's repudiation of a joint responsibility with his colleagues.

In this letter it was stated that Mr. Bright was called in as 'a peace-maker.' Driven from the position that he was not originally responsible, the member for Birmingham endeavoured to take shelter under the excuse that he was not responsible for the changes which had been made in the passing of the measure: but when it was proved in a second letter of 'Amicus Veritatis' that the changes were only those introduced in favour of his Birmingham friends, further subterfuge was impossible. Mr. Bright would have done well to have confessed that his opinions had turned round in the Radical wind in which he had lived during his long illness. As a peace-maker his first attempts were attended with little success, for there began a period of the most bewildering contradiction. Mr. Forster expressly declared in terms which left no room for retreat, that he adhered to the treaty of which he was the author and finisher. Mr. Bright, on the other hand, took occasion to laud the policy of the new Birmingham School Board; and so obvious and irreconcilable has been the difference between the education Minister and this peace-maker brought into the Cabinet at a crisis of the elections, that Mr. Chamberlain, the Chairman of the Birmingham League Committee, declares that 'he would put Mr. John Bright against Mr. Forster. It was impossible that two antagonistic opinions could prevail in the same Cabinet at the same time. Mr. Bright's services could not be dispensed with by the country at the present time. Then either Mr. Forster must leave the Cabinet, or he must undergo a second conversion.' In a few days, however, mutual friends came forth to the public with hints more or less distinct of a compromise being at least in progress. Mr. Stansfeld, at Halifax, indicated an advance in the counsels of the Government in the direction of the wishes of his more immediate friends; and the Solicitor-General, at Oxford, having given vent to his

horror at the religious war which was raging in the constituencies, expressed himself in favour of a compromise, but gently deprecated that kind of compromise in which one side was to beat and the other to be beaten. Perhaps the corners of a Government decision may be observed peeping out from under these simultaneous speeches.

The flat contradictions of Messrs. Bright and Forster disappear. We no longer hear from the one that when he finds it impossible to give effect to the opinion shared with his Birmingham constituents, he will leave the Ministry, nor from the other that if a secularist policy be adopted the Ministry must find some other agent than himself to carry their views into effect. The particular machinery by which the Government are to work their compromise, if they have found one, was perhaps pointed out later by Mr. Stansfeld, when he intimated at Halifax it had in some way been arranged—in what way did not appear—that the question would be brought forward by independent members in the ensuing Session, because the League, despairing of the Government, had commissioned Mr. Dixon, Mr. Candlish, and Sir Charles Dilke severally to bring forward their various proposals. It is difficult to understand why Mr. Stansfeld's mind was so immensely relieved. He did not indeed think that the League would be so unjust as to present a specific solution, or to insist that if it were not accepted the Liberal Party should be broken up on the spot. What it might be in the power of the Government to accomplish, he knew not, certainly not more than their party enabled them to do; but he trusted all would make mutual concessions to remove this stumbling-block out of the way. If the Education question was, as he said, the only thing Mr. Stansfeld had to fear, this seems rather an easy method of overcoming his dread. Mr. Stansfeld hopes that everyone will unite to remove the difficulty which the Government has before it, and that the League will not be 'narrow and unjust,' both of which it has proved itself to be in all its words, acts, and opinions. We gather from every source that the Government will allow Messrs. Dixon, Candlish, and Dilke to ascertain for them which way the wind blows, and will then attempt no more than it is able to accomplish—which means, we believe, very little.

But if a basis of compromise has been agreed upon in the Cabinet, is it likely to obtain the approval of that party whose violence in this quarrel now distracts the country? We have seen the policy which Mr. Bright approves in the action of the Birmingham Board, which has forbidden all

teaching of religion in its schools, and we know that Mr. Forster has refused to be the minister of non-religious education. What plank has been found to span this great gulf? If Mr. Bright and Mr. Forster have met upon it and exchanged the kiss of peace, will it prove strong enough to support the same amicable meeting between the majority and minority of the English people who are respectively in favour of religious and secular education? It may be safely predicted that if opposite extremes have met in the Ministry, the difference will not be bridged over so far as the country is concerned. The secularists will contemptuously kick away the slight plank of compromise. Nor are the religious party, encouraged by the verdict of the recent elections, disposed to yield an inch of the ground they now hold, to keep Mr. Gladstone's Ministry in power, and to enable him to satisfy the rebellious Nonconformists. The time is unpropitious for compromise when one party has committed itself to extreme demands, and the opposite party has assured itself of the support of a great majority of electors. There is a growing impatience that the policy of the country should be governed by the exigency of a party, and a general election stands at the door.

But all the other serious dangers, sources of continual worry, and internal causes of break-up, which threaten the 'Party of Progress,' are airy nothings when matched with their Irish difficulty. Unfortunately it is a difficulty which may be found not only fatal to the present Administration, but also full of lasting embarrassment to the general policy and government of the Empire. Surely it is a strange thing that from Ireland should come just now this blackest presage of the storm. The great majority which in 1868 was entrusted to Mr. Gladstone, was given to him on an express understanding that, whatever else might be the results of his administration, he was to leave Ireland at its close an integral part of a really united Empire. Not only did the Liberal Party clothe their favourite with a great and unquestioned authority, but they permitted him to play such 'fantastic tricks' as, if they did not 'make the angels weep,' certainly caused many a steady old Whig to wink and rub his eyes uncomfortably. The Fenian outbreak of 1867 was, as compared with the Rebellions of '48 and '98, a very small affair. The landed gentry, Catholic and Protestant, all who were interested in trade, and the professional classes in Ireland were its strenuous opponents; only a few amongst the agricultural labourers, and artisans in the towns, and fewer still of the small occupiers of land

were concerned in the conspiracy. It was quickly put down. But the Irish-Americans who organised it made it seem picturesque and terrible by such exploits as the murder of Brett, the devoted policeman at Manchester, the attempted raid on Chester Castle, and the Clerkenwell explosion. It was decided that something must be done, and Mr. Gladstone was the man to do it—thoroughly. Accordingly the principles of the Constitution were strained, contracts were annulled, precedents were set up for the disestablishment of the English Church and the revolution of the English land laws, disaffection was answered with bounty, and loyalty rewarded with spoliation. All these things were done and suffered in order that at so great a price we might conciliate Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, redress what the Irish tenant deemed to be his wrongs, and weld more closely together the hearts and habits of the two peoples. Until quite lately, it was to their Irish policy that the advocates of the Government, struggling against adversity most confidently and lovingly, appealed, and the splendour of the heroic measures of 1869 and 1870 were invoked to cover the multitude of misfortunes that have since befallen them. The Parliament which put its hands to this great work five years ago is still in existence, and what do we find? The Irish priest is more than ever arrogant in his pretensions, the Irish tenant is more than ever unreasonable in his demands, and, as we shall presently see, the watchword of a new crusade against the unfortunate Irish Landlords has been given by Mr. Gladstone's Irish Lord Chancellor; while to the preceding evils is added a hybrid agitation which aims directly at the disruption of the Imperial Parliament, and, if successful, must achieve the dismemberment of the empire—an agitation which, though feeble and almost incomprehensible in its plan, seems equally difficult to meet by reasoning, to satisfy by concession, or to check by force.

Between Mr. Gladstone and those members of the House of Commons, of whom is at present composed what calls itself the Irish Liberal party, there certainly seems to be no want of personal cordiality. They formed the favourite division of his great army throughout the campaigns of 1869 and 1870; they enjoyed the largest share of the glory, they obtained all the loot. True, on several recent occasions they have relentlessly brought him into collision with other sections of his miscellaneous following, and once, by their deliberate defection, they abandoned him to total and disastrous defeat. But far from resenting this ingratitude, he still ever treats them with excep-

sional tenderness, and shows to the wildest vagaries of his Irish prodigals a patience and forbearance which are not always vouchsafed to smaller sins on the part of their English brethren. We doubt not that they on their part would, as individuals, willingly reward this kindness with gushing gratitude. But votes are not given in the House of Commons by ballot. It is with the constituencies that the question of confidence ultimately rests; and a little consideration will suffice to show that influences which have already forced many of their representatives into an attitude embarrassing, and even hostile to the Government, must every day grow stronger. After a general election, if political parties should be otherwise nearly balanced, the Irish members will hold the key of the position, and be able to dictate their own terms to a Government which is dependent on their aid. Under these circumstances, it is worth while to consider gravely this new phase of Irish politics, and to make an effort to understand it thoroughly.

Even before the agitation for Home-Rule assumed its present proportions, the Irish difficulty was the most formidable with which the managers of the Liberal Party had to contend both within and without the walls of Parliament. The quarrels that trouble and distract its English and Scotch elements seem slight domestic differences and family jars when compared with the animosities and heartburnings that have already arisen between them and their Irish allies. On every question touching matters ecclesiastical, the theories held by the Ultramontane are, to the mind of the ordinary English Liberal, more benighted than those of the most antiquated Toryism. On questions of finance and expenditure, their conduct seems to our Radicals culpably lax and careless. Even in movements directed against the landed interests, although there is in the main a general agreement between them, the exceptional successes of the Irish propagandists have, for the moment at least, brought more embarrassment than popularity to the English agitators. But in the discussion of every measure dealing with education—and these are the questions of the hour—there is direct antagonism and open war between all their theories and all their interests. Nothing in fact but the presence of Mr. Gladstone and his great personal influence could now hold them together. Any one who watched the inner workings of the crisis which followed the defeat of the Ministry last year, will not easily forget the ecstatic joy with which inexperienced and unofficial Radical members greeted the defection of their Irish allies. Many of them

probably believed that the separation would be absolute and final, and if they did not confidently expect that Mr. Gladstone's Administration could survive losses so serious, they at least hoped that a general election might be held, and that they might seek re-election at the hands of English Liberal constituencies, without all the embarrassments entailed by their alliance with the Ultramontanes. The opportunity, if it ever occurred, has passed away; the general election must still be faced; and the old man of the mountain is more firmly fixed upon their shoulders than ever.

Nor were Mr. Glyn's troubles with his Irish team confined to the debates and divisions at Westminster. On Irish soil a new and infectious political disease broke out amongst the Liberal constituencies. Throughout the year 1869, and the earlier months of 1870, the Government nominees maintained a varying, but, on the whole, a successful struggle with the irreconcilables who here and there opposed them. But in December 1870 Mr. John Martin stood as an undisguised repealer against the Whig candidate for the county Meath—the brother of the Earl of Fingall, the premier Roman Catholic peer of Ireland—and defeated him by a large majority. From that day forward at every bye-election for an Irish Liberal constituency, with the doubtful exception of the county of Waterford, a Home-Ruler has succeeded in wresting a seat from the Whigs. One serious consequence of this state of affairs is, that for a long time, Mr. Gladstone has been wholly destitute of the assistance of an Irish law officer in the House of Commons. Those who serve the Crown in Ireland as Attorney and Solicitor-General cannot obtain admission to Parliament, and the 'learned' members who vote with the Government dare not accept office under the present Ministry, since a visit to their Irish constituents would be the condition of their appointment. The embarrassments which beset the path of an English member seeking re-election as a Government candidate are mere child's play when compared with the *tour de force* that must be attempted under like circumstances in Ireland. In this—not in any change of their Irish policy—is, we believe, to be found the true explanation of the fact that Roman Catholic supporters have been overlooked in the late shuffle of the Ministerial cards.

These difficulties of party management were growing continually more grave, and the Repeal agitation was becoming every day more arrogant, when those who had hitherto conducted the movement by a committee of what was called the Home-Rule Association consi-

dered that the time had come for mobilising their forces, and concentrating them into a definite array. They resolved to hold a preliminary 'Conference' with a view to forming what has now been established as the Home-Rule League. Accordingly, in last November, a very small select coterie comprising a score, or so, of members and candidate members for Irish Liberal constituencies, supported by half-a-dozen Roman Catholic clergymen, assembled in the Round Room of the Dublin Rotundo, to make speeches to a few hundred obscure persons. In point of numbers, and in point of social weight, the meeting was an absolute failure; and all loyal men naturally rejoiced that they who had bragged so loudly in their speeches and their newspapers, of the numbers and power of their following, should have had the temerity to bring these pretensions to the test, and publicly exhibit the shabbiness of the whole affair. But the political agitators who had planned this Conference, and were prominent in its proceedings, were not novices in their art. They had had experience in the trade of utilising the various elements of Irish discontent and disaffection. They were, in fact, men who knew perfectly what they were about.

The proceedings of the Conference, whose session lasted over three days, were conducted with some skill and without interruption. The resolutions, which had of course been drawn up beforehand, were all carried unanimously. It can hardly be said that there was a regular discussion of the principles or the feasibility of the project which they were met to promote, but the hopes and wishes of the various speakers were explained in orations vague in the extreme. Their opinions seemed to range over every degree of Irish patriotism, from the high tone of defiance which threatened open resistance to Great Britain in case the demands of Ireland were not forthwith conceded, down to the humble confidence in the pliability of the present Government, which led Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P. for Galway County, to assure his audience, 'as he stood there, that it was to Mr. Gladstone he looked to carry this measure (Home-Rule)—they would get it from no one else. The Church and Land Bills had been produced entirely by the personal convictions of a virtuous and honourable Prime Minister—Mr. Gladstone.'*

* A little glimpse of private political biography was given at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, which is so fresh and ingenuous that we cannot resist the temptation of reproducing it. Sir John Gray (M.P. for the City of Kilkeny, and proprietor of the 'Freeman's Journal' newspaper) when supporting his view that

In fact, the managers of the Conference showed a most catholic spirit of toleration towards the opinions, motives, and methods of all, so long as they would consent to pronounce the Home-Rule Shibboleth and give their assent to the resolutions which had been prepared for their acceptance. But when The O'Connor Don, with commenda-

agitation in Parliament would not now be premature, by the analogy of the conversion of Mr. Gladstone on that measure, and its subsequent rapid success, said that he (Sir John Gray), at the suggestion of the Irish members, introduced to the House of Commons, a resolution on the Church question. He could not get a division that session. A Liberal Ministry was in power, and he failed to get a division.

Mr. Butt.—A Tory Ministry.

Sir John Gray.—No; a Liberal Ministry was then in power. The next session the Tories were in power, and he got a division. On that occasion the Tory Minister did all he could to whip-up against the resolution, and no help of a substantial nature, in the way of collecting votes, was given by the Liberal whip; but they got an admirable speech from the Liberal leader, Mr. Gladstone. They took a division, and were beaten by only twelve votes, with all the forces of the then existing Tory Ministry arrayed against them. He felt that he was then too small for the task before him. He said he was big enough and strong enough to introduce a resolution and make a speech upon it; but now that they had approached a point which led close to success, he was too weak—he must get someone else to take it up. Well he did not confer with the Minister, but he conferred with the ex-Minister, and he conferred with him twice a week as a matter of course regularly. He was sure he thought him a great bore during the early part of the question, for he very often button-holed him in the lobby, and said, 'Well, have you made up your mind? There is no possibility of coming to power except by taking up the Irish Church question.' He talked to the ex-Minister then as well as he could, he talked to him as softly as he could, and he pressed it as long as he could, and at last, at the end of two months, he said, 'I am too weak—I am nobody—I have no power in the House of Commons—I am the representative of the "City of the Confederation," and I have no power but that. You have the power—you have a great party at your back. If you wish to come into power as Prime Minister, take up the Church question.' He (Sir John Gray) thought there was a gentleman not far from him who knew that this was the case—a gentleman with whom he had consulted again and again upon it. After several consultations with the ex-Minister in that way, and he felt that it was a great honour to him that he was permitted so to speak to him—he consulted with the ex-Cabinet, and wrote him (Sir John Gray) a most kindly letter, which he had now in his possession, and would treasure as long as he lived—saying that he had resolved to take up the question and make it a Ministerial question. He (Sir John Gray) then retired from it at once, and the Minister took it up. They knew the result. Now he thought that they ought not to be shut out in any way from taking any similar course, either with the Minister or an ex-Minister if they saw any chance of pushing the Home-Rule Question.

ble spirit, refused to state it as his opinion that the immediate success of the movement would tend to the peace and prosperity of Ireland, he was sharply rebuked by Mr. Butt, who reminded him with much force that he had already acquiesced in a resolution pledging those present to immediate action, and plainly told him that if he dissented from that view he ought to retire, and ought not to have attended the meeting at all. The O'Connor Don is undoubtedly one of the ablest and most worthy of the Irish representatives who sit with the Radicals in the House of Commons. His claims, both hereditary and personal, to represent his native county, Roscommon, are of the first order. He has been ever the loyal and distinguished follower of Mr. Gladstone. When we find that such a man was obliged to assent by his vote to a course of political action which by his speech he condemned, and afterwards to submit to this treatment at the hands of Mr. Butt, we catch a first glimpse of the true character of this business—at once so hollow and so strong, so mean and so mischievous.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to review the resolutions adopted at the Conference, or to state at length their particular plan of federation. So far as one can arrive at any understanding of the proposal, it seems to differ from the old programme of 'Repeal' mainly in proposing that the Irish Administration should be responsible only to the Irish Parliament, and not in any degree to the British Government; and that the representatives of Ireland, while retaining the exclusive management of their own affairs, should continue to exert an undiminished influence in the affairs of the rest of the United Kingdom. No one has ever taken the pains to discuss what affairs should for this purpose be deemed purely Irish, and we shall not attempt to disentangle, even in theory, interests which we hope to see daily more closely interwoven. No one has faced the financial difficulties that must arise were all British subsidies to be withdrawn from the Irish Administration, though it is easy to guess with what amount of patience his change would be borne by our Celtic brethren. Such practical questions seem to be beneath the notice of the men who have taken in hand the dismemberment of the Imperial Parliament.

For this Home-Rule agitation a character essentially national is claimed; but in its present aspect it is the most purely sectarian development of national feeling that has been witnessed for a century in Ireland. Every outbreak that has occurred has had at its beginning the sympathies and the aid of

a few Protestants of education and eminent ability; though in each case it was soon discovered that the anti-British feeling found no further encouragement from that religious persuasion. So was it in 1798, in 1803, and in 1848; and it might not unnaturally have been expected that when this Home-Rule cry was first raised, many members of the lately disestablished Church, smarting under injuries sustained at the hands of an English Government, would have readily taken it up. No such thing, in fact, occurred. The Protestant laity of all classes have stood wholly aloof from it. The ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church had been the first to suffer. They, it might have been supposed, would have been the foremost to join in the movement. They number in Ireland about two thousand; not twenty could be induced even to countenance it. It is vain for Mr. Butt and his handful of Protestant adventurers, who represent, or aspire to represent, Roman Catholic constituencies in the southern provinces of Ireland, to make speeches and adopt resolutions pledging the Irish Parliament of the future, as well as themselves, to absolute impartiality between Protestants and Catholics—their religions and their interests. The men of Ulster know that their representatives would be permanently outvoted in the Federal House of Commons; and they can have no doubt of the spirit in which the majority thus arrayed against them would use its power. It is not for nothing that they have watched the pretensions of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical party in Ireland becoming every year more arrogant and uncompromising. They have heard enough from the lips of these leaders of the Church Militant to satisfy them that 'Ireland for the Irish' can signify only 'Ireland for the Roman Catholic Irish.' Even quite recently they have been assured on high authority—that of Cardinal Cullen himself—that 'the Catholic Religion is the faith of Ireland,' and 'the history of Ireland is nothing but the history of the Catholic Church.' They have observed that already from the highest question of policy down to the meanest squabble for patronage, from the principles upon which University education should rest to the appointments to be made under the Poor Law Board, the Catholic element is dealt with as all engrossing, exclusive, and overwhelming in Irish society. When the Protestants of Ulster thus find themselves practically ignored in these computations of nationality, they may be pardoned if they meet with distrust the generous guarantees offered by the irresponsible orators of the Home-Rule platform.

There have been but two contested elections in the North of Ireland in which the issue of Home-Rule has been raised, and in each instance the verdict given by the constituency was decisive. In July 1871 Mr. Butt himself went down to Monaghan (a border county) to oppose the Conservative candidate, and he was beaten by a majority of more than 1000—the numbers being, Mr. Leslie, 2538; Mr. Butt, 1451. Again, when a vacancy was created in the borough of Londonderry by the elevation of Mr. Dowse to the Bench, Mr. Lewis, a Conservative, not only defeated Mr. Palles, the new Attorney-General, but also left the Nationalist candidate third on the poll in a small minority. We predict, with some confidence, that Mr Butt will not venture even to put in nomination a Home-Ruler against any Conservative who now sits for a Protestant constituency. Landlords and tenants in the north of Ireland are equally resolved to oppose to the utmost a movement which, if successful, must prove fatal to the interests of both. It would probably require a considerable army to impose Home-Rule upon Ulster, and it would involve a civil war, which would be also a bloody war of religions, to maintain it there.

Another main objection naturally suggests itself to the boast that the agitation in favour of Home-Rule is a national movement. Not only is it advocated in the interests and with the sympathy of but one of the religious denominations—the Roman Catholic—but even among Roman Catholics its willing supporters are only to be found in one class—and that the lowest—of the population. We have read reports of many of the Home-Rule meetings held from time to time throughout the country. Every fresh disciple as he was added to the Association was, of course, ostentatiously advertised and placarded in the daily newspapers; but we have found nothing to mitigate the impression produced by a careful analysis of the names of those who patronised the 'Conference.' The terms of the notice which called it together were framed with careful moderation, and so widely, as to enable all who had the smallest leaning in that direction to adopt it. No Irish peer, no prelate of any religious persuasion, was present at the meeting. There are in Ireland 3800 deputy-lieutenants and justices of the peace, only 103 of these—many of them mere borough magistrates—were even persuaded to sign the requisition. Of 1400 civic dignitaries, who enjoy more or less a representative character, 374 in all were paraded. No one can deny that whatever other evils a Parliament in College Green might entail, it must hold

out exceptional advantages to the traders of Dublin; yet not a single merchant, or shop-keeper of any respectability, could be induced to give even a preliminary sanction. Wherever in such a reckless enterprise there are fools who have money to spend there will unsuccessful doctors and lawyers be gathered together, but scarcely one professional man thought it prudent to volunteer for this forlorn hope. Take away the names of twenty members of the House of Commons, and a score of others who hope to be, and in some instances already have been, candidates for Parliamentary honours; take away those who are connected with the so-called national newspapers; take away a few such 'patriot priests,' as the Laveles, the Quaid, the O'Sheas; make allowance in the case of a few for the vanity that impels them into any public movement where they may have an opportunity of airing their folly before the world, and gratifying for a moment their thirst for notoriety, and one or two others who are zealous exponents of their own conscientious crotchets—and the long heralded Home-Rule Conference will be found to have been wholly destitute of respectability and authority. This cleverly devised scheme undertakes, at the next general election, to pledge three-fourths of the representatives of Ireland to its programme, but as yet it has found no favour with those classes who have intelligence to weigh clearly its real meaning, and enough at stake to dread the dangers and disasters that it must bring forth.

In any event there is not the smallest risk that this latest form of Irish discontent will obtain the confidence of the Protestants of Ulster, or of the upper classes in any part of Ireland. Without their goodwill, the success of the movement could only result in a bloody and desperate struggle between opposing classes exasperated by all the furies of sectarian hate, until numbers and violence should complete the overthrow of property and education, and the wreck of the social system in Ireland. Until these difficulties, viewed from a purely Irish standpoint, have been disposed of, it is quite unnecessary to discuss the effects that Home-Rule, if achieved, must have upon imperial interests.

Such having been the character of the Conference, we need not wonder that so few Members of Parliament attended it; but rather that so many felt themselves constrained in any sense to give it their sanction. Twenty honourable Members, however, were there, and so were certain of the prominent Dublin politicians who work the *quasi-national* press of Ireland.

Of these twenty Members, several, who had but recently been returned for Radical constituencies, had already pledged themselves to the Home-Rule movement; but there were others who had theretofore as far as possible resisted the agitation. Here, then, is a strange commentary on the policy of the last five years. Before its effects had been felt in Ireland, the necessity for a separate Irish legislature was apparently not recognised by the electors. Mr. Gladstone's programme of Irish measures is apparently exhausted; and his policy of conciliation is on its trial; but already we observe that, one after another, the most respectable of the old Irish Whigs are gravely assuming the mask and domino of Home-Rule, to take their places in this monstrous political mummery.

■ The orators of the Home-Rule Conference confidently anticipated that, at the next general election, from seventy to eighty Irish Members would be returned to Parliament, pledged to their platform. It would be more reasonable to fix the number at about sixty; but if never a vote were added to those of the twenty members who pledged themselves to the movement at the Rotundo, the presence of such a compact body, forming as it were a foreign substance in the House of Commons, might prove a very considerable element of political disturbance; it will therefore be well to analyse, so as to appreciate the various forces that together make up the Home-Rule agitation. We shall thereby more clearly arrive at a just estimate of the influences that will oblige a large number of Irish Liberal Members to adopt the cry of Home-Rule at the next general election—a cry which is probably more distasteful to many of them than to any other persons in the community.

In this inquiry the bishops and clergy of the Roman Church first demand our attention. It is a political habit of the Irish Catholic people, which has now become chronic, that the organised system of their Church should be systematically used for electioneering purposes. Time after time, and never more notably than on recent occasions, we see the priests flinging themselves headlong into the fierce political battle and in the heat of election contests, so far forgetting their religious character as to bring disgrace and humiliation on their sacred calling. We cannot ignore the fact that these clergymen and their bishops have been regularly made use of as a kind of electioneering 'undertakers' by the Whigs, and we must recognise them as the most powerful, and, within certain limits, the ruling influence in

the management of what is called the Liberal Party in Ireland.

We say at once, we believe that the majority of the bishops, of the intermediate dignitaries, and even of the parish priests, have no desire for the success of the professed objects of the Home-Rule agitation. There may be some who deem it possible that having achieved a very mild form of local government at Dublin they would be able to stop the movement there, without allowing the Irish democracy to get itself and them out of reach of England's interference in case of need. Here and there we recognise the names of a few priests who have already won for themselves a bad pre-eminence in turbulence and sedition; and it is not improbable that throughout the lower ranks of the clergy, and especially amongst the younger and more impetuous curates, there may be a sincere, though unreasoned, hope and confidence in the certain and speedy triumph of what they vaguely regard as the cause of their Country and of their religion. In Ireland the priest is peasant-born, and receives his training in ecclesiastical seminaries near his home, where his companions are of the same social rank as himself. No sooner has he finished his course at Maynooth than he is sent back again to labour amongst the agricultural classes from whom he sprang. Dependent on a kind of poll-tax for his daily bread, he is unfortunately obliged to count heads rather than to weigh opinions, and has little of that holy horror of democracy, which is still generally associated on the Continent and in England, with the traditions and policy of the Roman Catholic Church.

Up to the present time, however, out of the twenty-eight Roman Catholic dioceses into which Ireland is divided, only three have given in their adhesion publicly and *en bloc*, while the others maintain an attitude of benevolent neutrality. Whether they are heartily opposed to the professed policy of the movement,—fear the possibilities of its ulterior developments if successful,—distrust the leaders and methods of the present agitation—or think that there are other and important objects of their ambition, which they can serve more effectually by keeping clear of the business altogether—certain it is that the great body of the Roman Catholic Church has not openly declared itself in favour of Mr. Butt's programme. But neither do we hear any outspoken repudiation of its principles. It is true that nearly two years ago, when the Home-Rule agitation was still in its infancy, Bishop Moriarty, who is a popular prelate, and an inveterate Whig,

threw himself heartily into the cause of Mr. Dease, then the Government candidate for the representation of the county of Kerry, and had the courage openly to denounce the agitation which had ventured to put forward a Home-Ruler against his nominee. But we question whether the experiment is likely to be repeated. Mr. Blennerhasset, a Nationalist, though a Protestant, was returned by an overwhelming majority, in the teeth of the efforts of the Bishop in favour of Mr. Dease, seconded by nearly all the landlords of both religious persuasions, and the successful candidate was so little known to the electors, that many votes intended for him were refused, having been given under a wrong name.

The famous election petition tried by Mr. Justice Keogh, showed us painfully how ready was the Church to stamp out with iron heel any signs of independence on the part of the educated and intrepid Roman Catholic gentry of the county Galway. The experience of the Kerry election of 1872 proved how helpless she was to stem the current of popular passion, when once fairly roused. For this is the strong and well-ascertained feature of the Irish priest's political position. His power is paramount so long as he goes with the wishes and flatters the hopes of his flock; but it vanishes when he endeavours to thwart them. To their Church the voters are usually ready to give the *congé d'élire*; but the individual whom she prefers must be chosen from amongst those who are willing to identify themselves with the interests and objects of the peasants. Thus it is that the Roman Catholic Bishops have the first voice in selecting the Liberal candidate, for whom they become at once the most zealous of election agents, and that they have the first claim on his attention, if he be elected, to push the interests of their Church, and to secure whatever personal benefits he may be able to confer upon them; but they enjoy this power and pre-eminence only on condition of their sanctioning also the political impulses of the electors, which they may to some extent direct and modify, but may not venture to contradict or long to delay.

In endeavouring to forecast the probable attitude of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Clergy, we must remember that they have another game to play, in comparison with which any interest they may feel in Home-Rule is very feeble. To carry out their policy as to 'Education' is the absorbing passion of their Church. It is the master impulse which vibrates through every rank and grade of their elaborate organization, from the diplomatic Cardinal in Dublin down to the wildest curate of Connemara. They may differ as to whether Home-Rule is

a good or a bad thing in itself; but good or bad, they will deal with it, and the agitation which accompanies it, in whatever way they think will most serve their policy as to education. This many of them believe no doubt conscientiously to be their first duty; of all of them their highest interest to achieve.

From these considerations we may infer that for the present the Roman Catholic Bishops and Clergy of Ireland will not, as a body, take any active part in promoting the Home-Rule excitement; that they will hold themselves in such an attitude as to be easily able at any moment to join and lead it; but that under no circumstances can we hope for an open and vigorous opposition on their part.

When we pass on from the clerical managers of the Irish Liberal constituencies to the voters themselves, we again find much to facilitate and encourage, and little to stay the Home-Rule movement. The better class of farmers and those who are capable of realising the true meaning of the agitation and forecasting the practical results of its success, have as little genuine sympathy with its professed objects as we have discovered amongst the higher grades of the Roman Catholic Church. But neither are they in a position to show any open opposition to it even were they disposed to do so. Few in number, and thinly scattered over the country; deprived of all means of knowledge, except that supplied by a communistic journalism, misnamed a Press; they have no opportunity of forming for themselves an opinion or a policy distinct from that of the humbler and more numerous classes amongst whom they live. They are obliged to tolerate, if they do not share, that vague prejudice which prevails amongst the latter, and may perhaps, best be described as an anti-British sentiment. We must continue to hope that the effects of the better system of education, which has now been at work in Ireland for forty years, and the more easy circumstances that they have enjoyed since famine and emigration relieved the land of the intolerable burden of its surplus population, may gradually wear away and at last obliterate this sad inheritance from the ancient evil times; but it is one of the most disheartening features of the latest production of Irish agitation that it seems specially devised to wither the growing feelings of contentment, and defer indefinitely the accomplishment of a complete reconciliation. So long as the Ministers of the day succeed in keeping in good humour the wire-pullers of this party, it will be their effort to minimise the agitation, and in proportion to their success in this business will be the mildness

or stringency with which the Home-Rule test will be forced upon candidates in the various constituencies. But whatever the rural voters may think of the professed objects of the Home-Rule movement, they are very confident that it will materially help them as a means to another end. What the expected triumph of their policy on the education question is to the Roman Catholic clergy, that the hope of wringing further concessions on the land question is to the tenant farmers of Ireland.

We must not, however, fail to observe that behind the humblest ranks of the country constituencies there stands a more numerous and powerful body of the population. It includes the lowest class of tenants—the farm labourers and the poorest inhabitants of the country towns and villages. They have no votes themselves, but their sympathy adds to the excitement of every agitation, and at a general election would give volume and force to a wave of popular enthusiasm. It would not be true to say that all of these people were actually implicated in the Fenian conspiracy, but it cannot be denied that they regarded that movement almost universally with sympathy. They are fully persuaded that but for the rebellion of 1867, they would never have obtained the Land Act of 1870, and in their passionate devotion for those whom they always describe as ‘The Martyrs,’ there mingles with their traditional interests in the policy of ‘98, a lively sense of the benefits secured for them by the patriots of Manchester and Clerkenwell. To them the proposal of a Federal Parliament probably comes with no different meaning from the well-worn programme of Repeal, for there are numbers amongst them who can well remember the palmiest days of O’Connell. If they thought that the movement, when successful, would stop within the professed limits of its promoters, they would set but little store by it; but they accept it because they believe with reason that the day of its accomplishment would see a long stride taken towards the overthrow of British preponderance and the dismemberment of the empire. They were pleased when Mr. John Martin, the veteran of 1848, was returned to Parliament as a Repealer, but they were frantic with joy at the temporary success of O’Donovan Rossa, the Fenian convict, in Tipperary. A few hundred auditors were admitted by tickets to the meeting at the Rotundo to cheer the utterances of the Home-Rule orators; but the day after the Conference had closed its sham proceedings, Mr. Butt held a levée of quite another character and magnitude in the neighbourhood of the Catholic cemetery of Glasnevin, where

close to the grave of O’Connell have been erected the cenotaphs of the Fenians who were executed in 1868 for the murder of policeman Brett, at Manchester. Thither came and went a vast concourse of people, estimated variously at from fifty to eighty thousand persons, to do honour to the memory of the Martyrs, and to demand amnesty for the military traitors who are still retained in prison. So far as they patronise the agitation, they do so much in the spirit expressed at the Conference by Mr. Ronayne, M.P. for Cork city, when he said:

‘I was a simple Repealer when Repeal was the fashion, and I was a rebel in ‘48, and my excuse for being a rebel—the excuse I make for the disaffection of my country against the Parliament of England is, that she has taught us for centuries that it was the first duty of all Irishmen to evade as Irishmen the laws which she has enacted against us and our country, and rescind them if we could. . . . I have seen in my old days, that every concession that has been made to us has been made not voluntarily or from a sense of justice and equity towards us, though both the justice and equity of these concessions have been admitted after they have been achieved. . . . I have stated here the reasons why I was a rebel, and sympathised with every rebellion that has taken place in Ireland. It was not till after twenty years of retirement from public life, that my friend Mr. Butt did me the honour of consulting me upon the Home-Rule movement. . . . I went into Parliament simply and solely at his dictation.’

After all, the men who thus openly express their feelings are really the disciples of the movement who are most to be respected. They at least are thoroughly in earnest for it so far as it goes; nor would they shirk its most startling consequences. Besides, it might not be safe just now to indulge in any more thorough-going measures under the shadow of the tremendous Coercion Act, which can at any time be brought into sudden and crushing action. These are the men who give to the agitation whatever bone and sinew it possesses. But for them it would be as ridiculous in numbers as it is already contemptible in social importance. Without this element of reality Home-Rule would be a very sorry scarecrow.

The words which we have quoted above, from Mr. Ronayne’s speech, also throw much light upon the point at which the agitation on the land question abuts upon that for Home-Rule. We believe that there are many English supporters of Mr. Gladstone’s Government who would be a good deal surprised, and even shocked, if they understood the kind of feelings with which that statesman’s sweeping Land Act is viewed by those

classes in Ireland whom it was intended to satisfy. They would be startled to learn that it is continually held up to popular odium as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare—as such a notable instance of the incapacity of a British Parliament to do justice to Ireland as would alone justify the demand for Home-Rule. It would be weariness to give many samples of this perilous stuff constantly administered to the people by the orators of the farmers' clubs, and by the writers in the national newspapers—identical as a rule with those who work the Home-Rule agitation in each locality. We will make a typical quotation. It is from a speech delivered by Mr. Butt to his constituents at Limerick, on the 1st of November, 1873:—

'Now there is the Land Act. I believe that every day is proving more and more, that so far as results are concerned, the Land Act is a failure. (Cheers.) It has not stopped evictions, and is not keeping the people at home. It was a temporary measure, not a provision for the tenant. The only measure that can serve him is *Fixity of Tenure* that would place him beyond the caprice of the landlord.'

These are the elements of which the Home-Rule movement is composed, and we are now in a position to weigh the value of the boast that a constitutional agitation has been substituted for open rebellion. It derives its initial force from experienced agitators, some of whom may be sincere in a belief that the attainment of the object they profess to strive after is immediately practicable and desirable, but all of whom have also specific interests to secure. There are members, and candidate members, who could not suggest any claim to be returned to Parliament except their public and pre-eminent 'patriotism.' These men are nothing if they are not agitators. To the same class belong the small *Junta* whose subsistence depends on what is called the 'National Press' of Ireland. It is of course the business of all these persons, with tongue and pen, to keep alive, in some form or other, a spirit of discontent and disturbance. The impulse thus originated by a few is quickly imparted to the ignorant and excitable masses of the people, and from them gathers whatever momentum it possesses. The upper and middle classes of Roman Catholics, clerical and lay, do not willingly lend themselves to it, but they make no effort to arrest it, and may before long be dragged in its course.

It is possible that an enterprise which loosely holds together so many varying interests may at an early stage be wholly aban-

doned. It may break up and go to pieces of its own inherent rottenness; but, unless it does, there seems to be no element in Irish society that can be relied on to stop, or even check, its onward progress. For the opposition of the Protestant portion of the population can only have the effect of developing more clearly its sectarian character, and ministering to it the vigour which so quickly springs up in any Irish controversy about religion. A few individuals of character and education have declared in favour of the movement, perhaps with a suppressed hope that they may be able to moderate and direct its force, and by a colourable acquiescence win back the masses from the ways of violence. The analysis we have made of the elements of the Home-Rule agitation gives little ground for such confidence, and seems to point very clearly in this case the moral which has been so often taught in the history of popular agitations. The men of moderation are tolerated at the outset, and their good names are used to shelter the operations of others, but they soon find that they are deserted by those who can afford to sympathise with the real objects and the passions of the mob, and that their prudent counsels are ignored in the management of the movement. It is a pure loss to national dignity, and the cause of progress in Ireland, that any men of position should have cast in their lot with the Home-Rule agitators. They have agreed to join an excursion of which they cannot foresee the destination. Their money will be freely taken, and they will be provided with first-class tickets; but once they have taken these places and the train is "off," they will find that the men who stoke the fuel and have their hands on the valves of the engine are those who regulate the speed and decide the length of the journey.

There is one other view of this 'constitutional' agitation which we must not forget to notice. The professed objects of the Home-Rulers are such as no English Minister dare entertain seriously. It is, therefore, pertinent to ask what will be the effect upon the 'People of Ireland' when the experiment has been tried, and when it is found that the ears of a Liberal Government are as deaf to demands which threaten Imperial interests, as they were open to suggestions which only affected the Church and the property of Irish Protestants. For an answer to this question we refer our readers once more, and for the last time, to the dreary but instructive records of the Home-Rule Conference. A Mr. O'Connor Power (of Tuam) is reported to have used the following language in speaking to the second resolution:—

'It strikes me forcibly that if English legislators cannot be convinced of the necessity of granting this measure, if the stern voice of justice raised by the majority of Members whom we shall send to the English Parliament should be drowned in the clamours of bigotry, and if the English Government should refuse to concede the demand made without the bayonets of the volunteers, the Irish people will conclude—and this is the only logical conclusion—that while nothing can be expected from England through a sense of justice, a great deal may be wrung from her fears (hear, hear), and I believe that if the hopes of conciliation which the eloquence of Isaac Butt has roused in the Irish mind should be disappointed by English bigotry, I believe it will not be in the power of any man, English or Irish, to stem the torrent of Irish indignation, or prevent the people from taking the very first opportunity that may present itself to assert their rights.' (Loud cheers.)

The orator concluded with a significant hint to the Irish aristocracy and the English Government to recognise the justice of their demands:—

'Before the Irish American nation, who' (he said) 'were anxiously looking across the wide waste of waters at the progress of the Home-Rule movement, might be tempted to take the adjustment of Ireland into their own hands.' (Cheers.)

It is scarcely necessary to add that no one questioned the accuracy of the forecast.

It may be that the headlong legislation of 1869 and 1870 may have engendered a confidence that nothing will be refused to any agitation which is put forward with persistence and violence, and that 'the Irish people' might therefore be found patient under a first disappointment. But when it comes at last clearly to be understood that the policy of Irish ideas cannot, at least without another rebellion, be pushed any further in the Imperial Parliament, the result can hardly be doubtful. The longer this *bogus* agitation is maintained, and the more firmly the idea of its possible success is fixed in the Irish mind, the more violent will be the disappointment, the more bitter the resentment. History may then repeat itself, and we may find Ireland passing through another crisis of open revolt such as followed the final breakdown of O'Connell's Repeal agitation, and was led by Smith O'Brien and Meagher 'of the Sword.' If such an evil time should come again, the British Cabinet of the day will not find its moral position much strengthened by an experiment in statesmanship which has yielded all it could to the threats, and condoned the treason of the Fenians, and the famous 'Policy of Conciliation' may come to be regarded like the fatal card upon

which the superstitious gambler stakes his all, confident that upon it he must win.

Meantime must intervene an interval of dreary agitation, directed to no practical object, sustained by no noble national aspiration, delaying the formation of a sound and contented public opinion in Ireland, distracting the attention of the people from the development of their material prosperity, frightening capital out of the country, and having for its sole excuse that, insincerely advocated by a few reckless leaders, it may for a time beguile, deceive, and ultimately disappoint the hopes of the ignorant masses of the people.

We turn from these dangers and embarrassments, which cannot unfortunately be confined to any one set of politicians, to what are more peculiarly the Irish difficulties of the Liberals. It is not so much to the fortunes of party warfare in the approaching Session that we wish to call attention, as to the character which is likely to be impressed on the Irish vote in the House of Commons by the general election which is to follow. Even before that day arrives—a day of tribulation for so many Liberal Members, we may see Mr. Gladstone again confronted with his Irish friends ranged in hostile array. Some phase of the *affaire O'Keefe*, for instance, may turn up, in which Mr. Bouverie may find an opportunity of again vindicating his independence, for Mr. Gladstone will have to explain how it was that he pledged himself to the House of Commons, in last August, that the rev. gentleman should be restored to his schools by the Government Board of Education in Ireland, and that he has not been restored. But this is a mere question of words; and Mr. Gladstone has never any difficulty in explaining away one of his own long sentences. We always watch the process with the same kind of curiosity with which we used to see the Davenport Brothers extricate themselves from a coil of rope twisted, and doubly knotted about their pliable figures, but with no more doubt as to the result. It may too be said that the Ultramontane Members are, as a body, personally loyal to Mr. Gladstone, and as yet unpledged to any obstructive policy. Many of the best of them well know that the proved or suspected moderation of their views has already sealed their fate, and that they could not, if they would, be returned again. Some of them, perhaps, would not, if they could; having a wholesome horror of the evil in store for the respectable Irish Liberal Member of the future.

We have said that the Session of 1874 is doomed to be a barren electioneering Session; especially must it be a season for the

hoisting of political signals—the fluttering of gay pennons and flattering hopes in the eyes of the Irish Liberal constituencies. Already, during the recess, the Irish Chancellor has forced an opportunity, at a Debating Club of Dublin law students, to proclaim to Ireland his views of the shortcomings of the legislation of 1870. Indeed, he went so far in his sympathy with the new land agitation that Mr. Gladstone's Mentor in the London press was obliged to take him sharply to task, reminding him, in a happy fit of candour, that—

‘the interests of the Irish landowners had been freely dealt with by Parliament, and upon considerations of public advantage, a considerable slice of what before the passing of the Act was theirs, was in the strict sense of the word “confiscated” for the benefit of the tenants,’

that whatever sense might be attached by Lord O'Hagan himself to his ambiguous words, there could be no doubt of the interpretation which would be put upon them by the mass of the people in Ireland.

‘They will say that when a Minister speaks thus of an Act of which he was himself a promoter, he is merely bidding for pressure from outside. They will argue that if the British Government is thus squeezable, it is well that they should be squeezed. They will speculate upon obtaining without much pains, and in no long time, from a Legislature subservient to agitation, an additional portion of the proprietary rights of their landlords,’

and telling him roundly that

‘such freedom of action he can only acquire by retiring from office, and while he remained in his place it is his duty to keep silence as to his dissent from the policy of his colleagues.’

But Lord O'Hagan, who may be regarded as an incarnation of the policy of Irish ideas in its most florid growth, still holds the Irish seals.

For four years the Irish cohort served its leader with unmatched zeal and fidelity under the contract which was ratified before the general election of 1868; the cutting down of the upas tree in all its branches having been agreed upon as the price of their services. Last spring, when the time for making good the third and last instalment could no longer be delayed, the payment offered was treated by the Irish prelates as illusory. Since that day the Irish vote has been retained rather by favour than on any satisfactory ‘business’ understanding. But what shall be the terms under which these powerful allies will again enlist?

Where is to be found the valuable consideration for a new contract?

The amnesty of the remaining Fenian prisoners will probably have been already conceded, used perhaps as a last desperate device to make things a little pleasant in Ireland with the more violent of the Home-Rule faction. But the Coercion Act, which does not expire until the autumn of 1875, would be rather a dangerous affair to tamper with, and we have seen that the large concessions made in the Land Act of 1870, and the larger concessions attempted in the University Bill of 1873, are treated in Ireland by the persons principally concerned as unsatisfactory, and quite incapable of being accepted as solutions of the questions with which those measures professed to deal. There can be no doubt that before the next general election a programme must be prepared defining the respective claims of the clerical and agrarian agitators who, whenever united, enjoy the power of naming the Irish Liberal members of the House of Commons, it is equally certain that while the ‘Home-Rule’ test may be more or less loosely required, the understanding between candidates and voters on the two matters of the land and education must be clear and distinct, and that those Radical Members who are returned at the next general election from Ireland will be bound before all things, and at all risks of party consequences, to press forward these demands—how is Mr. Gladstone to encounter them? It is in this view that hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who care little for party, but much for the maintenance of constitutional freedom and the security of property, will do well to watch closely the signs of the political weather, and weigh carefully the consequences that must follow if the result of a general election should be to place Mr. Gladstone in the position of First Minister of the Crown, depending for his tenure of office on the goodwill of the Irish Liberal Members.

We believe that the English people have fully made up their minds that to yield to the dictation of the Irish Roman Catholic bishops on the subject of education would be impolitic, and indeed impossible; and that to concede anything further to the demands of Irish tenants for the property of their landlords would be to do that for which plunder would be too mild and gentle a name. They seem also at last to have awakened to a consciousness that it is not safe to set up precedents of Revolutionary measures in Ireland capable of such easy application to their own country. But how is Mr. Gladstone to deal with the exorbitant demands on these topics which are sure to

be put forward? If it be true in England, that without progress, as Mr. Stansfeld says, the Government of which he is a member loses the reason of its existence, how much more true is it that without 'progress,' in the Irish sense of the term, Mr. Gladstone has no claim to lead the Irish Liberal party!

There may still linger a trembling hope that Actæon may find that the bark of his hounds while they chase him is worse than their bite when they have run him down. Men argue from the known habits of the English extreme Left. The outer Radicals of England, Wales, and Scotland grumble and growl when their friends are powerful; yet at the critical moment for the interests of their leader they rally round their chief: with the exception of a few stiffnecked oddities, they are found willing to forget their private *piques* and to remember that they have besides their individual preferences a party, and a country, which is the empire. But from Ireland there will come a compact band of Members, returned from one geographical division of that country, pledged to a well-defined policy on questions of the first importance, which is opposed as decidedly by an overwhelming majority of the representatives of all the other portions of the three kingdoms; they will show themselves careless of the traditions of those with whom they habitually act, but from whom they differ most widely on fundamental principles. Subject to influences which are not felt by others in the House of Commons, and which are opposed to the general policy of the empire, these men cannot be bound by those feelings of party obligation and personal gratitude which form the strong links of English public life, and give to our policy its wise moderation and continuity. They may be wheeled about at any moment and marched across the House of Commons, in spite of the pathetic appeals of Whips and the threats of Ministers. When such a united and organised band of Members finds itself in opposition to a Government which possesses the confidence of a united party, and enjoys a sufficient majority in the House, it is comparatively harmless, and may have an opportunity of learning moderation and practising self-restraint; but when it chances to be one of the elements upon which a weak and discredited Administration, living from hand to mouth, must lean every day for support, it becomes master of the situation. Is it doubted whether those who, standing behind the Irish ballot boxes, direct the votes of the Irish Liberal Members, are capable of using amiss such a power, should they come to

possess it? Can they press hardly upon a Minister who has already conferred upon them such unexampled benefits? The experience of the division which turned out the Government last year affords a very striking answer to such questions; nor are we left in doubt whether there will be any reluctance to follow that precedent. The farmers' clubs throughout the counties continually assure us that they care nothing for English parties, and will tolerate no delay or paltering with the demands which they urge with relentless earnestness. The ecclesiastical party is no less frank in declaring its policy. The Roman Catholic Bishops met in Dublin on the 4th of last December, and Archbishop Leahy, their spokesman, thus referred to the Parliamentary action which turned Mr. Gladstone out of office:—

'Did we not,' said he, 'the other day bring to its knees the strongest Government ever seen in this country? and I tell you that Government after Government will have to succumb till justice is done to the Catholics of Ireland with respect to the education of their children.'

It is only in this light as ancillary to the pressure that will be brought to bear for the purpose of extorting further concessions to the practical demands of Irish tenants and Irish priests, that the Home-Rule agitation has any immediate parliamentary interest. 'Home-Rule' is a capital standard under which to range and drill a distinct and segregated political party at a general election. It is a test which can be administered in the strictest or the mildest form to any Member, as he may prove unruly or submissive to his patrons. So long as things go smoothly at Downing Street, and large instalments of exceptional legislation are obtainable, Home-Rule will be allowed rather to remain in abeyance in Ireland; but it may be rapidly expanded almost to any magnitude which the wire-pullers may order. So, too, at Westminster, Ministers will have a quiet or a restless time of it from the Home-Rulers just in proportion as they are squeezable on the more practical issues raised by their Irish supporters. Home-Rule is not a trump card with which those who hold it can ever win a trick from an antagonist; but it is a most treacherous card with which to force their partner's hand. And how can Mr. Gladstone face this obvious corollary from his own proposition that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas? He was just the man to lead the Liberal party when they had a vast majority, and a programme for Ireland upon which that majority were agreed. Sternly iconoclast, he

would listen to no terms of compromise, and so while he gratified the Ultramontane enemy of Protestantism, he delighted the Dissenter, who is the foe of all establishments. No one could better glorify as heroic concessions which were made in a large degree to terror. No one could more thoroughly persuade the people of England that they were doing something generous, and making restitution themselves, when they were in reality only sacrificing the interests and the property of the most loyal of their Irish fellow-subjects. But the very recklessness of that policy is now rising in judgment against its authors, and the wild excess of the language that was used about the wrongs of Ireland in 1868, finds its *Nemesis* in the visionary hopes and the outrageous demands of the 'Irish people' in 1874. No one can deny that Cardinal Cullen's present claims as to education, and Mr. Butt's claims as to the land, are the 'Irish ideas' of the hour: and does it not seem to follow from the theory of exceptional legislation for Ireland, that if the country cannot be governed according to these ideas through the Imperial Parliament, some other machinery should be provided for the purpose? It will hardly do to answer lazily that these are questions of degree, and that one must draw the line somewhere.

The devoted followers of Mr. Gladstone, foreseeing these party complications and difficulties, occasionally deprecate the violence of the agitators and seek to awaken feelings of forbearance and moderation, by striking the chords of gratitude and praise for his great services in the past. But somehow the famous policy of conciliation is out of fashion, the Irish harp has lost its sweetness, there is no answering music in its tones.

We cannot wonder, under all these circumstances, that English Liberal politicians feel no pleasure and should express a good deal of disgust at the prospect of meeting their Irish allies again after the recess. With still less zest will they enjoy the re-union when a general election shall have made many changes in the ranks of the Irish Liberal Members, and made these changes in every instance for the worse. But it is hardly fair, and rather late in the day, to speak of them with such contemptuous bitterness as is sometimes exhibited by Liberal politicians of authority. Thus, Mr. Horsman declared at Liskeard, in reference to the fate of Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill:—

'He hoped it had put an end for ever to the attempt to establish Popery in Ireland. The quarrel between the Liberal party and

the Ultramontanes was now final, in its finality lay more hope than ever for the future of Ireland.'

and a great deal more to the same effect.

And Sir William Harcourt, on his appointment as Solicitor-General, spoke as follows to the electors of Oxford and the world at large:—

'But Ultramontanist is not a religious belief, it is a political system: and that political system is in my opinion essentially hostile to the principles on which the constitution of this country was established at the Reformation and at the Revolution. It has been in every age and in every country, and it still is the implacable enemy of Religious Liberty and Civil Freedom.'

We must do Sir William Harcourt the justice to say that he wisely advised the Established Church of England to eschew this deadly influence, and, what is more to the point, that in his able speech he professed no unwillingness to enjoy at an early day the dignified independence of the Opposition front bench. Still it was hardly decent to anticipate the political demise of the Minister under whom he had so lately taken service,—and a little cruel to pour out such dreadful vials upon the heads of those, but for whose goodwill and forbearance he could not then have been Her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

A very simple sum in arithmetic will show how much of this eloquent denunciation was pure gasconade. Mr. Gladstone's majority, which was 118 five years ago, is now exactly 68. There are 64 Irish members who still obey the summons of the Liberal Whip. Does Sir William Harcourt believe that there are half-a-dozen of these who are really independent of that Ultramontane influence which is the subject of his noble scorn? If this phalanx merely seceded from the House, how long would the Government of the 'Great Liberal Party' last? But if they so far resented the language of Mr. Gladstone's Solicitor-General, as to walk across the Floor and vote habitually against his Government, he would find himself permanently in a minority of 60! If these are their difficulties, as the numbers stand now, how do the Liberals propose to dispense with the services of the Ultramontanes after the general election? It is evident, therefore, that if Mr. Gladstone is to remain in office after the assembling of a new Parliament, he can do so only by continuing to enjoy the suffrages of the Irish Members, and it seems equally clear that under such circumstances the Home-Rulers might secure in reality all that they now profess to seek as the result of Mr. Butt's proposed plan of

Federalism. For the representatives of the Roman Catholic constituencies would not only be able to insist upon what measures they pleased for the local government of all Ireland, but would also have a controlling influence over the policy of the empire.

We have seen that the 'government by compromise,' which is the necessary condition of a weak Radical Ministry depending upon a divided party for existence, must lead even in England to courses which are injurious as well as unconstitutional. But much more dangerous must be the situation in Ireland where concession to a violent faction has been already pushed to its utmost verge. We have heard from a statesman of high authority—one who does not shrink from the possibilities of 'the new era' of the Liberal Party—that he values the Irish Church Act, and the Irish Land Act, mainly as precedents. Are Englishmen prepared, while John Bright's warning is ringing in their ears, to go further in the path of exceptional legislation for Ireland? Are they willing to yield the demands of the Roman Catholic bishops as to education; or to set up fixity of tenure within four hours' steam of the English shore? Is it thought desirable to coquette with Home-Rule?

We have got so much familiarised with the idea of yielding everything to popular clamour in Ireland that the effort of resolute resistance to any such demand, no matter how unjust or absurd, may seem to some almost too much to attempt. Mr. Butt himself as yet hardly suggests any alternative of violence in the event of the failure of parliamentary agitation, and if he or any of his followers have that idea in reserve, the

sooner it is made public, and the veil is torn from rebellion, the better.

Ireland has, for a quarter of a century, been advancing in material prosperity and educational progress. She has vast material resources to be developed, and there are the sad traces of ancient animosities to be removed; but this cannot be done by constantly dangling before the eyes of the people hopes that Parliament will easily grant exceptional and revolutionary measures to the vehemence of popular demands. The evil lesson of successful rebellion must be unlearned; there must be a period of absolute repose—a repose which can be enjoyed only under an Administration that can afford to be firm as well as patient, and which does not depend for its existence on the moderation of Irish agitators and their nominees.

In the face of such dangers to the interests of Parliamentary government and of the country, we rejoice to see that each successive election adds to that influence in the House of Commons which is opposed to further tampering with the institutions of the country, which we believe already counts not a few Members on the Government side, and which, on the Conservative benches, is represented by a powerful and constantly increasing party—a party which has no dissensions in its own ranks—which out of office has steadily opposed the policy of the extremes, whether Irish or English, and, if it should come to power, will have as the reason for its existence the necessity of maintaining against all comers the tried institutions of England and the integrity of the empire.



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- ART. I.—1. *Geschichte und Kritik des Vaticanischen Concils von 1869 und 1870.*
Von F. Frommann. Gotha, 1872.
2. *Die Preussischen Kirchengesetze des Jahres 1873, mit Einleitung und Commentar.*
Von Dr. Paul Hinschius. Berlin, 1873.

On the same memorable day in the summer of 1870 on which the French declaration of war was delivered at Berlin, Pius IX. proclaimed in the Vatican the dogma of his Infallibility, and adjourned the Council which had sat there for the preceding six months. A few days after the signing of the Peace of Frankfort the Prussian Government struck the first great blow in the contest which now attracts the attention of all the world, by the abolition of the Catholic department in the Ministry of Public Worship. We purpose to lay before our readers a full and accurate account of this second war, which is still going on, against the Catholic bishops who are supporting the Vatican and their master at Rome, as he in his turn is guided by the Jesuits. We have to speak of the struggle mainly in its relation to Prussia; for though, as in the French war, the other German Governments are involved in the same conflict, yet now, as then, Prussia is the leading actor, and her success or failure is alone of vital consequence. The existing war has a preliminary history of even greater length and interest than that of the causes which led to the war with France. But not to trespass too much upon the patience of our readers, we must pass over occurrences of earlier date, and start from the time when the Pope convened the Vatican Council.

The intention of holding such a Council

was first announced in June 1867, when the Pope had assembled at Rome upwards of five hundred bishops to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of Saint Peter. Their address attested the joy and gratitude with which they received the design. Pius IX. was by that time a very different man from the Cardinal of whom his predecessor's Secretary of State had said that even the cats of his household were Liberal. The time was gone by in which he had driven about with Ciceruacchio and had commissioned Father Theiner to write against the Jesuits. His new friendship with the Order, brought about by the Revolution of 1848, was cemented after his return from Gaeta to Rome in April, 1850; and in matters ecclesiastical, as well as political, he had thoroughly identified himself with their principles. From that time he began to prepare the new dogma, which he proclaimed at an assembly of bishops in the Vatican on the 8th of December, 1854, that the first human being born without sin was not Christ, but His mother, whom Pius worships as the representative of the Church's glory and of her enmity to all heretics. He discovered on that occasion that even those of the bishops, and they were not few, who had vigorously opposed the dogma, became reconciled to it and defended it after it had been proclaimed by the Pope, and that party discipline was stronger than their dogmatic conscience. This lesson was most cleverly employed by the Jesuits for further influencing and training the bishops. The journal called the '*Civiltà Cattolica*' was founded by the Order in 1848, with the approval of the Pope. It was regarded as the official organ of the Curia, and as such it has since

been expressly recognised. The journal carried out to their last consequences the ideas which the Pope entertained, or was made to entertain—the Church's absolute independence of the State, and the absolute dependence of the bishops on the Pope, and of the diocesan clergy on the bishop; the obligation of heretics and schismatics, especially of Protestants, to return to their obedience to the Church; the condemnation of every attempt at episcopal independence, whether Gallican, Febronian, or any other; the condemnation of any autonomy of the State in ecclesiastical matters; and the absolute condemnation of every kind of toleration. The decennium of reaction since 1850 had been well calculated to secure the recognition of such ideas. When the Italian war broke out in 1859, and the new kingdom of Italy absorbed two-thirds of the States of the Church, Pius IX., confronted by facts against which he was powerless, found consolation in giving himself wholly up to those theories. On the 8th of December, 1864, exactly ten years after the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception, he had expressed them systematically and minutely in the Encyclical *Quanta cura* and in the *Syllabus complectens præcipuos nostræ ætatis errores*, which was published simultaneously with the Encyclical. The *Syllabus* repeats what Pius had previously said on various occasions about those tendencies of the age which he and the *Civilta* combated. He may have been influenced partly by the Italian experiences of the Curia, and partly by the tragedy which had just been brought to a close in Poland, where the Catholic clergy, who, not without the sympathy of the Pope, had taken an active part in the insurrection of 1863, had been made to feel severely the arm of the avenging power.

By declaring all the ideas on which the relation of the modern State to the Church is based to be erroneous, the *Syllabus* had created much sensation and anxiety about the future in many states. In France its publication was prohibited. The organ of the great German statesman, who was then already at the head of the Prussian Government, was opposed to every measure of resistance, and Prussia allowed the *Syllabus* to be published without hindrance. In the years 1865 and 1866 the situation of the Pope in Italy had not been improved, and his relation to Russia had become worse; but in Germany the position of Prussia had been changed by the war against Austria and by the establishment of the North German Confederation. At the meeting of the bishops at Rome in the summer of 1867, they declared their agreement with everything

that the Pope had done, and united in condemning everything which he had condemned. The *Civilta* was now encouraged to declare that the faithful had to sacrifice to the Church, not only as heretofore their property and their lives, but also their intellect (*sacrificio dell' intelletto*). For three hundred years Rome had shrunk from convening a General Council for fear of meeting with episcopal opposition. It was now evident that such caution was no longer necessary, and that the present race of bishops might be summoned to a council without apprehension. It is therefore no wonder that the old Pope had become more and more imbued with the opinion that, as the representative of Christ on earth, he was infallible in all matters of faith and morals, and deserved to sit on the throne of God.

Then followed the active preparations for the Council, the invitation to the Greeks, and even to the Protestants, to examine themselves in the face of this approaching event and to tender their submission. At last, in 1869, again on an 8th of December—the Pope, like the Napoleons, has his superstitious belief in days—the Council was opened. Its objects had been previously stated by the *Civilta*: to translate the *Syllabus* into practice, and to establish the dogma of Papal Infallibility. When weighty voices were raised against this scheme, especially in Germany, and when, in order to propitiate objections, the German bishops assembled at Fulda had declared that the deliberations at Rome would be perfectly free and thorough, the *Civilta* answered that the bishops would come to Rome not to deliberate and to determine, but 'to sanction the decrees previously made by the infallible Pope.' This was the point of view from which the arrangements for the Council were made and carried through. The order laid down by the Pope himself for conducting the business, as well as the nature of the locality, rendered all free discussion illusory: the speeches were taken in shorthand, but the minutes were not allowed to be inspected; the opposition prelates were scarcely allowed to speak; an expression of Bishop Strossmayer against the Jesuits was the cause of his being called to order. Rome had secured for itself, from the very beginning, a compact majority of bishops, entirely dependent upon the Curia, and when they had been well drilled for some weeks, and when the composition of the minority and the character of its leaders had become known well enough for the managers to see how the machine would work, the majority presented a petition, on the 22nd of January, 1870, requesting that the Infallibility, not of

the *Universal Church* assembled in General Council (which was the ancient doctrine), but of the POPE as such, should be defined. A counter petition of the minority (26th of January) was not accepted by the Pope; but it had created so much apprehension that common deliberations of the bishops of the minority belonging to different countries were forbidden, and the publications of the opposition were prohibited in Rome. On the 20th of February, even before the Council had come to any resolution, a revised order of business was issued, abolishing the principle which, until then, had always been maintained, that doctrinal points could be determined only by a Council which was unanimous, or almost unanimous, and substituting the system of an ordinary parliamentary majority. The remonstrances of the minority against this innovation were not thought deserving of an answer; but, as they did not venture to enter a protest, the Jesuits, who for a moment had become doubtful whether they had not actually been mistaken in the men summoned to the Council, discovered that they were not worthy of any consideration. Accordingly, on the 6th of March, the Curia, in addition to the proposition *De Romano Pontifice* already laid before the Fathers of the Council, brought in a new clause pronouncing the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and six days later it caused the majority to propose that this clause should be discussed at once *extra ordinem*. It was now a matter of indifference that Ketteler, Rauscher, Schwarzenberg, Hefele, and others, distributed writings which had been printed abroad against the doctrine of Infallibility. Another trial was made with the first proposition, *De fide*; and when at last those, who had at first assented to it only conditionally, had been induced by intimidation to give their unconditional assent, the Pope ordered the deliberation *extra ordinem*.

A few days before this, on the 23rd of April, Von Arnim, the Prussian Ambassador, uniting with a representation of the French Minister, Count Daru, had warned the Curia against framing resolutions which, while under the form of dogmatic definitions they introduced far-reaching changes into the hierarchy, could not fail at the same time to disturb the relative positions of the secular and the ecclesiastical powers. He added that the resuscitation of medieval ecclesiastical ideas must necessarily produce the greatest confusion, and would disturb religious peace, especially in Germany; that, in the face of these things, his Government would no longer have that freedom of action in matters of religion, of

which until then it had made use in the interest of the Catholic Church; in other words, it would be obliged to resist such ecclesiastical developments. So spoke Prussia; and France at that time used similar language. A number of the bishops belonging to the minority, from the most various countries, now took new courage to draw up a demand concerning the relation of the spiritual to the secular power, desiring that this question should be discussed before that of the Pope's Infallibility. They added that, in their opinion, the ecclesiastical ideas, current since the time of Gregory VII., expressed by Boniface VIII. in the bull *Unam sanctam*, and maintained by the Papal Curia down to the seventeenth century, were false; that if, as was now intended, they were to be sanctioned afresh, all Catholics would be declared enemies of the State, as it was impossible to teach such doctrines with the qualification that it was not intended to act upon them; finally, therefore, before settling the question of Infallibility, that other question must be taken into full consideration, namely, 'whether Christ had conferred upon Saint Peter and his successors a power over kings and empires.'

No regard was paid to these representations, nor to the warnings of the States, nor to the exertions of the minority to bring about at least a delay. On the 14th of May the general debate began; and after, by a vote of the majority, more than forty speakers had been prevented from expressing their opinions, the special debate about the 'schema *De Romano Pontifice*' was commenced on the 6th of June, and its proœmium and the first two chapters were passed without difficulty. The third chapter, which was formulated in order to settle the ancient dispute between episcopal independence and papal absolutism, and to declare that the bishops are simply the plenipotentiary agents of the Pope, was accepted by a decree of the majority against nearly 90 dissentient votes.

The discussion of the fourth chapter, treating of Papal Infallibility, had remained undecided since the middle of June; but on the 4th of July the general debate upon it was closed, sixty speakers having declined to speak; for it was the season of the dog days, and no member of the Council was allowed to leave Rome. On the 13th the votes were taken: of the 601 Fathers of the Council, 88 voted *non placet*, and 62 *juxta modum*, so that the minority amounted to one-fourth of the Assembly. However, according to the revised order of business, three-fourths of the votes were sufficient in matters of

faith: the decree was made, and the Fathers were allowed to depart. Then followed the deputation of the minority, and the well-known official entreaty of Ketteler, which, of course, were of no avail. The minority left Rome, and on the 18th of July, 1870, the Pope solemnly proclaimed the dogma of his Infallibility.

Eight days later the French troops, under whose protection the Pope had once more abused his sovereignty during the meeting of the Council to suppress in so flagrant a manner the freedom of deliberation, departed from Rome. Two months later he had lost even the remnant of his sovereignty; and since then he has played the part of a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican. The Council, originally adjourned for only four months, has been prorogued *sine die*, and, except proclaiming the dogma of Papal Infallibility, it has as yet fulfilled only a small portion of the task of the Syllabus.

We do not pretend to assert that, during the assembly of the Council, those who held the threads of affairs in their hands had calculated upon the approaching Franco-German war, an event which Professor Friedrich, in his 'Diary of the Council,' says was then talked of in Rome, at a time when no one in Germany thought of war; but the following circumstances deserve consideration. One of the leaders of the Ultramontane party in Germany, Dr. Moufang of Mayence, now member of the Reichstag, uttered, at the general meeting of the Catholic Unions at Innsbruck, in 1867, these remarkable words: 'As God does not always send miraculous help, the Church stands in need of worldly assistance; and to afford this there are only two great Catholic nations, France and Austria. My belief therefore is that, if it is God's will to save us from the waters of the Revolution, the Noah's Ark will be built of Austrian timber.' He omitted to add, 'Or of French,' because he spoke in Austria, and because the sequel of his speech refers only to that country. By the 'waters of the revolution' he and his party understood the errors of the present time which are condemned in the Pope's Syllabus. The one source of these errors, especially of those concerning the relation between the State and the Church, in Moufang's opinion, no less than in that of the Pope, is Protestantism.

Prussia, the first Protestant Power in Germany, is the main support of German Protestantism, as, according to Moufang, France and Austria are the main supporters of Catholicism. It is plain, therefore, that *Austria* and *France* were to give help against *Prussia*. The winged words of Cardinal Wise-

man, which he uttered about 1850, that the decisive battle against Protestantism would be fought on the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg, have thus their political sense. At that time Prussia had been obliged to give up her plans of German unity, and, since the days of Olmütz, to yield the first rank in Germany to Austria, who now began to pursue those schemes which culminated in the Diet of Princes at Frankfurt (1863), and were brought to a crisis in the war of 1866. Their object was to develop out of the existing German Confederation a German Empire with Austria at its head, no matter under what form of federal union, and to degrade Prussia to a second-rate rank among the confederates, perhaps on a level with Bavaria. Just at the very time that Austria entered upon this career, she was negotiating with the Pope the notorious Concordat, which she concluded in August 1855; and for some years Austria seemed willing to yield to the Catholic Church that supremacy over the State which she asserted according to her medieval doctrines. The Papal See imagined, moreover, that she had a claim on the old German Empire; for it had been bound to serve her by virtue of the Imperial advocacy, and she had never renounced her right to this service. She had protested when, by the Peace of Westphalia, this authority had been withdrawn from her: she had protested when, at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the German Empire was not restored. Starting from these assumptions, Bishop Ketteler of Mayence, the chief of the German Ultramontanes, distinctly said, in 1854, that it was the right of the Catholic Church to restore the German Empire under the leadership of Austria, and with it to restore to her that power in the Empire which Austria had just been on the point of conceding by the Concordat. These ideas were to be spread among the people by the journal 'Deutschland,' which was founded at Frankfurt in the very year of the Concordat. This is the meaning of what Ketteler said in his pastoral of 1855, 'When the spiritual bond, by which St. Boniface had united the German peoples, was broken, then German unity and the greatness of the German nation were at an end.' Both would be recovered, if that should come to pass which had already been expressed as a hope at the General Assembly of the Catholic Unions at Freiburg, namely, that Germany should become *Catholic*, and thereby *united as a nation*. Of course under *Austria*! Had not Bishop Martin, of Paderborn, in his first pastoral (1856) declared that Protestants are INCAPABLE OF BEING HONEST MEN? and had not

Jörg, the well-known convert of Munich, in his sensational history of modern Protestants (1858), said that they were in a state of perfect dissolution? In all the Catholic papers of South Germany and Austria, Prussia was constantly spoken of with contempt and overwhelmed with a flood of indignation, because in 1859, during the Italian war, she would not place herself unconditionally at the disposal of Austria. At the same time the Roman Curia had concluded Concordats with Baden (1857) and Württemberg (1859), and was making progress in Hanover, which was no less significant. The Curia did not show any signs of uneasiness, when the carrying into effect of the Concordats in Baden and Württemberg met with the opposition of the representatives of the people in 1860, and when the Pope, in his allocution of the 17th of December, had to complain of the spread of erroneous doctrines which had resulted from the principles of the pernicious Reformation. Neither did the Church show any uneasiness when, in the following year, Austria began to propose modifications of the Concordat, for that empire was in the fairest way of establishing its power in Germany, and a change might of course be hoped for in the Ministry. But in the year 1862 Ketteler again published a work against Protestantism, in which he uttered the words which have since been constantly repeated, and at last by the Pope himself: 'Let the German people understand that no other Church but that of Rome is the Church of freedom and of progress'—a proposition which, at the same time, was characteristically illustrated by the proceedings of two other bishops. In 1862 Desprez, Bishop of Toulouse, invited the people of his diocese to celebrate the tercentenary of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in which 4000 Protestants were murdered: and, in 1863, the Bishop of Trent, in a pastoral announcing the celebration of the centenary of the Council of Trent, favoured his readers with the following historical information:—

'After Luther, in order to gratify his passions, had raised the standard of rebellion against the Church of Christ, the most abandoned men of all Europe flocked around him. . . . They undertook to devastate the vineyard of Jesus Christ. . . . Certain it is that they trampled the blood of Christ under their feet, and robbed very many souls of the blessings of heaven in order to hurl them into the abyss of hell. The blasphemies of an Arius, a Sabellius, and similar monsters, were repeated in a different way. Then came the Council of Trent, and it was a wonderful spectacle to see how darkness was again obliged to yield to light, faithlessness to conscience, the spirit

of rebellion to authority, and the synagogue of Satan to the Church.'

In 1862 Von Mühler became Minister in the spring, and Bismarck in the autumn, and Prussia seemed now to have become paralysed by the conflict between the Government and the Parliament, which waxed sharper every month. The Church rejoiced to see that the General Assembly of the Catholic Unions of Germany, meeting at Aix-la-Chapelle, spoke with sympathy of the 'Catholic Imperial House;' while Bishop Martin (July 1864) came forward with the assertion, correct enough from a Roman Catholic point of view, that the Catholic bishop was the legitimate spiritual pastor of the Protestants of his diocese. From all this we can easily understand how, when the long-threatened war between Prussia and Austria broke out two years later, the Bishop of Brixen could proclaim that the interests of the Christian religion and the Church were at stake. These words did not express merely his personal opinion. The Catholic nobility of Westphalia at that time are said to have offered very ardent prayers to Heaven for the victory of the arms of Austria.

Those prayers, however, were not answered. *Il mondo casca*, exclaimed Antonelli, when he received the news of Sadowa. The hope of the downfall of Prussia, and of a Catholic Germany united under Austria, was now at an end; and all the more as, after the war, Austria herself began to look coldly upon the Concordat. But the hostility against Protestantism and Prussia showed no symptoms of decay. Moufang, as already mentioned, openly confessed that the Roman Church, in her struggles, could calculate, besides Austria, only upon the help of France—of France, whose Ultramontane tendencies we have seen at a later date in such a state of ferment, whose Emperor needed the goodwill of the Catholic hierarchy for the development of his power, while the Empress, as was not unjustly supposed, was completely under the sway of the Jesuits.

With regard to the Protestants, Pope Pius, having summoned them on the occasion of the Council to make their submission to the Catholic Church, renewed the Bull about the Lord's Supper, according to which heretics of every name and of every kind, their followers, their favourers, and protectors, were *ipso facto* under the ban of the Church. If we look at the parallel between the Austrian and the French wars, it can hardly be doubted that in the eyes of the General of the Jesuits, who is an Austrian, the French war was directed not only against the Prussia

which had acquired political power, but also against Prussia as the great Protestant State of Germany. It has not yet been forgotten that, at the time when the war mania was just beginning to rage, a Jesuit at Paderborn characterised the German war against France as a war of Protestants against Catholics; consequently, the French war against Germany as a war of Catholics against Protestants. It is not forgotten how the French calculated upon Ultramontane sympathies in Germany; it is not forgotten how, especially in Bavaria, the Ultramontane party, which only in mockery calls itself the patriotic party, made every effort to give most practical effect to these sympathies. It is, however, right to add that some of the Ultramontane leaders at that time held very different language, as, for instance, Archbishop Ledochowski, who declared that the war was not a religious one. But would he have maintained the same opinion if France had been victorious? Genuine patriotism, at the first notes of war, burst forth in Germany in such bright flames that it could not be resisted without danger, especially in Prussia. If Napoleon had been victorious, Protestant as well as political Prussia would have been crushed; and just as the uncle had decidedly favoured the Catholic Church in Germany, so the nephew would have been ready to give back to the Pope, in the ecclesiastical affairs of Germany, that which he was unwilling to restore to him in the secular domain of Italy. During the din of arms at the beginning of the war, the proclamation of Infallibility remained almost unnoticed; and as long as the war lasted, ecclesiastical interests attracted little attention. But when peace was concluded, it became evident that in the meantime two new developments, which at first had scarcely been noticed, had come to maturity: the *Old Catholic* movement, and the formation of the *Catholic Party of the Centre*, as it calls itself.

A portion of the Syllabus is directed against the independence claimed by science and philosophy. It thus reproduces what the Pope had said in the year 1863 on the occasion of a meeting of Catholic theologians at Munich. That meeting might have satisfied him, so far as its resolutions were concerned; but he had been greatly dissatisfied because it had not been summoned and controlled by the bishop, but had come together as an independent body. It had not simply subordinated its scientific convictions to ecclesiastical authority; and when it was to meet again in the following year under the presidency of the archbishop, it refused to do so. The head and centre of

this body of theologians was Professor Döllinger, for a long time a champion of the German Catholic Church, and a strict Catholic; but even in the year 1861 he had given offence, first, by publicly saying, and afterwards by publishing the assertion, that *the Catholic Church for its full and vigorous action did not need the States of the Church*. He and his friends were not favourable to the idea of a Council; and when in February, 1869, the Civiltà had stated the objects of the Council, there appeared in the 'Ausbürg Allgemeine Zeitung,' from the beginning of March and onwards, those historical articles signed 'Janus,' which, with withering criticism, proved the falsehood of the assertion of the Jesuits, that the Infallibility of the Pope was an ancient dogma of the Church. A party opposed to Papal Infallibility was then formed among intelligent German Catholics, who were honest and conscientious enough to turn away with indignation from the idea of a man being placed upon the throne of God. That party rapidly increased, and even at the beginning of September the German bishops assembled at Fulda, for the purpose of preparing for the Council, issued Pastorals, in which they assured the world that nothing that was apprehended from the influence of the Jesuits over the Pope, from the want of freedom in the Council, from the cowardice of the bishops (all of which afterwards actually occurred), would take place, and that new doctrines of any kind would be established. But they did not clearly express whether, in their opinion, the dogma of Papal Infallibility was such a new doctrine. This ambiguity could not pacify the minds of men, and during the meeting of the Council the movement continued to spread. Michaelis, in Braunsberg, issued a public declaration against Infallibility, nor were Döllinger and his friends silent. In vain did the bishops endeavour by letters from Rome to impose silence upon them. An anti-Infallibilist journal was established, and when (in the middle of March 1871) the Ultramontane Central Committee of the Catholic Unions expressed its indignation at the presumption of the opponents in having an opinion of their own, some professors of Bonn took up the gauntlet, and Michaelis, as soon as the decree of the Council had been proclaimed, publicly accused the Pope of being a heretic. Soon after (on the 25th of August, 1871), thirty well-known Catholics, mostly professors of Munich, Bonn, and Breslau, united to declare (though not yet publicly) that they rejected the two dogmas decreed in the Vatican respecting the absolute dependence of the bishops, and respecting Pa-

pal Infallibility, as novel doctrines, which had never been recognised by the Church. At the same time they entreated the bishops of the minority to exert themselves to obtain the convocation of a new, true, free council, and, if possible, outside of the Alps. But they were mistaken in the German bishops, for only a few days later (August 31st) most of them again assembled at Fulda to proclaim their submission, and to demand of their diocesan subjects, clerical and non-clerical, 'to believe with a faith as firm as a rock the decrees of the Council to be true:' while in case of disobedience they threatened to proceed against them according to the canonical law; that is, they threatened them with the great excommunication. The Pope also declared (28th of October) all opponents of the new dogma to be heretics and sons of pride, and he praised the bishops over whom party training had exercised a greater power than their own conviction, and to whom convenience had been dearer than truth. He further expressed a hope that those who still hesitated would soon follow; and in this he was not disappointed. But the few who were faithful to their convictions persevered. They first submitted to the customary admonitions, and afterwards to excommunication, which overtook them one after another. Meanwhile their numbers increased in a manner which is very significant, if we consider the difficulties presenting themselves to a Catholic accustomed to subordination. In their hearts a great many more Catholics agree with the Old Catholics, as they now called themselves, than those who externally joined them. According to the general belief, not a few of the bishops themselves agree with them in their hearts. The State at first stood free from any relation to these proceedings; but when the excommunications had struck a number of professors and teachers, and when the bishops demanded the removal of such from their offices, and the supplying of their place by Infallibilists, the Governments, and more especially the Prussian Minister Von Mühler, declined to comply with the demand. This gave rise to complications of which we shall have to treat hereafter.

The second event which had taken place during the war was the formation of the party of the Centre. As early as the year 1848, the Catholics, for whose election the bishops and the Ultramontanes had always agitated, had on certain questions acted in concert in the Frankfurt Parliament, and afterwards in the Prussian House of Deputies. They had made several proposals relating to ecclesiastical matters—such as the

restoration of the secularised Church property and of the matrimonial jurisdiction of the bishops, the foundation of a Catholic University, and the like. For a series of years, ever since 1852, there had existed a so-called Catholic fraction in the Prussian Diet; but they had not gone so far as to form a strictly organised politico-Catholic party; for Catholics were distributed among all the political sections. But after the first North German Parliament had come to an end, a party calling itself Catholic was formed for the first time in Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia (June 1870) immediately before the outbreak of the war. During the preparations for the parliamentary elections, this party issued a special programme, in which it demanded the independence of the Catholic Church and the establishment of elementary schools under priestly influence. When the Pope lost Rome in the autumn, the sympathy of the Catholic people, which had been found useful before, was appealed to, and the 'spoliation' and the Vatican 'prisoner' were most successfully introduced into the agitation preceding the elections. Hence it came to pass that in the month of November many more Catholics were elected than before. They appeared in the Parliament as a body numbering more than one hundred. Three months later, during the elections for the first German Imperial Parliament, the party went one step further. France then lay completely prostrate; it was clear that for a long time she could do no more against Prussia and Protestantism than Austria; and Protestant Prussia stood at the head of the revived German Empire. Things had turned out quite differently from what Ketteler and his friends had expected in 1854. Moreover, the Emperor had declined the somewhat naïve request to restore the States of the Church, and thereby to guarantee the political machinery for continuing a 'free' Vatican Council. At the elections for the Imperial Parliament it was demanded, that candidates should pledge themselves to join a special Catholic party, its name being as yet reserved; and Catholics, otherwise most trustworthy, who refused the pledge, were prohibited by episcopal influence from coming forward as candidates. The Government acted a neutral part, and the Ultramontane agitation was so energetic, that in the old Prussian provinces alone twenty-nine clericals more than before were elected. When the party met, it contained the highly conservative son of the well-known highly conservative jurist, Savigny, by the side of Dr. Krebs, who belonged to the extreme Left. This is the 'Centre,' which has also organised itself in

the Prussian Parliament: in the Imperial Parliament it forms a respectable power, especially through recruits from Southern Germany.

In order to appreciate the importance of this party, it must never be forgotten that the Roman Catholic Church is the most widely diffused and the most perfectly organised among all the various communities of modern society. She does not admit (what was formerly the opinion of the Gallican Church) that she is only a conglomeration of a number of relatively independent ecclesiastical communities, but she now lays stress on the article of faith respecting her visible unity, maintaining that the whole community stands under the centralised omnipotence of the Pope, whose representatives govern it. Laymen never take part in this government, for the Church is a '*collegium inæquale*,' in which all the power is invested in the clergy, while *laymen are bound only to obedience*. This most absolute centralisation, which the Roman Curia has always aimed at, has been completed by the Vatican Council.

The question now is, how far the competency of the ecclesiastical community extends. The German Reformers assumed that it extended only to the administration of the sacraments and to matters of doctrine, and they expressed this in the Augsburg Confession and elsewhere. The Roman Catholic doctrine, on the other hand, which was quoted in the Imperial Parliament, declares this to be an error. It asserts that the Divine Commission, in accordance with which the Pope and the bishops act, comprises civil government, and more especially legislation is so far as it concerns the cure of souls. Melancthon, in order to indicate the Protestant view, repeatedly uses the expression that priests are not magistrates, and that magisterial government belongs only to the secular power. The Roman Curia and the modern Ultramontanes, on the other hand, ascribe to the Pope in ecclesiastical matters magisterial rights, or, let us say, rights of sovereignty or rights of government, of exactly the same nature as those of the State. Indeed they demand complete independence in the exercise of these rights, because they are exercised by divine command and with corresponding responsibility. They themselves use the word '*sovereignty*;' and the Pope, like his followers, has so often complained of the State not respecting this *sovereignty*, or, as his defenders in Germany more cautiously say, this *independence*, of the Church, that it is needless to adduce any special proof. The limit of ecclesiastical competency, and, consequently, of this as-

sumed sovereignty, is the '*desire*' of the cure of souls, that is to say, freedom of conscience in carrying out the divine mission of the Christian Church: hence it follows that it cannot be defined once for all, for the desire varies. Moreover, it can always be fixed by the Church, for the Church alone is entitled to judge of this desire. Their opponents in recent times have sometimes compared the *Black International* with the *Red one*. At any rate, thus much is certain, that in both cases there exists a contest between the State and the Society: in both cases a great community, bound together by its own interests, and only partially belonging to any particular State, wants to make use of the State for its own purposes. In doing so, the Church makes no distinction between Catholic and Protestant Governments; for, according to the Ultramontane view, Protestants are subject to the power of the Catholic Church, and are bound to recognise her ordinances. They ought, therefore, to execute against themselves the Catholic laws respecting heresy, which no Pope has yet repealed or modified. According to the view of the Curia, it is not as a matter of right, but only of convenience, that this has not yet been demanded of them.

It is with this community of interests, which is pre-eminently Roman and entirely directed by Rome, that the German State, and more especially Prussia, has to deal. It is a community which has tried to humble Prussia, first with Austrian and afterwards with French help; but as this did not succeed, it nevertheless demanded of Prussia to restore to it the position in which the community alleged itself to have stood until 1870. '*The States of the Church belonged to us Catholics*' is a phrase occurring in numberless petitions addressed to the Emperor. Having failed in ruining Prussia from without, a resolution was formed to try *internal war*. This is the object of the *Centre*, which now attacks the very heart of the German State of Prussia, the majority of whose subjects are Protestants.

So long as the Constitution of Prussia and of the Empire was not parliamentary, the disposition of the Government was of more importance than that of the population, and the Ultramontanes endeavoured to come to an understanding with the former. But now, having a compact parliamentary party at their command, it has become no longer necessary to pay much attention to the Government. The *Centre* is at the disposal of the Pope. In everything which does not interest the Church, that is the Curia, its members may vote as they please; but in everything which the Curia regards

as of ecclesiastical interest, they have pledged themselves to a military obedience.' As the Jesuits in their days adopted the military designation of the 'Company of Jesus,' so the Centre ought to call itself the 'Company of the Pope.' It carries on his wars with Prussia and with Germany.

Let us see how the party began its career. During the debate on the address of the Imperial Parliament which had met on the 29th of March, 1871, they vehemently demanded the omission of a clause, in which the principle of non-intervention was recognised in regard to Italy and the States of the Church, and they showed ill-humour when the clause was retained. During the revision of the Imperial Constitution which then followed, and which the majority treated in a purely formal manner, they demanded material changes (April 1-4). Fundamental rights, like those of the Prussian Constitution, they said, ought to be added: 'freedom of opinion, the right of public meeting, the right of association, freedom of religious profession, of forming religious associations, and of common domestic and public worship, and, lastly, the right of the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches to regulate and administer their affairs independently, and remain in the possession and enjoyment of the institutions, foundations, and funds destined for objects of worship, instruction, and charity.' All this sounds fair, and the last sentence was taken literally from the document of the Prussian Constitution. But these proposals of the Centre were likewise rejected.

It may be asked, what was the object of thus formally enunciating these propositions, since they had been substantially in force in all parts of Germany ever since 1848? The answer is, they were not everywhere observed in the same way. The South German States, indeed, allowed the Church free action, but, at the same time, clung to their rights of sovereignty in limiting this action. Prussia, on the other hand, though she had not given up these rights, yet had made so little use of them since 1848, that she allowed the greatest freedom to the organisation of the Catholic attack on Protestantism and of the ecclesiastical attack upon modern society. If the Centre had succeeded in transferring to the Empire the Prussian mode of administration, together with the regulations of the Prussian Constitution, the power of Ultramontaniam would have made considerable progress in the Empire. As the elections for the Imperial Parliament are direct, the Ultramontanes controlled more electoral districts than in Prussia; they could, moreover, calculate upon

hostility to the Empire and upon particularistic elements. If they attained the same freedom of ecclesiastical action as in Prussia, they might, perhaps, recover within the Empire the support which had been lost through the Austrian and French wars. But how had it come to pass that the Prussian Government had so much neglected its rights of sovereignty?

To answer this question we must go back a little further. Prussia, or, as it was then called, Kur-Brandenburg, had become Protestant at the time of the Reformation, and down to the seventeenth century it treated the Catholic Church as wholly distinct from itself. But it became tolerant towards that Church at an earlier period than any other Protestant State; and when it acquired Catholic provinces, it treated the Catholic Church exactly in the same manner as the Protestant, and also as equally dependent upon the State. The Prussian common law of 1792 does not recognise the unity of the interests of the Catholic Church, but only the religious community of the Prussian Catholics, and to this it concedes the same rights as to the community of Protestants in the country. But it treats the Catholic bishops in the same way as the pastors of the Protestants in all external affairs—as servants of the State Government. That they have in the Pope a non-Prussian superior, is recognised only as a matter of conscience, and even this not without some limitation. With this the Catholics were content, and the Pope was grateful. On the whole, these principles of the common law remained in force until 1848, even after the Government had concluded with Rome a convention respecting the new arrangement of the Prussian bishoprics, and had proclaimed the Roman bull *De Salute Animarum* as the law of the land (1821). It is true, however, that in the course of time these principles were modified in more than one respect. The bull *De Salute* had been published with the express reservation of the rights of the sovereignty of the State, and of the rights of the Protestant Church. But when a portion of the Catholic clergy refused, in the case of mixed marriages, to recognise the Protestant Church as possessing equal rights with the Catholic, and treated the Protestants as only excommunicated Catholics, the Government was compelled to interfere. This afforded to the Archbishop of Cologne, Clement Augustus von Droste, a pious but narrow-minded man, who had grown up in the petty principality of Münster, an opportunity of practically asserting the Church theory which had been developed in the Middle Ages. As a thorough-going Ultramontane,

he declared that the State had no right to interfere in ecclesiastical matters, and that in these he would obey only the Pope. The State, unwilling to tolerate this, had recourse to force; but this step called forth a cry of anger and indignation among the wide-spread followers of the Romantic or Catholic school, headed by Görres of Munich, as well as of the Austrian and other enemies of Prussia, who were too glad to have an opportunity of complaining of Prussian oppression. At the same time the Government discovered that the priesthood had become very different from what it had been before. So long as the Catholic Church had been rich, possessing in some cases princely domains in Germany, the German Catholic clergy, especially the archbishops and bishops, had, on the whole, been anti-papal. But these great possessions had been taken from the Church in 1803, and the clergy, especially in Bavaria and other States of Southern Germany (though not in Prussia), had often been treated by the State without due consideration. These circumstances, and the literature which was then developing under the influence of Romanticism more than under that of the Jesuits, had created a race of priests who would rather support the Pope than the State, and who now zealously defended the cause of the Archbishop of Cologne. The Government succeeded in procuring a successor to Droste, but, in point of fact, it gave way, as it was unwilling to establish *compulsory civil marriage*, which alone would have been the correct answer. It allowed one religious community, enjoying the protection and acting in various ways under the authority of the State, to express openly its hostility against another religious community, which was that of the majority of the Prussians, and of the King himself. It was a *first victory* of the Ultramontanes over Prussia and Protestantism, and of course they were not grateful, but only more eager to continue the fight. Frederick William IV., whose Romanticism and love of the magnificence of the medieval Church influenced all his acts, being anxious to do equal justice to both Catholics and Protestants, hastened to take a step which has been followed by most serious consequences.

If it was intended to provide for the Catholics in a Catholic way, it was necessary, unless the Government was prepared simply to give way to all the demands made in the name of 'religious desire'—or of the Catholic freedom of conscience, as some prefer to call it—it was necessary, we say, to obtain information as to what really was the Catho-

lic desire. When the Prussian Ministry, in 1810, received the organisation which it still retains in all essential points, it was thought necessary to add to the Ministry of Worship a Catholic member, who, of course, acquired great influence in everything relating to the Catholics. In 1841 the King established in the Ministry of Worship a Catholic department, under a special Catholic director, that is, he freed the Catholic member from the influence of his Protestant superior. At the same time, however, the King adopted a second measure, which in principle was contradictory to the first, and which allowed the bishops free intercourse with Rome. In point of fact, that intercourse had been free even before; but with this license the State gave up the principle that it had only to deal with a religious community of Prussian Catholics governed by Prussian bishops, and recognised the identity of the interests of the Catholic Churches in Prussia and Rome.

In these circumstances the year 1848 commenced, and the old police-government of the State was broken up. Even in the early spring the watchword for the popular assemblies in Catholic districts was 'freedom of the Church;' the German bishops assembled at Würzburg in the autumn repeated it; the Frankfurt fundamental laws incorporated it, and it was introduced into the Prussian Constitution of 1848 and 1850 in the form of the 'independent regulation and administration of the affairs of the Church by the Church.' It was undoubtedly intended to allow to the Catholic Church, which, as compared with the feeble attitude of so many Governments, showed an imposing tranquillity and seemed to be in favour of order, greater freedom of action than before. The only question was, whether everything should be granted which the bishops had demanded in their memorials, and even if all was granted, everything depended upon the sense in which the concession was made. The Prussian Constitution assigns to the Catholic Church the position of a corporation. Von Ladenberg, then Minister of Public Worship, added the 'explanation,' that the State henceforth gave up the *positive* direction of the Church, but reserved for itself the 'negative right,' that is, the right of the State so far to superintend the Church as not to tolerate the transgressions it may commit in managing its affairs with independence. He therefore called upon the bishops to join him in regulating the relations resulting from this right. But they declined to enter upon such a transaction, thinking that they had gained enough by the removal of the previous restraints.

What they then stated, as the substance of the freedom already won, did not sound dangerous. But Von Ladenberg either did not perceive, or preferred to take no notice of the fact, that the bishops proceeded on the principle that the Church was a power *co-ordinate* with the State, and no less *sovereign* than the State in the fear it inspired. Von Ladenberg had been brought up in the school of the old Prussian common law, and could not well understand how a relation between the State and the Church could exist when it was no longer that of the common law. As to the regulation which the bishops had declined, only some details were settled, as occasion demanded, on the general principle that the State ought to retain only as much of its rights of sovereignty in regard to the Catholic Church as in regard to all other corporations. But this principle was false, for the Church was by no means a corporation like other corporations, which put forth no claims of sovereignty, and had no existence beyond the confines of Prussia. However, the Catholic department remained as it was, and now, as before, felt itself called upon to advocate, not the sovereign interest of the *State*, but the Catholic and therefore sovereign interest of the *Church*. It thus availed itself of the unsatisfactory point of view taken by the Minister in a manner directly opposed to the interest of the State. In this manner the Church, in its so-called independence, had already acquired a large extent of influence. It had already taken possession of the unsuperintended administration of Church property, the unsuperintended education, the appointment and training of the clergy, which the bishops managed in such a manner as to bring the clergy more completely under their control; and further, of the unsuperintended introduction and training of native ecclesiastical orders and congregations. By means of ecclesiastical school-inspectors it directed the primary schools, by Catholic school-councillors the *gymnasias*, and it had covered the country with a net of confraternities, sodalities, and associations of the most different kind, in order to retain in its own hands, wherever possible, the children who had been educated in the Ultramontane system.

All this was ready planned when Von Ladenberg was succeeded in the Ministry by Von Raumer, who, in the spirit of the reaction, tried to establish authority, instead of giving way to the influence of the majority. He thought that in this respect he had the Catholic Church as an ally, in which belief he was strengthened by the proceedings of the Catholic section in the Parliament of 1852. He was, therefore, inclined to sup-

port that party as much as possible, and he did so even in Würtemberg and Baden by admonitions, but much more in Prussia itself. In all this he had the sympathies of Frederick William IV. At the autumnal meeting of the Catholic Unions at Cologne in 1858, the President Reichensperger publicly expressed his gratitude to the Minister, and the Committee declared that, as the object of the contest for the freedom of the Church in the State was now almost fully attained, that contest might, for the present, be allowed to fall into the background.

Von Mühler, Raumer's successor, entertained similar views; for the short Ministry of Bethmann-Hollweg, between the two, scarcely deserves notice, except for the bad reputation which it acquired by allowing itself to be employed by the Curia as a tool against the Liberal theological Professor Baltzer, of Breslau. Von Mühler, however, was perhaps even more influenced by fear than Raumer. The bishops, and the Catholic departments in the Ministry representing them, had contrived to create a general belief—and they probably entertained it themselves—that the peace of the State depended upon their being satisfied, and that they had the absolute control of the masses of the Catholic population in their own hands. The Ultramontanes knew of this fear, which was by no means felt by Von Mühler alone, and they ascribed to it alone all that the State did for the Catholic Church. We need not dwell upon the details of the Ministries of Raumer and Von Mühler, for the main facts were uniformly alike. The Church starts from the principle that the State has no right over anything which the Church declares to be in her domain, and that Protestantism has no rights at all. Whatever the Church thus demanded the Government granted, and employed the executive power of the State to drill for the bishops the troops that were to be employed against itself. The Ultramontanes had become so secure and insolent, that when Von Mühler, after the Vatian decree, proved himself too honest to deprive of their places those who until then had been recognised by the Church itself as good Catholics, merely because they refused to believe anything else than what they had believed before, the '*Schlesische Hausblätter*' *toute bonnement* demanded the appointment of a *Catholic* Minister of Worship. Until then the different religious communities in Silesia had shown an exemplary peacefulness, but the Catholic department of the Ministry, partly by other measures, but especially by favouring the Polish elementary schools above the German, had supported the progress of Po-

lish Ultramontanism, which is hostile to Germany.

Even Prince Bismarck had allowed these things to go on for a long time. He had partly acted as a mere spectator, and partly given his consent that nothing should be done either against the Syllabus, and its propositions hostile to the State, or against the Vatican decrees. In the year 1868 it was publicly said that he was seriously considering the appointment of a Papal Nuncio in Berlin. He was considered to be a friend of the Catholic Church, and he himself says that he was inclined to make to it all possible concessions.

We may ask: Did even his keen eye overlook the approaching danger, or did he underestimate it? Prince Bismarck had received the impressions of his earlier life in countries where the Catholic Church was not a great power. It is possible that he still retained for that Church some legitimist sympathies which had been called forth in the beginning of his political career, or that he formed his estimate of it more from the Catholics known to him than from the Ultramontane system. It is also possible that for a time he may have allowed himself to be misled by the words 'religion,' 'freedom of conscience,' and 'Church.'

Being himself full of earnestness in matters of religion, and a good Lutheran Christian, he had, nevertheless, experience enough to know that our age is not generally stirred up by an inward religious want, and he may have supposed therefore that the Catholic movement was not a very deep one; overlooking the fact that, as he has since very correctly said, the question here is not one about religion, but only about politics, and consequently about a matter of burning interest at the present time. For the question is whether the Catholic community of interests is to be entitled to develop that immense social power by which it can work its will in the State, in everything which it declares to belong to it, independently of the State, and yet protected by the laws and institutions of the State, and that, too, in Prussia, which is essentially a Protestant State. The decision had to be made whether the Catholic community should be allowed, by employing the forms and liberties of the Constitution, to push its Parliamentary vanguard into the heart of Prussia. The Church, supported from without by the large resources of the community, and from within by the no less large political resources of the Catholic clergy, hand in hand with the bishops, and under the command of the Roman Curia, had resolved to combat everything which the Pope denounces as Protestant principles in

the life of the State, including confessedly the self-determining power of the State even in regard to the Church, and the maintenance of freedom of conscience. For the Syllabus and the preliminaries to the Vatican Council express this in so many words.

Prince Bismarck once spoke of the suddenness of the attack of the Ultramontanes, meaning that the attack was long and thoroughly prepared. When he saw himself opposed by the Centre, it suddenly became clear to him that he had already faced these very powers in the French and in the Austrian wars, and that now, as then, the question for Prussia, that is for Germany, was simply 'to be or not to be.' If he could have been in doubt for a moment, he would have been convinced by the pastorals in which the bishops have now enlightened the clergy and the people about infallibility and its opponents. They admit that the educated are its opponents, but they add that the question is one simply of insubordination to ecclesiastical authority, for that 'no one wishing to belong to the flock of Christ can separate himself from that which they themselves profess.' This test was also applied to the Protestants. In regard to the State, they said that the Vatican Council had changed nothing: the State—this is not, indeed, their expression, but their words can have no other meaning—the State, which does not assist them against the Old Catholics, oppresses the Church, and so forth.

If Prince Bismarck could have been in doubt, we said—but he did not doubt, nor did the Emperor. They could not be deceived, and they knew that they were committed to a struggle more difficult than that with France. When once the alternative was plain, they did not hesitate to take up the gauntlet. On the 8th of July, 1871, the Catholic department in the Ministry of Public Worship was abolished. The necessity was proclaimed of adopting towards all Churches the exclusively political attitude of equal justice to all, and for this purpose only one ecclesiastical department was required. At length the State reasserted its freedom. What it now declared was not an arrangement, but a definite policy, and the question was how this was to be carried out.

A contest immediately took place, arising out of the principle that a Catholic not acknowledging the Vatican decree nevertheless remained a Catholic—a principle in which the highest tribunal of the country agreed with the Government. According to the Prussian Constitution, the instruction in the gymnasia, including religious instruction, is superintended by the State, and even at those State

gymnasias which are Catholic, the religious teachers are appointed by the State, although not till the bishop has declared that the person to be appointed is fit for the office. Dr. Wollmann had for a long time held the office of teacher of religion in the Catholic gymnasium of Braunsberg, in the Diocese of Ermeland. Having refused to submit to the Vatican decree, he was deprived by the bishop of his priestly consecration, and subsequently excommunicated. The bishop, maintaining that he alone was the real teacher of religion, demanded that Wollmann should be removed from the gymnasium, and that another teacher should be appointed in his place. The Minister, Von Mühler, refused to comply with this demand, because an irreproachable public servant like Wollmann could not be lawfully dismissed. As soon as Wollmann had been suspended, the bishop had forbidden the pupils to attend his classes; but, as religious instruction is compulsory in the Prussian gymnasias, those who obeyed the bishop had to leave the gymnasium. On the 20th of July, 1871, the bishop issued a pastoral letter, in which he called the proceedings of the Minister 'an attack upon the faith—a denial of the existing laws' and 'of the natural rights of Prussian Catholics guaranteed by law,' and cautioned all parents against Wollmann. In September all the Prussian bishops, assembled at Fulda, sent an address to the Emperor against the measures of the Government, in which they accused the Minister of treating the Catholic Church as if it were beyond the protection of the law, and of abandoning the Prussian tradition concerning freedom of conscience. To this the Emperor answered that they had not pointed out the violation of a single law, that he left dogmatic disputes untouched, but that if the Vatican decrees had actually disturbed the good understanding which had hitherto existed, it would be the duty of the Government to endeavour to provide by legislation a solution of the recent conflicts between the authorities of the State and the Church, unless they could be otherwise prevented.

The path thus indicated was the very one which Baden and Würtemberg had entered upon in regard to the Church ever since 1860. 'Until that solution has been found in a constitutional way,' concluded the Emperor, 'it is my duty to uphold the existing laws, and accordingly to protect every Prussian,' including the Old Catholics: words truly worthy of a King. The 'Germania,' the journal of the Centre, indeed, threatened him with the opposition 'of all good Catholics,' and concluded its article by saying,

'bear in mind that not an iota will be changed in the mighty Infallibility of the Pope, even if all rise against it, but the systems of government can and must change.' Bishop Krementz of Ermeland continued his disputes with the Ministry during the whole year; but on the 18th of December Reichensperger, one of the leaders of the Centre, made a proposal in the Prussian Parliament, which though legally not correct, was just in point of fact, that the Catholic pupils of Braunsberg should at least be at liberty to attend other Catholic religious instruction than that given at the gymnasium. This demand was subsequently granted by Von Mühler's successor, Dr. Falk, as soon as he had entered upon his office, and the rule was extended to all Catholic Gymnasias (29th December, 1872).

One step in the legislative regulation of the dispute, according to the Emperor's promise, was taken in November 1871, though not in the first instance by Prussia. On the proposal of Bavaria, the Federal Council adopted an addition to the criminal code, ordaining that ecclesiastics abusing their office to the disturbance of the public peace should be criminally punished; because their position of authority, as protected by the State, renders them in such case guilty of a special violation of duty. During the first discussion of this proposal in the Imperial Parliament, on the 23rd of November, Von Lutz, the Bavarian Minister of Public Worship, and himself a Catholic, stated that the difficulty which Prussia was now experiencing with the Catholic Church had been felt by Catholic Governments; and that the proposed law, which was mainly intended to afford the loyal clergy a support against their ecclesiastical superiors, was only one of a series of measures absolutely necessary for self-defence.

'The essence of the question here at issue is, *Who is to be master in the State, the Government or the Roman Church?* No State can exist with two Governments, one of which declares that to be wrong which the other commands. . . . Such a double Government, however, exists in those States in which the majority of the population is left to the influence of the Roman Church. If in such States the Government does not simply submit to the Roman Church, the two face each other as enemies. And this is the case, even if the Government, openly respecting and cherishing religion, desires only to secure to the different religious communities their just rights. It may be said that the ecclesiastical and secular Governments have each its separate departments, to which they might confine themselves, and live in peace with each other. But the Church itself has never admitted this

view; it has always maintained different theories, and if it has not carried them into practice, the only reason has been that, as has often been avowed, it did not consider the times fit for so direct a course. The Church vindicates for itself the domain of faith and morals. But the latter, according to her interpretation, comprises all the relations of men to one another. According to this view, we cannot imagine anything that could be regarded as exclusively belonging to the State, or which the Church might not in certain circumstances claim for itself. From this it follows that a unity of Government is only conceivable if the secular government simply submits to the Church. There exists in the State two powers. The State, with its secular power, protects the authority of the Church. It compels the new-born citizen to adopt a religious confession, and compels the child to take part in its religious exercises. From the cradle to the tomb the State impresses upon its citizens that the authority of the Church is to be respected and honoured. The Church, on the other hand, claims for herself the supremacy over the State; she combats the State by means of her organs as often as it is not in agreement with her. She asserts that its law contradicts divine law, that it is God's command to refuse obedience to the bad laws of the State, and that it is a religious duty to obey God rather than man; but of course it is the Church alone which can determine what God commands and forbids.'

So speaks a Catholic—not an Old Catholic!

The proposal, after its third reading on the 28th of November, 1871, was passed in the Imperial Parliament by a great majority, and became the law of the Empire. At the same time, on the 27th of November, the Emperor had opened the Prussian Parliament with a speech, in which, in accordance with his language on the 18th of October, he said:—

'In the face of the movements which have taken place in the domain of the Church, my Government firmly maintains the duty of securing to the State its full independence in administering the law, and securing civil order, and at the same time of protecting the lawful independence of the church or of religious communities, as well as the freedom of individuals in matters of faith and conscience. For the purpose of carrying out these constitutional principles, special bills will be laid before you.'

The Emperor promised, in particular, laws about marriage and the separating of the Church from the inspection of schools, the last in order to 'satisfy a want that was specially recognised as urgent.' Von Mühl-er, on the 14th of December, brought this law before the Parliament, which was in perfect agreement with its principle. All

parties, however, became convinced that this Minister was not sufficiently in earnest, and he was obliged to give way. On the 19th of January, 1872, Dr. Falk was appointed as his successor. The new Minister immediately declared that of the legacy left him by his predecessor he could only accept the law about the inspection of schools. In regard to other matters he promised legislative measures for the next year.

Hitherto the local inspection of elementary schools had been regularly entrusted to the pastor, and that of the Circle (district) to the Protestant superintendent or the Catholic dean. The new law ordained that both kinds of inspection should be made exclusively in the name of the State, which alone made the appointment and might revoke it. The Bill, in spite of a flood of petitions against it, was passed and published as the law of the land on the 12th of March. It was the first time that the bishops had petitioned the House of Deputies. They talked of the 'State abandoning religion,' a phrase which only expressed their own uneasiness. The measure had become necessary as soon as the Church put itself in opposition to the State and made use of the schools to incite the young against the Government. This had been done openly in Posen and Upper Silesia, the very districts whence most of the petitions against the school law had come. In the provinces, where the Pole too often regards the German not only as his political, but also as his religious, enemy, the Polonizing of the elementary schools had been promoted by Catholic priests, and the learning of German had been prevented. Hence the Polish population—not coming into direct contact with the German Government—were handed over to the influence of those who had to translate and communicate the German laws and regulations. The danger, however, was not confined to Posen and Silesia: the experiment made in them only showed the prevailing disposition. It has been justly said that the future belongs to those to whom the school belongs. This first step of the Prussian Government, therefore, was exceedingly important, as was shown by the excitement of the debate in the Parliament. The Germans in Posen most joyfully agreed with the Government. Even ten years earlier, when the disturbances in Russian Poland began, they had directed attention to the fact that the germ of the Polish revolution lay in the actions of the school inspectors. Let us cast a glance at those years, in order to gain a more complete survey of the state of affairs.

In the disturbances of Prussian Poland in

1846-48, the clergy, including Prezyluski, Archbishop of Posen, had taken a fanatical part. The clergy also took a lively interest in the famous insurrection of Russian Poland. During this movement the intermixture of the national and ecclesiastical interests became more conspicuous than before, as, for instance, in the intervention of the bishops in support of the national wishes, in the holding of political prayer-meetings and processions, and in the singing of revolutionary hymns in the churches. The Archbishop of Warsaw frankly confessed to the Russian Government that the priests secured their influence over the people by their participation in these things. Though the Polish National Government of 1863 put off the outbreak of the disturbances in Prussia, until the rising in Russian Poland should be successful, the movement had extended into Prussian Poland; and the revolution would have broken out in the latter country also had it not been for the strong precautionary measures of the Government. When the archbishop died, in March 1865, it was natural for the Government to look about for a successor who, though free to be a good Catholic, would take no further part in the political agitation of Poland, but would rather assist in calming it. The Roman Curia recommended Count Ledochowski, then Papal Nuncio at Brussels, where Von Savigny had been Prussian Ambassador at the same time with him. One of the Pope's agents, M. Franchi, at that time expressed himself as follows: 'Gubernium Borussiae est omnium pessimum, contra quod necessaria prudentia Archiepiscopi Comitibus de Ledochowski.' Although the two Cathedral Chapters of Gnesen and Posen, as well as the public opinion of the province, were decidedly against Ledochowski, he was elected Archbishop in December 1865, not without some pressure from Rome and from Berlin. He began, indeed, by warning his clergy against interfering in politics, and repeated the warning on the occasion of the war of 1866; and he still showed his moderation in 1870. But during the meeting of the Vatican Council he had been appointed by the Pope Primate of Poland, a fact which did not become known till afterwards. Under the Polish kingdom that dignity had been connected with the see of Gnesen, and, according to the public law then existing, the Primate acted as regent when the throne was vacant. The dignity thus became directly connected with the hopes and ideas of those who, still refusing to recognise the dismemberment of old Poland, saw in the archbishop their legitimate Polish head. All that Ledochowski had until then left undone was undertaken

with double zeal as soon as his new appointment became known. Secretly he was already Primate, when, at the beginning of November 1870, he was endeavouring at Versailles to induce Prussia to intervene in favour of the restoration of the States of the Church. When these attempts produced no result, the clerical movement of the Polish Sunday Unions was formed, in which attempts were made to excite the jealousy of the national party, especially by telling them that in Prussia Catholics and Poles were everywhere kept in the background. In the clerical *Volkskalender* of Thorn for 1872, Archbishop Ledochowski was publicly mentioned in the list of reigning sovereigns as Primate and as representative of the King of Poland. This political background throws into a clearer light the intrigues of the school inspectors acting under Ledochowski, against whom the law about the inspection of schools was first directed. As soon as that law was published, the Prussian bishops again assembled at Fulda, on the 9th of April, 1872. The absence of Ledochowski from this and almost every meeting of the kind was probably meant as a demonstration to show that he was not a Prussian but a Polish bishop. The bishops resolved to yield to the school law, as it could not be got rid of. They advised their clergy to retain the inspection of schools where it was not taken from them; but in all other matters concerning the policy of the Church to keep up a constant communication with the bishop. This resolution may have been influenced by the experience gained in Baden, where, after a protracted opposition against the school law, the Curia had lately found it prudent to yield.

Down to the beginning of the year 1872 Prussia entertained no hostile intentions towards the Catholic Church, and the assurances which the Government made to the Parliament were honestly meant. Prince Bismarck, in particular, was very anxious to come to an understanding with the Papal See. Of this we have the clearest evidence in two circumstances which occurred about this time. He authorised Count Arnim, the Prussian Ambassador, to propose to the Curia that if they would use their influence with Ledochowski to induce him to resist the intrigues of the Polish party, the Prussian Government would not persist in the laws which had been brought forward. Even when this favourable proposal was rejected by the Curia, through the influence of the Jesuits, Prince Bismarck did not abandon all hopes of conciliation. On the recall of Count Arnim from Rome, the King nominated as his successor in April, Cardinal

Prince Hohenlohe, in the hope that a prelate in such a high position might be able to make some arrangement for reconciling the claims of the Church and the State. But the Pope, again instigated by the Jesuits, refused to receive Prince Hohenlohe as the Prussian Ambassador, although France and Austria had on previous occasions been represented by Cardinals, who had acted as mediators in similar circumstances. But the Jesuit party would make no concession. Even after this second repulse, the Prussian Government did not break off all diplomatic relations with the Papal See, and continued to be represented by a simple Attaché, till the Curia ostentatiously expressed its approval of the disobedience of the Chaplain-General Namszanowski (of which we shall speak presently), when the Attaché was recalled. War was now openly declared between Prussia and Rome. But we have no hesitation in asserting that the war was forced upon Prussia by Rome.

It was in the month of May that the debate about the Jesuits commenced in the Imperial Parliament. The characteristic of the Jesuits from the beginning of their existence had been the advocacy of Papal absolutism and the struggle against Protestantism. For this purpose the Order was founded; for no other purpose was it restored in 1814; and for this object it has been working during the last sixty years no less than in earlier times. It is a characteristic fact, that the Jesuits make their pupils study for years the 'Summa' of Saint Thomas, just as Protestant theologians study Holy Scripture. By this method they have prepared the soil for the political as well as for the dogmatic doctrines of the Syllabus and the Vatican Council, and it cannot be denied that wherever they appear religious peace is at an end. Hence the disgust felt by the party opposed to the Vatican Council was directed especially against the Jesuits; and when that disgust was expressed strongly and justly, at the Congress of the Old Catholics at Munich in September 1871, a number of bishops dependent on the Jesuits—Prussian bishops among the rest—were induced to take them under their protection. The Committee of the Old Catholics at Cologne replied by a petition to the Imperial Parliament against the Order, and others followed. The debate on these petitions took place on the 15th, 16th, and 23rd of May. A proposal to the Federal Council—to bring in during that same session the draft of a law respecting the legal position of religious orders, congregations, and associations, their admissibility and its conditions, as well as concerning the punishment

of any acts hostile to the State, and especially about the Society of Jesus—was accepted by 205 votes against 84, that is against the Centre and a few others. The Federal Council accepted the draft of a law intended only to give to the Governments the power to limit the movements of the Jesuits from one place to another; but when, on the 14th of June, the law came before the Imperial Parliament, it met with the most vehement opposition of the Centre. Windhorst, the worst enemy of the Empire, who on that day went so far as directly to appeal to the Bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, uttered the oft-quoted words, 'If you declare war against us, well, then you shall have it.' The Centre had been hit in a most sensitive part. The same evening trustworthy men from all parties of the Imperial Parliament met, and agreed upon amendments to the law about the Jesuits. The Order was to be excluded from the Empire, its establishments were to be abolished, foreign Jesuits were to be expelled, the German Jesuits and the members of kindred orders and similar congregations were to be interned, and the carrying into effect of the measure was no longer to be entrusted to each separate Government, but to the Federal Council. With these amendments the law was passed, after its third reading on the 17th and 19th of June, it was soon after accepted by the Federal Council, and was sanctioned by the Emperor on the 4th of July. On the 5th it was published with an explanatory order, reserving to the Government the right to make further regulations respecting other orders and congregations akin to that of the Jesuits.

The Centre had been angry, but the 'Correspondance de Genève' was still more wroth. The time for having compassion upon the Protestant heretics had passed away, and the time of justice must commence; and especially the forbearance towards Prussia would perhaps cease at the very moment when its continuance was of the highest importance to her. The journal goes on to say that, in the case of a war breaking out, the masses would not support the Governments. The Pope also, on the 24th of June, took an opportunity to complain of persecution, which he attributed to Prince Bismarck personally, pointing to the 'little stone' of Holy Scripture, which was already rolling down to dash to pieces the foot of the Colossus. At length the war declared by the Centre broke out at Mayence, where a 'union of German Catholics for common political action' was founded on the 8th of July, and inaugurated by a protest against the law about the Jesuits.

Hitherto the different existing unions, whose general meetings we have repeatedly mentioned, had been employed for political agitation; but the new union employed two means for carrying out this object more fully. In the first place, it placed the union under the guidance of the hierarchy, the priests being the centres of the local unions, and the deans, so far as they might be available, the leaders of the larger unions; and in the second place, it was to hold meetings at various places. To these meetings were sent well-chosen popular orators, to stir up the people, and to prepare them for the objects of the union by creating distrust, if not hatred, of the Government and the Protestants, and by inculcating upon the Catholic people the idea, that the legislation of the State in ecclesiastical matters was not binding on account of its incompetency. The same subject was treated in a detailed memorial of the Prussian bishops, again assembled at Fulda from the 18th to the 20th of September. As if they had always entertained the opinion decreed at the Vatican, and as if they had never warned the Pope (as they had done) that the State could not accept the Vatican decrees, they now again represented their Church as assailed in its most cherished rights. According to their views, the Church is absolutely right in everything she has done, and the State is absolutely wrong. Whoever opposes the State in this matter fulfils his duty, and they declare themselves ready to offer downright resistance.

After what had been done thus far, it could not be expected that the Government would allow itself to be intimidated. The Episcopacy and the Centre had issued their orders, but Dr. Falk had likewise proceeded on his course, slowly but surely. Several events which happened about this time require a brief notice.

Bishop Krementz of Ermeland, as already observed, had excommunicated Dr. Wollmann, and afterwards also Dr. Michaelis, Professor of Philosophy in the Lyceum of Braunsberg. Thereupon the pastoral journal of the diocese published a paper instructing the faithful how they must avoid intercourse with excommunicated persons, and reminding them of the severe penalties with which the Church visited any social contact with the excommunicated, and even forbade saluting them in the streets. Dr. Falk, with the sanction of the whole Ministry, now called the bishop to account (11th of March, 1872), inasmuch as the excommunication thus made public was an attack upon the social honour of a citizen, and such proceedings of ecclesiastical superiors were, accord-

ing to the existing laws, permissible only after they had been sanctioned by the authority of the State in every individual case. The bishop, in his defence, proceeded on the principle that wherever the canonical law and the laws of the country contradicted one another, he must be guided by the former, until the contradiction was removed by an agreement between the Pope and the Government. On the occasion of the centenary of the union of West Prussia (in which the Bishopric of Ermeland is situated) with the kingdom of Prussia, the bishop issued an apparently loyal pastoral, and at the same time asked permission of the Emperor to express to him personally on this occasion the fidelity and loyalty of the Ermeland clergy. The Emperor was willing to receive the petitioner, if he would previously promise to obey the laws of the State in every respect. The bishop answered, 'In matters of State certainly, but not if the law of the State touches upon the domain of the Church.' By order of the Emperor, Prince Bismarck now demanded of the prelate a definite declaration that by those excommunications, made without the knowledge of the Government, he had violated the established law of the land. Krementz refused, and thereby excluded himself from taking part in the West Prussian centenary; whereupon Falk made to him the following communication: 'As the Parliament grants the salaries of bishops only for such servants of the Church as acknowledge the Constitution, by virtue of which the grant is made, but as the ideas entertained by the bishops are irreconcilable with the fundamental principles of the Prussian and every other State, the Government cannot undertake the responsibility of paying him his salary any longer.' Bishop Krementz protested, and on the ground of the Bull *De Salute Animarum* he commenced a lawsuit against the Prussian Treasury for the payment of his salary, but his claim was rejected by the Courts of Law at every stage. He had learnt, however, to be more cautious in his excommunications; for when he afterwards inflicted that punishment upon the Old Catholic pastor Grunert, it was done only by means of a Latin letter addressed to the priests of the diocese, which simply excluded Grunert from purely ecclesiastical intercourse (*communio in sacris*), and was not publicly proclaimed.

A second affair which engaged the attention of Falk, and which, like the dispute with Krementz, was connected with the development of Old Catholicism, related to the Catholic Chaplain-General (*Feldprobst*) Namszanowski, Bishop of Agathopolis (in

partibus). The church of St. Pantaleon at Cologne, which belongs to the State, was used for the worship of both Catholic and Protestant soldiers, and the Minister of War granted the use of it to the Old Catholics also. When the Chaplain-General, who had been at the Vatican Council an opponent, but was now an upholder, of Infallibility, was informed of this, he forbade the Catholic Military Chaplain Lünemann to hold divine worship in that church; and when the military authorities demanded of him to withdraw this order, he declined to obey. It is singular that while the Protestant heretical worship in the same church was tolerated, that of the Old Catholics was forbidden.

The position of the Catholic Chaplain-General, like that of all military chaplains, is regulated by the Prussian *Kirchen-Ordnung*, which was originally intended only for Protestant chaplains, but was subsequently, with the consent of all parties, applied also to the Catholic chaplains. According to the military *Kirchen-Ordnung*, the Chaplain-General, as such, is directly responsible to the Ministries of Public Worship and of War, and in external ecclesiastical arrangements he has to obey the commands of his military superiors. His clerical position, up to the year 1868, had been subject to various fluctuations. In 1849 the Prince-Bishop of Breslau, von Diepenbrock, had first performed the function of Bishop of the Army, and appointed a Chaplain-General as his representative; and when the latter died, no fixed rule was made. In 1859 the King had appointed Dr. Peldram Chaplain-General of the Army; and, when he was made Bishop of Treves, a royal order of the 24th of February, 1866, designated Namszanowski, then provost at Königsberg, as the future Chaplain-General, and at the same time promised negotiations respecting the establishment of a Catholic Chaplain-General directly dependent on the Pope, and not on the Bishop. The negotiations about this matter were concluded by the Papal Brief of the 22nd of May, 1868. In order to give the Chaplain-General direct ecclesiastical authority, without the intervention of another bishop, the Pope granted to him the title of Bishop *in partibus*. No change was thereby made in the Chaplain-General's relation to the State; and his appointment was henceforth to be made by a common resolution of the Holy See and the Prussian Government. Namszanowski, who had entered upon his office by virtue of the Papal Brief and by the royal document of installation, was well aware that in everything which was not of a purely ecclesiastical nature he had to obey

the orders of the Ministers of War and Public Worship, and that, in case of need, he had to ask for their instructions. Moreover, every Prussian military chaplain, on entering upon his office, swears that he means to be submissive, faithful, and loyal to the King, that he will exhort his subordinates to do the same, and will never perform any act whereby the King's service may in any way be injured. Accordingly, when the Chaplain-General refused to obey the orders of the military authorities in reference to the use of the church of St. Pantaleon, it was impossible for the Government to pass over such an act of disobedience, as the chief spiritual officer was setting an example to all his subordinates to do the same. He was, therefore, at once removed from his office, receiving, however, a pension from the State. But another step was necessary; for since it was clear that this resistance to authority had rested not upon the personal views of the Chaplain-General, but upon the attitude which the Papal See had assumed towards the State, the Government abolished the office of a Catholic Chaplain-General.

Thirdly: The execution of the law respecting the superintendence of schools, and the law about the Jesuits, was followed by important consequences. Even before the publication of the latter, Dr. Falk had expelled from Silesia and Poland the many foreign members of ecclesiastical orders—Russians, Poles, Austrians, &c.—and especially Jesuits; and after the publication of the law about the superintendence of schools, he had at once ordered a visitation of the schools of West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia. In June, 1872, these visitations were finished, and the unanimous result was that, on the whole, the Polish Catholic inspectors of schools not only took no interest in the schools, but apparently entertained the positive wish that little should be learnt. It had clearly become necessary to appoint German inspectors of schools, and to support and increase the number of the schools. It appeared that the school sisters, and other members of ecclesiastical orders and congregations, could not be allowed to take part in the teaching of schools. The Minister, therefore, forbade their admission to the public schools, and took into serious consideration their activity in private ones. The so-called congregations of St. Mary, which had been formed among the pupils, were at once forbidden on account of their injurious tendencies opposed to all sound education.

The law against the Jesuits now began to be put into operation; to other orders it has hitherto been applied with moderation. On the whole it was carried into effect without

difficulty. The most dangerous and best-trained of the enemies' officers were thus no longer allowed to carry out their designs within the camp of their opponents. A few interpellations addressed to the Minister by the Centre party, in the Parliament convened in November, afforded him an opportunity to give detailed explanations why those teachers could not be tolerated who were known not to teach the young to reverence the laws. The House expressed its full agreement with him.

Let us now return once more to the end of the year 1872. On the 22nd of December the aged Pope held an allocution, in which he not only condemned the abominations of Catholic Italy, and spoke in equally strong language about the ecclesiastical disputes which had recently arisen in Switzerland, but also touched upon the secret and public 'persecution of the Church in the German Empire.' For there, he added, persons to whom the ecclesiastical dogmas were not even known (that is, Protestants) impudently asserted that the State did not violate the ecclesiastical domain, even in cases in which the Church itself complained of the violation of its rights and of the oppression of conscience. He felt this as a mockery, because he regarded it as a matter of course that the Church alone has the right to fix the limits between its domain and that of the State.

The answer which the Government gave to this allocution was by Dr. Falk bringing forward, on the 9th of January, 1873, a series of laws to determine, more accurately than had hitherto been done, the limits of ecclesiastical freedom in the State. These are the laws which have raised so much excitement and discussion; and it is therefore necessary to give a brief account of them, though it is needless to enter into all their details. They are four in number.

The first of these laws regulates the means by which a person may sever his connection with the Church. He can do this by making a simple declaration before a justice of the peace, who has to communicate a copy of it to the ecclesiastical authorities. If the separation has taken place in due form, it frees the person from all the civil effects of belonging to that particular Church or religious community, especially from ecclesiastical burthens and dues.

The second law restricts the Church in the exercise of ecclesiastical punishments. It forbids all penalties and means of discipline directed against the life, property, freedom, or honour of citizens. It is unlawful alike to threaten, to inflict, and to proclaim such punishments and means of disci-

pline. Hence no infliction of the great excommunication is allowed, if proclaimed with the name of the guilty, because its consequences would disturb civil and social intercourse. Every one violating this law is liable to fine or imprisonment.

The third law, concerning the ecclesiastical power of discipline, and the establishment of the royal court of law for ecclesiastical affairs, is of far greater importance. It regulates the exercise of the disciplinary power belonging to the ecclesiastical authorities against officers of the Church for special violation of their duties. The following are the chief points in this law. The disciplinary power must be exercised only by ecclesiastical bodies whose members are Germans, residing within the limits of the German empire. In inflicting punishment, bodily chastisement is entirely forbidden. Fines must not exceed thirty thalers, or the amount of a higher official income for one month. The punishment which deprives a person of his freedom must consist only in his banishment to an institution of *demeriti* situated within the German empire, nor must it under any circumstances exceed three months; lastly, the execution must neither be commenced nor continued against the will of the person concerned. Further the law grants an appeal against these decisions to the 'Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs.' The law gives to the same court jurisdiction over ecclesiastical officers, when they violate the laws of the State, and enables them to punish them by fine and imprisonment.

The 'Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs' is a new court created by this third law. It has its seat in Berlin, and consists of eleven members, of whom the president and at least five members must be regularly appointed judges. The members are appointed by the King on the proposal of the Minister of State and cannot be arbitrarily deposed. The decisions of the court are final. Rights like those we have been speaking of existed even in the earlier Prussian law, but the mode of carrying them into effect had to be brought into harmony with the modern public law of Prussia. This was done by substituting for the former Ministerial decisions the decision of a court of the highest rank working in the full light of publicity.

The fourth and last law relates to the preliminary education and the appointment of priests. In Prussia, as in all other civilised countries of Europe, the clergy are protected by the State as the authoritative teachers and advisers of the people. Starting from this point of view, the law begins by pre-

scribing that clerical offices in any of the Christian Churches shall be entrusted only to those Germans who can prove that they have enjoyed an education in accordance with the regulations of the law, and against whose appointment the authorities of the State do not raise any objection. These regulations had been in force for a long time in regard to the Protestant Church; but, in applying them to the Catholics, the State had to face the claim that the priests are to be educated from their boyhood in an exclusively ecclesiastical manner, and to be appointed exclusively by the Church. In addition to this, it had been found by experience that the Church had made use of the liberty left to it by the State in this respect for the purpose of bringing up a race of priests, the majority of whom were deficient in that general education which enables men to judge with independence of the affairs of public life. Moreover, the State found that the bishops had availed themselves of their right of appointment to render the priests, who were brought up in servile submission to them, dependent upon them also in external matters. The priest, when regularly appointed, can be removed from his place by the bishop only in virtue of a legal verdict; his substitute (*vicarius*) depends entirely upon the arbitrary decision of the bishop. The German bishops, therefore, in order to produce this dependence, have systematically left parishes without their pastor, and instead of them appointed mere *vicarii*, or, in the case of regularly appointed priests, have secured the same dependence by making them sign documents in which the candidates from the first unconditionally renounce every lawful claim to the living conferred upon them. In this manner they have attained in a circuitous way the right which the French bishops possess by law, and which enabled Cardinal Bonnechose, like a military commander, to say, 'Chacun de nous a un regiment à commander et il marche.'

In regard to education, the State demands that young men intended for the priesthood shall have passed the leaving examination (*Abiturienten-examen*) in a German Gymnasium, that they shall devote three years to the study of theology in a German University, in those provinces in which there is an University with a *faculty of Catholic theology*, during which the students are not allowed to be members of an episcopal seminary, that is, exposed to the influence of a purely clerical system of education; that they shall pass a public examination conducted by the State, in which they have to prove that they possess general culture, and especially

a knowledge of philosophy, history, and German literature. All educational establishments for the clergy, especially *Convictoria*, and all kinds of seminaries, are placed under the superintendence of the State. Institutions refusing to be superintended by the State are closed.

In regard to the appointment of priests the law runs as follows:—Whoever is to be appointed to a clerical office must be named by those who appoint him to the authorities of the State, who may enter a protest within a certain limit of time, and for definite reasons. Such a protest is admissible only if the candidate does not possess the qualification required by law for the clerical office, if he has been condemned to a severe punishment for some crime, and lastly, if facts are known which justify the supposition that the priest will act contrary to the laws of the State, or the lawful regulations of the proper authority, or that he will disturb the public peace. The facts on which the protest are based must be stated at once, and their relevancy is decided in the last instance by the Royal Court of Justice for Ecclesiastical Affairs. The conferring of any clerical office, without the candidate being announced in the manner above stated, is legally null and void. The exercise of clerical functions by a person not announced is punished by fines; and the like penalties are incurred by the institution of new clerical offices without the consent of the State, and by neglecting to fill clerical offices which have been vacant for one year.

Such is the nature of the four laws relating to ecclesiastical policy. According to Article 12 of the Prussian Constitution the Church is a corporation, and the exercise of religious freedom must not interfere with the duties of the citizens towards the community and the State. In proclaiming the Constitution the Minister of Worship had declared that the State reserved to itself as inalienable the 'negative right' to prevent possible excesses in the use of religious freedom. Now the four new laws were an exercise of this constitutional right reserved by the State: they were declaratory and explanatory of the Constitution. But the Ultramontanes did not admit this. Ever since 1849 they had asserted the divine right of sovereignty in the Church, and the State had allowed this usurpation to pass for years. Thus, according to the practice hitherto followed, it might appear as if the question were not about a mere declaration, but about a change of the Constitution. In order that the constitutional nature of the laws might not be disputed when they had passed the Parliament, it seemed advisable

to treat the proposals in the same formal manner as if a change of the Constitution had been contemplated. The Committee of the House of Representatives, to which the drafts were referred after the first reading, took up this attitude of caution, and accordingly laid before the House the draft of a law concerning the change of Articles 15 and 18 of the Constitution. To the 15th Article, namely, 'The Protestant and the Roman Catholic Church as well as every other religious community regulates and administers its affairs independently,' it was added, 'but the Church remains subject to the laws of the State, and to its legally regulated superintendence' under Article 18, which leaves the giving of ecclesiastical livings to the clerical superiors. The principle of the new legislation received its constitutional recognition through the words, 'In all other matters the law regulates the rights of the State regarding the education, appointment, and dismissal of clergymen and servants of religion, and fixes the limits of the power of ecclesiastical discipline.' The new proposal was accepted by the two Houses of Parliament in the forms prescribed for changes made in the Constitution, was sanctioned by the King, and thus became the constitutional framework of the modern law of the State and Church in Prussia.

The four laws were adopted by the House of Deputies on the 20th and 21st of March and by the Upper House in spite of repeated attempts to delay a decision, on the 1st of May, 1873; passing each House by a majority of two-thirds. The opposition, not to mention the men of the Centre, consisted of some politicians who, according to the American or Belgian model, preferred the separation of the State from the Church, and of a number of old Conservatives, who, misled by the Ultramontanes, blindly wished to continue the former policy. They were strengthened in their attitude by the sympathies shown even by a number of Protestant clergymen, who were influenced by the Catholic theory of the clerical office. In consequence of some alterations which had been made in the drafts in the Upper House, they had to be brought again before the House of Deputies, where they were settled on the 9th of May, and immediately afterwards were sanctioned by the Emperor. On the 15th of May they appeared in the collection of laws—four landmarks in the development of ecclesiastical policy not only for Prussia, but for all Germany, and of the highest importance for all future time.

The new legislation does not profess to include regulations concerning all possible

points of contact between the State and the Church. Its original plan was more comprehensive, and since its publication it has been supplemented, and will have to be supplemented continually. But it constitutes the first decisive step against the attacks of Ultramontanism. The old complaints of persecution against the Church have been since scarcely heard of; it is the *Laws of May* against which all attacks are now directed. It is perfectly plain that they do not prevent a single Catholic in Prussia from fulfilling his religious duties as strictly as his heart may desire. The laws, as now established, leave absolutely free and untouched the inner life of the Church, the proclamation of its doctrines of faith and morals, the administration of the sacraments, and the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline within the domain of religion. What vexes the Ultramontanes belongs to a different domain. It is not even the earnestness of the Government—which might be a transitory party—but the resolution which the country has shown, through its representatives, to guard its right to be master in its own house, and not to allow itself to be frightened by declamations, threats, and senseless cries. The second reason why the Ultramontanes are so vexed is, that Prussia has understood the necessity, and acted accordingly, at a time when she was still able to act; for they had hoped that Prussia would wait until the Roman network was spread over the whole State. This hope has been completely thwarted.

The Prussian bishops have declared in a memorial addressed to the Ministry that they 'are unable to co-operate in carrying the Laws of May into effect, because they violate the rights and liberties belonging to the Church of God.' The bishops went so far as to say, that they could not even submit to those enactments of the new laws which are recognised by the Church in other countries and agreed to by the Pope, because in Prussia they have been framed in a one-sided manner. From this last declaration it is evident that, in the resistance of the clergy against the laws of the State, we have not a contest between belief and unbelief, nor merely a resistance against demands which in themselves are opposed to the Catholic conscience. For that which the Pope has recognised in other states, as in accordance with the rights and liberties of the Church, cannot surely in Prussia be contrary to the conscience of the Church. The object evidently is to combat in principle *the sovereignty of State legislation* as opposed to the sovereignty of the Church, and that too even where this legislation does not

touch upon the inner domain of the Church; or, as Prince Bismarck has said in a memorable speech, 'it is the ancient contest for power, which is as old as the human race itself, the contest for power between King and Priest, the contest which makes up the history of the Middle Ages under the name of those conflicts between the Popes and the Emperors, which were brought to a close when the last representative of the illustrious house of Suabian Emperors died on the scaffold under the axe of a French conqueror, when that same French conqueror was in alliance with the Pope. The Papacy has at all times been a political power, interfering in the affairs of this world with the greatest determination and the greatest success, and this interference it has made its programme. The object which the Papal power has uninterruptedly kept in view, which at the time of the medieval emperors was near its realisation, is the *subjection of the secular power to that of the Church.*'

This contest for power is subject to the same conditions as every other political contest. The object is to defend the State and to fix the limits between the dominion of the priest and the king; and these limits must be fixed in such a manner as to secure the existence of the State, for in the affairs of this world the State rules and has the precedence.

The threat which the bishops held out in their memorial has in the mean time come to pass. They have endeavoured to realise the claim of the Ultramontane policy in all its harshness, and to check the carrying of the new laws into effect by all the means of passive and active resistance. They cannot as yet boast of victory. The Laws of May have everywhere been practically applied; three eminent princes of the Church are already imprisoned in consequence of a judicial verdict, and proceedings have been commenced against Count Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, to deprive him of his clerical office.

These are the first beginnings of an energetic ecclesiastical policy. Further complications may be expected, but the State is continuing its preparations, and, what is of essential importance, alliances will not be wanting. For it has recently been acknowledged, even by States essentially Catholic, that the limits between the rights of the State and the Church can only be settled by maintaining the sovereignty of State legislation. The legislature in Austria has just shown its determination to regulate anew the rights of the Church and the State throughout the empire on foundations similar to those laid in Prussia. In Italy and

Belgium, the opinions against the misleading phrase of 'a free Church in a free State' are daily spreading more widely. It is beginning to be more and more generally understood, that what is going on in Prussia is a contest of law against rebellion, a contest of freedom against fanaticism. The use made by the Pope of the spiritual sovereignty adjudged to him by the Vatican Council, by which the bishops of all countries are subjected more than ever to the absolute power of the Roman Curia, proves that it is the absolute duty of all States to secure the unconditional recognition of the sovereign rights of the State by all the means which the laws place at their disposal.

Nor let us think that England can remain a passive or—we have good ground for using the epithet—a supercilious spectator of the conflict which seems fast growing into a religious war. The saturnine spirit which despises earnestness may sneer at our Protestant sympathy with Germany, and the indiscriminating adherents of a *formula* may raise timid questionings about universal toleration; but the 'unerring instinct' of the English people sympathises as warmly in the nineteenth century as it did in the sixteenth and seventeenth with the cause of true religious liberty in Germany. Such sympathy is at once a debt owing from us to the land of Luther, a duty taught by the experience of our own history, and a principle of sound policy in prospect of the like war, into which we may again be drawn sooner than we expect. To judge the case between Rome and Germany simply on the abstract principle of religious toleration, is to do as much injustice to our own conduct in the past as to their difficulty in the present; and we may soon know, if we are not already feeling,

'*Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.*'

The vast difference between freedom of conscience in religion and the surrender of the common safety to those who, in the prostituted name of that freedom, claim to wield over the national mind a power directed by a foreign universal authority—this difference was clearly seen by the statesmen of Elizabeth and even by the Puritan party in her Parliaments, by the friends of freedom who forced the first James to aid the cause of his Protestant son-in-law in the Palatinate, and by the Dissenters whom the second James vainly attempted to seduce from the common cause by the specious bait of toleration.

But a still stronger argument may be

drawn from the history of England while she was yet a Catholic country, loyally accepting the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, but waging perpetual war for the rightful authority of the State against the attempts of Rome to make the Church, not merely an independent, but a sovereign power within the kingdom. To illustrate this fully would be to trace our whole ecclesiastical history under the Plantagenets, from Henry II.'s conflict with Becket and the enactment of the Constitutions of Clarendon, down to the great settlement of the whole principle involved by the famous Statute of *Præmunire* under Richard II. The words in which Blackstone sums up the purport of that Statute might be taken for an exact description of the spirit of the recent Prussian laws, only that the latter are more liberal in their concessions, and far milder in their penalties:—'The original meaning of the offence, which we call *præmunire*, is introducing a foreign power into this land, and creating an *imperium in imperio*, by paying that obedience to Papal process which constitutionally belonged to the King alone, long before the Reformation in the reign of Henry VIII.' It was precisely the demand for 'free intercourse with Rome,' on which the Ultramontane resistance in Germany turns, that then received its deathblow in Catholic England; and the Catholic Minister of Public Worship in Bavaria did but re-echo the whole spirit of English statesmanship in Catholic times, in the words we have quoted above, 'No State can exist with two governments, one of which declares that to be wrong which the other commands.'

Let it be remembered, especially by English Nonconformists, that the practical question now agitating Germany has simply nothing to do (unless in its remoter consequences) with the abstract principle of the spiritual freedom of a voluntary Church. The undisputed condition on which the Catholic Church, like every other recognised Communion, exists in Germany, is its connection with the State. The Catholic priests are, like the Protestant ministers, the servants of the State Government, which secures them their salaries, protects them in their duties, and gives validity to their functions in all that affects the social status of their own followers. They have never proposed to give up the advantages of this position; but they claim to use them, whenever they please, or whenever they are bidden by their foreign master, against the power which protects and supports them. The restraints now put upon their contumacy are almost exactly the conditions to which the Protestants have already been

long subject. Neither community has shown any general disposition to proclaim the complete independence of Church and State in theory, much less to accept its consequences in practice. In the language of Rome, especially, the formula of 'A free Church in a free State' has no meaning, save that of the grossest mockery. Spiritual independence, impartial toleration, equality of Churches before the law, are ideas utterly alien to the real claims of self-styled Catholics, as their very name implies, and as we ourselves are now learning by sad experience and bitter disappointment.

Our Protestant forefathers had too fresh an experience of the yoke which they had cast off, too keen an apprehension of the imminent danger of being brought again into bondage, not to follow the law, which is the foundation of all society, that the common security must be preferred even to liberty, much more to a liberty claimed in the interest of the worst despotism that ever bound and crushed, not only the bodies, but the minds and souls of men. Not till that security was firmly established did our more immediate fathers judge that they could safely apply the principle of universal toleration, and even then only with the full resolution to meet any new attempt to violate the implied compact—that all the tolerated religions should keep within their own province—with the more vigorous repression deserved by the abuse of freedom. How soon we may be forced to exercise that repression, is one of the most anxious questions looming on our political horizon; and when ourselves drawn into the conflict, we may learn the true meaning that it bears in Germany. We may then find that the warning—'*Proximus ardet Ucalegon*'—showed truer wisdom than that pride in our own superior knowledge of the law of religious freedom, which looks down on our neighbour's struggling bark in the selfish spirit, '*Suave mari magno*,' or criticises too severely the efforts put forth to save her from being drawn back into the vortex she has escaped. 'Civil and religious liberty all the world over,' is a sound cry, so long as the liberty claimed is religious only, and liberty indeed; but the first duty of the State is to uphold civil liberty,—the freedom of common action for the good of all—against the encroachments of every society that attacks it, even under the prostituted name of the Church or the abused rights of conscience. The question, whether each particular measure of the Prussian statesmen or the Imperial Parliament of Germany is altogether defensible, sinks into insignificance in comparison with the cause which they are main-

taining; and in that cause they will receive, as they deserve, the hearty sympathy of England.

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- ART. II.—1. *A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Surrey at his Primary Visitation in September and October, 1840*, by Samuel Wilberforce, M.A., Archdeacon of Surrey. Second Edition.
2. *Subsequent charges to the same*. By the same. For the years 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844.
3. *A Charge and Sermon at the Ordination in Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, December, 1845*. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Fourth Edition.
4. *Charges delivered at the Triennial Visitation of the Diocese of Oxford, in 1848, 1851, 1854, 1857, 1860, 1863, 1866, 1869*.
5. *Addresses to the Candidates for Ordination*. By Samuel Lord Bishop of Oxford. Fifth Edition. 1867.
6. *Six sermons preached before the University of Oxford*. By the same. Second Edition.
7. *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford*. By the same. Second Series, 1847–1862; Third Series, 1863–1870.
8. *Essays Contributed to the 'Quarterly Review'*. By the late Bishop Wilberforce. 8vo. 1874.

It has become a commonplace to speak of the wonderful versatility of the late Bishop of Winchester, taken from us with such a strange suddenness on the 19th of last July; to count up the movements in which he shared, the causes he had advocated, the varied scenes and societies in which he had been the most striking and familiar figure. But it has become a commonplace only because it was so true, because, of all the men who were in full life and action one short year ago, there was not one whose withdrawal would leave so many gaps unstoppered, or whose presence would be missed in so many contrasted quarters. An unrivalled diocesan administrator, a prominent Parliamentary debater, the life of Convocation, the adviser on all Church questions whether home or colonial, a preacher ever listened to with pleasure, a consummate platform speaker, an active member of all sorts of associations, scientific, literary, or merely social,—it may seem strange that we have yet to name another kind of sphere within which his activity was felt and where his assistance will be missed,—we mean the pages of the 'Quarterly Review.' The pre-

sent Premier, himself a brilliant speaker and a sparkling writer, not long ago described the critics as the men who have failed. Bishop Wilberforce can hardly be included among those who have failed, and yet in the midst of all his other activities he played also the part of a critic and a reviewer; and the 'Quarterly Review' has to mourn a frequent and regular contributor.

It will not be long before these hitherto anonymous results of his ceaseless activity are given to the world in a separate form; but it may not be amiss, meanwhile, to remark that in this department, also, the Bishop's peculiar characteristics, and versatility of interest, again crop out. A passionate naturalist, his first contribution to our pages (1849) was an article on Mr. Knox's 'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex.' Here the Bishop was at once on his own subject and upon his own ground; and it is with a touch of melancholy interest that we mention that in his last contribution of all he comes back to the same subject and the same author, and that only three months before his decease he appears as the reviewer of Mr. Knox's 'Autumns on the Spey.' Still it was not until many years after 1849 that he began to write regularly in 'The Quarterly.' From 1849 to 1860 was the period of his most engrossing labours in his diocese of Oxford. And when in 1860 he resumed his pen, it was still a natural history subject (Darwin's 'Origin of Species') which drew him forth; and though he picks the argument to pieces with remorseless minuteness, still he pays a glowing tribute of admiration to its charm of style and closeness of observation. Bishop Wilberforce's friends are fond of fixing this date (1860) as that to which may be assigned the completion of his task of bringing the diocese of Oxford into perfect and harmonious* working order. If this be so, it synchronises curiously with the commencement of what now forms a not unimportant and certainly very interesting series of essays; for, from the year 1860, so long as he remained Bishop of Oxford, one year only passed in which he did not appear at least once, and often twice, in our pages. The subjects are singularly varied. Controversy, of course, fills no small space. We have the somewhat famous article on 'Essays and Reviews,' which appeared in 1861; and that on the replies, especially 'Aids to Faith,' in 1862; while the article on Newman's 'Apologia' follows in 1864. There is a very cle-

* It was in 1859 that addresses of confidence were presented to the Bishop, signed by upwards of 500 clergy.

ver plea for the relaxation of Clerical Subscription in 1865, which reads almost like a repetition and expansion of his very first important speech in the House of Lords, that, namely, of May 15, 1846, on the Religious Opinions Relief Bill. The biographical article (1863) on Bishops Blomfield, Stanley, and Wilson of Calcutta, is now, perhaps, mainly interesting from the unconscious revelation of his own ideal of what a bishop should be, which keeps coming out in his criticisms. Then, in 1865, we find him going abroad for a subject; and in 'The Gallican Church' he reviews 'Le Maudit,' and the rest of the series, taking special care to draw the moral as to the hidden breaches which underlie the well-smoothed outer surface of the Church of Rome. In 1867 he contributed a useful paper on 'The Church and her Curates,' closely packed with facts and figures clearly stated. In 1868 he reviewed the current volume of his old friend Dean Hook's 'Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.' In 1869 he reviewed Sir John Coleridge's 'Life of Keble,' indicating clearly, yet kindly, its deficiencies. But besides these, his interest in the Missionary Church had shown itself in an article on Hawaii, in 1862; and Royal Authorship had twice found a fitting reviewer (1867 and 1868) in the Bishop in whose diocese stands the royal residence of Windsor. With 1869 came the translation to Winchester, and there was no more time for writing. It was not until 1872 that he again took up his pen; this time on a subject of, to him, hereditary interest—the East African Slave Trade; and then, finally, as we said above, the series closes with a return to Mr. Knox and natural history. Taken altogether, it is a thoroughly interesting series; and a consecutive perusal of those articles which touch upon Church questions, upon ecclesiastical policy, and the like, will give a very good representation, not only of the Bishop's views, but of his tone and way of looking at things. We have been especially struck with this as we have gone through them lately. Bishop Wilberforce was, in fact, whatever may have been said about him, one of the most outspoken of men. Yet in these papers, set free from the least atom of official responsibility, he appears to us to have uttered himself with something more than his usual unreserve. But it is time that we should turn from our own individual interest in the late Bishop to his more public career.

Of this it is obvious that within our necessary limits we can offer only the merest sketch. His life has yet to be written; and whenever it is written it will present some

peculiar difficulties. The lives of most men divide themselves, so to say, chronologically. There is a certain dominant sequence and development about themselves, or their work, or both. There is a natural unfolding, and a writer of competent skill can carry you on, completing each portion of his work as he goes. With Bishop Wilberforce's life there is a difference. Of course there is much of this kind in his case too, and you may arrange his career in definite periods; though, as regards himself and his views, such as he was when he entered upon his episcopate, such he remained until the afternoon of that fatal fall upon the Surrey hills. But with him this kind of division is somewhat overshadowed by what you may describe as the several parallel planes upon which his life was simultaneously moving. There is, of course, his outward and visible work as a diocesan administrator, in which it would be quite natural for anyone to consider that we have the first and most important aspect of the man. But look into his correspondence, and you begin to doubt it. Underneath all that startling diocesan activity, its stir and bustle, his strange ubiquitousness, and the way in which he seemed to enjoy the infinite details into which he had to plunge first with one and then with another of those who had to seek him,—underneath all this you find him, for months and years together, deep not in one or two only, but in many totally contrasted lines of thought and energy. Great as Bishop Wilberforce was as a bishop, we are satisfied that he would have shone still more as a secular politician, and in all the difficult work of causing many men and many minds to concur almost against their will in a common policy. It was his 'calling' to be a bishop, and he set himself to be one according to the ideal which he conceived of what a bishop ought to be. How lofty that ideal was is known to all who care to know anything. How unsparingly he worked to realise that ideal is patent to all the world. But nature made him for a politician as well, and statesmen sought his aid. Nature made him for a counsellor to others. Nature made him also the most genial of companions, and with a boundless curiosity—we really know no other word to use—to get to see and know everybody and everything which could set up the least claim to be considered worth seeing or knowing. Thus, the moment you look into his correspondence, you find him living other lives than that with which his name is most associated. A biographer to do him justice would have to bring out much of the inner political history of the time, and show what Bi-

shop Wilberforce was to more than one statesman of the present generation,—a department of his life which cannot be fully written for many years to come. Then, as time went on, he became the referee of almost all the colonial bishops who were at all of his way of thinking; to say nothing of the fact that members of the home episcopate soon got into the way of consulting, upon all matters of questions, one who seemed to have time and thought and counsel at everybody's service. In fact, viewed merely as a bishop, one has to regard him in the threefold aspect of a diocesan, an Anglican, and lastly as a Pan-Anglican bishop. One of his earliest works was a history of the Anglican Communion in the United States of America. There was a sense in which his episcopate extended over England at large. There was also a very real sense in which it was felt wherever English bishops rule or wherever the English Church exists. He was Pan-Anglican as well as Anglican, and when he fell threads were snapped which reached to all quarters of the globe. But, besides all this, a true biography would have to give some picture of him also as the man of society, and that, too, in a wider sense than that in which the word is commonly used. It has been the fashion lately to call him the 'Bishop of Society,' and there is a certain measure of truth in the appellation. But all society, and not merely what is technically called 'society,' was within his sphere; and it would be a curious thing to set down a list of the various notabilities of the many worlds of London life whom he was in the habit of meeting, and with whom he delighted to hold his own. Men, too, these were, who in many cases would not have the smallest sympathy with him in his special vocation, and who, because they found him capable of understanding them and of sympathising with them in their specialties, were quite unable to comprehend how he could be the man he was in his diocese and among his clergy. We have remarked this especially in the case of scientific men of a sceptical turn of mind. The fact is, that, while Bishop Wilberforce realised to the full the supernatural element alike in the sphere of religion and of common life, he was also the most intensely *human* of any man of our time, or perhaps of any time. The phrase is awkward, yet we do not know how to mend it. No doubt it was to this large, thorough, expansive *humanness* of character that he owed much of his widely-reaching influence. It pervaded his whole character, alike in the religion of feeling and in that of the intellect. As to feeling, it came out in the vehemence of

his easily-roused sympathy, his utterly uncontrollable sense of humour, and the very excess of his demonstrativeness in matters of emotion. It came out, too, in his exactingness of answering demonstration from others. Some of the few mistakes which he made in his judgments of other men were due to this. Unrestrained in his own manifestations of feeling, he positively craved for a similar effusiveness from those who were about him, lived with him, worked with him. He could scarcely understand, he could hardly feel sure of, the existence of a hearty loyalty which spoke only through silent steady work. This thorough *humanness* came out also in matters of the intellectual judgment, and in all his conduct as to the ventures which had to be made in Church work and religious enterprise. Thorough as was his faith in the divine aspect of all such enterprises, he never lost sight of the human means, and of the conditions under which they had to be worked out. If the true definition of fanaticism be a one-sided regard of the spiritual to the exclusion of the natural conditions of its working among men, then Bishop Wilberforce was the least fanatical of Christians. In his regard of the ends in view he never lost sight of the necessary means. Rather, he was so keenly alive to them, and made such abundant use of all human agencies, that he threw himself open to the charge, so freely brought against him by superficial observers, of time-serving and management. That he erred occasionally no one will dispute; but assuredly the truer view of his character is that which we have given above. Where a venture had to be made, and it was clearly right to run a risk, no man was ever more ready to exercise a prudent rashness than Bishop Wilberforce. Men who knew him chiefly on this side of his character said of him that his chief fault was excess of imagination. Yet, looking back across his career it is remarkable how few things which he embarked in have been failures. But it is time that we should turn to such an outline of his manifold career as our space permits.

Of his earlier life we can only speak briefly. His education was private; and though his degree at Oxford was distinguished, he did not stay up at the University, as many men do, but was ordained deacon as soon as he was three-and-twenty, becoming assistant-curate of Checkendon, a country parish near Henley-on-Thames, in 1828. In 1830 he was presented to the rectory of Brightstone, Isle of Wight; in 1839 he became Archdeacon of Surrey; in 1840 Canon of Winchester Cathedral; and late in

the same year was presented to the rectory of Alverstoke, near Gosport. His patron in each case was the Bishop of Winchester (Sumner), who in earlier life had been materially befriended by our Bishop's distinguished father, William Wilberforce, and who now survives him at the great age of eighty-four.

In 1828 he had married Emily, daughter of the Rev. J. Sargent, of Lavington House, Petworth; but his married life was comparatively short, Mrs. Wilberforce dying in the Close, Winchester, in 1841, just before the removal to Alverstoke. It may not unreasonably be conjectured that his loss was his country's and his Church's gain, and that the unresting energy with which he devoted himself to public duties might have been somewhat moderated had his private life been otherwise ordered. As an undergraduate at Oxford Samuel Wilberforce had been a pronounced Liberal, and had not failed to show it. From the first he was a striking speaker, and had been carefully trained by his eloquent father, just as his father's friend, William Pitt, owed so much to his early paternal training. He became a prominent member of the Union Society; and, as the 'Macmillan' of last October has reminded the world, he spoke in approval of the dethronement of Charles I., though there was a majority of two to one the other way. He supported the motion, again in the minority, that John Hampden deserved his country's gratitude; and he spoke against the then existing system of Parliamentary borough patronage. It is interesting to see how, though then usually in a minority, the views with which he set out have come to be generally adopted. The same may be said of much that he took in hand and advocated in his subsequent career. It is curious also to recall how, at that early date—we are speaking of the years 1824, 1825—when he was barely twenty years of age, Mr. S. Wilberforce's youthful oratory—and in appearance he was even more youthful than his years—had all the roundness and fulness which marked the structure of the Bishop's sentences to the last. It is also worth remembering here, that he belonged to the Debating Club in London described in John Stuart Mill's 'Autobiography.'

It was when he became Archdeacon of Surrey, and also Canon of Winchester, that he began to be a personage, and of spreading influence in the Church. At this time he was also Rector of Alverstoke, having been appointed late in 1840, but he did not reside there until after his wife's decease in the early part of 1841. Into the two works—those, namely, of his parish and of his

archdeaconry—he threw himself with all his force. As to the former, Alverstoke was a large and important cure, with a small parish church, one district church, and a chapel without legal cure of souls, and this for the whole wide parish, which included the town of Gosport. Moreover, the Church had appeared in some very unfavourable aspects, while not long time before, Dissent had been very favourably represented by Dr. Bogue, who not only exercised influence in his own place of worship at Gosport, but kept up a kind of missionary college for persons preparing for the Dissenting ministry, and employed them in preaching in the outlying portions of Alverstoke parish. In such a sphere as this, Mr. S. Wilberforce's vigour, eloquence, prestige, and piety told immediately. The whole neighbourhood, with its important centres, such as Portsmouth garrison and Portsea dockyard, and all the clergy round, were stirred. Alverstoke church was crowded, especially in the afternoon, when persons from a distance could reach it, and Samuel Wilberforce probably never preached better sermons than those which he poured forth under the combined influences, arising first from feeling himself the rector of an important parish and the centre of life to a teeming neighbourhood, and then also from the deeper personal trial so recently gone through in the decease of the wife whom he had loved almost from his boyhood, and whom he had cherished during the bright years of his life in the Isle of Wight. During those few years at Alverstoke the churches of St. Thomas, Elson, and St. Matthew's, Gosport, and the national schools of the parish, were built through his exertions. He promoted the formation, by the aid of Bray's associates, of a clerical library at Portsea. Candidates came and resided with him or his curates, preparing for holy orders, and taking part in the working of the parish. Soon after he became rector, Mr. R. C. Trench, now Archbishop of Dublin, joined him as curate, having given up his incumbency of Curdridge, Hants, in consequence of the death of the son whom he has commemorated in his volume of elegiac poems. In concert with Mr. Trench, Mr. Wilberforce drew up a course of instruction for confirmation candidates, which, though never printed, has had a large manuscript circulation. One more incident connected with Alverstoke. When the 44th Regiment was cut to pieces in Afghanistan, and received new colours on Haslar Common, it was Mr. Wilberforce who consecrated them, and addressed the regiment on the occasion. The old colours, saved by a survivor, still hang in Alverstoke church,

over a monument whereon the tragic sufferings of the regiment are recorded in an inscription from Mr. Wilberforce's pen.*

But before he went to Alverstoke he had made his mark as a preacher, in the University pulpit at Oxford. It is to be specially remembered that this was not until after John Henry Newman's matchless style and ceaseless preaching had raised the standard of University sermons. Yet, for all that, Mr. S. Wilberforce's sermons broke upon young Oxford in 1837 and 1838 as a new and distinct power. You may hear men speak of them still, of their force and fervour, of the hold they took of the moral sense of their hearers, and of their unrivalled delivery. To us, reading them again, after long years, their solemn warning tone reminds us of some of those fervid appeals which more than twenty years afterwards the Bishop of Oxford kept pouring forth when, after the 'Essays and Reviews' alarm, he preached so constantly to the younger members of the University, in the years 1860-1862. In fact, nothing is so noticeable about Bishop Wilberforce as the singular identity in views, in principles, and in modes of enforcing them, which marked him through his whole public life. Such as he was in 1837, such he remained in 1873. His very first charges as Archdeacon of Surrey involve all the leading topics and features with which the world afterwards became so familiar in the subsequent charges of the Bishop of Oxford. Thus, in 1842, we find him urging that the whole area of a church is 'common to all the inhabitants' of a parish; that the barrier between rich and poor, caused by the pew-system, is 'one of the greatest aggravations' of the increasing 'separation of classes,'—then, as ever afterwards, one of his foremost topics,—and asserting that 'we must open our closed pews and give back the poor their rights.' Pages, not paragraphs, might be cut out of these early charges, and assigned without fear of detection to any date whatever down to the very latest year of his episcopate. We read the same exhortations to the 'cultivation of personal intercourse' among the clergy; the same appeals to the laity, churchwardens especially, to take their share of Church work; the same warnings 'neither to ape

the formalities of Rome, nor diminish one jot of our firm belief in the true grace of Christ's holy sacraments;' while as to discipline he asserts, with uncommon earnestness, that 'a Church without discipline is a new and fearful experiment.' In view of that which was occupying his latest thoughts, the spiritual destitution of South London, it is interesting to find him enlarging in another of these thirty-year-old charges on the spiritual needs arising from the (even then) prodigious increase in the poor population of the Surrey side of the Thames. The archidiaconate was with Archdeacon Wilberforce no mere position of distinction, but a real work into which he threw himself with his whole force. The Alverstoke life and the archidiaconate of Surrey were on a smaller scale a rehearsal of the part which he played in the early years of the Oxford episcopate.*

Meanwhile he was already known at Court. In 1840 he had become Chaplain to Prince Albert. In 1844 he was appointed Sub-Almoner to the Queen, the same year in which he became Dean of Westminster. He was already marked out for high preferment. Then, on the 14th October, 1845, came the offer through Sir R. Peel, the then Prime Minister, of the bishopric of Oxford. It was a time of the utmost excitement. Never in modern times, either before or since, has the ecclesiastical world been in such a state of wild commotion. It was only in February of that year that 'Ward's Ideal' had been condemned by a majority of 391 out of 777 votes in the Oxford Convocation; Mr. (now Archdeacon) Denison characteristically recording his protest against the whole proceeding; after which Mr. Ward was deprived of his degrees by the smaller majority of 38. Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Hook were among those who sided with Mr. Ward. Dean Wilberforce voted against him. This, we say, was in February. In April the country was in a flame about Sir R. Peel's grant of 30,000*l.* a-year to Maynooth, besides the immediate outlay for adapting the College buildings to the requirements of five hundred students. In June came the condemnation, by Sir H. Jenner Fust, of Mr. Oakeley, of Margaret Chapel, for claiming to hold the same tenets as Mr. Ward. In October—the 8th—was written Mr. (now Dr.) J. H. Newman's letter announcing his intended secession. People really believed

* To the last the Bishop retained his affection for Alverstoke and its people, and often visited it. When the chancel was restored by his successor, Mr. T. Walpole, he laid the first stone. When he became Bishop of Winchester he held an ordination there in September, 1872. His old parishioners never lost their grateful sense of his ministrations, and the east window of the chancel is about to be filled with painted glass as a memorial of him.

* This is true even down to details. So early as the second year of his archidiaconate he could say that there were but a few parishes which he had yet to visit; and this, be it observed, concurrently with his vigorous and successful parochial work at Alverstoke.

that Oxford and the Church of England were reeling Romewards; and then, November 1, during the interval between the Bishop's nomination and his consecration, Mr. Newman and Mr. Oakeley were together received in the Roman communion, in the chapel of Oscott, by Dr. Wiseman. There must be many of those under whose eyes these lines will fall, who will be glad to be reminded that this was the juncture at which the greatest bishop of the modern Church of England was called to his life's work. Men under fifty will for the most part require to have it pointed out to them. But in any account, however brief, of Bishop Wilberforce's career, it is of the first importance to bring this strongly into view. It is the exact standing-point from which his whole ecclesiastical career and influence on religious schools is to be seen in its best perspective and proportions. Fail to remark it, and you scarcely comprehend the prodigiously important position which for the first fifteen years of his episcopate he occupied towards the whole excited mind of the Church of England: nor will you comprehend why, after 1860, his influence, as regards conflicting schools, within the Church, underwent a distinct change. For up to 1860, *i.e.* during the first fifteen years of his episcopate, the theological tempests, however furious, were at least the plain old antagonism of the contrasted schools of the Evangelical and the High Anglican. The strife was not yet complicated by the new Rationalism which arose in Oxford, or by the so-called Ritualism which spread from London. Now Bishop Wilberforce could not only understand, but he could sympathise with, the old Evangelical school. The old Anglican Churchmanship he loved and cherished. Theologically speaking, the effort of his life was to bring the positive elements of both into a working harmony; and so long as the conflict between these two schools was the chief disturbance of the ecclesiastical ocean, so long was Bishop Wilberforce the man best qualified (to attempt at least) to compose its waves. But both the new Oxford Rationalism and the Ritualism which spread from London lay outside of his sphere, and he plainly lacked the faculty of gathering out of either the elements of vitality which gave them their force. His Oxford sermons after 1860 show this as regards Rationalism. They are very able, very powerful, very argumentative. Perhaps they are the most anxiously studied and the most deeply earnest of any sermons he ever preached. Yet you feel all along that he is trying to scare his hearers away from a danger, rather than showing them how to approach it and dis-

arm it; and you feel also that his own terror of it was too real and genuine to admit of a really calm and judicious treatment. As to Ritualism, after one or two mild attempts to apologise for it,—perhaps with the hope of inducing ritualists to follow his lead,—he simply disliked it heartily and passed it by. The period of Bishop Wilberforce's *power* as a great English ecclesiastic, swaying the counsels of the Church and guiding her policy, ceased not until his decease. Rather, we should say, it continued to increase. The period of his *influence*, as a harmoniser of conflicting schools, can hardly be said to have increased during the later years of his life.

To return, then, from this digression. Bishop Wilberforce was consecrated on November 30, within the self-same month which had witnessed the reception of Mr. Newman into the Roman Church. He was thus called to the bishopric of Oxford at the very moment when Oxford in particular, and the Church of England in general, were heaving with an excitement which in these quieter days it is hard for us to realize. He was young for such a position—exactly forty. Perhaps had he been ten years older he might have lacked the elastic force to take in hand, certainly he would have lacked the ample stretch of years in which to carry out, the great works which as a diocesan bishop—and in particular, a bishop coming to such a see as Oxford at this special juncture—he to a great extent succeeded in accomplishing. The Tractarian movement had stirred up a vast amount of revived Church energy and principle. Through ten years it had been growing fast, when now the defection of its gifted leader seemed likely to shatter it entirely. And the danger of this was the greater because until now the revival of Church principles had resulted rather in the formation of a school than in the training of practical workers. Practical men who have got their work to do may go on doing their work, each in his sphere, even when a trusted leader is removed. Disciples scatter when the teacher goes. And certainly up to 1845 the revived High Church party had been more a school than anything else. So far as depended upon Mr. Newman this was only natural. So far as depended on Mr. Newman a school it might have remained, speculative, not a little erratic, moving on from 'view' to 'view,' even more and more subtle, drawing to itself not a little of the keener intellects around, but giving little practical work for the matter-of-fact English character. The other leaders of the party, Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, were fitted rather to deal with the personal religious life or

with technical theology. Mr. Newman was a dialectician, ever craving for somewhat upon which to exercise the exquisite dialectic engine of his subtle intellect, unconsciously urged on, as such men always are, by an *entourage* of admiring disciples, clamouring for some new feat of logic or of speculation. It was the providential order of things that at the exact moment when the speculative leader was withdrawn, the intensely practical personality of Bishop Wilberforce was supplied as the new centre round which the unsettled atoms might crystallise anew. It was his to gather up the scattered elements, to give them a practical and not a speculative τέλος, to set them to work in the Church and for the Church, and so to turn to good account what might otherwise have been not merely wasted but pernicious. Bishop Wilberforce was, as we have just now said, intensely practical. He was above all things a worker, an organizer, a setter of other men to work. He believed in the remedial effect of work upon men's characters, and even upon the principles on which they acted. Let but good work be done, and in many cases it would redress the balance of erroneous theory. So he would accept a worker, provided only he *was* a worker, and trust him largely, without demanding an over-minute adjustment of speculative opinion. One qualification, however, must be added, even though it should contradict the preconceived opinions which are still tenaciously held to by many among us: he was intensely intolerant of any conscious tendency to Rome. Once assured of genuine loyalty to the Reformed Church of England, and his toleration of theoretical differences was almost unbounded; but Rome he utterly abhorred. It was his good fortune to come to the see of Oxford at a moment when the stirred minds of men were craving for action upon Church principles, and he opened wide the gates of work, to the infinite advantage of all concerned. For himself, the movement supplied him with enthusiastic workers, all only too delighted to find a bishop who would head them. For them, his infinite demands for practical energy drew them off from dangerous speculation, and gave them something else to think about than following Mr. Newman into the Roman obedience. For the Church at large the accession of an episcopal leader to the High Church party fixed a vast number of enthusiastic and energetic minds to its loyal service; and the great experiment of organizing and working a model diocese was rendered possible. And he dashed into his work at once.

Within three weeks of his own consecra-

tion he was holding his first ordination. The amazing energy and fervour of the charge and sermon of that 21st of December, 1845, is still fresh in the memory of those who heard them. They lie before us now, and though we are well aware of the *fortes ante Agamemnona*, still we can quite understand the feelings of those present that a new chapter was being commenced in the history of the Church of England. We do not think that the Bishop ever surpassed these two performances. They were evidently most carefully written. The protracted sentences, the laboured similes, and somewhat strained impressiveness, which sometimes spoiled his later composition, have no place here. The impressiveness is simple and natural, the sentences are brief and weighty; we do not think that there is a simile in all the forty pages. But how men must have thrilled as the new bishop denounced that restless spirit of speculation among Oxford residents, to which we have alluded above, in his closing warnings to the 'academic clergyman,' on the danger 'of living for mere intellectual excitement.' The passage is so thorough a specimen of the bishop's peculiar rhetoric, and it serves so distinctly to illustrate what we have above described as the spirit in which he began his new work, that we make no apology for quoting a few sentences.

'They who have retired from the busy world to contemplation and a cell, have found ere now, too often, that the Satan whom they fled from in the crowd has travelled on before them to meet them in the waste. Self-confidence, fondness for speculation, love of singularity, separation from their brethren, and then the misty visions of the darkening eye, the eager throbbings of the narrowing heart, heresy, schism, unbelief, and apostasy—these are the special dangers of the unwatchful Christian student. How deeply, but as yesterday, some have thus fallen, even by our side, is known to all of us. They are set as beacons to us, if such is our path, that we "be not high-minded, but fear," lest, like them, we, too, be led hereafter deliberately to adopt errors which we have been permitted erewhile to expose with a clearness withheld from others, and, at last, to fly on the wings of an unbounded scepticism into the bosom of an unfathomed superstition.'

We have never been quite able to account for the popular suspicion of Romanizing which so long hung about the bishop; nay, which has been proved to be still lurking in some obscure corners even now. The sermon now before us has a passage which must have sounded sharply upon the ears of some of the audience who were then editing the 'Library of the Fathers.'

‘Once begin to set your Scriptural faith right by your gleanings amongst fathers and councils, and there is no amount of error which you may not most logically develope.’

Such were some of the keynotes struck while yet fresh from his consecration. But there was more to be done than merely to give utterance to brave words.

If Bishop Wilberforce had asked for an English diocese which might most nearly approach the condition of a *tabula rasa*, for its new bishop to write upon it what he would, Oxford would have met his views. The diocese had as yet never been welded into real unity at all. It had but recently been formed in its present condition by two additions from other dioceses. These were Berkshire which, including the Royal residence of Windsor, had been a limb of Salisbury, the Bishops of Salisbury, till the transfer, having been Chancellors of the Order of the Garter; and Buckinghamshire, which had been a distant portion of the vast and unwieldy diocese of Lincoln. Buckinghamshire had indeed been long felt to be so remote from Lincoln that it had been the custom to invest the Archdeacons of Buckingham with the office of Commissary, so as to enable them to supply, however imperfectly, the acknowledged want* of a bishop near at hand. Bishop Kaye, the last Bishop of Lincoln who had the oversight of Buckinghamshire, had indeed appointed rural deans for the archdeaconry; but the Archdeacon of Buckingham (Mr. Justly Hill) lived far away at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, and he survived the appointment of Bishop Wilberforce several years. It was, therefore, no easy matter, amidst these ad-

verse circumstances, to bring these various portions of the recently-constituted see into anything like a state of unity and harmonious action. Archdeacon Justly Hill died in 1853, and this event gave to Buckinghamshire a resident archdeacon, the Ven. E. Bickersteth, Vicar of Aylesbury (and for some time past Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation), the first important preferment which Bishop Wilberforce had to bestow. Archdeacon Berens (of Berks) died two years afterwards, and his place was filled by Archdeacon Randall, now Canon of Bristol. The staff of rural deans was also completed, and the ship being well officered it soon began to obey the helm. True to his grand principle that abundant mutual intercourse is the very life of practical unity, the Bishop began the custom, now so general throughout the country, of inviting the archdeacons and rural deans to spend some time with him every year at Cuddesdon. At first he invited those of each archdeaconry separately, but before long he made arrangements to receive all the three archdeacons and their rural deans at the palace simultaneously. Then followed the appointment of diocesan inspectors of parochial schools, all of them voluntary workers selected from the parochial clergy, reporting to the Bishop, and meeting annually under the hospitable roof at Cuddesdon for educational conference and discussion. At first this measure was regarded somewhat coldly, so deeply rooted in the English mind is the distaste for anything which has the smallest suspicion about it of inquisitorial or even central action. But Bishop Wilberforce was exactly the man to get such things to work with the minimum of friction, and long before he was translated to Winchester, it had become a most powerful stimulus to education in every corner of the diocese. It was more than this. For at the annual Cuddesdon gatherings, when the inspectors were entertained along with the archdeacons and rural deans, whole days were often devoted to the discussion of the educational projects which then were coming in thick succession from Parliament, from the Council Office, from Manchester and Salford, to say nothing of the less pretentious but more useful schemes for practical improvement in the details of school-work which experienced clergy would be invited from other dioceses to speak of. Questions of elementary education in the complicated relations of Church and State were carefully sifted, often with one or another of Her Majesty’s inspectors in presence, and resolutions agreed to after full consideration, which, coming from such a centre, had an influence

* A curious illustration of the consequent feebleness in the Church of Buckinghamshire occurs, quite by the way, in the course of the Bishop’s charge for 1854. There, having occasion to refer to the numbers of the Dissenting congregations as stated in the census of 1851, he observes that while Bucks has the smallest population, it has the largest number of Dissenters. The population, he observes, “stands thus:—

| | | |
|-------------|---------|---------|
| Oxfordshire | | 170,439 |
| Berks | | 170,065 |
| Bucks | | 163,065 |

But the numbers of the Dissenting Congregations are exactly reversed, standing thus:—

| | | |
|-------------|---------|--------|
| Bucks | | 40,953 |
| Berks | | 27,102 |
| Oxfordshire | | 23,922 |

It is worth inquiring to what this remarkable difference is to be attributed. Is it not in great measure that Bucks has been so long left to be the languid extremity of the former vast diocese of Lincoln? The disproportion is the more remarkable because Buckinghamshire has by far the smallest town population, and it is in the towns that the strength of the Nonconformists usually lies.

far beyond the diocese where they originated.

So much for what we may call the central and personal part of the Bishop's organisation. Such, or analogous, methods are matters of familiar usage now in many a diocese in England. But they were new things then, and it is only just and right to give a fitting prominence to their record. What cannot be recorded, though it can never be forgotten, is the pains which the Bishop took to make these gatherings every way a success, and an acute observer has said that his great social qualities were never more conspicuously exerted than on these occasions. Through them he could make his influence felt in every quarter of his diocese. Through them he could feel its every pulse.

But he did not depend on only drawing his officers to himself at his own centre of action. We have seen that as Archdeacon of Surrey he lost no time in personally visiting his whole jurisdiction. It was the same with his new sphere. In his charge of 1851 he speaks of having in the three previous years confirmed in 164 parishes, and taken part in other services in 99—in all 263. In the next three years the corresponding total is 216. The average is eighty per annum for the period of six years. Take out the number of weeks in each year when circulation in the diocese would be precluded through other business, parliamentary or diocesan—to say nothing of his incessant preaching in all parts of the kingdom—and this average is very high. And what is more, it was kept up to the last. In the last three years of his Oxford episcopate he preached 226 times in the parish churches, averaging 75 times a year, while the numbers confirmed in his last three years were 20,028 against 14,059, in the three years ending 1854, the first occasion when the exact numbers were given. Nothing can show more clearly the increased energy of the clergy, for the increase of population had been comparatively small.

With him the title of bishop reverted to its *descriptive* meaning—overseer or inspector. These references to his charges lead us to remark on his almost novel view of what a bishop's visitation-charge should be. As the word bishop means inspector, so one-half at least of his charges consisted of what we may call his 'inspection report' of his diocese for the period since the last visitation. With rare exceptions, visitation charges before his time had consisted mainly of remarks upon Church affairs in general, Church politics, controversies, points of doctrine, or the like. Bishop Wilberforce did not retrench this element, but he made a rule of prefixing to it a complete diocesan report of all that had been done, all that had been taken in hand, all that was yet contemplated, in the management of the diocese. Before he proceeded to charge his clergy he rendered up a full account of his own 'charge' during the years last gone by. Then he took a wider flight, and surveyed the general bearings of whatever movements or controversies affected the Church at large. His series of eight Oxford Visitation Charges are not merely a history of the diocese: they are a valuable contribution to the history of the Church of England for the quarter of a century from 1845 to 1869. In recent times we have seen a Primate's charge so far expanded as to require seven separate occasions for its complete delivery. In Bishop Wilberforce's farewell charge he gives a financial statement of the capital sunk in Church works during his episcopate, which is so remarkable that we give it in a summary form below.* This thoroughly business-like conception of what a bishop's charge should be was certainly first carried out in its fullness by Bishop Wilberforce.

Diocesan institutions and societies were from the first a special care to the Bishop. Before he had been eighteen months in his see we find him holding a public meeting at Oxford to found a society for rebuilding or restoring churches and parsonages, a work so

* DIOCESE OF OXFORD.

Analysis of the Expenditure in the several Archdeaconries of the Diocese upon the Churches, Church Endowments, Schools, Houses of Mercy, and Parsonage Houses, from 1845 to 1869.

| | Archdeaconry of Oxford. | | | Archdeaconry of Berks. | | | Archdeaconry of Buckingham. | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|----|----|------------------------|----|----|-----------------------------|----|----|-----------|----|----|
| | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
| Churches..... | 342,750 | 2 | 0 | 388,055 | 12 | 8 | 278,090 | 18 | 0 | 1,008,886 | 12 | 3 |
| Church Endowments..... | 127,905 | 0 | 0 | 70,642 | 5 | 0 | 59,396 | 0 | 0 | 257,943 | 5 | 0 |
| Schools..... | 110,456 | 9 | 1 | 158,857 | 16 | 1 | 80,588 | 16 | 0 | 349,853 | 1 | 2 |
| Houses of Mercy, and the like..... | 8,551 | 0 | 6 | 72,937 | 17 | 11 | 4,000 | 0 | 0 | 85,488 | 17 | 11 |
| Parsonage Houses..... | 180,502 | 2 | 0 | 137,817 | 2 | 8 | 133,191 | 11 | 0 | 401,510 | 15 | 8 |
| Totals..... | 730,164 | 13 | 1 | 828,310 | 13 | 11 | 555,157 | 5 | 0 | 2,103,632 | 12 | 0 |

Here it may be as well to add that the total number of churches restored during the twenty-five years was 250. The new or rebuilt churches were 121; in all 871. The number of parishes and parochial districts in the diocese in 1869 was 630, being an increase of about fifty since 1845. Hence the number of new or restored churches is more than half that of the whole number in the diocese.

steadfastly persevered in that at last 250 churches had been restored and 121 built or rebuilt, at the cost of upwards of a million sterling, besides 400,000*l.* for parsonage houses. In his very first charge (1848) he sounds a clear note of warning that the diocese must face the cost of a new training-college for parochial schoolmasters: a serious undertaking, but one which he pressed forward so vigorously that in January 1853 it was at work, and all the buildings paid for to the amount of 20,000*l.* We have seen how that, while at Alverstoke, he betook himself to the training of candidates for holy orders. In his charge for 1851, in which he announces the approaching completion of the training-college at Culham, he announces also his purpose of taking in hand the erection of a college for the training of clergy. 'I shall never feel that our diocese is furnished with what is most essential to its welfare, until it is provided with such an instrument of service.' So earnestly was this pushed on, that on the 15th of June, 1854, the now famous Cuddesdon College was formally opened, in presence of a concourse which none who formed part of it will forget, including not less than seven bishops, of whom one, Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, was the preacher. In 1857, at a great meeting in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, a sister society was added for affording help to the more necessitous clergy in the maintenance of curates,* called the 'Spiritual Help Society,' the (present) Duke of Marlborough, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, and Sir W. Heathcote being the principal speakers. In 1869 the annual income of this society amounted to 1200*l.* Add to this also another society, commenced in 1860, for augmenting the poorest benefices, and the tale of the Bishop's creations will be, we think, complete. But our record would not be complete did we forget to mention that while in these and countless other ways the diocese was answering to the demands made on it for interior purposes by its unresting head, there was no withdrawal of funds from the ancient and time-honoured organs of the Church's exterior work. The annual remittances to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel rose from 1419*l.* in 1845 to 4702*l.* in 1869: those to the Church Missionary Society from 2238*l.* to 3350*l.* While, besides these societies and institutions which owed

their existence directly to the Bishop, there were those which, founded by others, were encouraged by him, and which received from him a *status* which must largely have contributed to their value. We allude to the now great House of Clewer, to the scarcely less interesting Home of Wantage; each of them parents of flourishing offspring, trees which have branched out into varied ramifications of work and usefulness. These, as far back as 1851, while yet his own nascent institutions were taxing all his energies, shared the Bishop's sympathies, and profited by his advocacy, and their cause was pleaded by him as that of 'diocesan institutions.' Add to these the middle-school for farmers' and tradesmen's children at Cowley, under the direct supervision of the diocesan authorities, besides other great middle-class schools not so directly diocesan as All Saints', Bloxham, or St. Paul's, Stony Stratford—and we think that, however hastily, we have sketched out a system of diocesan institutions of which the diocese may well be proud, and which it would be well indeed if other and wealthier dioceses could parallel. Most of them were his creation. All of them were borne onwards upon the tide which was set flowing by his untiring zeal.

Thus far, then, we have spoken of his diocesan administration under the several heads of its *personnel* as centering in himself at Cuddesdon, his own official records of it in his charges, and the several institutions which were the organs of special works. It is time that we turn to the distinctive features of his spiritual work, the actual flowing of the nerve force, without which organisation is but mechanism and routine. And here, first, we ought to make emphatic mention of the deep solemnity of his ordinations. We take this first, as being the primary and characteristic function of the episcopate. There are few more painful anomalies in our practical Church system than that whereby the last days before the solemn act by which a young man receives the awful and life-long commission and laying-on of hands, are so constantly disturbed by the excitements and worries of an 'examination.' If Bishop Wilberforce did not altogether abolish this, it may have been because, from the very first, he had so largely mitigated it that he did not feel its pressure. The ordinands were his guests, inmates of his own home, and each day's work over and the worries of it laid aside, he in that little chapel at Cuddesdon poured out his whole heart before them in exhortations and addresses which none can ever forget. A specimen volume of these addresses was published many years ago (1859): it went through five editions in

* How characteristic of the Bishop that, in congratulating the clergy on the addition to their curates through this society, he includes *this* among its benefits, that they would now be able to preach oftener for one another and see more of one another.

eight years. A bishop has not lived for nothing who shall have conducted his ordinations rightly. When we remember that Bishop Wilberforce laid hands on 1200 deacons and 1060 priests in his twenty-five years at Cuddesdon, and that of these not a few were men—such as Fellows of Colleges at Cambridge—who sought ordination at his hands because he *was* Bishop Wilberforce, and because his ordinations were conducted as we have described, we may be pardoned the expression of a belief that his work lives after him in the abiding influence of those days on many a clergyman unknown to fame, but earning for himself the reward of faithful service. Of his confirmations—the other distinctive episcopal function—there is no need to speak. They were conducted in the face of the world, and were celebrated among all who cared to take the smallest interest in such matters. His addresses were always extempore, and the many-sidedness, the fertility of his mind, its fulness of resource, and power of adaptation on the spur of the moment, was perhaps, most favourably exhibited in the endless variety and yet continual appropriateness of these addresses. It is a mistake to say, as some people do, that Bishop Wilberforce never repeated himself. He did, and frequently. But when he did it was for a purpose, and not through poverty of thought or to save himself from trouble. Passing these things by, we come next to that which he, so far as we know, was the first to introduce in the English Church; we mean his Lent missions. It was a new thing among us when, far back in the early days of his episcopate, so far back as the Lent of 1850, he settled down with a company of preachers for a 'preaching raid' on Wantage and its adjacent parishes. Thence the company went on to Faringdon; thence to Banbury. At Banbury the impression produced was wonderful. Again and again that great church, accommodating 3000 persons, was crowded. An ordination was held, and on Monday, February 26, almost the whole population turned out to escort the Bishop and his party on their departure. After this no similar attempt was made until 1858, at Henley-on-Thames,* after which it was continued annually until 1866. His plan was peculiar. He collected round him a company, we have known as many as thirty or more, of clergy specially qualified for the purpose; he selected some town or large village as a cen-

tre, and then, himself taking the leading part, he distributed them over the adjacent district for continuous preachings during a whole week the only limit being that imposed by the distance beyond which you could not be carried from head-quarters in time for an evening service. The whole arrangements were thought out long beforehand with most elaborate care. In the morning of each day the whole company were together, with the Bishop as the life of all; in the evening scattered widely, each on his several errand, as we have described. Before his translation to Winchester there was scarcely a district in the diocese which had not been visited at least once by these missions, and felt their benefit. They were usually timed so as to fall in with his confirmation circuits, or the ember weeks of Lent and the Lenten ordinations. The University and city of Oxford were always the Bishop's peculiar care; and with the view of quickening the religious life therein he instituted courses of Lent sermons in the churches of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Giles, each year himself laying down the subjects of the course and selecting the ablest and most distinguished preachers of the day. Several volumes of these courses have been published, and some of them are of permanent value. And lastly, in 1859, he commenced a system of meetings of large bodies of the clergy for mutual conference and combined devotion. Of these the first two were held at Radley College; afterwards they were held in Oxford. It can scarcely be needful to add that in all these enterprises, as they were distinctly of his own devising, so he himself occupied the foremost place, and that many of those who at first held aloof were roused by the example of his earnestness and carried away by the contagion of his zeal. He was emphatically the personal leader and not merely the organiser of the clergy whom he had to rule and govern. Leader and organiser we have said, and yet we have not said enough. Bishop Wilberforce may not have been a profound theologian in the scholastic sense, but at least he was a well-read divine, he was of cultivated intellect, and there was no speculative or practical movement of the time on which he did not labour most assiduously to form his clergy's mind. No account of his diocesan work can pretend to completeness which does not make some mention of this. Most liberal as he could be towards those who differed from him, still it is clear how he craved to have his clergy's minds moving as one man's along with his. The large literature of charges to which we have referred so often show this abundantly. *Every great ques-*

* We believe the following is a correct list in order of time, of the places visited, beginning with 1858: Henley, Buckingham, Reading, Banbury, Aylesbury, Newbury, Bampton, Marlow, and Reading again in 1866.

tion of the day is there set forth, and his view thereon argued out sometimes with an almost passionate earnestness, and always, it must be added, with consummate address. The style is peculiar. It is logic, but it is something more. He does not merely show you the ladder up which he has reached the conclusion of his own mind; but all up the long ascent you feel the moral attraction of the strong will underneath the logic dragging you with him to the standing ground he intends that you should reach. Bishop Wilberforce may not have been a profound thinker, but he was emphatically a forceful one. Let any one read the latter portions of the charges for 1851 and 1854 and he will feel that what we say is true. In the former we have him setting forth his view of the recent Papal aggression—a measure which had stirred him to the uttermost; next of the Gorham case, using it most skilfully as a basis for demanding the revival of Convocation, and then proceeding to the then 'burning question' of secessions to Rome. Few things the Bishop ever wrote have been more skilful than his analysis of the mental and moral stages of those secessions. We cannot say it is absolutely exhaustive. It would not fit every one. But it would fit numbers. And the Bishop was touching on a trait in human nature which no one knew better than himself when he pointed out that

'in the greatest number of these cases the earliest approaches of the enemy have been through the feelings, and not through the understanding. Argument has come to the support of feelings already perverted, not the feelings followed the slow convictions of the intellect.'

He was educating his clergy how to think respecting secessions to Rome. Next follows his elaborate analysis of the 'adapted' devotional books, which he disliked so much. After this the subject of confession—handled, we must say, with consummate clearness, alike as to the evils of the Roman, and the meaning and just limits of the English, system. Pages 64–69 of this charge would be worth reprinting, in view of the recent excitement on the subject. Not that every portion of the charge moves on the same level of reasoning or exposition. As in conversation, so here he could relieve the graver tints by the brighter touches of irony and humour. Thus he concludes a long passage on the advantages of a revived Convocation by adding that it would deliver the Church from being *supposed* to be represented by certain members of the House of Commons,—

! Self-constituted, and sometimes well-

meaning representatives of her interests [who] claim to speak on her behalf as specially representing the opinion of her laity, and are listened to with a deference which, from their real ignorance of her principles and her needs is often more deeply mischievous than the open attacks of her enemies.'

Then, in 1854, he reverts to this subject in most serious earnest, and devotes nearly thirty pages to what is evidently meant as an 'instruction' to his clergy how to think about Convocation. This we think to be the very best specimen that exists of his way of setting forth the pleadings for a measure he was deeply interested in. It is as clear as a state paper, without its prolixity. All diffuseness of style is laid aside, and with admirable method each reason for, and each objection against, is treated separately, fully, succinctly. After twenty years the argument is worth reading still. In 1857 it was the Divorce Bill, in 1860 it was the Deceased Wife's Sister and the subject of evening communions which were discussed, and then finally, in 1863 and 1866 respectively, he goes with great and elaborate pains into the subject of the newly-arisen Rationalism and Ritualism. We say 'finally,' for the last Oxford charge of all, that of 1869, is almost solely a farewell retrospect, and scarcely contains anything of the kind we are now considering. In the charge for 1863 the special subject is Mr. H. B. Wilson's views on—we might say against—the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and for page after page the Bishop goes on with his connected series of specimen extracts, and then proceeds to direct his clergy how to deal with the novel phenomenon of a beneficed clergyman maintaining opinions subversive of all respect for the sacred Scriptures. Here you have another marked example of the pains the Bishop was at, not merely to state his view or to deliver his warning, but to state it in that precise manner—to accompany his statement with those particular reasonings which would be best suited to carry his clergy's mind along with his. And if it seems to any one that we make too much of this, we reply, look at the facts. Contrast these charges *as a series* with any previous series of the same kind.* See how comprehensive they are. Remember that they are but the condensed representation of what

* Any one who will read through Bishop Wilberforce's charges, and those of Bishop Thirlwall, will be able to gain from different points of view, and under the guidance of widely differing minds, a very complete view of the history of Church movements and Church thought in their day. Bishop Thirlwall was consecrated only five years before Bishop Wilberforce, so that their charges are essentially contemporary.

was going on in personal intercourse, in conversation, in action, in his daily work among his clergy. And then say if they do not give you the picture of one who deliberately set himself to be the animating force of his diocesan system, to mould the thought and lead the minds of his clergy, as well as to head their labours, and to be the centre of their allegiance. We speak strongly, but we are strongly assured of what we say. As we have already intimated, Bishop Wilberforce came to his see at a moment of unparalleled theological excitement and intellectual perturbation, and from the first he was determined to supply the scattered and discordant elements with a new point round which to crystallise. He was determined not only to supply this centre, but to attract them to it and to control them when attracted. Bishop Wilberforce was intensely anti-Roman, but he was as intensely Anglican. He thoroughly and intensely believed in the Anglican theory, in her Reformation Settlement, in her parochial system, in her diocesan episcopacy. Fresh, while yet young, from brilliant success in the revival of parochial life at Alverstoke, he set about doing the same thing over again in the diocesan sphere at Oxford. He thoroughly believed that in the Anglican system all minds might find satisfaction, all temperaments might find scope, all hearts find rest. It was to be his business as bishop to lead them thereunto. For the Anglican bishop was to be the *persona* of the system, the one personality in whom all were to find a common sympathy, the mainspring of their work, the expression of their Church's mind. It was an audacious conception, but, as we said above, the Bishop believed in it, and in this belief lay his strength. He believed in it with all the strength of a most imperious will, a most versatile intellect, a most powerful imagination. The conception dominated over his whole being: it possessed him. He set out with idealising his diocese, and he sought ideal perfection in its administration, as Arthur sought the Holy Grail. There was an element of unspoken romance about the Cuddesdon of his earlier time which told most powerfully upon the work of his subordinates. After all, whether consciously or unconsciously, 'it is the imagination that governs the world,' and it was this ideal which made him the bishop he was, and drove him to the labours and the efforts he sustained. For the conception of his office, such as we have stated it, was a most exhausting one to act up to. First it bound him to place himself in personal sympathy with all his clergy who would not reject him; and it is but bare justice to testify to

the pains he took to do so. He believed, in our judgment, only too much, in personal influence, thinking that if it were lacking all was lost. But the result, so far as his conduct was concerned, was an amount of personal trouble and self-control which, to a man of his masterful and somewhat imperious character, must often have been an almost intolerable strain. It bound him next to fellowship in work, himself the person from whom the work of the diocese must radiate, and by whom it must also be personally headed. He must not only be felt as the unseen strategist, but seen as the present commander, and not only a commander, but one, like medieval captains, who shared in the *mêlée*. So he would knit the hearts of his soldiers to himself. And then, besides all this, his conception of his office demanded that he should use the sway thus gained over their *hearts* to bring their *intellects* as well into a substantial concord with his own, so that his *corps* of the Church militant might move as one man upon the line laid down for it. Here is the true account of the elaborate polemics alike of his charges and of his later articles in our own columns. He was striving to fulfil the full-orbed round of his official ideal. True, we may be of opinion that his polemics against the Oxford Rationalists were the least successful, though perhaps the most earnest, of all his efforts; but the reason is not far to seek. He was never *en rapport* with them in respect of the better element which gave vitality to their errors. So his attacks on them were attacks, and nothing more. And being attacks, and attacks only, the impetuosity of his nature carried him away, Rupert like, farther than cooler judgment would approve. We may instance especially the determination shown in the article on 'Essays and Reviews,' to pin down Dr. (now Bishop) Temple to a full and conscious agreement with all the sequel of that unlucky volume. The Bishop even goes the length of picking out a string of clauses in Dr. Temple's 'Essay,' and representing them almost as a table of contents to those which followed. And yet no such correspondence had any actual existence. The fact we believe to be that, with all his uncommon breadth of character and sympathy, there were yet forms of mind and character which lay outside his sphere, and this was one of them. And so he handled them, as roughly and as much *ab extra* as he had done Dr. Pusey's 'adapted' books of Roman Catholic devotion. Doubtless if he were on other grounds assured that a man who had a *leaning* towards such views was loyal at heart to the Church of England as a Church and to himself as its

representative, he could be as gentle and as forbearing as in the case of men who had a leaning in the 'Puseyite' direction. But all depended on that 'if.' And on the whole his instincts were wonderfully accurate. It was an essential part of his view of his office to work with all who would work with him, but it very rarely happened that he committed himself to anyone who was not thoroughly Anglican at bottom.

Still keeping to his administration of his diocese we must speak of what was, perhaps, his greatest—certainly his most conspicuous—natural endowment; we mean his extraordinary power and tact in handling public assemblies. Great as were his other gifts, his power of work, his power of organisation, his power over individuals, we doubt if ever he would have gained the mastery over his diocese which he did had it not been for this remarkable *public* faculty and gift. One example was so striking that we must quote it. No event stirred Bishop Wilberforce more deeply than the Papal aggression of 1850. Somehow it seemed to rouse all the antagonism in his whole nature. Some of our readers may remember that in the House of Lords the Bishop spoke most strongly in favour of the (abortive) Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; concluding by warning the Government to take care that its penalties were not allowed to become a dead letter; a course somewhat inconsistent with that of his speech on the Religious Opinions Relief Act. However, in November 1850, he convened what might almost be called a Diocesan Synod to protest against the Papal action as unauthorised and schismatical. Few who were then present can forget the masterly way in which he handled the vast gathering of clergymen of all schools which he had convoked. The place, the Hall of Merton, to which they were first summoned, was too strait for the numbers pressing into it; and it became necessary to adjourn the thronged and surging crowd to the Sheldonian Theatre. This alone was a fresh element of excitement to an already excited assemblage. But the Bishop, with a few calming sentences, succeeded in moving the vast gathering in admirable order to the theatre. And there he soon had need of all his powers. Speaking of the possibility of there being any present who were unfaithful to the Reformation, he said, 'Suppose now that there should be any one in this assembly so false to the Church of his baptism as to be actually in league with the Church of Rome while ministering at our altars.' Here some excited clergyman exclaimed, 'My Lord, there are a hundred of them in this theatre!' Upon which the

Bishop, without one sign of discomposure, continued, 'Stop, my reverend brother; allow me to finish my sentence: suppose there should be any unhappy clergyman so infatuated as to be in league with the Church of Rome while professing to be a Minister of the Church of England, what do you think would be the best game he could play at this moment? Would it not be to throw down the apple of discord here, and try to divide this assembly?' To another clergyman full of zeal, but not according to knowledge, who objected to one of the resolutions because it spoke of 'the Church of Rome' without the addition of some harsh epithet, the Bishop replied by asking for a Common Prayer-book, and showing him that this was the expression used in the *xixth* Article of Religion. Indeed the Bishop always appeared to the greatest advantage in emergencies, and when he was, so to speak, driven into a corner, and apparently hopeless. He had difficulties enough in his first ten years at Oxford from a very determined section who regarded him as the patron of a Romanising party, and on one occasion, at an election of proctors in Convocation, it was thought that he ought not to preside, especially, too, as one of his own chaplains was a candidate. He went to the election much worried and expecting a row, which certainly ensued. But his readiness and his firmness carried the day. It ended in his opponents, who certainly had something to say for themselves, being not only beaten but well laughed at; and perhaps some of our readers may remember how Mr. Curme, who was very persistent in his complaints, was addressed with the line,—

'Cur me querelis exanimas tuis?'

The occasion above named, in 1850, was the only time when Bishop Wilberforce ever convened what might be regarded as a Synod of his clergy. Considering the pertinacity with which he insisted on the revival of Convocation, it has often excited surprise that he was not favourable to diocesan synodical action. Yet he certainly was not, although there were those about him, and in his confidence, who frequently urged it on him. The truth we believe to be this, that in the organisation which he had already formed he had such ample means of knowing the minds of his clergy, that he could ascertain at once upon any point how far he should have their support, and what he could venture upon. In the same way he could ascertain what reasons would exist in their minds *against* any project he was interested in. Thus, on the one hand, he guarded against committing himself to what

would have to be retracted; on the other, whatever he did undertake was carried out. To him, therefore, a synod would have been superfluous. He did not need it for consultation; its support he had in other ways. Probably also the recalcitrant section of the clergy might never have been so completely overcome—partly won over by his fairness, partly subdued by his ability—had they ever become fixed into the ‘opposition party’ of a regular deliberative assembly. Bishop Wilberforce was an exceptional man; he knew his own powers, and he trusted to them. It is no argument against the diocesan synod that he did not need, and not needing, did not sufficiently appreciate it. Perhaps, too, it is on the same principle that we are to explain his known indifference to the extension of the home episcopate. His natural turn for administration and incessant personal activity enabled him to manage the diocese of Oxford with comparative ease. He was unwilling to believe even the vast diocese of Winchester to be beyond his powers. But his successor in that see, himself a man of proved administrative capacity, immediately requires and obtains the aid of a suffragan in Bishop Utterson, of Guildford. But this kind of arrangement can only be a temporary palliative, and some extension of the home episcopate by subdivision of the larger dioceses is probably imminent.

We have been the more careful to explain his indifference to the revival of diocesan synods, because of its seeming inconsistency with the desperate tenacity with which he clung to the revival of the provincial synods, the convocations of Canterbury and York. That revival may truly be said to have been his work—the work, too, of his whole public life. It was foremost in his mind from the very first. No sooner had he a seat in the Lower House as Archdeacon of Surrey than he began to argue that its sittings should have some more practical end than hearing a Latin sermon and electing a Prolocutor who was to preside over nothing after the house had agreed to an address sent up to it by the Bishops. This was in 1840, and it should be remembered that at that early date it was hard to see from what quarter of the horizon, civil or ecclesiastical, there was a ray of hope to shine upon the cause. The fact, however, is as we say, and there are many who will remember that it was so. It was one of the first objects which he set before himself at the outset of his career; and Samuel Wilberforce was not the man to lack confidence either in himself or in his future. And this is only another example of what—when his life comes to be written—ought to be brought out

in the strongest relief, namely, the identity of view and principle, the persistency of aim and object, throughout his whole public career. In this particular no man has been more misjudged. The peculiar versatility of his character, the infinite variety of men with whom he could mix on terms of sympathy, have led to an impression that he was unstable in his purposes. Certain striking cases in which he took a course which was not expected of him, or in which he refused to fight what he considered to be a losing battle, have fastened upon the popular observation and have led to the impression of which we speak. We refer to such instances as that of the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill, the first Oxford University Bill, the last Irish Disestablishment Bill, and notably the matter of Dr. Hampden and the bishopric of Hereford. We shall have more to say on these matters presently; but they do not really touch the question. He was a man whose principles and aims were definitely fixed before he was five-and-thirty, and whatever cause he espoused that he stuck to with a tenacity which reminds one of his father's life-long devotion to the cause of slave emancipation. Such to him was the revival of Convocation. He sounded the note of preparation in the first days of his archidiaconate. He fought the battle with unflinching obstinacy during the early years of his episcopate. To the last years of his life he was not only the mainspring of his own (the Upper) House, but he was ever carefully guiding and directing the counsels of the Lower. His ‘convocation breakfasts,’ at which during its sessions he gathered round him all manner of men and talked over into his own views the very people most unlikely to agree with him, will long be remembered as examples of his skill and of the infinite and persistent pains he could take to carry out whatever he had once undertaken.

It is now beginning to be forgotten, but such a paper as this is the proper place to recall it, how the excitement about the Gorham decision became the wave which ultimately floated the demand for the Church's synodical action. That decision was given March 8, 1850. Then it was determined that, at the next (still merely formal) meeting of Convocation, February, 1851, the first serious step towards action should be taken. This consisted in receiving petitions from outside and addressing the Upper House upon them. Accordingly petitions from clergy and from laity were presented to both Houses. The Lower was proceeding as arranged when the Archbishop's officer entered the room and declared the assembly prorogued. But the petitions from without

had been presented and were not allowed to sleep. On July 11th a lay peer, Lord Redesdale, moved for copies of these petitions, so as to introduce a general debate upon the whole subject. Formerly the powerful influence of the Bishop (Blomfield) of London had not been in favour of the revival, but by this time he had yielded to the persuasions of his brother of Oxford, and on this occasion he—we think alone of all the bishops—supported the cause. The Archbishop (Sumner) of Canterbury spoke against it. So did Archbishop Whately of Dublin. Lord Lansdowne denounced the proposal as ‘novel, far-fetched, and dangerous.’ But the motion for papers was carried. The matter was fairly launched as a public question, and could not be much longer smothered. Then came the dissolution of the summer of 1852. With a new Parliament came new elections of proctors in Convocation, and when Parliament met, the new Convocation met in earnest. It was again cut short by the Archbishop’s prorogation; but the Bishop of Oxford was joined by the Bishops of Chichester, Exeter, and Salisbury, in the protest against his so acting *sine consensu fratrum*. A new Ministry was in power, and the Bishop besieged the new Premier, Lord Aberdeen, for the formal consent of Government to the meeting of Convocation for deliberation. The Premier was naturally slow to move or to be moved, but many influences could be brought to bear upon him, and he was not inexorable. The Court, on the other hand, was bitterly hostile, and greatly excited against the proposal. Strong words were used as to persistent exclusion from preferment of all who favoured the movement. Strong convictions were expressed as to the certainty that not even the most active and talented and ambitious members of the High Church party would long hold to principles which involved their permanent exclusion from advancement. All this the Bishop of Oxford had to reckon with. All this he knew, perhaps, better than anyone besides. Still his influence was strong with the Ministry,* and early in 1853 he had served it materially by his support of the Canada Clergy Reserves Bill. So at last a meeting for one day was granted, which came off in January 1854, and was turned to account by appointing committees to sit after the adjournment and report at the next meeting. The key of the position was now won. In

the autumn of this year (1854) he delivered his third triennial charge, and on that occasion it was that, after congratulating his clergy on ‘the practical revival of the deliberative functions of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury,’ he gave that singularly lucid and comprehensive argument on the whole subject to which we have called attention above. Twenty years have gone by since then, and the wedge thus inserted has been steadily driven home. Step by step each single privilege of Convocation has been recovered and brought into action. The Convocation of the northern province has been revived as well. Royal licences have been granted, canons have been enacted, and during the last Convocation ‘Royal letters of business’ have been issued, enabling the Convocations to consider the Rubrics with a view to legislation. So each department of the long disused machinery has been set in motion. A new Lectionary has been approved, not perfect indeed, but a great improvement on the former. A shortened form of service has been given us which, in many places, is of great advantage. Convocation now occupies a position which no one can dispute, and which no prudent statesman can afford to overlook. And, through all these stages of gradual progress, Bishop Wilberforce was the one mainspring. It was his tact and sagacity, his knowledge of the world and his personal acquaintance with leading statesmen, above all it was his ceaseless watchfulness to turn each opportunity to best account, his dogged tenacity of purpose, which has mainly contributed to this result. It was his sedulous care also which was ever exerted to guide the action of the machinery newly recalled into existence, and to train it to the wise and cautious exercise of its functions.* Samuel Wilberforce has been missed in many quarters. In none will his loss be more serious than in that Convocation which, near five-and-thirty years ago, he was bent upon reviving.

We have dwelt the longer upon this, not only because of the importance of the subject in the history of the modern Church of England,—an importance, let us add, of which the magnitude will be felt twenty years hence far more than now; not only because of the fact that the great step towards a real ‘liberation’ of the Church was so undeniably his work, but because it affords a conspicuous example of what we be-

* Lord Aberdeen’s Ministry, the first in which Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in which also the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert held office.

* Here we would guard ourselves from being supposed forgetful of the eminent services of Mr. Hoare. But the Bishop and Mr. Hoare worked in different spheres.

lieve to have been a leading feature of his character—tenacity of purpose and, where he knew that he was right, inflexibility of will. Flexible in mode of action he most certainly was, and where Alps stood in his way he would go round them with Napoleon rather than scale them with Hannibal.* Of singular quickness of perception, he would descry the little cloud which betokened the gathering of an unlooked-for form of opposition, and with equal quickness of intelligence he would throw aside his plan of action at a moment's notice and extemporise another on the instant. A ship is not the less surely holding on her course because she tacks, and this was the case with him. Where he was *not* sure which was the right course he would waver long, and let people see that he was in doubt more than was quite wise, and then, perhaps, take a decision on grounds which were not always understood. In this matter of convocation he knew that he was right. Here, although he was well aware that his course was viewed with the uttermost dislike in the precise quarter where he was believed to wish above all to keep in favour he never swerved. As to his predominating influence in the Convocation, which it is not too much to say he had recalled to life, there is a story told, not unlike Sydney Smith's joke about all the ecclesiastical commissioners doing nothing but 'nib their pens' until bustling Bishop Blomfield came in. It is said that Bishop Wilberforce, arriving somewhat late at a meeting of Convocation and going into the robing-room, found the Bishop of St. David's sitting there though already robed. He asked him why he waited. 'Why should I go in?' is the reported answer; 'nothing will begin till you are there.' We do not vouch for the story. We only repeat it as we have heard it.

Another conspicuous example of his steadiness when definite principle was at stake may be seen in his conduct respecting the Divorce Bill, when he declared that should it become law he would inhibit any clergyman of his diocese who should act upon its most objectionable provision. Only two years ago, when Bishop of Winchester, he made good his words by inhibiting the clergyman from his diocese who performed a marriage ceremony at St. James's,

Piccadilly, between a divorced woman and the correspondent in the suit.

With reference to the other matters to which allusion has been made a few words may be said in addition. Of course the line he took in the matter of the Canada Clergy Reserves exposed him to severe criticism. He expected that it would. He knew it would. His own expression shortly before was that he should have to take a course which would lead many of his brethren to call him a traitor. To this day we still think that Bishop Wilberforce was mistaken in his course; but, at all events, the line he took was clear, straightforward, and above board. It was characteristic of him too. There was nothing which he so strongly objected to as carrying on a contest after defeat had become a certainty. Certainly Bishop Wilberforce piqued himself (a little overmuch) on political foresight. And when his political forecast prognosticated defeat his line was to turn the superior foresight to account by making terms while it was yet the opponent's interest to offer good ones, and before the exasperation of a protracted struggle had roused the appetite for revenge. This was his avowed principle, and he carried it out in small matters as well as great. In his counsels to his younger clergy we have known him to lay it down that if any parochial scheme of their initiation seemed likely to fail they had better 'kill it themselves'; i.e. find some reason of their own for stopping it at once before it became a necessity evident to all, so that their parochial prestige might not be the loser. This was the avowed principle on which he supported the Duke of Newcastle's policy about Canada and the Clergy Reserves. He maintained that the key of the position was gone when the colony had been made self-governing, and that to persist in resistance was only to bring down the *vox victis* on the Canadian clergy. But he felt the gravity of the step, and he remembered it. Ten years afterwards (1863) the question of Irish Disestablishment was coming to the front. In that year he wrote to Mr. Gladstone refusing to support it. And he reminded Mr. Gladstone that he could not be charged with over stiffness when his action regarding Canada was borne in mind. Of course we are at liberty to remark (1), that for courses such as these to be *expedient* you must be very sure that your forecast is correct; (2), that for them to be *right* you must not surrender anything which is not yours to give up. The debate was a very excited one. Some of our readers may remember it as the occasion when the late Earl

* The allusion is to Napoleon's exclamation on entering Italy in his first campaign, when he was the general of the Italian army under the French Directory. Looking northward at their snowy summits from the plains of Italy, he is reported to have said gaily, 'Well! Hannibal scaled the Alps: we have turned them.'

of Derby made that quotation from Shakespeare—

‘A man may smile and smile, and be a villain.’

It was on this principle that, at last, after the Parliamentary elections of 1868 he ceased to take any part in the opposition to the Irish Disestablishment.

In the Hampden case we think he was thoroughly unlucky. His conduct admits of ample explanation. The misfortune is that any explanation was necessary, which undoubtedly it was, at least to the outside world if not to experts. And the general public is much more ready to demand an explanation than to attend to the explanation when it comes. The case was something of this kind. Certain beneficed clergy in his diocese took steps to initiate regular legal proceedings against Dr. Hampden's appointment on the ground of heretical teaching contained in his Bampton Lectures. It was their action, not his. But before their suit could proceed—we purposely use popular and not technical terms—it must have the permission of the diocesan. The case could not go before the judge without such permission. This permission Bishop Wilberforce gave, for the case lay in his diocese. He was under the impression that no option was allowed him, and that if any one chose to promote the cause he (the Bishop) could be compelled to forward it. Hence he acted purely ministerially to enable the question to be tried, not as being himself a judge. So far from that he had not read the book, nor was he called upon to do so. There was already a *prima facie* case against it, in that it had been condemned by the University of Oxford. Then popular excitement was aroused, and *after* signing the papers he discovered that he had an option in the matter. The Bishop examined the book. He came to a decided conclusion that there was nothing in it which would come within any *legal* definition of heresy, that consequently any legal proceedings would be useless, in a word that the proposed suit would be futile and had better be stopped. So he stopped it by the withdrawal of his permission. His former action had not implied that he considered Dr. Hampden technically heretical, but only that he had no power to prevent the suit of his clergy coming before the judge whose business it was. His latter action only implied that, after examining the Lectures, he was satisfied that no good purpose would be answered by their going on with the suit. But, besides this transaction between himself and his clergy, the Bishop had concurred

with the two primates and with ten other bishops* in a strong-worded protest against the appointment. Now it is obvious that any of us might most justly regard an appointment as in the highest degree undesirable, and that too on the score of questionable doctrine, and therefore seek to stop it by every means in our power, and yet not consider a lawsuit to be a hopeful means of attaining the end. Still, there the two documents were, standing side by side in the public prints, the protest and the withdrawal of his action to the suit. And people did not understand it. What is more, they misunderstood both the original sanction and the subsequent withdrawal. They imagined that they were judicial acts: that the first was a judicial condemnation instead of a ministerial leave to go before another judge; and they said what a shame to have condemned him without having even read his book! They imagined that the second was a judicial endorsement of Hampden's views, instead of a mere expression of the inexpediency of *that* method of opposing Dr. Hampden; and they said with what face can the Bishop pronounce him orthodox in one document while his name appears among the protestors in another? One cannot wonder at there being many to keep the misapprehension alive. It made it look as if Bishop Wilberforce himself said there was no real objection to Dr. Hampden, so that all Dr. Hampden's supporters naturally made the most of it. Besides this, it gave a handle to people for finding fault with Bishop Wilberforce. They said he had concurred in the opposition as long as it looked safe, and then wheeled round incontinently as soon as things looked dangerous. And Bishop Wilberforce was already far too marked a man not to have plenty of persons ready to attack him. It has been generally believed that from this moment his acceptableness at Court was gone. We doubt if things went so far. It shook confidence in his judgment, and gave a handle to his opponents there as elsewhere. His te-

* These were as follows:—The Bishops of London (Blomfield), Winchester (Sumner), Lincoln (Kaye), Bangor (Bethell), Carlisle (Percy), Rochester (Murray), Bath and Wells (Bagot), Gloucester and Bristol (Monk), Exeter (Phillipotts), Sarum (Denison), Chichester (Gilbert), Ely (Turton), Oxford (Wilberforce). Bishop J. B. Sumner's (of Chester) name was not among those of the protestors, and in less than six months he was made Archbishop of Canterbury on the decease of Dr. Howley. Bishop Sumner's name was absent through the accident of his being from home, and his letters not reaching him in time for his name to be added.

nacious adherence to what was called the vain dream of Convocation was the serious matter.

We have said that by this time Bishop Wilberforce was far too marked a man not to have plenty of those who were ready to make the most of whatever could be made to look like tergiversation. He had been but two years a bishop. He was yet but forty-two years of age. Yet he was not only the favourite bishop at Court, not only had he already fixed all eyes upon his diocesan work, but he had become the most striking figure on the bench of bishops in the House of Lords. Our space is running out and gives no scope for a detailed review of his Parliamentary career, but we may advert briefly to some of his more noticeable early appearances as a debater. Nothing is more observable than the instantaneousness with which he dashed at once into the full prominence both in Church and State which he so long maintained. We have seen how, before he had been three weeks a bishop, he had electrified Oxford with his first ordination, and how he took in hand his diocesan organisation without delay. Just so his first session in Parliament saw him as prominent as any subsequent one. His first important speech came as early as May 15, 1846. It was on the Religious Opinions Relief Bill, for removing antiquated enactments against Dissenters, to which he gave a general support. But what excited attention was the line he took: namely, that he as an ecclesiastic rejoiced at the removal of a set of enactments which were 'not the work of the Church of England,' which did the Church no good, but of which she was made to bear the odium, though they were of civil and not ecclesiastical enactment. He instanced especially the first of the series proposed for repeal; viz., 1 Eliz., which had been forced upon her by the secular Parliament, though opposed by every bishop; and he made good his general assertion by proofs in detail.

In the next month we have his famous speech on the Corn Laws, liberal in the best sense of the word, powerful, but somewhat florid and excited, exhibiting already both the merits and defects of his Parliamentary style. He took the general ground that regulations on such subjects could only be justified by proved necessity, that they were interferences with the natural course, and the fewer of them the better:—then the particular ground that, as repeal must conduce to the well-being of all classes, so the agricultural class must participate in it in the end; and how much that class needed more 'well-being' he went on to

show in his famous picture of agricultural wretchedness, of which he said those had little notion 'who saw the poor only on their days of forced festivity drinking out of empty glasses health to their landlords and prosperity to agriculture.' We do not know whether the Bishop had calculated beforehand the reception which such a passage was likely to meet with from an assembly of landlords. But the closing appeal to the House in this speech was really grand.

In the foregoing instances we find Bishop Wilberforce following the best principles of a genuine Liberalism. In May 1848, however, on the admission of Jews to Parliament, he merely reiterates the well-worn objections. Even here, however, he enlivened his argument by a bit of stinging personality, which, for the momentary excitement it occasioned, could only be compared to the 'empty glasses' paragraph just alluded to. Lord John Russell and Baron Rothschild had recently stood together for the City of London, and together they had been returned; but, of course, the Baron could not take his seat. Of course the Baron was the wealthier; and the gossip of the hour insisted on it that this Bill was in fulfilment of an election bargain between the two, that if the Baron paid the expenses of both, the other* would get a Bill passed which would enable him to sit. So the Bishop denounced the Bill as the fruit of an alliance in which 'one party found the capital and the other party the character.'

The fact appears to us to be that Parliamentary debate drew out all the combative nature of the Bishop's nature, of which there was not a little. He was essentially vehement, eager, impulsive. Usually he had himself well in hand. When presiding over the debates of others these elements of his character were held in check. In platform-speaking on a topic there was not so much to draw them out. In the House of Lords the dammed-up stream poured forth, and it was years before he managed to subdue it. There was a touch of threat, too, in 1850, when, just after the Gorham case, he supported the Bishop of London's Bill for a new Court of Heresy to supersede the Judicial Committee of Privy Council; and the threat did not much help the cause. 'Beware,' he said, 'lest by your vote here to-night you create the establishment in England of a Free Episcopal Church.' Never did he appear to so much advantage in his place in Parliament as when he had to speak in defence rather than in attack—to vindicate

* Lord John Russell was Premier at this time—i.e. from July 1846 to February 1852.

the Church, to vindicate the cause of anti-slavery, or, and here perhaps he shone pre-eminently, to defend the character of an absent friend. All the generosity of his nature then came out. Bishop Villiers of Durham was not of his school of thought, but it was Bishop Wilberforce who met the popular clamour, and defended him superbly on the matter of his preferment of Mr. Cheese to Houghton-le-Skerne. A marked case, too, of the same kind occurred once when Bishop Monk was attacked during his absence abroad. Many a firm friend did he make in this way. And, after all, we believe that his greatest oratorical effect was the speech at Bradford, when, indeed, his courage and combativeness stood him in good stead. He knew that the Yorkshiremen meant to hiss him down. Those who were present tell how, when it was his turn to speak, he did not so much step as leap to the front, and plunge into his speech at once. It was well that he was quick. The hisses came, but he was already speaking, and they failed to drown his voice. He turned upon them—'nasty hisses from nasty throats'—with such a power of masterful contempt, that what from any other speaker would only have made things worse, from him completely cowed the hisses, raised counter-cheers from others, and the remainder was a triumph. But we must hurry on. It is a pity, but we must surrender the attempt to give any picture of the bright days of the earlier Cuddesdon life. Still the place is so well known, and its hospitalities have included such large numbers, that perhaps more of our readers will have known Cuddesdon than any other episcopal residence in England; so that a mere allusion may be the easier pardoned. It was there, we think, that, socially speaking, he appeared to most advantage when, surrounded by men of mark and culture, his conversational power exercised on subjects worthy of it, he—it is the merest justice to say it—shone pre-eminently. We do not care to quote *bons mots*. It was his whole conversation that charmed. There was such an astonishing variety about it—story, argument, disquisition, all poured out together, and all transfigured by his exquisite diction, and his wonderfully flexible voice. Bishop Blomfield, Bishop Thirlwall, all the best Oxford men, lions brought down from London or elsewhere (once we met Rajah Brooke), he drew out all—as a conversationalist he surpassed all. Blomfield was all but supreme as a story-teller. Samuel Wilberforce added a superior charm of grace which makes us put him first. Then those Cuddesdon College anniversaries, and the sunshine which he seemed to diffuse

around him over the hundreds whom he brought together. And all this was a distinct element of power which he made to tell upon his work, and he would be thinking how to make it most serviceable even when seeming merely to sparkle with overflowing cheeriness and humour. We trust that some record may be forthcoming in which such brighter passages may have their due commemoration.

We are forced to pass by also all his large Colonial Church correspondence—the trouble that the Cape Town and Colenso cases brought him was tremendous—and, indeed, all through his later years the amount of his *general* Church correspondence would have been more than enough to overtax the energies of an ordinary man. But Bishop Wilberforce seems to have been made up of energy. We cannot but think that as to mere physical organisation his cerebral fibre must have been of the toughest. That habit of writing in our not too steady railway carriages without turning giddy; the fact that he has been known to dictate seven letters at a time, and yet remember the exact point at which he left off in each without confusion; the mere fact that he could write *and* talk simultaneously, and this not merely once in a way, but habitually, all seem to show this. Look at him which way you will, he was, in the exact meaning of the word, an extra-ordinary man.

And yet, perhaps, there has been no prominent ecclesiastic of our time against whom men of the world have got so much to say, and that, too, with evident sincerity. It is not merely that his public acts are blamed or misunderstood: every public man looks out for that. But personal faults are alleged, are dwelt on, are held up as reasons for regarding him with grave doubt and disapproval. There is but one answer to all this, and that answer we believe to be—his life. Scraps and fragments of that life, parts and parcels of it, such as men might see in casual society or in the intervals of exhausting labour, these were not the man Samuel Wilberforce. Those who saw him thus, and only thus, may indeed be reasonably excused for making the mistake. But a mistake it is. And the one way to rectify the error is to exhibit what he was, first, in his real sphere of outward duty, and secondly, in his genuine inner life. It is only in an extended biography that the latter can be attempted. It is only very partially that in a sketch like this even the former can be tried at. But it is not without a reason that we have devoted the major part of these pages to what, after all, was his great work—the creation of the present diocese of Oxford.

But no mere narrative can convey the reality of the enormous personal toil—ceaseless, unrelenting toil—which lay beneath the surface of that work. Always accessible to everybody, provided the business were diocesan; always ready to go anywhere, no matter how obscure the village or how small its population; always devising how to smooth over differences and bring his clergy into unity with one another, instead of letting things take their chance, lest *he* should incur the usual lot of those who try to compose domestic jars; we have known young men, and ambitious men, say, after staying with him for a week, ‘Well, if that is being a bishop, I would just as lief be a slave.’ And the slave of his diocese he truly was. Only he gloried in his slavery, and for that very reason the outside world had no idea of the slavery it was. It is only right therefore that, so far as it can be shown, it should be shown. Remember, too, that it was self-imposed. It was he who set up before his mind the ideal of what diocesan work should be. Before him there had been energetic bishops and good bishops; but there had been none, at least of modern generations, who had set him the example. The ideal was his own. Neither was it like the sudden thought which sometimes comes over a man in a new position, and to which thenceforward he conforms a certain portion of his life, the rest remaining different and inconsistent. It was but the expansion and development of what he had been before. The Bishop of Oxford was but the Rector of Alverstoke writ large. The Archdeacon of Surrey was but the Rector of Brightstone* bringing his thoughts and theories into action. Underneath the manifoldness of his life there was this inner unity of purpose and of piety from first to last, which was the basis of his character. Without this his life in an inexplicable riddle. To the general public these things cannot be known unless set forth. From those who saw him only outside of his work, its inner toil and sustained slavery were necessarily concealed. The manifoldness of his life, the *abandon* with which he entered into

whatever was going on around him* (when away from his central occupations) could not but deceive those who only saw him then. The jewel of the Garter, and the joyous voice and countenance, these were manifest to all men. What was unseen, we trust may some day be made a little manifest. For if ever there was man or bishop who fulfilled the apostolic injunction to endure hardness (and that in many forms) that BISHOP WAS SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

ART. III.—1. *Report of the Committee of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund.* London, 1873.

2. *Reports of the Committee and Sub-Committees appointed to inquire into the subject of Out-patient Hospital Administration in the Metropolis.* London, 1871.

SPECIAL attention has lately been drawn to the operation of the medical charities of the metropolis, much has been written upon the subject in the public journals, and there has been no little discussion as to the uses and abuses of these institutions.

It is probable that the creation of a Hospital Sunday Fund will cause yet more interest to be felt in them, and the mode of their administration to be more closely scrutinised. When money is given by private individuals to a particular institution, or when a sermon is preached on its behalf, the general public have but little right to inquire how it spends the resources which are thus placed at its disposal; but when a Hospital Sunday is established by common consent, advocated by public men, and inaugurated by Royalty, the case is widely different. The public have then a clear right to ask how the money is laid out, and to insist that it should be so spent as to do the greatest amount of good and the least amount of

* His first volume of Oxford Sermons were written at Brightstone, and you can trace his reading in them as well as the formation of his mind. These Brightstone years were clearly years of real preparation. It is interesting now, in a letter written by his father from Brightstone, August 17, 1832, to read the passing remark, ‘Samuel is not eating the bread of idleness.’—‘Life of Wilberforce,’ by the Bishop of Oxford, p. 241. The name is left blank. But the context supplies it.

* This, as well as so many other features of his character, was clearly hereditary. It may be as well here to quote a few words from a letter of Sir James Mackintosh to ‘J. Stephen, Esq.’ of November 12, 1830. ‘Now if I were called upon to describe Wilberforce [William, the father] in one word, I should say that he was the most “amusable” man I ever met with in my life. Instead of having to think what subjects will interest him, it is perfectly impossible to hit on one that does not. I never saw any one who touched life at so many points; and this is the more remarkable in a man who is supposed to live absorbed in the contemplation of a future state.’ (Quoted from p. 417 of the ‘Life of William Wilberforce.’)

harm—to benefit many and to injure none. In a word, to aim at the general good of the community. Hence they may well look to the Committee of Distribution to learn upon what principles the fund is apportioned, what institutions are encouraged by it, and what are discouraged.

The Report before us will be read with interest by many, both of those who have helped to promote the movement and of those who have stood aloof from it. Being the record of the first step in what may become a great metropolitan, or even national, movement, it deserves to be studied with special attention; for assuredly upon the principles which are adopted at the outset it will depend whether it turns out a success or a failure. There are many benevolent persons who look upon it askance, because they fear that charities in which they are interested, and which have hitherto been well supported by congregational collection, will suffer if they are merged in one common whole, and receive only a small proportion of the money gathered together. Undoubtedly this will be the case unless the contributions to the Hospital Sunday Fund are very much larger in future than they were last year. Institutions in the poorer parts of London, where little could be obtained hitherto from local sources, will no doubt be the gainers; but those in the richer districts of the metropolis, which formerly received large annual sums from collections in churches and chapels in their neighbourhood, cannot fail to be the losers. For the sum collected upon the one Sunday for the united fund is not likely to be so much greater as to render it possible, when division is made, to apportion to each hospital and dispensary a sum equal to that which it before received.

In dealing with this Report, we shall not enter so much into financial questions as into the consideration of the principles which ought to underlie all medical charity. We shall take a general survey of the medical charities of the metropolis, and consider what is the work they are now doing, how far it meets the wants of the community, and wherein there is room for alteration and improvement.

Any consideration of the medical charities of the metropolis would be incomplete unless we inquired how the medical profession regards their working, and how it is affected by them. These institutions are so dependent upon their medical officers—their reputation rises and falls in such direct proportion to that of their staff—that it is worth while for the managers to give attentive consideration to any indications of their

opinions. And who is in a better position to form an opinion than they are? Their interests are closely identified with those of the hospital to which they are attached. They usually serve throughout a long term of years, the minor and the major appointments on the staff. Not unfrequently they constitute themselves governors of the charity by subscriptions or donations. So that in every way—by giving money, time, and professional skill—they testify their interest in the welfare of the institution. As a profession, their generous devotion to the sick and suffering is acknowledged by all, so that they are not likely to lend themselves to any proposals which would bear hardly upon the poor. And from the self-denying readiness with which they give their services, we may be sure they will not cry out until the burden of unpaid labour has become unreasonable and excessive; for it should never be forgotten that the hospitals and dispensaries, as a rule, either give their medical officers no salary at all, or else a very small one—a mere complimentary honorarium. The unwritten contract appears to be something of this kind:—If a hospital or dispensary for the sick poor is required, and the public will give their money for the purpose, the medical man will contribute his quota to the charity by personal service. But if the understanding is of this nature, the conditions of the contract must not be strained so as to impose upon him an excessive amount of labour, or to encroach upon the legitimate sphere of remunerative practice. To do this is to interpret the covenant in a one-sided way. The liability of the public is limited by the amount of their subscriptions or donations; but the liability of the medical officer is unlimited, unless care be taken that the really poor, to whom alone he offered his gratuitous services, are the only persons admitted to the benefits of the charity.

Now, how does the medical profession regard the present working of the hospitals and dispensaries? In answer to this question it is easy to adduce evidence. We might point to numerous expressions of opinion in the leading medical journals, to pamphlets and to papers in the general magazines, which all speak the same language and indicate the necessity for some reforms. But we can produce a more authoritative expression of opinion than any of these. In March 1870 a large and important meeting of the medical profession was held at the rooms of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society in Berners Street, under the presidency of Sir William Fergusson. The object of this meeting was to inquire into the subject of out-patient hospital administration

in the metropolis. Among those who signed the requisition for the meeting we find the names of many of the leading physicians and surgeons in London; and we are told that 156 members of the medical profession assembled to discuss the out-patient system—a system with the working of which they were all intimately acquainted. The following are the general resolutions which were passed:—

‘1. That this meeting is of opinion that there exists a great and increasing abuse of outdoor relief at the various hospitals and dispensaries of the metropolis which urgently requires a remedy.’

‘2. That, in the opinion of this meeting, the evils inseparable from the system of gratuitous medical relief administered at the outdoor department of hospitals and free dispensaries can be, in a great measure, met by the establishment, on a large scale, of provident dispensaries, not only in the metropolis, but throughout the kingdom, and by improved administration of Poor Law medical relief.’

‘3. That a committee be appointed to investigate the working of out-patient departments as at present constituted, and to draw up suggestions for reform, to be submitted to a future meeting.’

A committee was accordingly appointed to report upon the whole question, after a thorough investigation into each branch of the subject by sub-committees. In 1871 the report of the general committee, as well as the reports of the sub-committees, were published. These we have now before us, and we shall make frequent reference to them under the name of the Reports of the Berners Street Committee. Most interesting documents they are, and we presume that they may fairly be taken to express the mind of the medical profession upon the questions under consideration. The Report of the Sub-Committee on General Hospitals is, as we might expect, that which takes the most comprehensive view of the whole subject, and from it we shall make our quotations. But anyone who is interested in the relief of the sick poor will find that the Reports of the Sub-Committees upon Special Hospitals, upon Dispensaries and upon Poor-law Dispensaries, are also well worthy of his careful study.

The hospitals and dispensaries of London number a hundred and twenty. We learn from the Report of the Hospital Sunday Fund that its bounty was distributed among a hundred and five institutions. These, however, it must be remembered were not all of the nature of hospitals and dispensaries. Several homes and convalescent establishments, some of them at a considerable

distance from the metropolis, were included in the list. On the other hand, the great endowed hospitals—St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, and St. Thomas's—received no subsidy, inasmuch as they derive an ample income from land or from funded property, and are in no degree dependent upon voluntary contributions. If we compare the list given in the Report before us with the catalogue of hospitals and dispensaries in the ‘Medical Directory,’ we notice that about thirty which are named in the latter are not mentioned in the former. Some at least of these are good and useful institutions, and it is not easy to see why they have been omitted. We gather from an examination of the list of institutions to which the fund has been distributed that the committee considered that it was only to be awarded to such charities as have for their object the immediate treatment and recovery of the sick poor. It is upon this principle that we can understand the omission of hospitals for incurables, which at first glance seem to have so strong a claim. It is doubtless argued that, though hospitals in name, they belong rather to the class of permanent homes or almshouses, and that they have no more claim upon this particular fund than cripples’ homes or institutions for the blind. In some other cases, no doubt, the rules which were laid down with reference to the distribution, namely, that it should ‘be based upon the last three years’ experience of each institution, after deducting the income derived from endowments, realised property, and legacies exceeding 100*l.*,’ and ‘that no institution be admitted to participate in the distribution of the fund if the Committee of Distribution find the cost of its management exceed a reasonable percentage of the whole current expenditure’—these rules would, no doubt, account for what otherwise appears to be rather an arbitrary selection. But, from some cause or another, almost one-fourth of the medical charities—taking the term in the strict sense of hospitals and dispensaries—have not shared in the benefits of the fund.

Sermons were preached and collections were made at nearly 1100 places of worship of all denominations. But this does not represent anything like the total number of churches, chapels, meeting-houses, synagogues, &c., within the area embraced by the scheme; and, indeed, we learnt from the daily papers that invitations to join in the movement had been sent to 2000 ministers of religion. Even if we allow the plea which the Report sets up, namely, ‘that before the proposition for a Hospital Sunday was fairly before the ministers of the churches and chapels in the district many of

them had made their arrangements for the year, and, however willing, were quite unable to co-operate; even if we allow this plea, it is still manifest that the success of the movement has been very far from complete. The 27,000*l.* which was collected represents but a poor response to an appeal of this kind in the largest and wealthiest metropolis of Europe.

Speaking generally, we may say that the list of awards contained in Appendix I. of the Sunday Hospital Report refers to the sums paid to two classes of institutions, *i.e.* hospitals and dispensaries. This is the leading division of the medical charities; but these again are subdivided into general and special. Some of our readers may ask, wherein does a hospital differ from a dispensary, and wherein does a general hospital differ from a special one? It is necessary to have clear ideas upon these points, if we would form a correct estimate of the relative value of medical charities.

In answer to the first question we may say that the main difference between a hospital and a dispensary is this—that the former receives in-patients, as well as out-patients, while the other receives out-patients only. Another point in which they are frequently, though not always, contrasted is that the hospital ministers only to those who come to it, while the dispensary also makes provision for attending patients at their own homes. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. One or two hospitals in London, and many in the provinces, make systematic provision for visiting the sick poor in their own dwellings. Still the broad differences between the two classes of institutions lie in the points to which we have alluded.

Let us now see what are the advantages which each affords. The hospital, by the in-patient treatment which it offers, can deal with the most severe cases in a way to which the dispensary affords no parallel. The most urgent cases, the most serious accidents are received into the wards, and tended throughout their whole course. Whatever appliances may be needed are provided; and whatever treatment may be called for, should it be even an important operation, the resources of the hospital are equal to the emergency, and are freely placed at the service of the patient. Throughout his illness he has the best medical and surgical advice, the most skilful nursing, the most suitable diet—and all this without money and without price. In these respects the hospital stands unrivalled. One can hardly fail to admire such splendid charity, and but little fault can be found with the

way in which the in-patient departments are administered. It is in the out-patient departments that the abuses of which we lately have heard so much are found to exist.

The dispensaries, on the other hand, have also their peculiar merit. They provide for the home-visitation of the sick. It is easy to perceive that, both in a social and in a sanitary point of view, this must often be a great comfort to the respectable poor. What, for example, is a poor man to do who is taken ill in a way which incapacitates him from leaving the house, but who still may reasonably hope with proper care to be well again in a week or two? Is he to seek admission into the wards of the hospital, and to be separated from his wife and children and from the control and supervision of his home? Which of us, under like circumstances, would not shrink from such a course? But, even if he sought admission, he would probably find that his case was not considered suitable for the hospital. Large as is the accommodation in these institutions, yet it would be impossible for them to receive every case of temporary illness. Or is he, on the other hand, to call in a medical man, for whose visits he could ill afford to pay, and whose bill would be a millstone round his neck for weeks or months to come? In this dilemma he turns to the dispensary, and feels the value of an institution whose medical officers will visit him at his own home. The chief work of the dispensary, however, consists in ministering to those who apply personally to it for advice or medicine; and there is no difference in this branch of its operations between it and the out-patient department of a hospital. The applicants also who resort to it are derived from the same grade of the population.

Having thus explained the difference between a hospital and a dispensary, we fall back upon the other question, and inquire what is the distinction between a general and a special hospital. A general hospital receives all cases alike. There is hardly any disease which is excluded from its wards, unless it be such as is highly infectious, like small-pox, and which would therefore be dangerous to the other inmates, or such as is hopelessly chronic, and suitable rather for a home for incurables than for an institution where speedy relief is aimed at. With these exceptions the general hospitals receive all. It is true that there are some diseases, or classes of disease, which are unhappily so common that, if the general hospitals were to admit such without limit, the wards would soon be filled with them, their usefulness would be impaired, and they

would no longer be capable of acting as centres of medical learning. There is an erroneous impression, which is very wide-spread, that there are some classes of disease, besides those already referred to, which are excluded by the rules of the general hospitals. The wording of the advertisements issued by some of the special hospitals is calculated to lead to the impression that they are the only institutions where this or that disease is treated; and the public not unnaturally suppose that one ground for the establishment of such hospitals is, that the class of cases they profess to relieve can obtain medical assistance nowhere else. It is this belief that has led the public to support some special hospitals which ought never to have existed, and which deserve to be regarded rather as professional speculations than as scientific institutions or medical charities. As a matter of fact, it is only a dangerous degree of infectiousness, or excessive prevalence, which justifies the establishment of a hospital for a special complaint. Thus, for example, we have very properly small-pox hospitals and hospitals for consumption. Other special hospitals there are whose existence may be justified upon the same grounds, and which are doing good work; but there are many which could well be dispensed with, and which have always been regarded with disapprobation by the bulk of the profession. We should have been glad to have seen that the Committee of the Mansion House Fund had exercised some discretion in this matter, and had excluded from their list those institutions which have no real *raison d'être*. Perhaps in future years they may be able to exercise some such salutary discrimination. In this, the first year of the Hospital Sunday Collection, they say that they have felt themselves justified in overlooking many defects. 'They trust, however, that in future years there will be more time for gathering correct information.' We hope that this more severe scrutiny will extend not merely to the finances, but also to the medical status of the institutions in question. Some such check as this is much needed, not merely to restrain speculations of a particularly offensive kind, but also to save the public from wasting their money upon unworthy objects.

Moreover, it should be remembered that the general hospitals of the metropolis are the great medical schools of the kingdom, and it is of the utmost importance that the students attending them should have the opportunity of learning under one roof how to treat all classes of disease. If some complaints of a peculiar nature are drafted off to

special institutions, how is a young man to acquire that knowledge of his profession which he will need when he is launched in general practice? The period required for his medical education is already too long for him to be able, in most instances, to spare time for an attendance at several special hospitals after he has completed his regular curriculum; and, while he is yet a student, he has no leisure to go long distances in order to obtain special instruction at different institutions. It is, therefore, necessary to admit all kinds of cases—with hardly an exception—into the general hospitals, so that the schools of medicine may be co-extensive with the whole area of disease, and equal to all the demands which are made upon the medical profession.

The class of patients who attend the special hospitals differs somewhat from those who frequent the general hospitals. The notion that disease must be best treated at an institution specially devoted to it induces the benevolent to subscribe their money for its support, and at the same time leads those who are suffering from the particular malady to apply to it in the hope of obtaining the best advice. Thus a class of individuals who would think themselves degraded by going to a general hospital, do not hesitate to make application to a special one. Anyone who has much experience of the working of hospitals must have noticed the large number of well-to-do persons who present themselves at the special hospitals.

Now, for whom are these numerous hospitals and dispensaries really intended? The intricate and fluctuating circumstances of human life make it no easy matter to say in a word who are the persons they are meant to benefit. It is easier to point out for whom they are not intended. They are clearly not meant for the pauper class, because for them a sufficient provision has been made in the rate-supported infirmaries and dispensaries, as well as in the parochial medical officers.

Formerly this was not the case. There can be no doubt that the extraordinary development of the out-patient departments of hospitals, as well as the rapid multiplication in the number of medical charities, within the memory of the present generation, is due in a great degree to the Poor Law of 1834. The regulations which were then introduced created a strong prejudice against parochial medical relief, drove the sick paupers to hospitals and dispensaries, and threw a burden upon voluntary charity which ought rather to have been borne by the rates. Upon this point the Berners Street Report says:—'The Sub-Committee are of opinion that the

great extension of the hospital out-patient system during the last thirty years is largely due to the repressive action of the Poor Law and to the serious imperfections in the system of Poor Law medical relief.' The main evils of the old Poor Law, however, were amended by Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Act in 1867, which has since then been gradually coming into operation. During the last ten or fifteen years public attention has been strongly called to this subject; and so much has been already done by the Local Government Board to ameliorate the condition of the sick paupers, that there is now no necessity for them to throw themselves upon voluntary charity. The Poor Law infirmaries and sick asylums of the metropolis are now, many of them, almost as comfortable as the hospitals; and they are officered by very competent men.

Adequate provision for the pauper class having been thus made, it is not for them that charitable hospitals and dispensaries are required. Nor, again, is it for those who can afford, in time of sickness, to call in a medical practitioner and to pay his usual charges. But the large class intermediate between these two extremes includes persons of very different circumstances. There are many who, by their utmost exertions, can never do more than earn a bare subsistence from day to day, and who are always living from hand to mouth, without the possibility of laying by anything for the future. These are they who ought to be welcomed to the hospital; they may very properly be considered the objects of a charitable institution. So it appears to us, at least, though there are some who say that it would be better if a very small payment were required even from these, rather than that they should be treated entirely upon the eleemosynary principle. But sickness, more particularly in a poor man's house, is a great trial, and makes large demands upon his scanty means. In such a case as this surely Christian charity may be allowed to step in, just as in the matter of education, though it is admitted on all hands that it is better a small sum should be paid for schooling than that it should be altogether gratuitous, yet occasions not unfrequently arise when it is an excellent form of charity to pay the children's pence, and thus to enable them for a time to get their schooling for nothing. We quite agree with the Report of the Hospital Sunday Fund when it says:—'Our Hospitals are, and it is to be hoped always will be, purely charitable institutions, relieving the poor and afflicted without fee or payment of any kind, and therefore not competing with the medical practitioner.'

The Berners Street Sub-Committee on General Hospitals were of the same opinion, for they distinctly assert,—

'The practice of receiving *small payments* for medicine, or the payment of a small sum for the privilege of attending the hospital, appears to your Sub-Committee equally *unsound*. In either case, there is necessarily associated with the payment a certain sense of right. It is obvious that by the payment of a penny for a bottle of medicine, or of a half-a-crown for the privilege of attending for two or three months at any hospital, the person really obtains far more than his money's worth. The effect, indeed, is to enrich the hospital to the extent of the payment, but it also tends to lower the standard of medical remuneration in the district. . . . It is impossible, in the opinion of the Sub-Committee, to dissociate the ideas of payment and right, and when once the right is admitted to obtain hospital advice and medicine on payment, it is obvious that the workman will avail himself of the privilege when and as he pleases, even though suffering under slight complaints. In this case, regarded from a professional point of view, the business of the general practitioner, who is willing and competent to attend these classes on terms suitable to their means, is practically transferred to the consultee, and every farthing paid to the hospital managers will be regarded by the former as an abstraction from his legitimate source of income. Moreover, if the principle of admission by payment be once admitted, it follows, as a logical consequence, that the members of the staff are entitled to a share of what is paid, in which case they enter into personal competition with the general practitioner, with the special advantage of having the subscriptions of the benevolent to back them up.'—P. 18.

Beside the really needy ones there are many who now frequent the hospitals who may be said to be in a small way highly prosperous. They are in regular work, are receiving good wages, and have no extraordinary claims upon them; nevertheless, they could not afford to pay the doctor even half-a-crown a visit if illness in their families were frequent or long continued. Yet it will readily be conceded that to have a charitable institution close at hand to which they may resort whenever sickness touches them is not likely to conduce to habits of forethought and self-reliance; to have a hospital always ready to do that for them which they might reasonably be expected to do for themselves—namely, to provide for all ordinary accidents and sicknesses—is likely to foster a habit of dependence upon others which is detrimental alike to national life and individual improvement. Yet there can be no doubt that a large number of those who now crowd the waiting-rooms of hospi-

tals and free dispensaries belong to this class. No one who is familiar with such institutions will deny this. Judging by the Berners Street Report, those influential members of the medical profession who assembled at the rooms of the Medical and Chirurgical Society were evidently convinced that hospitals and dispensaries were grossly abused, *i.e.* that they were used to a considerable extent by a class of persons above that for which they are intended. We have already quoted their resolution bearing upon this point. Let us now give an extract from the Report of the Sub-Committee on General Hospitals :—

‘The Sub-Committee directed their attention to the social position of the patients, and they are of opinion that the *probable income* of half the number of out-patients may be estimated at from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* per week ; one-fourth more than this, and the remainder less. The Sub-Committee are of opinion that persons in the receipt of upwards of 1*l.* per week should, as a rule, be expected, at least in ordinary illnesses, to pay something out of their own earnings towards medical advice. . . . And the Sub-Committee are of opinion that unmarried persons with an income of more than 1*l.* 10*s.* per week should not be considered as proper objects of gratuitous medical advice.’

From this we gather that the bulk of the medical profession believe that at least a quarter of the applicants at general hospitals might, without any hardship, be required to obtain their medical relief from other than purely charitable sources. Casting one's eye over the whole range of the medical charities, we might safely say, that from 5 per cent. at some of the general dispensaries, to 50 per cent. at some of the special hospitals, belong to a class to whom the medical profession have not covenanted to give their gratuitous services. Inquiries which have recently been made at Manchester and at Birmingham, as well as at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, fully bear out this conclusion.

Again, we observe that there is a very general agreement of opinion among medical men upon another most important point, namely, that the waiting-rooms are overcrowded, and that an excessive burden of labour is laid upon the medical officers. When a physician or surgeon is required to attend every alternate day, and to spend two or three hours in the afternoon in the arduous work of seeing out-patients, surely the unwritten contract to which we have alluded is violated. Occasionally more even than this is demanded of him. At some hospitals it is the custom to admit the out-patients at nine o'clock in the morning. In

such cases the physicians and surgeons give up the whole forenoon—the most valuable time for study as well as for their private practice—and when they return to their homes their freshness and elasticity are gone for the day. Surely this is asking a great deal too much, and pressing the terms of the contract beyond what is reasonable.

The evil has, no doubt, gradually arisen from allowing all comers to enter the waiting-rooms without let or hindrance, and from the pernicious habit of advertising the number of applicants as a means of touching the hearts of the public and drawing money from their pockets. There is good reason to think that eight hundred thousand individuals, or about one in four of the population of the metropolis, apply annually to the hospitals and dispensaries for medical relief. Now, it is quite incredible that in a wealthy city which makes special provision for the pauper class, the fit applicants for medical charity can amount to anything like this proportion. Can we wonder, then, when the numbers are so great, if the later comers sometimes receive but scanty attention? Can we wonder if the jaded medical officer occasionally slurs over the *fag end* of his work, or even remits it altogether to his pupils?

But is there no way of remedying these evils? Must they go on growing with the growth of our population? Is there no means by which the well-to-do poor can contribute, in whole or in part, towards their own medical relief? Undoubtedly there is. A movement has been set on foot, which has lately been gathering strength in many quarters, for the establishment or the multiplication of a class of institutions which are especially intended to meet the medical wants of those who cannot afford to pay the fees of an ordinary practitioner, but whom, nevertheless, it is highly unwise to encourage to depend upon charitable help. These institutions are variously designated Provident Dispensaries, Provident Sick Societies, or Sick Clubs; but by whatever name they are known, the principle which underlies them is the same. It is a principle which is fully recognised among commercial men, and which has received many developments in the way of mutual assurance societies—*i.e.*, a small, but continuous, payment is made week by week or month by month, and then, when sickness comes, the services of a competent medical man and the necessary medicines are obtained without further charge. They have, in fact, been paid for in advance by the small sums which have been deposited, it may be, for years past. Thus the poor man, when over-

taken by sickness, is able to obtain medical assistance at once, without the dread of burdening himself or his family with a bill that they may never be able to pay, and which may prevent him from applying to the doctor again. For it is now often found that the unpaid bill acts as a hindrance with the more high-minded, making them reluctant to call in the medical man again, however much they may require his aid. And this benefit is obtained not as a matter of gratuity or of charity: it is almost as much a matter of business as when the rich man pays his guinea, for the medical attendance has been purchased upon a sound commercial principle.

Provident dispensaries of this kind were originated about forty years ago by Mr. Smith, of Southam. They are, therefore, not novelties, and it is easy to point to some which have stood the test of a generation. They are organised somewhat in the following manner: rooms are taken in a suitable locality, in the midst of the artisan population, and here patients are seen at a fixed hour of the day, and from hence all medicines are dispensed. A certain number of medical men are attached to the institution—the more the better, provided only that they bear no more than a given proportion to the members, so that each may receive a sufficient stipend to ensure his work being well and zealously done. If a poor person is unable to attend at the dispensary-house he can be visited at his own home; or, in cases of emergency, he may betake himself to the doctor's private residence. Every reasonable facility is thus given for the supply of his medical necessities, and his provident payments cover both the professional advice and the medicine. When a member requires the services of a doctor he makes his own choice among those who are attached to the institution, and the payment of each medical officer is in proportion to the number of sick who have claimed his services. Thus a healthy stimulus is given to the medical staff, while as much freedom as possible is permitted to the members, who can select the doctor who is either most agreeable to them, or who is reckoned the most skilful in any particular class of cases.

But for how much, it may be asked, can all these advantages be obtained? The actual sum paid by the individual members varies slightly in different places, according to the nature of their employment and the rate of wages. Speaking generally, we may say that a penny-halfpenny per week for each adult, and a half-penny per week for each child under fourteen, to the number of three children, and a free pass for the rest of the

family, if more numerous, is about the usual scale of charges. Thus four-pence-halfpenny per week, or nineteen shillings and sixpence per annum, will secure to a working man and his whole family the benefit of good medical attendance. This sum does not cover the expenses of confinements, but for these special arrangements are made on equally favourable terms.

As these institutions are intended to meet the necessities of a particular class, it is obviously requisite to lay down some limits with regard to the social position of those who are eligible as members. It would clearly be an injustice to the medical profession if they were expected to attend the middle and upper classes upon such terms as these. The limit, like the scale of payments, varies in different localities. In some places the rule is that none shall be admitted whose weekly income exceeds thirty shillings; in others, two pounds is taken as the limit; and everywhere a liberal interpretation is put upon the rule.

The scale of payments is manifestly so low, that it is barely sufficient to cover the working expenses and to leave a moderate sum to be divided among the medical men. It has, therefore, been found necessary to ask the assistance of the benevolent, in order to defray the preliminary expenses, and to bear some part of the annual charges. Thus, though the principle is that of mutual assurance, but few of these institutions have reached the point of being altogether self-supporting, and must still be classed among the medical charities. The scale of payments must either be raised, or the industrial classes must be induced to join them in much greater numbers, before it will be possible to make them altogether independent of assistance from the rich. But in the meantime there is no class of medical institutions which are truer charities, for they help the poor to help themselves, and they call out and foster one of the best instincts of human nature—the desire for independence. There is, perhaps, no better way in which we can help our poorer neighbours than by encouraging them to set on foot such provident sick societies, and by aiding in carrying them on.

Of these provident dispensaries there are about a dozen in London. Some of these have been such from their first establishment; others were originally free, but have been recently placed upon the provident footing. Within the last two years five have been so transformed; and there appears to be a growing disposition to make this change wherever a free dispensary is in the neighbourhood of a general hospital;

for, as we have said, its out-patient department does much the same work as the free dispensary. There seems, consequently, no reason why both should be maintained upon their present basis. The provident dispensary introduces a fresh agency, and that a most wholesome one.

That it is desirable to increase the number of these provident dispensaries is affirmed in the Report of the Hospital Sunday Fund. It has been the duty of those who had the distribution of this fund to pass in review all the medical charities of the metropolis, and to inquire minutely into their management and their suitability to the wants of the population. They are, therefore, in a position to say what gaps require to be filled up, and what alterations might with advantage be made. Their remark on the subject is this:—

‘In considering the great question of the relation which the medical charities bear to the poor of London, and remembering that a very large number of the inhabitants of this great metropolis apply annually for gratuitous medical relief, it is scarcely possible to refrain from expressing a hope that the time is not far distant when many of these applicants may be induced to associate together to secure for themselves efficient medical help in time of need as a matter of right, rather than to be so constantly dependent on purely eleemosynary aid. The great step in this direction would appear to be to make a large number of the local dispensaries “provident dispensaries,” and self-supporting to a great extent.’

We hope that this suggestion will receive the attention which it deserves, and that the managers of the free dispensaries will consider whether they might not with advantage follow the example of the Westbourne, the Royal Pinfold, the St. George's, and other dispensaries.

Upon this point the Berners Street Report is entirely in agreement with that of the Mansion House:—

‘The Sub-Committee,’ says the former, ‘believe that the foundation of a series of provident dispensaries is a necessary condition of any improvement in the out-patient department of our public hospitals. The law has, in their opinion, amply provided for the careless and improvident, and the funds contributed by the benevolent should be given in preference to those who are inclined to help themselves. By the means proposed a distinction would at once be drawn which could not fail to have the most salutary influence upon the providential habits of the poor.’—P. 14.

But we do not wish to be misunderstood, or that it should be imagined that we desire

to see all free dispensaries swept away. In out-lying districts, which are far from a general hospital, they perform a useful work, and in reality meet the wants of those whom we have described as the rightful attendants in the out-patient rooms. But there are other dispensaries in the central parts of London—some indeed under the very shadow of large and important hospitals—which might with great benefit be placed on the provident footing. At present these dispensaries form a kind of appendage to the neighbouring general hospital. They are sometimes served by the same medical officers, and, when occasion requires, the patients of the dispensary are passed into the wards of the hospital. This is an arrangement which is beneficial alike to both institutions, and there is no reason why it should cease if the provident principle were introduced into the dispensary. Indeed, it has been suggested that each provident dispensary should be affiliated to the hospitals, both general and special, of the district; so that an artisan might, on the recommendation of his medical attendant, and in virtue of his provident payments, be received into the wards of whichever hospital was most suited to his case. Thus, in all the graver illnesses and accidents to which he was liable, he would enjoy the first-rate professional skill, the nursing, and all the other advantages which the in-patient departments afford. The Berners Street Committee were

‘Of opinion that, having regard to the due extension of the system of provident dispensaries and the proposed improvement of the Poor Law dispensaries, a closer relationship between the out-patient departments of the hospitals and these institutions is very desirable, alike in the interests of the sick poor, the respective medical officers, and the students of the various medical schools. This relationship should, in the opinion of the Sub-Committee, be such as to secure to the members of the provident dispensaries and also to patients of the Poor Law dispensaries, all those advantages which the hospital system is capable of affording, whenever they are specially required. As the hospital staff consists of consultees, not general practitioners, it is only consistent that their services should be asked for chiefly in cases of peculiar difficulty, prolonged anxiety, deep professional interest, &c., and it is altogether unreasonable to call upon them to treat case after case, for many hours together, without, it may be, the occurrence of any single point of interest; whereas, by an affiliation of Poor Law and provident dispensaries with hospitals, the time of the medical and surgical consultees would be economised, the real needs of the suffering and deserving far more adequately met, and one great ground of complaint on the part of general practitioners

practising in the neighbourhood removed.'—
P. 15.

If this relationship were established, the artisan would obtain the best medical advice without that loss of self-respect which many must feel when they are compelled to go about begging for a Governor's letter. The Mansion House Report very truly says: 'There are no doubt many persons who obtain gratuitous medical assistance who would be willing to pay something for their medicine and attendance, but who cannot afford to run up a doctor's bill, and yet in the first instance feel reluctance in seeking charity, but who use the hospital or dispensary for lack of any system of medical relief within their means. This refined feeling of reluctance should be cultivated rather than restrained, and it can probably only be done by promoting the provident principle in dispensaries rather than making them so largely dependent on the direct charity of the public.'

If the Committee of the Hospital Sunday Fund were to adopt some such distinction as this, namely, to give a subsidy to the outlying dispensaries, but not to those in the central districts, unless they had adopted the provident principle, they would be giving practical effect to the admirable suggestions contained in their report, and this in two ways—by leading to a diminution in the now excessive number of gratuitous medical charities, and by strengthening the hands of those who are endeavouring to carry on provident institutions. For it must be remembered that, while the number of free medical charities is so great as it now is, the provident institutions have not a fair chance of success. There can be no doubt that this is the chief reason why they have not been so prosperous in London as in some large provincial towns.

Some of the older metropolitan dispensaries have a small accumulated capital. This places them in a peculiarly favourable position for constituting themselves provident institutions. The income derived from their funded property would enable them to defray part of the more necessary charges, so that they would soon become self-supporting, or at least, they would have no occasion to ask for subscriptions from honorary members.

If these provident dispensaries are likely to be beneficial to the industrial classes, and if they would be welcomed by the more high-minded among them, so also, we believe, would they be acceptable and beneficial to those general practitioners of medicine whose business includes the lower middle class of society. The standard of medi-

cal education has been very much raised of late years, and one consequence of this has been that the number of those who are contented to practise in poor neighbourhoods, and for very small fees, has been greatly diminished. Education being necessarily so much more expensive, spreading, as it does, over a longer term of years, and demanding a greater outlay of money, obliges men to look to higher lines of practice for an adequate remuneration. The result of this has been, as Mr. Hancock, the then President of the College of Surgeons, pointed out in the Hunterian Oration for 1873, that they have in a manner been forced to resort to the hospitals.

'Surely,' he says, 'those who have insisted upon the existing requirements must have overlooked the comprehensive, I may almost say the cosmopolitan, character of our profession, and the fact that, whilst, on the one hand, they were thus compulsorily increasing the refinement and raising the social status of those who minister to the wants of the upper and middle classes, they were at the same time enforcing that which would deprive the lower classes of the assistance of legally qualified medical men, pauperising and driving them to hospitals, or throwing them into the arms of chemists and druggists or quacks. Under the old regulations, many estimable men, not too refined nor too highly educated scholastically, I admit, but skilful and well informed professionally, were content to settle down and pass their lives among the poor, accommodating themselves to their peculiarities and ministering to their wants. These men are no longer allowed to enter our profession, and inasmuch as the higher the education the greater the refinement of taste and habits, it is much to be feared that men who have been forced through the anxiety and expense attending these examinations will hardly be inclined to settle down with wives and children in the squalid purlieus of large cities.'

Now, if this pauperising state of things is to be remedied, if those who formerly paid a general practitioner, but who have now got into the habit of resorting to a charitable institution, are once more to be thrown upon their own resources, it must be by some system that will be acceptable to the more highly educated medical men of the present day, while it offers to the patient the same low scale of charges with which the extinct class of general practitioners was content. We can easily understand that haggling about the price of a bottle of medicine, or sending out a multitude of petty bills, or dunning patients whose weekly income scarcely does more than cover their necessary expenses—we can easily understand that all this is very distasteful to men of any

refinement, not to mention that the amount of bad debts that they constantly incur is a very serious drawback, and a great source of anxiety to any man who is dependent upon his profession for his livelihood. From many of these evils the provident dispensaries would relieve the medical practitioner. As the report of the Hospital Sunday Fund suggests, they 'may perhaps be used gradually as the best available machinery for collecting such payment as the upper working class can afford for the doctor who attends them.' There would then be no question of money between him and his poorer patients. Their weekly deposits would be received not by him, but by the secretary. Their medicine would be dealt out from the dispensary. There would be no bills to send out, and no bad debts to mourn over, for all would have been prepaid. The medical officer would receive his fees in the form of a quarterly or half-yearly cheque from the treasurer. The patients, moreover, would be somewhat restrained by rules, so that, although in cases of emergency they might apply at any time to the doctor, yet in general they would have to comply with regulations as to the hours when they could see him; so that his privacy would be less intruded upon than it now is, and he would have more leisure for study than he can at present command. These are advantages which no one who knows the harassing nature of medical practice in a large city will be disposed to underrate.

The quotations we have already made from the Berners Street Report show that the system we are recommending is looked upon with favour by the medical profession; and the success which has attended it in Northampton, Coventry, Derby, and other provincial towns, is an encouragement to attempt a fuller development of it in London.

But it may be asked are there not many benefit clubs in the metropolis, and do not these provide their members with the necessary medical attendance? Many benefit clubs there are no doubt, and some of them are extremely prosperous, with large accumulations of funded capital. But their medical arrangements are such as can neither be deemed satisfactory to the general public, nor to the medical profession. They cannot be considered to make suitable provision for the class of whom we are speaking, because they enrol only men. They take no account of the women and children, and yet it is these who most frequently need the advice of the doctor. Indeed, their primary object is to supply the working man with an equivalent, or something like an equivalent,

for the wages that he loses when thrown out of employment by sickness. With most of them it is no part of their constitution to supply a medical man or medicine, and accordingly we find their members, high-class mechanics, constantly resorting to the charitable hospitals. Some of them indeed (more particularly in the provinces) appoint a medical man to visit their sick members, but these appointments are in small favour with the profession. The club makes a contract with its doctor at so much per head, and it not unfrequently happens that men are found ready to underbid one another. The result of this system of competition is that an inferior man is appointed at a capitation fee for which it is impossible to offer good doctoring. Generally this fee does not exceed one-half or two-thirds of the sum which experience has shown to be the lowest on which the provident dispensaries can be carried on, even when subsidised by the rich. Thus the arrangement is oftentimes really not beneficial to the members themselves, and cannot be deemed satisfactory to the public. And, when the contract is once made, the doctor has no control over those who are enrolled as members. In this way he is liable to be called upon to visit, under his contract, well-to-do artisans, tradesmen, and farmers, who could abundantly afford to pay his ordinary charges. The benefit club, therefore, stands upon a much less satisfactory basis than the provident dispensary, both on social and on professional grounds.

If the provident dispensaries were not only affiliated to the hospitals, but were also linked to one another, so that patients could easily be passed from one to another without the payment of a fresh entrance fee, and without losing the benefit of their back payments, working people would have a system of medical relief at hand, wherever business or family duties called them, which was suited to their wants, and with the operation of which they were familiar. This has been done to a limited extent in two or three places, and there seems to be no reason why it should not become the general rule.

We have now pointed out that the hospitals are, to a large extent, resorted to by those who belong to a class above that for which they were intended, and whom no thoughtful or patriotic person would wish to encourage in habits that tend to pauperise; and we have also explained the constitution of those provident dispensaries, or sick societies, which we believe to be exactly suited to meet their case. But there is another evil under which the out-patient departments of the hospitals suffer, and it is this

—that the applicants for assistance often need food and clothing as much as, or even more than, medicine. We have known, for example, a poor woman who was taking a tonic that had been ordered by her surgeon, when she returned to report herself, and was asked if she required to have her bottle refilled, reply—"No, thank you, sir, I have got plenty. It is ordered to be taken three times a-day, but I only take it twice: it does give me such an appetite, and I can't get the grub." But it is not in the power of the physician or surgeon to order food. The applicants are not so destitute as to have to throw themselves upon the rates. If they were, the parochial medical man could order them many 'medical comforts'; but the hospital has no analogous branch of charity, nor, if it had, would it be easy for the medical officers to know upon whom to bestow their bread, their beef-tea, their wine, or their warm clothing. They know nothing of the social circumstances of those who pass rapidly through their consulting-rooms. The medical aspects of each case are all that they have time to investigate, and if they undertook to distribute 'medical comforts,' they might often apportion them to those who could best afford to provide them for themselves. How little the mere fact of their resorting to a hospital can be taken as a proof that the persons so applying are 'really necessitous' is shown by the following incident:—Two patients presented themselves at the same moment before the surgeon of a large and favourite special hospital. The one had walked all the way from Lancashire, was in great destitution, and was evidently more in need of food and shelter than even of medical advice. The surgeon was directing him where to go to obtain parochial relief, when the other, who proved to be a prosperous Leicestershire farmer, turned to him and said, 'Here, my poor man, here is half a sovereign for you.' It hardly needs to be pointed out, that however laudable the generosity of the farmer, a man who could afford to give away money in this off-hand manner was not a suitable patient for an institution intended for the relief of the really indigent.

How, then, are the hospitals to be protected from abuse, while at the same time their charity is made as efficient as possible for those who are properly the recipients of it? To this we reply, there is but one means, namely, that there should be a systematic inquiry into the social condition of each applicant, except in cases of emergency or of accident.

The system of admission by governors' letters of recommendation ought to be done

away with, so far at least as the out-patient department is concerned. Upon this point the language of the Berners Street Report is most distinct:—

'The Sub-Committee are of opinion that the system of admission by governors' and subscribers' letters is radically wrong as regards out-patients, and ought to be abolished. The practice is one of the chief sources of hospital abuse. The Sub-Committee believe that many masters and employers of labour contribute to hospitals with the object of providing medical assistance for their servants and workmen at a cheap rate. Men whose ordinary income is two or three pounds per week expect to have letters of recommendation given them to the neighbouring institutions. They are thus relieved from the necessity of joining benefit societies and provident dispensaries, and the tendency of the masters' liberality is to destroy habits of forethought and independence.'

Let the system of admission to the out-patient department by governors' letters be laid aside, and let each applicant present himself before an officer appointed for the purpose, who would, after due inquiry, decide whether he was eligible for admission to the hospital, or whether he ought to be referred to the provident dispensary on the one hand, or to the parochial medical officer on the other. If such an inquiry were the rule at all the metropolitan hospitals, the mere establishment of the system would have a deterrent effect upon many. Experience in testing the fitness of applicants would rapidly be acquired and the necessary machinery would soon be simplified. Thus, we believe, that it would be found to involve neither so much difficulty nor so much expense as might at first sight be expected. The Berners Street Report indicates that, in order to sift the suitable from the unsuitable applicants some system of inquiry is necessary; but how this should be carried out, and by whom the duty should be performed, is a point upon which there appears to be some difference of opinion. In the meanwhile Manchester and Birmingham have addressed themselves to the question, and it is probable that ere long they will offer a practical solution of the problem.

We should have been glad to have seen some plan of investigation recommended in the Report of the Hospital Sunday Fund. Indeed, it would appear to be almost a necessary complement to the excellent advice which it contains; for, without such an agency, how is it possible to ascertain who among the crowds that now throng the hospitals are 'the upper working class,' 'who would be willing to pay something for their medical attendance,' and 'who should be

encouraged to make use of provident dispensaries'? We hope that in their next Report the Committee will enlarge upon this point, and explain how they would wish to see their own proposals carried out, and whether in their opinion any better plan can be devised than the scheme for systematic inquiry to which we have alluded.

But it may be asked, would not the medical schools which are attached to the principal hospitals suffer if these alterations were carried out? To this it might be enough to reply that the changes we have proposed are, in the main, identical with those which were suggested by the Berners Street Committee, and that at the meeting which nominated that Committee all the leading schools of medicine were fully represented. It is not likely, therefore, that any of its proposals would be calculated to injure medical education. But let us inquire a little more fully into this subject. What do our recommendations amount to? Merely to this—that about one-fourth of those who now apply for charitable medical relief should be induced to enrol themselves in provident dispensaries, and thus to obtain their medical attendance and medicine as a matter of business on the principle of mutual assurance. If this could be done, the number of out-patients would be lessened one-quarter—*i.e.*, it would be reduced from 800,000 to 600,000 per annum. Surely such a total as this would still be amply sufficient for that part of the medical curriculum which is carried on in the out-patient department. For it is in the lecture-rooms and in the wards that by far the most important portion of a medical student's education is conducted. But it may be said that the wards are fed by the out-patient department, and that on a large out-patient department depends the succession of acute cases, which it is necessary that the student should see, if he is to learn his profession in the comparatively short space of four years. No doubt this is true to some extent. The wards *are* fed from the out-patient department, but they are fed from other sources besides. Many, perhaps even the majority, of the patients who now occupy the beds have not passed through the out-patient department at all. And if the suggestions we have made were carried out, fresh sources would be opened up for the regular supply of the wards. If each of the large general hospitals had half-a-dozen provident dispensaries affiliated to it, on the understanding that when the members needed in-patient treatment they might be passed in to the hospital, the acute cases from a wide area wholly outside the out-patient department would be drafted into the wards.

And if, in a similar manner, there were an organised relation between the hospitals and the Poor Law infirmaries, and if all pauper cases requiring active treatment were passed into the wards, the supply of acute cases, suitable for clinical instruction, would probably be more constant and more satisfactory than it now is.

So far as regards the actual diminution of out-patients, we believe this would have the effect of making the clinical instruction which is given in the out-patient's rooms more valuable than it is. At present, in many instances, the physicians and surgeons are so overwhelmed by the number of their patients, that their whole time and energy are consumed in examining and prescribing. The students must pick up what crumbs of knowledge they can by the way, for there is no leisure to enter into detailed explanations or lengthy comments. But if the numbers were somewhat curtailed, and the work rendered less burdensome, the medical officers would have time and strength to utilise their cases for the instruction of their pupils. There need be no fear, therefore, that the adoption of such plans as are advocated in this article would be injurious to the interests of medical education.

It is possible also that if the free dispensaries were converted into provident institutions, it might be found advantageous to organise at each hospital a department for the home visitation of suitable cases. Such a department, as we have already said, now exists at some hospitals, and nearly all are furnished with a maternity branch conducted in this manner. If it were thought desirable that the hospitals should undertake this duty of home visitation for their own proper grade of applicants, it might be made a most efficient means of training the students in many minor, but very important, matters which now they have to learn as they best can when they have entered upon practice. This subject has not escaped the notice of the Berners Street Committee. They observe 'that one of the most glaring defects in the present system of medical education, a defect which has become more and more prominent since the discontinuance of the system of apprenticeship, is the entire absence of practical acquaintance with the domiciliary treatment of disease. In the hospital everything is at hand. The formula for the prescription, the nurse with every convenience, the dietary fixed and suitable, and the ward with perfect cleanliness and space. Whereas even in the most perfect private dwelling the medical attendant is called upon to tax his ingenuity and resources to the utmost. He must give in-

structions as to ventilation, cleanliness, feeding, nursing, &c.; and these and other directions have to be varied in almost every dwelling. He must also write out in full his prescription, so that it may be clearly understood. The Sub-Committee are therefore of opinion that the teaching power of the out-patient department would be very largely increased if students of three years' standing were required to visit the sick poor at their own homes, as the dispensaries now do.' Thus, so far from being injurious to medical education, the changes we have ventured to urge might be found advantageous to it in more points than one.

If such Reports as the one before us are issued from year to year by the Mansion House Committee—reports which bear evidence of so much careful thought, and which contain so many valuable suggestions—there can be very little doubt that the Committee of Distribution would gradually gain the confidence of all those who are interested in these matters, and that it would become in time something much more than a mere channel for the disbursement of a certain amount of money. It would become, as it were, a Metropolitan Hospital Board, which would have it in its power to exercise a most salutary influence upon the medical charities of London, and, through London, of the United Kingdom, by discouraging all unworthy enterprises, and by giving its countenance and support only to those institutions which, whether wholly or in part charitable, are calculated to meet the real wants of some class of the population, and in this manner to strengthen the national life.

tel-Asien. By Christian von Sarauw. Leipzig, 1871.

6. *History of Bukhárá from the Earliest Period down to the Present.* By Arminius Vámbéry. London, 1873.
7. *Khiva and Türkistán.* Translated from the Russian by Captain H. Spalding, F.R.G.S. London, 1874.
8. *Central Asia, and the Anglo-Russian Frontier Question: a series of Political Papers.* By Arminius Vámbéry. Translated by F. E. Bunnëtt. London, 1874.
9. *The Russians in Central Asia.* By Frederick von Hellwald. Translated from the German by Lieut.-Col. Theodore Wirgman. London, 1874.

THE last of the barriers opposed to humanising influences by the ferocious barbarism of Central Asia having been broken down by the recent Russian successes in Kliwa, this seems the time when the events which preceded and attended the gradual overthrow of those barriers may be reviewed, very succinctly of course, for our space is not sufficient for any but a brief treatment of matters, which concern a large portion of the world and cover a long period of time. Very opportunely Professor Vámbéry's 'History of Bukhárá' has appeared to throw light on the previous vicissitudes of this region, so that, up to the time when the Russians appeared on the scene, a simple epitome of his clear and full narrative will suffice.

Except from tradition and casual notices, and the slight sketch given by the historian of Alexander's march, little is known of the condition of Western Türkistán till the Arab invaders were followed by annalists whose minute narratives have left no period obscure from that date. Only thirty-five years had passed since the Prophet's death, when the armies of Islam appeared in this remote region, and, carried along by religious ardour and lust of rapine, they found no difficulty in breaking down the resistance that was offered to their arms. The bulk of the population which they encountered was of the stock of Irán, clever and industrious, with probably the germs of the qualities which, under the demoralising influence of tyranny and revolution, have given their descendants, the Tájiks, the character of being among the most supple and subtle, cowardly, treacherous, and fraudulent of mankind. Scattered here and there in the pasture lands, which, alternating with the sandy desert, border the cultivated oases, were nomads of the Túránian or Tartar race, who had even, in places, already wrested the dominion from the Iránian aborigines. The national religion was

ART. IV.—1. *Voyage d'Orenbourg à Boukhara, fait en 1820 &c., rédigé par M. le Baron G. de Meyendorf, &c.; et revu par M. le Chevalier Amédée Jaubert, &c.* Librairie orientale de Dondey-Dupré, 1826.

2. *Captain Muraviev's Journey to Khiva through the Turcoman Country, 1819–20.* Translated from the Russian into German by Philipp Strahl, Ph.D. Bonn, 1824.

3. *A Narrative of the Russian Military Expedition to Khiva under General Perovski in 1839.* Published in the 'Russian Military Journal,' 1863.

4. *Notes on the Central Asiatic Question.* By M. Romanovski. (In Russian.) St. Petersburg, 1868.

5. *Russlands kommerzielle Mission in Mit-*

that of the fire-worshipper, but had long been in conflict with Búddhism, brought in by the Túránian immigrants; and, amid the conflict of these two religions, Nestorian Christianity had found many converts. Quick and easy as were the first conquests of the Arabs in this region, neither the retention of their dominion nor the supremacy of their faith were as secure here as amid the enervated population of Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria. Both the national independence and the national religion were repeatedly reasserted, whenever the number or vigilance of the conquering force diminished; and, long after independence had gone, the old religion retained* its hold, so that a long course of material rewards for converts, and punishments for recusants, was necessary, before the creed of Zoroaster was replaced by that of Muhammed. From that time, however, to this day, Islam has met with no such continuous, unquestioning, and bigoted attachment as in the cities of Western Túrístán: and for the fortunes of the faith it was well that this was so, for, within a very short time, all power of converting nations, even by force, ceased from among the Arab commanders, busied only in local rivalries, and in dealings with the ever-changing factions of the Caliph's court.

From the consequent confusion and anarchy the country was rescued about the year 845 A.D., or less than 200 years from the appearance of the invaders, by the rise of an Iranian nobleman of Bálkh, a late convert to Islam, whose sons, known in history as the Samánides, received from the Caliph grants of the governorships of Western Túrístán—grants which their successors gradually converted into the foundations of a monarchy, extending from the sources of the Oxus and Jaxartes to the shores of the Caspian and the Persian Gulf. This was the time of the greatest and truest glory for Bukhárá, which was not only the seat of a magnificent empire, but the centre of liberal cultivation and learning. The Samánide princes were, however, compelled to draw soldiers for their armies not from the peace-loving Tájkis, but from the Túránian element in the population—an element which consequently continually increased in number and importance, and afforded ready instruments to the ambitious governors, who, from time to time, revolted in different parts of that

extensive empire. Moreover, during the later years of the dynasty, the scattered Túránian tribes in the extreme east were, for the first time, united in a monarchy—that of the Uíghúrs—the seat of which was presently fixed in what is now known as Eastern Túrístán. Penetrating from thence, they overran the country between the Oxus and the Jaxartes, and at the hand of one of their chiefs, the last of the Samánides, in 1005 A.D. met with a ruinous defeat, which was immediately followed by his murder.

Before his death he had sought and received help from a Túrki chief, who had established himself near Bukhárá, and who thereafter, subduing one by one the princes to the south-west, founded the dynasty of the Seljúkides, ruling over an empire even more extensive than that of the Samánides, and even constituting themselves guardians of the Caliphs. But the seat of *their* power was in Khorassan, and Western Túrístán was never entirely freed from the grasp of the Uíghúrs. Even in Khorassan the dominion of the Seljúkides was in the first half of the twelfth century replaced by that of a vassal, the governor of Khwarizm (the Chorasnia of the ancient geographers, the Khiva of modern times). He, too, and his successors tried their arms against the Uíghúrs, who were now in firm possession of Khakánd, Tashkánd, Sámárkánd, and Bukhán; and, after many vicissitudes of fortune, they succeeded in this quarter also; but their triumph was a real misfortune to themselves and their country, inasmuch as, by removing the Uíghúr princes, they weakened the only barrier that intervened between the civilised west and the Mongolian hordes in the extreme east. As nomads those hordes had been of no note in history, but, being united, and brought under the discipline of a severe code of military laws, by one remarkable man, they became at one bound the terror of the civilised world. That was Jengiz Khan, who, after bringing all his neighbours into subjection, and, as he did so, amalgamating their forces with his own, led his countless following into Western Túrístán in 1218 A.D., and within three years extended his conquests as far as the Indus on one side, and the mountains above Mesopotamia on the other, replunging the countries, as he passed along, into a depth of barbarism from which some have never since emerged. From that date Western Túrístán, itself the scene of the most savage tyranny, became the unhappy centre from whence the devastating hordes of the Mongols (or Moghals) were poured into Russia, Poland, Syria, and India; and when the force of external conquest was exhausted, the calamities

* While as yet Islam was militant, Western Túrístán was the scene of the career of 'the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,' the incidents of whose life and death differed little in character from those described in Moore's poetic narrative, and to whose tenets there still lingered a few adherents three hundred and fifty years later.

that befel the miserable country only took the altered form of internecine quarrels between the successors of Jengiz. Amidst scenes of bloodshed and brutality, the Moghāl Empire, within a century from the appearance of the founder, was broken up into a multitude of khanates and nomad republics, calling themselves by the name of Moghāl, Türk, Türkmän, Kirghiz, Kässak (or Cossack)—tribes who had arrived in the train or followed in the wake of Jengiz.

Fifty years afterwards most of the western portions of the empire were reunited by the conquests of one who has gone down to posterity as another Moghal,* Taimür the Lame. But the process of disintegration was repeated. Within sixty-two years of Taimür's death—years spent in internecine quarrels between his successors—his empire, too, was broken up; and, forty years later, a tribe, formed of the fragments of many others, and calling itself after the name of the khan, Usbeg, in whose time they had embraced Islam, appeared from the north of the Caspian and Aral Seas, and under the leadership of a prince named Shaibānī, descended from Jengiz, united all the conflicting successors† of Taimür in a common ruin.

This chief, in imitation of the conquerors who had from time to time preceded him, endeavoured to push his conquests into Persia, and succeeded in getting possession of Khorassan; but, in an endeavour to advance still further, met with defeat and death at the hands of the first warrior of the Sefavide line, under which Persia attained to the pinnacle of her greatness and magnificence. Between his successors and those of Shaibānī there were devastating wars, of which Khorassan was the scene, while in the cities of Western Türkistān there prevailed a prosperity, nay, a luxury, such as had not been known since the days of the Samānides. In 1597 the line of the Shaibānides was cut short by assassination, and then the throne was, by common consent, given to a family connected by marriage with that of Shaibānī, and itself descended from the khans of the house of Jengiz, who had been lately expelled from the khanate of Astarkhān (Astracan) on the Volga, by the rising power of the Russian dukes.

For one hundred and forty years the Astarkhānides continued in the exercise of a dominion, which was gradually weakened in

extent and coherence by successful revolt, and, for nearly fifty years more, furnished occupants for a nominal sovereignty, the real power of which was wielded by powerful and hereditary wāzirs of the Usbeg house of Manghit. In 1784 the farce was closed, and the last prince who claimed a descent from Jengiz was quietly set aside by his wāzır, grandfather of the Amır of Búkhará, who is now a dependent on Russian protection. The strongest of the Astarkhānides were men who compensated for a turbulent youth by an age of devotion. Three of them, retiring from dominion while in the fulness of their power, closed their years in the holy cities of Arabia; and by degrees the ancient enlightenment of the country was narrowed to the field of puerile discussions on the minute ritualism of Mussalmán observances. A superstition that permeated every recess of a man's life; a formalism that rendered religion powerless to check the growth of habits of the most degrading vice; a show of respect for a multitude of pharisaical priests who appealed to the ignorant fanaticism of the populace—these were the characteristics of the latter days of the decaying dynasty, these the forces on which the usurpers of the house of Manghit based their power. The third of the line, Nāsrullāh, was pre-eminent for evil among even the most evil of Oriental princes—conspicuous for the hypocrisy and treachery by which he won, and the cruelty by which he maintained, his power; for the ghastly nature of his punishments; for the abominable vices of his private life, and for the pretence of religion which he used as a cloak for his hateful deeds. Many of our readers have burned with indignation at the tale of the cruelties that preceded his murder of Stoddard and Conolly—a tale which has its fitting pendant in Vámbéry's story of what he did to his own subjects, and to two innocent Italians who sought employment in his court. His life closed in a deed of especial atrocity, which is thus narrated by Vámbéry:—

'The more Nāsrullāh advanced in years, the more frequent and violent became his paroxysms of rage, which in 1860 put an end to his life, after he had reigned thirty-four years. Besides the repeated revolts of Khokānd, the obstinate struggle maintained against him by his brother-in-law, Wāllī Naām of Shāhār-i-Sābz, embittered his late years. He was already in his last agony when the news arrived that that fortress was taken. Scarcely able to express his meaning, he yet gave orders to put to death his rebellious brother-in-law and all his children. But as he could not satiate his eyes with their blood, he had his own wife, the sister of Wāllī Naām, brought to his bed-

* He was really a 'Türk.'

† The most distinguished Baber (Türkī for 'lion'), driven out of his particular principality, Khokānd, after many ups and downs of fortune, founded the empire of the Great Moghāl in India.

side. This poor woman, the mother of two children, trembled, but did not move the dying tyrant: he had her beheaded before his eyes, and, gazing on the blood of the sister of his principal enemy, he breathed out his detestable soul.'

The closing event of his reign was, therefore, what he regarded as a gratifying success, and it was reserved for his more clement son, Muzäffär-ud-dîn, to drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs.

The power of Russia, at whose hands he met with humiliation, was not one that advanced in the manner familiar to Asiatic tradition—as a torrent of invasion sweeping everything before it without pause, but soon losing its force and subsiding. Her march, on the contrary, had been slow, not unmarked by temporary check, especially in its earlier stages, but subject to no retrogression, and clearly guided by an unfaltering purpose.

About the time when, to the people of England, the main fact in foreign affairs was the coming of the Spanish Armada, Russia made her first step into Asia. Annoyed by the depredations of the Tartars of the Uräl Mountains on her colonists about Perm, she sent against them, with thorough success, the recently subjugated and conciliated Cossacks of the Don, part of whom had lately settled along the northern shore of the Caspian Sea. And, pursuing the same policy of subjugation and conciliation, she found in these Tartars ready instruments for a gradual onward movement. The several nomad tribes being first protected, and then incorporated,* by the close of the seventeenth century the whole of Siberia and Kamskátka had, morsel by morsel, come under Russian dominion, which it was from time to time an object to extend to the warmer regions of the south. A narrative of the alternate wars and negotiations by which the frontier was first brought down to the Amúr, and then carried on to the open and unfrozen sea, we must defer to another occasion, our present business being limited to the steps which she made in the direction of Western Túrkhistán. North of that country lies a great desert, tenanted, where it is tenanted at all, by Kirghiz nomads—the "Great Horde" on the north-east, the "Little Horde" to the north-west. One after another, in the period from 1734 A.D. to the

close of last century, the several divisions of these hordes acknowledged the might of Russia, by confessing an allegiance which it has been the consistent endeavour of Russian administrators to develop into assimilation with the rest of the empire. The first step in this direction was to establish a line of military posts along what was at the time the frontier. Then into the governing assemblies of the tribes beyond, there were introduced Russian officials, who influenced the people to settle down and to abandon their nomad ways. And as soon as they became insensibly accustomed to Russian domination, or were pronounced too weak to resist an advance, or, in a quarrel with their neighbours, called in Russian assistance, the line of posts was pushed on, and the process recommenced afresh. While as yet, however, this process of incorporation was in its infancy, even the nominal allegiance of the sultáns of the hordes secured for the Russians the object they had most at heart, the removal of the main impediments to safe traffic with Bukhárá—then the chief emporium of Central Asiatic trade. Trade and intercourse increased considerably, and, from the last quarter of the eighteenth century, envoys from Bukhárá began not unfrequently to appear at St. Petersburg, chiefly, we are told by M. Zalesoff* and Professor Vambéry, for the purpose of enjoying and sharing with their master the rich presents which they there received. One of them seems to have suggested a return embassy, and in compliance with the suggestion, in the winter of 1820-21 a M. de Negri was sent with presents and a letter from the Emperor Alexander to the Amír. The incidents of the mission, with much valuable information regarding Bukhárá, were recorded by his companion, Baron von Meyendorff, in an interesting work that has lately been translated by Captain Chapman, of the Royal Artillery. The objects of the mission were to procure for caravans† exemption from the double duty which the Amír imposed on Russian merchants, and increased security from the attacks of freebooters on both sides of the Jaxartes. In neither object‡ was M. de Negri successful. The Amír persisted in regarding the protection

* Michell's 'Russians in Central Asia,' pp. 417, 418, and 421.

† The commerce between Bukhárá and Russia was estimated by M. Meyendorff to be worth some 320,000*l.* yearly.

‡ M. de Negri made also attempts to secure the release of the 600 or 700 Russians who had been captured by Kirghiz or Túrkmáns on the shore of the Caspian, and sold as slaves in Bukhárá, but succeeded only in liberating those whose freedom he could purchase.

* Previous to incorporation they were called 'Inovodtsi,' who have been defined as 'subjects of Russia without being Russians;' 'colonies constituting colonies of their own with their own regulations;' 'half savage nations, to whom the empire, interested no doubt, but always benevolent, allows the advantage of its enlightened protection.'

of caravans as the duty of the Russians themselves, and continued to levy double dues from Russian merchants. A company was then formed in Russia, with a monopoly of Central Asiatic trade, and with the promise of a military escort: but, on the very first journey towards Bukhárá, the escort was found to give insufficient protection from the attacks of the Khivan horsemen; and not only was the caravan forced to retire, but the Czar's Government was compelled to pay a considerable sum in compensation for plundered merchandise. That plan was, therefore, abandoned. In 1834-35 Russian officers were despatched to Bukhárá, in a vain endeavour to procure the release of the Russian slaves; and in 1840, in return for a mission sent by the Amír to St. Petersburg, when he was terrified by the appearance of British soldiers north of the passes of the Hindú Kúsh, M. Bouteneff was sent with very categorical demands for the reduction of the duties on Russian traders, the conclusion of a satisfactory commercial treaty, and the liberation of the Russian slaves. But Násrulláh played with M. Bouteneff, as he had played with Colonel Stoddard, and, after deluding him with vain promises, till the news of the English disasters in Afghanistan relieved his mind of all apprehensions in that quarter, dismissed him discourteously in the spring of 1842. A few weeks later there followed the execution of Stoddard and Conolly, both of whom Bouteneff and the Russian Government had made every endeavour to save. Of this bootless mission the only result was an interesting description of Bukhárá, its Amír and its people, by M. Khanikoff, who accompanied the envoy, and whose work was translated into English by Baron Clement de Bode.

Their friendly overtures being thus inefficacious to remove the arrogance of the barbarian, who refused to see what was coming, the Russians turned with fresh interest to a project that had already engaged their attention—that of occupying on the trade route some post from whence effective protection might be afforded to commerce; and, five years after Bouteneff's return, a fort was built at Aralsk, near the spot where the at that point slender stream of the Jaxartes issues into the Sea of Aral. The survey of the sea itself was then accomplished in little sailing vessels; but, by the spring of 1853, M. Perovski, the Governor-General of Orenburg, had managed, at great expense, to transport from Sweden the materials of two small steamers armed with howitzers, and to put them together on the Jaxartes. Within a few weeks from that date the

largest of the steamers, profiting by the spring floods, was able to ascend the stream, and bore a part in the first conquest made by Russian arms in Western Türkistan.

It was not, however, Bukhárá that felt the first shock, but an intervening power—the Khanate of Khokánd. That khanate was the particular patrimony of the branch of Taimúr's family that was made illustrious by the career of Baber; but, from the date when he was expelled therefrom by the Usbeks under Shaibání, it had merged in the monarchy of which, under the Shaibánides, and the Astarkhánides after them, the capital was Bukhárá. In 1775 A.D. while as yet the last of the Astarkhánides was allowed a nominal sovereignty, and before the wazír of the house of Manghit finally set him aside, a Khokándí, thirteenth in descent from Baber, reasserted the independence of his native country. His grandson much extended the limits of the khanate, which up to that time had been confined to the upper valley of the Jaxartes, and pushing along the right bank of the river, brought Táshkánd and Chümikánd within the circle of his dominions, ending in 1814 with the acquisition of Häzrát Súltán,* which is the limit of the settled population to the north-west, and lies on the very confines of the 'Black Desert.† That advance brought the Khokándís into direct dealings with the 'Kirghiz of the Little Horde,' who pastured their flocks and during the spring grew their corn, on the edge of the swamps that skirt the Jaxartes in its lower course. From these semi-nomads they began to levy taxes of a very exorbitant nature, and, meeting with resistance to their demands, they erected forts of some strength, not far from the banks of the river, at Julek, and Ak Mäsjid, and even further on. They thus came in contact with two foreign powers—first of all with Khiva, which had till lately been under vassalage to the Kirghiz, but now claimed supremacy over them, and, finding another power plundering its new subjects, began to plunder them too; and next with Russia, to which about this time the harassed Kirghiz tribes of these parts transferred their allegiance. It was not, however, till twenty years later, when she established herself at the mouth of the Jax-

* A town that in ancient time was known as 'Yasi,' but received the name it now bears, 'Saint Súltán,' from a very saintly inhabitant called Súltán Ahmed Yaswee. The place has yet another name, 'Türkistán,' after 'Türk,' who is known in the traditions of those parts as the son of Japhet, and progenitor of the Türk nation.

† The 'Kará-Kúm.'

artes, that Russia could protect them; and by that time three unsuccessful wars with Bokhara, and three violent changes in the dynasty, had weakened the hold of the Khans of Khokānd over these their more distant possessions. Consequently the commandant at Ak Māsġid—the very Yakūb Beg who is now Atalik Ghazi of Eastern Tūrkistān—exercised almost independent sway over the Kirghiz of the lower Jaxartes. He treated them as the Usbeg and Tajik rulers have always treated the nomads, pillaging them on every possible occasion; and as he was then as energetic in his forays as he is now strict in the enforcement of law, his raids from Ak Māsġid and the other forts produced much booty for him, and much loss to the Kirghiz subjects of Russia. Warnings having been tried in vain, in 1852 a dash was made from Fort Aralsk from which Ak Māsġid is separated by 325 miles of desert; but the force was unprovided with appliances for capturing the inner citadel, and was compelled to retire after destroying the outer works. Next year M. Perovski himself led a force of 1700 men over the same road, his new steamer coming up at the same time by water, and, after a siege of five weeks, he captured the place by storm, meeting with a resistance, and enduring a loss in killed and wounded, such as the Russian force in Tūrkistān has experienced on no subsequent occasion. An endeavour too was that winter made to retake the place by a large force of Khokāndīs, but they were beaten off with loss.

Meanwhile, on the other or eastern side of the desert that intervenes between the Urāl Mountains and those in which the several branches of the great Siberian river Irtysh take their rise, the Russian posts had been gradually advancing into the possessions of the 'Great Horde.' A fort had been erected at Kopal in 1852, and another in 1854 at Vernoë, which has since then become an important emporium of trade.

Having advanced thus far from two independent bases, separated from each other by a distance of 1200 miles, and their two lines of forts resembling a pair of horns, which both pointed to the heart of Khokānd, the Russians found that between the points of the horns there was an inconvenient gap of 600 miles; so that, towards the end of 1854, a special committee, assembled for the purpose, recommended, and the recommendation was approved by the Emperor, that the two horns should be connected by a line of forts. That frankest of apologists, M. Romanovski, justifies the measure to his own complete content, showing that the advance made up to that time with so much toil and

expense* would have failed of its object were not the two lines connected. It is true that the gap was occupied by a line of Khokāndī works, and that the Khokāndīs, having lost Ak Māsġid, and failed in their endeavour to recover it, do not seem to have given any pretext for further hostilities. But the occupation of the line was necessary for Russian interests, and it was made. Between the resolve and its accomplishment, however, some years intervened—years during which the Russian Government were fully occupied by the Crimean War, and by the important measures that followed its close, while Khokānd was agitated by renewed hostilities with Bokhara, by loss of territory on that side and by no less than seven forcible changes in the person of her ruler attended by the assassination of the deposed ruler, or by his imprisonment, or by his flight to seek succour from the Amīr of Bukhārā. The Russians were not altogether idle during this interval. In 1857, advancing from the side of Ak Māsġid, they took possession of the fort of Sūzek, north of the north-west extremity of the Kārātāgh Mountains. In 1859 they narrowed the gap still further by establishing a fort at Kasteġ, and by taking possession of a fortified Khokāndī town a little to the south-west of Vernoë—an advance which was followed by an indecisive skirmish with a small body of Khokāndīs. And meanwhile the oppressions and exactions of the Khokāndī officials drove fresh tribes of nomads to seek Russian protection. In 1860 the commandant of the troops at Vernoë fell without warning on the Khokāndī fort of Tokmek, the commandant of which said he was without orders either to resist or to surrender. A few hours' shelling, however, convinced him of the necessity of capitulating, and the Russian force at once moved on to the next Khokāndī fort at Pishpek, which stood a siege of five days, and then surrendered. Next year an advance was made from the other side, a fort being built at Jūlek, and the Khokāndī works at Yāni Kūrghān being shelled and destroyed. This was the seat of a band of Khokāndī robbers; and, besides, was in the midst of a tribe of Kipchak Kirghiz, who paid a divided allegiance to Khokānd and to Russia—a state of things which, as the narrator† of the little expedition naïvely observes, called for rectification.

* The transport of each hundred weight of corn for the subsistence of the garrisons on the steppe cost about 4*l.* 4*s.* For the transport of provisions to the forts on the Jaxartes alone, we are told that 60,000*l.* were spent each year.

† Captain Meyer, in the 'Russian Military Journal.'

By the close of this interval, too, the Kirghiz of the Upper Jaxartes, who were vassals of Khokänd when Captain Valikhauoff passed through in 1858, and again in 1859, had become Russian subjects. We have no indication of the exact time when, or the manner in which, this advance was made.

There still remained a gap of 300 miles between the extremities of the Orenburg and Siberian lines; and it was reserved for the operations of 1864 to remove that gap, and also to penetrate far into the cultivated portion of Khokänd itself. By that year the rapidly succeeding revolutions in the khanate had ended in the rise to power of an energetic Kipchak, named Alim Kul, ruling in the name of a boy prince, sixteenth in the line of descent from Baber. Possibly his energy showed itself in some attempt to recover possession of the tract that had been lost to his country during the period of its revolutions; but no such pretext has been assigned by the apologists of the Russian advance, or any other reason assigned than that it was necessary for Russian interests. Without apparently any warning, in the beginning of June, 1864, General Cherniayeff, commanding the force at Vernoë, made a dash on the town and citadel of Auliëta, north of the Kára-tagh range, and captured it, with the loss of three men slightly wounded, no less than 307 of the garrison being, on the other hand, killed and 390 wounded. Almost simultaneously a small force advancing from Ak Mäsjid and Júlek took the town and citadel of Häzrät Sültán, south of the Kára-tagh after a siege of four days. By a decree of the 30th July, 1864, the Russian frontier was then declared to be the line of forts established along the north of the Kára-tagh range from Vernoë to Yani Kúrghán; but, by the time the announcement reached the army, it had advanced more than 100 miles further into Khokänd territory, Cherniayeff having by a combined advance from Auliëta and Häzrät Sültán, captured the important town of Chämkäänd by another very gallantly conducted assault, in it getting possession of the bulk of the Khokändí artillery. And then the Russian Government sent to its representatives at foreign courts the remarkable paper which is known as Prince Gortchakoff's Circular of 21st November, 1864, (o. s.). It described with remarkable force the embarrassment of a settled government when it finds itself contiguous to savage nations, whose depredations necessitate chastisement, weakening them so much that they are exposed to the attacks of still more savage nations beyond, and have therefore to appeal for protection to the power

that humbled them — a process which is continually repeated, till the settled government finds itself advanced into remote and barbarous regions, where every step is dangerous, and the slightest symptom of a disposition to retreat fatal. Finding itself in just such a position as this, the Russian Government seemed at first sight to have only a choice between three courses—either to let disorder on her frontier run riot, or to resort on each occasion of outrage to costly expeditions, to the series of which no end could be foreseen; or lastly, ‘in imitation of England in India,’ to enter on a career of conquest, with the view of subjugating the semi-savage States, whose independent existence was incompatible with their neighbour's security. None of these courses, however, had commended themselves to the judgment of the Emperor, who had resolved, in preference, to adopt a frontier guarded by forts near enough to be mutually supporting, situated in a country where provisions were procurable and colonisation possible, *fixed, lastly, in so final a manner* as to leave no opening for ‘entrainements dangereux et presque inevitables, qui de répressions en respresailles pouvaient aboutir à une extension illimitée.’ Such, therefore, were the views which had led his Imperial Majesty to select as the boundary of his empire the line of the lower Jaxartes, diverging to Chämkäänd and passing along the north of the Kára-tagh range to Lake Issik-kúl.

‘Fixed in so final a manner!’ Once more, before the course to be pursued in Türkistán had been enunciated in St. Petersburg, the energy of the local officers had found vent in such a way as to destroy the finality of the new arrangement. Hearing, in October, 1864, that the inhabitants of the large city* of Tashkund, 75 miles south of Chämkäänd, were mostly peaceful traders, who suffered much from the existing hostilities and from the military tyranny then predominant, Cherniayeff proceeded to its walls with a force of only 1550 men, intending to turn out the garrison, ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants, and, till orders came from St. Petersburg, leave them to conduct their own administration as they pleased, merely protecting them from the Khan's violence. He found, however, that the peaceful elders stood too much in awe of the garrison to let him in, and he was beaten off in a rash attempt to escalate the very high walls. This was followed in the winter of 1864–65 by the advance of a swarm of Khokändís, led

* Said to cover ten miles in one direction, and five in another.

by Alim Kul himself, who, passing by Châmkānd, fell upon a detached squadron of Cossacks, and obliged them, after a really heroic defence and severe loss, to take refuge in the neighbouring town of Hâzrât Sûltân. A small town in that neighbourhood was also re-taken by the Khokāndî bands, who kept the Russians continually on the alert. Meantime General Cherniayeff, so we are told by Romanovski, 'represented the necessity of an immediate occupation of Tâshkānd and wishing to reconcile what seemed to him an inevitable necessity with the expressed views of the Government, which objected to the extension of its dominions, he proposed, after conquering Tâshkānd, to make it independent of Khokānd, and to place it under the protectorate of Russia.' To this his Government would not agree, but at the same time constituted the tract between the Jaxartes and Vernoë into the separate province of Tûrkistân, under the Governor-Generalship of Orenburg, and committed its military and civil charge to Cherniayeff, who was deliberately allowed considerable freedom of action, 'as'—we again quote Romanovski—'he was personally responsible for the defence of a region then completely unknown.'

Meanwhile Khuda Yâr Khân, the first of the numerous Khans of Khokānd who had been expelled from power in the recent revolutions, had, not for the first time, induced the Amîr of Bukhârâ to interfere in his behalf. The forces of Bukhârâ began to collect on the frontier, and Cherniayeff saw good reason to fear that Tâshkānd might be wrested from Khokānd by other hands than his. Accordingly, in the middle of May, 1865, after two days' investment, he captured the fort that guards the water-supply of the city, and, by cutting the channels, reduced the inhabitants to such distress that they promised to fall on the garrison as soon as the Russian force attacked the walls. But the accomplishment of this plan was prevented by the unexpected arrival in the city of Alim Kul himself, with a large force, which he straightway led out against the Russians. His troops were, however, driven back with loss, and he himself was mortally wounded. In him died the last Khokāndî who had spirit or ability enough to offer resistance to the Russian arms; but his death only added strength to the Bukhârâ faction, which he had always bitterly opposed; and, as the Amîr was known to be approaching, the party in favour of opening the gates to the Russians was intimidated. Cherniayeff then sent a detachment to the other side of the city to capture the fort of Chinâz, which

guarded the nearest passage of the Jaxartes from the side of Bukhârâ. The possession of this little place enabled him to cut the Tashkandis off from their supply of food, as he had already from that of water, and, after six weeks' investment, he escalated the walls one night. This was an especially daring attempt, seeing that he had with him only 1950 men, while the city was supposed to contain a population* of between 150,000 and 200,000 souls, and the defenders were believed to number 30,000. And in fact, after the walls had been mastered, it was not till after two days of street fighting that resistance was finally overcome. Such is the published account, but the Russian loss did not altogether exceed 25 killed and 117 wounded and contused.

With the view of averting the designs of the Amîr of Bukhârâ on Tâshkānd, Cherniayeff had before its capture written to suggest that he should place his protégé Khuda Yâr Khân on the throne of Khokānd, and had offered him Russian assistance for this purpose. No such assistance was, however, called for. Before receiving Cherniayeff's letter, Muzâffâr-ud-dîn, needing no inducement to interfere, had advanced to Khokānd, carried off with him the boy khan, who was at the time in the enjoyment of a nominal sovereignty, and, while replacing Khuda Yâr on the throne, had annexed still more of the south-western portion of the khanate, including the important town of Khojând. Moreover he deputed an ambassador to St. Petersburg to demand the evacuation of Tâshkānd, and sent the same demand to Cherniayeff direct. Even before this demand, Cherniayeff had convinced himself of the inimical designs of the Amîr; so that, within ten days from the capture of Tâshkānd, he arrested all the subjects of Bukhârâ within Russian Tûrkistân, and refused to allow Muzâffâr-ud-dîn's ambassador to proceed to St. Petersburg. As to the newly appointed Khan of Khokānd, Cherniayeff recommended that he should be supported by Russian influence, as he was a man of no character, was much disliked by one of the factions of the State, and could not, therefore, be at any time a formidable neighbour. In effect, when a Russian detachment moved out of Tâshkānd in the autumn, to reduce some small forts in the neighbourhood, Khuda Yâr Khân sent to profess his subordination, and thus began those friendly relations which have from time to time been further

* In 1871 a census was taken, and the population was discovered not to exceed 78,125.

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cemented, and continue unruffled to the present day.

In that same autumn (1865) Cherniayeff, acting on a suggestion made by a Bukharian emissary, deputed four civil and military officers to arrange matters with the Amír. Having once got them into his hands, the Amír, however, refused to let them go, unless his own ambassador were suffered to proceed to St. Petersburg, while Cherniayeff, in reply, insisted that the Russian envoys should be at once and unconditionally released. And to enforce this demand, in the end of January, 1866, he led a small force of 1700 men across the inhospitable waste that intervenes between the Jaxartes and the nearest cultivation on the side of Bukhárá. Then, when it was too late, he found that his force was too small even to enforce its demands for fuel, forage, and provisions; so, after lingering a week before the little fortified town of Jizakh, he was obliged to go back again. On account of this fiasco he was deprived of his command, and was recalled, being replaced by General Romanovski, author of the work from which much of the information summarised in our narrative up to this point has been drawn. He professes himself to be one of those who would endeavour to subject the neighbours of Russia to her influence by a strong and durable settlement of her frontiers, and by moral persuasion rather than by direct conquest. While quite unable to perceive anything like aggressiveness in the attitude of his country towards the States of Central Asia, in the particular mode of action adopted he sees the chief obstacle to the establishment of satisfactory relations with them. The Russian force has, he observes, been always numerically weak in proportion to the area occupied, and no sooner have reinforcements arrived than *they have been used to annex fresh territory*. The weakness thus caused has been a perpetual provocative to insult, and the effectual cause of consequent retribution.

He has told us what were the instructions that he received from Government. The most important portions were as follows:—

‘While striving undeviatingly to avoid the extension of absolute dominion in Central Asia, it is not advisable that we should refrain from such operations and arrangements as might be indispensably necessary; and, generally, *the true interests of Russia should be kept in view*.

‘As regards Bukhárá, it is above all desirable to re-establish speedily friendly commercial relations with that khanate; but, at the same time, the immediate local chief is bound

to remember that *the Asiatic respects only the force of arms*.

‘The main object of the commander should therefore be to make the Amír understand that we are not desirous of conquests, and that we do not threaten the integrity of his dominions, but that we shall not allow him to extend his dominion in the direction of our limits.

* * * * *

‘And until the release of the Russian mission, all negotiations with the Amír were considered to be quite out of the question.’

If this, and especially the portion which we have italicised, be a specimen of the instructions usually given to commanders on the Russian frontier, few, we suspect, will wonder if that frontier is found to undergo a process of gradual expansion.

On arriving in Túrkiistán in the spring of 1866, Romanovski found that the whole force therein did not exceed 13,000 men: that there was an almost complete want of money wherewith to pay and feed even that small number, so that for this purpose he had to draw on his own funds and those of his friends: that the civil administration was almost at a standstill for want of officers; and that owing to the rapidity of the recent operations, there was the utmost confusion in the accounts, sums devoted by Government to one purpose having been necessarily diverted to another. Moreover the force available in the neighbourhood of Táshkánd, where an encounter with the Bokharians was imminent, numbered no more than 3000 men, who were continually insulted and harassed by detachments of the enemy. As spring advanced the situation became worse. The Amír of Bukhárá arrived with an enormous force of regulars and irregulars, and sent, in all directions through the territory last acquired by Cherniayeff, flying parties of horsemen, whose appearance was followed by rumours most unfavourable to the continuance of Russian rule. And a formidable plot for the destruction of the garrison of Táshkánd was concocted by Bukharian emissaries. In spite of the enormous disproportion of the Amír's army, a daring blow was necessary, or the whole country would rise, and the small and scattered Russian force would be overwhelmed. Accordingly, in the middle of April, a reconnaissance was made on the southern bank of the Jaxartes by a small party, which not only repulsed all attacks, but carried off large herds of sheep, then on their way to the Bukharian camp. And on the 19th of May (n. s.), Romanovski moved from the bank of the river with all his available force, arriving before the Amír's entrenched camp at Irjar on the

following afternoon, when he at once advanced to the attack. Never was there a more signal rout than that which then ensued. The Bokharian artillery was numerous and heavy, but fired over the heads of the Russians, while the Russian shells and rockets filled the camp with carnage and confusion. The hurried and repeated attacks of the Bukharian horse were repelled with no great difficulty; and, in an hour's time the whole Russian line advanced and stormed the entrenchment. Then the Amír fled with his 40,000 soldiers, leaving behind him guns, treasure, camp equipage, and a thousand of his subjects dead on the field, the Russian loss* being limited to twelve wounded men. Following up this success, Romanovski took the fort of Naú within a week, and, a week later, the strongly fortified and important commercial emporium Khokánd, at the bend where the Jaxartes turns from a southwesterly to a north-westerly course. These were among the places of which Khokánd had been recently bereft by Bukhárá, but Khuda Yár Khán was prudent enough to express no wish for their restoration. Nevertheless Romanovski had now to undergo considerable pressure on the part of his superior general, Kryjanvoski, Governor-General of Orenburg, who urged him to assume a high tone towards the Khan of Khokánd and to treat him as one who from his position should be a vassal of Russia, adding, *'if he takes umbrage at this, so much the better. It will give us a pretext to close with him.'* The Khan had agreed to Romanovski's requests—namely, protection to Russian traders, the equalisation of duties to be levied from them, and the prevention of forays on Russian territory; but Romanovski makes it clear that he must have been entirely swallowed up, had not attention been diverted from him by the further prosecution of hostilities against Bukhárá.

After his disasters in the spring, the Amír tardily sent back the Russian envoys, released the Russian traders, and sent to inquire on what conditions Romanovski would make peace. He was thereupon required to recognise the sovereignty of Russia over all the lands recently conquered, to reduce the duties on Russian merchandise

to the rates levied in Russia on that from Bukhárá, and to pay an indemnity of some 50,000*l.* for the expenses of the recent campaign. To this last demand alone the Amír's delegate objected, whereupon General Kryjanovski, who had himself arrived in the province, gave him ten days within which to pay the 50,000*l.*, adding besides fresh demands, to be accepted within the same period of grace: namely, that he should make over the person of the deposed Khan of Khokánd, who was in his hands, and give his written consent to the establishment of a Russian consular agent in Bukhárá, to the erection of caravanseries for the exclusive use of the Russian traders, and to the equalisation of the imposts on traders. The enhanced demands were due to the fact that the Amír was known to be strengthening his forces, and the fortifications of the towns between his capital and the Jaxartes. Meantime, the Russian columns marched from the river's bank, and, on the day when the period of grace expired, found themselves in front of Ura-tippa, the frontier fort on that strip of sparse cultivation which, lying along the skirts of the dividing range of mountains, leads from the valley of the Jaxartes to that of the Zerafshán. Within ten days it was taken by assault after a short bombardment, and its fall was a fortnight later followed by that of the triple-walled and strongly garrisoned fort of Jizakh, which guards the narrow defile that leads into the fertile vale of Samkánd. With these successes and the occupation of the little fort of Yáni Kúrgán ('New Fort') at the southern extremity of the defile, military operations ceased for the time and a proclamation was issued informing all the subjects of Bukhárá that the Russians had no other than peaceful objects in view: that the hostility of the Ameer had necessitated the capture of his strong places, Ura-tippa and Jizakh; but that, having captured them, the Russian force would rest there, in the hope that the Amír would accede to the demands made upon him as a condition of peace.

The interval that followed was spent by the Russians in organising the administration of their conquests. On the capture of Tashkánd, in 1865, their Government had announced its intentions of acknowledging it the independence of that city, which was not to be incorporated with the rest of the empire; but, as on two occasions the inhabitants petitioned—it is not difficult to picture the process by which the petition was concocted—that they might be received as Russian subjects, their prayer was granted in the autumn of 1866, and, the example be-

* Small as had been the loss of the Russians in their combats with the Khokándís, those in the several engagements and sieges of the campaign with Bukhárá were even less. The Usbeks of Bukhárá appear indeed, to be as cowardly as they are vain, fanatical, and cruel. This was strikingly illustrated in 1872 by a *mêlée* that took place in the Amír's palace, half a dozen Afghans in the suite of Sher Ali's envoy having put to flight the whole—so the story went—of the Amír's bodyguard.

ing freely followed by the neighbouring town and cities, the idea of refraining from their annexation was speedily abandoned. In each town a kind of municipal board was established by Romanovski, the president being the Russian officer who had 'charge of the native population,' and the members being chosen by the notables of the town among themselves, with the chief Kazi as an ex-officio member. This board had authority over the Sarts or settled population, while other members under the same president took cognisance of all matters relating to the Kirghiz population in the neighbourhood. These boards administered justice, and were the instruments for the levy of taxes, which were confined to a tithe of the land produce paid in kind, a fixed rate in money for the fields, the produce of which could not conveniently be received in kind, a fortieth on all sales, a small salt-tax, and from the nomads a capitation tax on each tent.

In that winter (1866-67) a commission sat in St. Petersburg to consider the best system of administration, and, its recommendations having been submitted, an *ukase* was issued by the Emperor on the 23rd July, 1867, constituting the region annexed, along the Jaxartes and the southern portion of the Kirghiz steppe into a separate governor-generalship, called the Province of Russian Türkistân, the charge of which was committed to General von Kauffmann, who had won much reputation in the Baltic provinces as an able administrator very thoroughly *Russian* in his views, Romanovski* retiring into private life, and even, for a time, becoming a notary in Moscow. The northern, eastern, and western boundaries of the new province were very accurately defined, *but not its southern limit*; and events soon led to a further extension in that direction.

In the autumn of 1866 the Amír had sent down to Calcutta a religious personage of

*Under the *nom de plume* of 'Türkistanee,' he is believed to have then written a series of letters in the 'Invalid,' justifying his administration of the province, in the accounts of which there was great confusion, owing, he urged, to the insufficiency of the administrative staff. In the paper war that followed, his antagonists blamed him much for the forbearing manner in which he had dealt with the rulers of Khokänd and Bukhárâ. Nor were there wanting charges seriously affecting the integrity and impartiality of the administration—charges which he rebuts by showing that only two officials were convicted of corruption in his time. His 'Notes on the Central Asia Question' must therefore be regarded as an 'Apology,' but the numerous official narratives which he appends are of unquestionable value.

eminence to solicit British assistance—he, the son of the man who had tortured and killed British envoys! Similar applications had been made by the Khan of Khokänd in 1864, and again in 1865. To all of them the answer of Sir J. Lawrence was alike in substance—that the British Government would not interfere, and that the best advice that could be given, was to accede to all that which was reasonable in the Russian demands. After receiving this answer from Sir J. Lawrence, the Bukhárâ envoy went on to Constantinople, his master's ignorance of the outer world being such as to lead him to hope that the head of Islam could by a mandate stop the Russian progress. Doubtless the envoy's reports soon undeceived the Amír, yet even then he dared not make peace, the Nemesis provoked by Násrulláh now leading him to his fate. The father had pampered the priestly class, relying on them for support against the cries of his subjects, and for exculpation from his frightful sins; and the son's power of taking the only means now left for preserving his independence was destroyed by the same class, with their bigotry, arrogance, ignorance, and, above all, their hold on a people more ignorant and therefore more bigoted than themselves. Refusing to believe that 'illustrious Bukhárâ' could be worsted by the unbeliever except through the cowardice or even treachery of the leader, they heaped insults on him whenever he appeared abroad, and would have torn him to pieces had he proposed peace. And yet he had now less chance than ever of continuing the war with success. Shähär-i-Säbz had reasserted its independence: the governor of Karshi to the south was in revolt: the late governor of Ura-tippa had gone off with a band of followers to plunder on his own account: and the very Bukhárârians who were so clamorous for war made a fresh grievance out of the necessary war-taxes that were levied upon them. One convulsive effort he made in 1867, sending to the frontier an army, exaggerated in the accounts that reached the Russians to 45,000 men, who, however, dissolved at their first contact with the small outpost at Yani Kürghân. At that very time a Bukhárâian envoy was at Orenburg, begging to know what were the Governor-General's demands; and a Russian envoy was at Bukhárâ waiting for an answer to the question whether the Amír would have peace or war. Nothing came of the 'pourparlers' that then followed, and as the Russian detachments, and the Kirghiz under their protection, were continually harassed along the whole line

of the Jaxartes by bands of plunderers,* who had started into being on the break-up of the Khokāndi and Bukharian regular armies, accordingly in the spring of 1868 a small body of Russians was sent to seize one of the principal seats of those robber bands at Ukhūm, on the northern slope of the Nūra-tāgh Hills. After succeeding in this object, they went on to the small Bukharian fort of Nūra-tāgh, the commander of which, conceiving their intent to be hostile, fired on them and drove them off. To the other demands on the Amír, Kauffmann therefore added a fine for this attack—a demand which lashed the populace of Bukhárá into frenzy. The Amír, driven to his wits' end, put to death the Chief Justice, who was fomenting the excitement, but the notion that he was inclined to give way to the unbelievers still further stirred the popular rage, and, all hope of peace being at an end, on the 13th May Kauffmann advanced in the direction of Sāmārkānd itself. On arriving at the river, he found the Bukhárá army drawn up in force on the opposite bank, but crossed the river under fire, captured the guns to the number of 21, and drove off the whole of his opponents with the loss of three killed and 30 wounded. The gates of Sāmārkānd were shut on the flying rabble, and the next day were thrown open to the victors. This was followed by the capture of two more fortified places in the neighbourhood, and by the overthrow of the scattered bodies of the Bukharians in various directions. While engaged in one of these expeditions, Kauffmann heard that the Beg of Shāhār-i-Sābz had fallen on the 660 Russians left to defend Sāmārkānd; had taken the city; and, with the help of the citizens, had besieged the garrison for five days in the citadel. They were just saved by Kauffmann's return, and the infuriated troops were then let loose on the city, Kauffmann justifying the massacre that followed by reproaching the elders of the city for their faithlessness. The Amír then agreed to terms of peace—the surrender of Sāmārkānd and its neighbourhood, the payment of about 40,000*l.* as an indemnification for the expenses of the war, the reduction of duties on Russian merchandise to one in forty, perfect freedom of traffic, with protection to Russian traders, permission to

them to maintain mercantile agents in the country, and the use, if they desired it, of separate caravanseries for their goods. But his difficulties were not over yet. The fanatical party, still crying out against concession, went into revolt; put at their head the heir-apparent, who was joined by the Beg of Shāhār-i-Sābz, by the people of Kārshi on the south-west, and by those of Karmania and Nūra-tāgh on the north. He then—such was the depth to which he had fallen—solicited the assistance of his late conquerors. It was readily and effectually given. The rebel prince was signally defeated, and fled into the mountains of Khorassan, thence to emerge next year, and for a time create fresh alarm in his father's mind, but finally to disappear as an exile, receiving subsistence at the hands of the Atálik Ghází of Eastern Tūrkistán. At the time of the prince's rebellion, the governors of the several Bokharian dependencies to the south-east—Hissár, Deh-i-Nau, and Kúláb—also went into revolt; but in the end of 1869 they were all reduced by the Amír, when freed from his most pressing cause of alarm.

Before the renewal of warlike operations, the Russian Government had again announced that it had no intention of making fresh conquests, and, after the capture of Sāmārkānd, the Czar directed its speedy evacuation. Throughout the remainder of 1868, the whole of 1869, and the first half of 1870, renewed assurances were given that the city and its neighbourhood would not be permanently annexed to the empire, the Government plainly stating that it had been led so far by 'ambitious generals.' But the assurances became gradually weak. At one time it was said that the occupation was provisional till the indemnity was paid: at another, that there were doubts whether the Amír *could ever* pay that indemnity: at another, that there were grave difficulties in the way of abandoning any place in which Russian interests had taken root, and in which a party of the citizens had given proof of attachment to the Russian cause: at another, that Kauffmann was much opposed to the evacuation of a place which commanded* the water-supply of Bukhárá:

* The most destructive of these bands was headed by a man called Sadik, son of a commander of free-lances, who had been popularly known as the 'Knight of the Steppe,' and who had caused the Russians much loss of money, men, and prestige, before they had as yet advanced beyond the Orenburg steppe. One of Sadik's own many exploits this year resulted in the slaughter of nineteen Cossacks.

* The following extract from Captain Kostenko's description of what he observed on his visit to Bukhárá, in 1870, shows to what a fatal extent for Bukhárá its water-supply is commanded at Sāmārkānd:—

'Agriculture in Bukhárá is in entire dependence on Sāmārkānd, because the upper course of the Zerafshán, which supplies the fields and gardens of Bukhárá with irrigation, passes through the Russian dominions. In the spring-time, when there is very little water in the Zerafshán, it is

and the place remains to this day practically incorporated in the empire, the Amír in the autumn of 1870 receiving as a sop possession of Shāhār-i-Sābz. That little but fertile begship had continued to maintain the independence which it had asserted in the troubles of 1867-68, and even afforded shelter to marauders who preyed on the new Russian possessions. Consequently the Governor of Sāmārkānd organised an expedition with the utmost secrecy, and, proceeding by forced marches, was over the intervening range and under the walls before any force could be collected to resist him, and the place was in his hands by the sixth day from his departure. He handed it over to the officers of the Amír of Bukhārā; but, at the same time incorporated with the Russian dominions three little districts on the upper waters of the Zerafshān where the begs had been practically independent since the capture of Sāmārkānd, and had insulted a Russian reconnoitering and surveying column of troops that had

most wanted for irrigation purposes, and all that comes down at that period is intercepted and turned into the canals in the Sāmārkānd and Kitta-Kurgān districts. Bukhārā receives a supply only on application from the government of the khanate, when the Russian authorities order the inhabitants of the Russian districts to close their canals so as to allow the water to flow into the Bukhārā territory. Bukhārā thus owes her bread to the good will of the Russian Government. Consequent on the inconsiderable fall of snow and rain this year the Zerafshān has run very low, and Bukhārā has suffered fearfully from the failure of the harvest. We were sadly affected by the sight of luxuriant meadows, fields, and gardens all thirsting for water.

And in his work on Central Asia, published in the same year he says:—

'There is a great famine in Bukhārā, in consequence of a failure of the harvest last summer occasioned by the Russians having drawn off most of the water for irrigation in the Zerafshān region, by the dryness of the winter season of 1869, and the terrible hail-storms in the month of May, 1870, just before the corn was cut. The suffering in Bukhārā is described as something pitiful to behold. Flour and rice sold at sixty times the ordinary prices.

'Notwithstanding the starvation of the people of Bukhārā, the Russian authorities formally prohibited the export of grain from the Russian Asiatic possessions, fearing such export would reduce the populations of the Russian territories to an equal distress. Although there is a large tract of very fertile territory in Russian Tūrkištān, it appears that the natural products only just suffice to meet the local demands. The *Tūrkištān Gazette* says that large masses of people are migrating from Bukhārā proper to the Russian possessions—an unprecedented thing in this part of the country. Three hundred families lately came into the Russian Zerafshān region in a most pitiful condition, having fed for some time on roots, the bark of trees, and even on clay.'

visited their country, *uninvited*, in the spring of that year (1870).

This last advance brought the Russians to the border of the little independent mountain State, Kārātegin, with which accordingly, experience tells us, they will speedily pick a quarrel. The annexation that will then follow will not only enable them almost to complete their embrace of Khokānd territory, but will also bring them into immediate contiguity with the Afghan outposts in Shignān, at the head of the Oxus.

As the result of the operations which, as far as he was concerned, closed in 1870, Amír Muzāffār-ud-dīn owed all that was left of his possessions to Russia, and from him no disturbance of the existing state of things was to be apprehended, but his people continued implacable. For a long time it was even judged advisable that Russian envoys, when they visited 'illustrious Bukhārā,' should not wound the prejudice of the people by appearing on horseback in the city; and, even in 1871, the priestly party were so strong and violent that to the fear of the rising which they would probably stir up in the Russian rear is in part attributable the postponement of the expedition against Khiva, which Kauffmann was certainly organising in that year. By 1873, however, the sense of the inevitable had so calmed the fanaticism of all classes that not only did one of the Russian columns, despatched in that year to humble the arrogance of the Khan of Khiva, pass unmolested along the border of Bukhārā, but the people witnessed, without a movement to prevent it, the fall of the last independent Usbeg kingdom; and, indeed, suffered such assistance to be given to the expedition that, as a reward, Kauffmann made over to the Amír part of the territory which he took from Khiva on the right bank of the Oxus.

That, as the most inaccessible, was the last of the States of Central Asia to lose its cherished privilege of barbaric isolation; and yet it was the first to attract Russian attention as commanding a great natural highway, and the first to provoke a Russian expedition by the contemptuous disregard of humanity displayed by its Khan. Once in the twelfth century A.D., under the Khwarizmian princes, whose successful revolt against the Seljūkides has been mentioned in the earlier part of this article, it played a noticeable part in Asiatic history, their monarchy extending at one time over Bukhārā, Khorassan, and part of Persia; but, after they had disappeared under the torrent of Mongolian invasion, Khwarizm ceased to be of note except as the seat of an occasional local rising. At the time of Shaibanī's

invasion, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, the country fell under the joint dominion of three, or according to one account, four, brothers, whose descendants, with the offspring of their adherents, form the four tribes among which the Usbeks of this khanate are now divided. Each of them was ruled by an Inak,* who exercised a patriarchal, and all four collectively a kind of federal, authority, all in common acknowledging the supremacy of Bukhárá. In the middle of the seventeenth century that supremacy, then exercised by the princes of the house of Astarkhán was thrown off by the adventurous hero, Abulghází; and though after a time the principality was reconquered, its independence was repeatedly re-asserted by Abulghází's successors. The last of that line was in 1740 killed in battle by the great destroying invader Nádir Sháh, and then the four rival tribes chose as their common authority the chieftain of the neighbouring Kirghiz† Horde, who had, ten years before, acknowledged fealty to Russia. From that time the Kirghiz chieftains made a pretence of maintaining the peace between the ever quarrelling tribes, by stationing a legate at Khiva itself. But in the frequent hostilities between the tribes, and on frequent occasions when the supremacy of Bukhárá was re-asserted, the Kirghiz legates were expelled in quick succession. From amidst this anarchy, towards the end of the eighteenth century, a strong man arose in the tribe which had always asserted, and often been allowed, some kind of superiority over the others. He succeeded in not only turning out, once for all, the Kirghiz legate, but also in breaking down the separate authority of the heads of the other three tribes. Checked by even fewer scruples than his rivals, he kept his usurped power by copious bloodshed; and, taking a wife from among the "Saiáds," or the descendants of the Prophet, which was not lawful for him, not being a Saiád himself, strengthened his dynasty, while grievously shocking the superstition of his people. To consolidate his rule still further, he tried by a sudden attack on Bukhárá to shake off the vassalage which the usurping Amírs of the house of Manghit had once more begun to impose. But from this expedition he was recalled by the news that the Túrkmáns, at the instigation of the Amír, had plundered his capital, and, in his retreat, was utterly

routed by the Bukhárians, and drowned in endeavouring to escape across the Oxus. His fate was viewed as a just punishment by his people, and as a warning by his son and successor, who contented himself with the powers and title of head of a tribe, and made no attempt to found a dynasty. As was to be expected, the Usbeks returned to the enjoyment of their temporarily interrupted feuds, which were all the fiercer, that, to the other prizes in view, there was now added the possibility of undivided sovereignty. After a prolonged struggle, the fiercest of the combatants—another son of the first usurper, named Muhammed Káhím Khan—conquered and slaughtered all competitors actual or possible. One rival, one of his own younger brothers, is said to have held out for seventeen years, but was at length assassinated by one of his own servants, while out hunting; and the massacres that followed were so sweeping and so cruel* as to leave few sufficiently powerful, and none sufficiently venturesome, to oppose the consolidation of his power. He gave a fresh shock to Muhammedan prejudice by marrying the very lady whom his father had taken to wife from among the descendants of the Prophet: but the power which he had won by hesitating at no extreme of violence, he thereafter exercised in such a way as to command, not only the obedience of his subjects, but also the respect of neighbouring nations. He put an end to the anarchy which had kept the country poor; stopped theft and robbery; increased the revenue by strict taxation; levied regular customs and transit dues; established a mint; not only put a final stop to the interference of the Kirghiz in Khivan politics, but compelled them to pay tribute in their turn; and, though he was defeated in an attack on Bukhárá, discontinued all payment of tribute to the Amir. He even tried to shake the hold of the Persians on Khorassan, but was met by an army equal to his own, and after exchanging with it for four days a distant cannonade, which hurt nobody, he drew off, compensating himself for his disappointment by, on his way back, robbing the various robber Túrkmán tribes of all they had got in their own freebooting expeditions.

In the reign of his son and successor, Alah-kúli Khan, the principal event was that which marked its close—Perovski's unsuc-

* Túrki for 'younger brother.'

† I. e. that part of 'the Little Horde' which calls itself 'the Kazzaks (Cossacks) of the Ust-Urt'—the name of the slightly elevated and desert plateau that stretches between the north of the Caspian and the Aral seas.

* Mouravief, who visited the country in this man's time, and suffered much at his hands, gives a particularly painful account of the methods of execution practiced. A translation of his book has lately been made by Captain Lockhart, and printed in Calcutta.

cessful attempt to lead a Russian force into the khanate. At this point in our narrative it is therefore needful to review the connection of Russia with Khiva. Captain Ivarnin, the real author of the narrative of Perovski's expedition,* tells us that in 1700, and again in 1703, chiefs of Khiva offered an unsubstantial homage to the Czar. Eleven years later Peter the Great, having in view the magnificent plan of establishing overland communication between his country and India, sent Prince Bekovitch Cherkaski to Khiva, with a force of 6000 men, and with instructions to convert that nomad homage into real subjection; to inquire into the truth of a common story that the Oxus used formerly to run into the Caspian, but had been turned off by a dam constructed by the Türkmäns; to ascend the river in the direction of India; to inquire how far it was navigable; and to search for the gold which its sands were reported to contain. After preparations and preliminary expeditions, which occupied three years, he left the north-east shore of the Caspian in the spring of 1717, reached the edge of cultivation in Khiva in August, repulsed for three days the attacks of the Khivans, but was then deluded into accepting their overtures, and allowed his famished troops to be distributed in small parties among the villages where hospitality was promised to them. There defence was impossible, and they were nearly all murdered,† a few only escaping to tell the tale, and a few lingering on in captivity. So complete was the destruction that 'to be swallowed up like Bekovitch' has become a common Russian proverb.

Another quarter of a century passed, and then came the time when a paramount influence in Khivan affairs was exercised by the Kirghiz tribe, that had shortly before tendered a kind of allegiance to Russia—a fact which is adduced by Ivarnin as one of the grounds for the 'indisputable claims of Russia to supremacy over Khiva.' Nevertheless, in the many insurrections and disorders among the Kirghiz and other tribes of the Orenburg steppe, which, commencing in the early part, continued to break out at intervals till the close of the eighteenth century, the Khivans took a considerable though a secret part; and when in the beginning of the present century the northern part of the steppe was pacified, the Kirghiz nomada, tributary to Khiva, continued to

make inroads into the tranquillised portions. Two attempts which were in 1809 made to chastise these nomads completely failed. Meanwhile caravans to Bukhárá were compelled to pass through Khivan territory, and to pay heavy transit dues to the Khan, while, outside that territory, they were exposed to plunder by Kirghiz subjects of Khiva. And, lastly, pirates on the Caspian were encouraged to capture Russian fishermen and to send them off into slavery in Khiva. Negotiation, the promise of a ransom for Russian slaves, the threat of a military expedition, and even the erection of a rampart,* an imitation *in petto* of the Chinese Wall, between the settled and unsettled portions of the steppe, were all tried in vain. Moreover, although after the pacification of the upper portion of the Orenburg steppe, the principal obstacles to the continuance of peace were the incursions from without, fomented by the Kirghiz, yet the pacified portions themselves were not free from frequent disturbance. The following passage from Ivarnin's work gives a lively view of the difficulties which the Russian Government encountered in these parts:—

'The vastness of the Orenburg region, the variety in race and religion of its population, scattered from the southern limits of the Government of Perm to the Caspian, and from the banks of the Volga to the rivers Ubagan (an affluent of the Tobol), Irghiz, Turgai, and Emba; its remoteness from the centres of industry and enlightenment in the empire—all this for a long time retarded the complete administrative organisation of the south-eastern frontiers of the empire.

'Here, besides Russians, were to be found, from the river Káma to the river Samara (falling into the Urál near Orenburg), Bashkirs mixed with Mescheriaks, Tepters, Bobiles, and Kazan Tartars; southwards there were the Kalmyks; from the mouths of the river Urál, along the shores of the Caspian and the banks of the Little and Great Uzeney, roamed the Kirghizes of the Inner Horde; along the left bank of the Urál were the settlements of the Ural Cossacks; northwards, the frontier of the empire and the confines of the steppe were in the occupation of the Orenburg Cossacks, while in the steppe wandered the Kirghizes of the Little Horde. Heterogeneous as was this population, the contrast of its elements was still more striking on account of the diversity of their religious creeds: Mahomedanism (professed by the Bashkirs, Tartars, and Kirghizes), with sects

* Published, after Ivarnin's death or removal, by Colonel Golosef, in the 'Russian Military Journal,' 1863.

† According to Mouravief, Bekovitch himself was flayed alive, and a drumhead made out of his skin.

* It was intended to be 66 miles long, filling up the gap between the headwaters of the Tobol and the Ori river; was to be six feet high, with a moat 6 feet deep; and was actually begun in 1884; but, after 12 miles had been finished, its insufficiency became manifest, and the project was abandoned.

of every description, and even idolatry (this latter by the Kalmyks, and partly by the Tepters and Mescheriaks), naturally presented a great obstacle to a fusion of the population.

'Reports of the fertility of some of the districts and the abundance of unoccupied land in this region, attracted to it a great number of settlers, who flocked thither in thousands from the neighbouring governments; the vastness of the country, and the impossibility of having an efficient watch over the population, conduced to the great spread of vagrancy and other disorders, while the remoteness of the region and the hard nature of the service prevented the local authorities finding a sufficient number of trustworthy and educated officials.* For this reason the projected reforms were but slowly carried out, and the change to a new system created discontent among the rude masses, giving rise to new difficulties and embarrassments.'

These disturbances were enhanced by the act of Government in taking up a lot of Kirghiz land for the use of Cossack military colonists (this was in 1833), and by an attempt in 1836 to levy a tax—about 4s. a tent—from the nomads. In that and in each of the next four years, flying columns were sent out to chastise the disturbers of public order. Their complete immediate success in inflicting punishment; their equally complete failure to produce any lasting result; the hardships undergone by the troops that composed the flying columns, the consequent loss of life from the action, not of the enemy, but of the elements; and the heavy expense of the operations, are all familiar to the experience of Indian officers in their dealings with barbarous frontier tribes. In the end of 1836 yet another plan was tried—one also well known in the north-west of India—that of stopping all intercourse with the offender, and detaining his subjects with their property. The measure was directed against Khiva, the centre and instigator of the whole evil; and in the succeeding years it produced a copious crop of hollow protestations, brought by envoys without

* During 1836 and 1837, 120 government officials were prosecuted or expelled the service for various offences committed in their official capacity.

† Thus, in 1836 and 1837, there were disturbances among the workmen of the Iral Ironworks, and among the Uräl Cossack troops, on account of military reforms, which required the presence of the military governor and troops in the town of Urälsk. Discontent was also rife among the Orenburg Cossacks, on account of their removal to new cantonments. This dissatisfaction was aggravated by incendiaries, who, out of revenge or for the purpose of plunder, set fire to towns and villages. The steppe was also the scene of frequent conflagrations; on one occasion, near the town of Troitsk, 300 tents, 20,000 head of cattle, and 70 Kirghizes, were destroyed by these means.

power to agree to any settlement, and the surrender of a few aged Russians who had done all the work that could be got out of them. Meantime there was no cessation in the kidnapping of Russian peasants and fishermen; and at length, the Czar's patience being exhausted, he determined, in 1839, to bring the Khan to reason by a punitive expedition. Ivarnin states that it was at first determined to wait till the spring of 1840, but that the time was somewhat anticipated in consequence of the English movement into Afghanistan, and the news (unfounded of course) of the further advance to be expected from that quarter. The change of plan was disastrous, for the heavy and soft snow over every part of the line of march, the dreadful storms which continually swept over the steppe, and the piercing frost of that winter, when the temperature sank at times to no less than 35° Fahr. below zero, not only rendered the progress slow and painful in the extreme, but caused such a mortality among the baggage camels that, having from the 26th November to the 6th February traversed only 420 miles, and being still removed by 533 miles of desert from the limit of cultivation in Khiva, Perovski was forced to return, in order to escape the entire destruction of his little army. Out of 10,500 camels, with which the force started, only 1500 remained alive at the end. Out of the total strength of 5217 men, 1054 died of scurvy and dysentery; and at times the sick amounted to a fifth of the whole force. For the heroism with which they had undergone so much suffering, Perovski and the survivors received the warm thanks of the Czar; and the expedition was not fruitless, for, on the only occasion when they ventured an attack, a large body of Khivans received so severe a handling from a small Russian detachment, that the Khan saw he had only been saved by the elements, and, learning that extensive preparations were being made for a second expedition at a more favourable season, in October, 1840, he released* the Russian slaves to the number of 416, forbade the slavery of Russian subjects for the future, received in a friendly manner two Russian negotiators who were sent to him by the Czar, and in 1842 concluded with the second of those envoys a treaty of peace and commerce on satisfactory terms.

* An Indian officer, Captain (Sir Richmond) Shakespear, who visited Khiva about this time, had the pleasure of contributing, by his counsel, to this happy result, and of escorting the liberated slaves back to Russia. A previous visitor, Captain Abbott, had endeavoured, but in vain, to procure their release.

Allah Kúli Khan died before the conclusion of this treaty, and the five khans of the same family, who succeeded each other in the interval between 1841 and 1856, were chiefly occupied in an endeavour, under many vicissitudes, and amidst many internal dynastic throes, to complete the subjugation of the several *Türkman* tribes in the neighbourhood. This endeavour was never completely successful, no more than a part of the *Türkman*s settling down near the Oxus, and the rest only obeying such commands as suited their convenience. After a short time of quiet, outrages on the Russian frontier and the capture of Russian subjects recommenced; and about the same time there was a revival of periodical disturbances among the *Kirghiz* nomads who confessed allegiance to Russia. According to Russian writers, these were due to innovations on the part of the bureaucratic administrators, to whose traditional ideas the simple patriarchal system of the nomads was quite opposed, and who, therefore, made repeated endeavours to organise the tribal units into circles, the circles into districts, and the districts into provinces, with corresponding grades of authorities over the several divisions—arrangements utterly hateful to the nomad, who can understand no authority beyond that of the chieftain of his clan. Nor was the Government fortunate in the class of officers whom it could procure for service in this barbarous region; and acts of tyranny and corruption on their part now and then stirred into open rebellion the discontent that had been caused by innovation and taxation. The most formidable and extensive of these rebellions occurred in 1869, in consequence of a more than usually thorough endeavour to organise and systematise the administration, together with a sudden enhancement* of the tax levied from each tent. To this was added a considerable amount of discontent at the new arrangements for the postal service, whereby each clan was forced to supply a certain number of horses, occasionally ill-used, paid for at rates below those in force elsewhere, and too often taken without any payment at all. Moreover, the intelligence from those parts contain indications of one other cause of revolt, well known to men who have to deal with wild tribes in India—the tricks of money-lenders, who attract the semi-barbarian into a network of debt, the meshes of which are tightened by the action of the law courts. The insurrection was most inopportune, for, while as yet the organisation of the new province of Russian *Türkistán* was

in its infancy, communication with it was almost wholly closed, except by the roundabout routes of *Petropavlovsk* and *Semipalatinsk*. For a time the Russian papers were full of accounts of robberies and murders committed by the insurgents. Caravans attempting to pass through were plundered. On two occasions small Russian detachments were surrounded; one was entirely cut to pieces, the other only escaped with loss. And, towards the close of the year, there appeared reason for believing that the insurrection, which had not, perhaps, been stirred at first, was at all events prolonged, by support from *Khiva*. During the winter, operations were suspended on both sides; but in the spring of 1870, there were indecisive skirmishes, in which the Russian detachments suffered a loss large in proportion to the number employed. And in the *Mangishlak** peninsula a daring band cut off a party of Cossacks under Colonel Roukine, the oppressive collector of the *Kirghiz* tax, and sent him and many others captives to *Khiva*. They then attacked *Fort Alexandrovsk* itself, at the extremity of the peninsula, and it was only saved by the arrival of hasty reinforcements. The troops in the steppe were then strongly reinforced; flying columns were sent out with success in various directions; but tranquillity was not restored till after much harassing work, nor till the autumn of 1871. And in 1873 the grievances of the *Kirghiz* were redressed; a system more in accordance with their prejudices was introduced, and the tax for each tent lowered. Meanwhile, however, the disturbances, coming, as they did, after a century and a half of frequent disorder, more or less fomented by *Khiva*, had led to the conclusion that what was needed, to secure the permanent repose of the tract, was a military post (south of any that already existed on the east coast of the Caspian), the occupation of which would enable Russian troops to operate on the line of communication between *Khiva* and the *Kirghiz* tribes. And the project being once started, further arguments in its favour were found in the unsuitability of the line of the *Jaxartes* as a highway for the enormously increased commerce between Russia and Central Asia; in the tediousness and expense of traffic by the other roundabout routes; in the belief that the Oxus had once flowed† into the Caspian,

* So it is commonly spelt; but M. Vámbéry tells us it should be *Ming-Kishlak*, i.e., 'the thousand hamlets,' literally, 'winter-quarters.'

† Almost every traveller into these parts has expressed an opinion on this subject; and many of their statements have been recounted and analysed by Professor Lerch, in vol. ii. of the '*Russische Revue*,' pp. 445–484. According to Greek

* From 4s. to about 9s. 8d.

and could be turned back into its old course with ease; and, lastly, in the apprehension that the opening of the Suez Canal would give a great impetus to England's trade with the East, and, among other parts, with Central Asia, so that, unless some new and better trade-route were made available, Russian commerce with those regions was doomed. As to the choice of a site there was no difficulty. The Governor-General of Orenburg had, as long ago as 1858, drawn attention to the advantages presented by Krasnovodsk Bay, and accordingly, in the end of 1869, a small detachment from the army of the Caucasus was landed there, and found no difficulty in repelling the attacks by which, from time to time, the *Türkmen* tribes in the neighbourhood showed their disgust at the intrusion.

geographers, both the Oxus and Jaxartes disembouched into the Caspian. But then there seems reason to think that they knew nothing of the Sea of Aral; and, at all events, the change must have taken place before the middle of the tenth century A.D., when the accurate Arabian geographers Istakhri and Ibn Haukal wrote of the Oxus as issuing into the Aral Sea. The English traveller Jenkinson, who passed through the country in 1559 A.D., said that the Oxus used to issue in Balkan Bay (Krasnovodsk Bay), in the Caspian, but that its water, being more and more drawn off for purposes of irrigation, ceased to reach the sea during the heats of summer; that the *Türkmen*s, wishing to keep some water in its bed at that season, constructed a dam at its mouth; but that, nevertheless, the old bed became gradually choked up; and that in his time the river flowed into the Aral. Abul Ghâzi, the historian khan of Khiva, mentions the river as in the latter part of the sixteenth century still running into Balkan Bay (perhaps a small rill still continued to flow in the floods), but that about 1575 A.D. the *Türkmen*s turned it off by a dam. Even now, on the occasion of the heavy floods, the water of the Oxus penetrates into the desert a distance of some 50 miles, in the direction of the Caspian. The information given to Burnes made him believe the old bed to be the remains of a canal; but there appears more reason to believe it to be too deep, wide, and irregular to allow of that supposition. Mouraviev, who came on the bed in 1819, was told by the *Türkmen*s that the change was effected by an earthquake, and according to his information, there are several traces of volcanic action about the Ust-Urt. To such action the description of that strongly marked but slightly elevated plateau caused Humboldt to attribute its origin. The idea of a dam, however, made some impression on the Russian press, which used to argue that the river which had been turned off by a dam could be turned on again by its demolition. It would certainly revivify Central Asia if water communication could be opened from the Caspian to the foot of the Hindoo Kûsh; but there seems the strongest reason for doubting whether the object in view could be attained without extensive excavations of the sand which has drifted into the old bed of the Oxus, nor without closing the canals which absorb so much of the river water, but are absolutely necessary to the continuance of cultivation in Khiva.

In the three following years various reconnoitring parties were sent into the interior from that spot, penetrating even to the border of Khiva, repulsing the desultory attacks of the *Khivans*, and at all events gaining sufficient evidence that the Oxus could not be brought back into its old bed, and that the neighbourhood of Krasnovodsk was too nearly waterless, and too absolutely desert, to allow ground for hope that the commerce of Central Asia could be attracted thither. The appearance of the force in this quarter at first caused some uneasiness on the part of the Persians, but in the discussions that followed, the river *Attrek*, where it embouches into the Caspian, was acknowledged to be the limit of Persian territory, Russia being free to carry her operations up to that boundary, and, it is believed, convincing the Shah that an advance thus far would be to put an effectual curb on the *Türkmen*s, whose ravages* extended with impunity into the very heart of Persia. Till quite recently, therefore, the attention of the Russians in this quarter has been rather directed to a new settlement at Chikisliar, on the shore of the Caspian, near the fertile valley of the *Attrek*; but, for some unexplained reason, Chikisliar has within the last few months been in its turn abandoned.

Both it and Krasnovodsk were among the starting-points of the expedition, which, from 1869 onwards, it became increasingly evident must be directed against Khiva. In 1869 General Kauffmann wrote a letter urging the Khan to release the Russian subjects who were kept in slavery in his territory, to protect caravans, and to cease his encouragement of those who committed depredations in Russian territory. The Russian newspapers state that to this letter the Khan gave no reply; and that when, in the following years, it was followed by others of a similar nature, he replied in an insolent tone, daring

* It would be difficult to depict too strongly the suffering caused by these ravages, which are felt 500 miles from the border. Close to where each Khorassanian husbandman works in his fields there is a tower, to which he can flee whenever a dusty cloud behind the neighbouring hillocks betokens the approach of the freebooting horsemen; yet, as he issues from the fortified village in the early morning, he is often seized by the robber who is in wait in a neighbouring hollow. Sometimes *Türkmen*s come in such strength as to storm the walls and carry the whole population of a village into slavery. A caravan that has less than an army for its protection is, of course, its peculiar prey; and whenever the Governor of Khorassan is weak or supine, the country is swept of its inhabitants up to the very walls of Meshed. In pictures of the dreadful sufferings of the captives on their way to the slave market, Vámbéry's earlier books have abounded.

Russia, in fact, to do her worst. Accordingly, in 1871, Kauffmann commenced preparations for a punitive expedition, but was checked for a time by orders from St. Petersburg; and, indeed, there was at that time too much excitement in Bukhárá, through which the expeditionary columns would have to pass, to allow of action just then. In 1872, the Khan, alarmed at the near approach of the Russian reconnoitring parties, sent missions to the Grand-duke Michael, Governor-General of the Caucasus, and to the Czar himself at St. Petersburg. But, as his object was evidently to temporise, and as he had ignored the Governor-General of Túrkhistán, who was the only proper channel of communication with the Government, both missions were turned back, with the message that no communication would be received till the Khan had written to Kauffmann expressing his readiness to enter into a friendly engagement, and till he had liberated all Russians* who were slaves in his territory. In the spring of the same year he had sent off an envoy, charged to obtain moral countenance and material support from the Amír of Afghanistan and the Queen of England. From both the Amír and the Queen's Viceroy in India he received, instead, advice to consult his own best interests, by removing the just grounds of offence which stood in the way of peace between himself and Russia. But in his infatuation he would not listen. The ignorant confidence of a semi-barbarian despot, reliance on the deserts that had once before guarded him from attack, and the advice of flatterers more ignorant than himself of the overwhelming power of Russia, prevailed to lead him to his fate; and his delusion was furthered by the success of his subjects in checking the last of the Russian reconnoitring parties. The ease with which attack was repelled on previous occasions had led the commander to adopt fewer precautions than usual, and accordingly his rear was plundered, and so many of his baggage animals carried off, that he had to retire precipitately to the sea. This was followed by a great irruption of the Kirghiz subjects of Khíva into the Orenburg steppe. The several Russian forts were besieged, not, it is true, with success; and much property belonging to the friendly Kirghiz was carried off. Clearly a punitive expedition could not be avoided, and in the spring six columns were directed against the offending State from the northern, from the central, and from the southern shores of the Caspian Sea; from Orenburg, by the head-waters of the Emba, and the western shore of the Aral Sea; from the

forts along the lower course of the Jaxartes; and from Jizakh, along the Núra-tágh and Arslan-tágh hills.

The hardships cheerfully undergone by all these columns from fatigue, scorching heat, scarce and bad water, were such as to raise to the highest pitch the world's admiration for the hardihood of the Russian soldier. The column from the south of the Caspian was obliged, when halfway, to retire, owing to the proximate entire failure of the water-supply. No connected account of the movements of the others has as yet* been given to the world, but it is believed that General Verefkin, commanding the Orenburg force, was first to reach the neighbourhood of Khivan territory; and, being joined by the other two Caspian columns, composed of troops from the Caucasus, advanced to the gates of the capital, where he was obliged to suspend operations by orders from General Kauffmann, who with the united forces from the Jaxartes and from Jizakh, had at last, after repulsing the repeated attacks of the Khivan horse, arrived on the bank of the Oxus. The Khan then took flight, but, finding that his conquerors were mercifully disposed, presently came in, and agreed to the terms of peace that were imposed—the payment of about 300,000*l.*, to be spread over twenty years, as an indemnity for the expenses of the campaign, two fortified towns being occupied by Russian troops till it was paid, and the khanate being meanwhile administered by a council of four Russian and three Khivan officials, with the Khan as president; the surrender of the territory on the right bank of the Oxus, and of its delta, which was to be disposed of as the Russians pleased; renunciation, on the Khan's part, of all right to maintain direct relations with any power but Russia; entire freedom of Russian merchandise from any kind of customs or transit duty; protection of Russian caravans; exclusion of other European traders from the Oxus; and the total abolition of slavery in the khanate.

For a time it was believed that the surrendered territory was to be made over to the Amír of Bukhárá as a reward for his conduct in holding aloof, while a brother Mussalmán's power was humbled. And this belief was strengthened by knowledge that, not once but on many occasions, from the spring of 1869 to the summer of 1873, and even while the expeditionary columns were on the march, Russian ministers, including the Czar's personal confidant, had emphatically assured successive British foreign ministers, and ambassadors, and even, it is be-

* In the end of 1872 they amounted to 39.

* February, 1874.

lieved, Her Majesty the Queen in person, that the annexation, or even the prolonged occupation, of any part of Khivan territory would on no account be permitted; that the Russian columns, after punishing the Khan, would withdraw; that Russia had no desire to extend her possessions in this or any other direction; that she had been led on by 'circumstances' in which the views of ambitious generals played a great part; that there should be no opening for a repetition of those 'circumstances,' and that the Asiatic policy of Russia, like that of England, was to establish on her border a line of peacefully influenced, but not subject or even tributary, States. These assurances were accepted by the one power as gratifying evidence that the other power shared its views as to the necessity of removing that sense of coming change which is at once the cause and the consequence of disorder in Central Asia. And the happiest results must have followed strict abstinence from annexation of Khivan territory. But in the autumn of last year, for reasons that have not as yet been made public, the assurances that had been given were set aside, and all the territory that had been surrendered by Khiva (with the exception of a strip, seventy miles long, transferred to Bukhárá) was permanently added to the Russian dominions. Bukhárá was at the same time compelled to sign a fresh treaty, one consequence of which is that Russia is free to locate an armed force in any part of Bukharian territory, even, if she pleases, on the south bank of the Oxus, contiguous to Afghanistan.

When the secret history of these transactions is made known, it will give, to those who have hitherto reposed faith in Russian assurances, an instructive illustration of the mode in which a high-minded and peace-loving emperor, ministers who have discernment enough to see that the true interest of their country does not lie in projects of territorial aggrandisement, and a grievously taxed people, which, if its voice could be heard, would cry out against the waste of the resources of the empire on the conquest of additional but scantily productive territories, while the old provinces still remain destitute of the simplest appliances of civilisation—how all these forces can be overruled by an ambitious and unscrupulous general, coveting further military honours, and calling into play the influence of a numerous, selfish, and corrupt military aristocracy, which, unless its power is curbed, will assuredly bring some grievous disaster on the country in whose schemes of conquest its

members find openings for lucrative and honour-giving employment.

As had been the case on the occasion of each successive advance, the conquest of Khiva brought Russia into proximity with fresh powers—the *Türkman* tribes to whom it was necessary to impress with the weight of the Russian arm. It was true that they had offered no opposition whatever to the advance of General Verefkin's force, which would have been most seriously impeded by a combination on their part. But the very fact that Verefkin had succeeded in humbling Khiva before Kauffmann's arrival, rendered it a matter of certainty that the latter would not withdraw without taking some opportunity of fleshing his own troops, and the unbroken power of the *Türkman* marauders offered a good opportunity, while their known habits afforded a colourable pretext, for such a step. From the most powerful section of the *Yemút* tribe, he accordingly demanded a heavy payment in cash, or, as it was known that they had not cash sufficient, in camels; and while the elders were still deliberating over the matter, their encampment was attacked and plundered. This blow struck the needful amount of awe, and the other tribes made haste to pay up all that was asked of them. But no sooner had the Russian columns quitted Khivan territory, leaving only the garrison of occupation behind, than a part of the *Türkman*s rose, and, in revenge for the unprovoked attack they had endured, massacred a large body of emancipated slaves who were wending their way back to Persia. As a consequence, the necessity of a punitive expedition, not against the tribes that committed the outrage, but against those who surrounded that much coveted spot, Merve, at the foot of the *Khorassan* mountains, has been proclaimed in no uncertain tone by the Russian 'inspired press,' so that the peaceful and scientific but armed expedition, which will go up the Oxus this spring, will too certainly, unless something is done in prevention, derive a menacing significance from a simultaneous and distinctly hostile movement to the foot of the hills, on the other side of which lies Herat.

Here, however, ends our tale of the steps by which, in a quarter of a century, Russia has advanced her frontier 700 miles to the south and 900 miles to the south-east. Before these pages see the light, it will be known what notice Her Majesty's late ministers took of Russia's disregard of the assurances so repeatedly and so recently made. To others must then be left the task of discussing if, or how far, under altered

circumstances, England's line of action in Central Asia needs revision, our part being sufficiently fulfilled by historical, and we trust, uncoloured, narrative, which may give correct materials for discussion in a matter in which, for want of such materials, many mistakes have been made.

And now, it will be asked, wherein is England concerned in these advances? Few, we hope, will be now found to raise the ghost of that form of Russophobia which led to such disasters thirty-five years ago, and has so often distorted our judgment since then. It cannot be too distinctly laid down, at the commencement of any discussion on the subject, that the vision of an actual invasion of India by Russian troops deserves the epithet of 'distempered dream,' which the greatest master of political epigram has applied to it. Yet this has hitherto been invariably the form in which alarm at each successive step on the part of Russia has shown itself. On such occasions some vague scheme of invasion, or some detailed project sketched by a fifth-rate Russian general—some stray firework which has escaped from the War-office at St. Petersburg—is produced to startle the British public by its explosion, and divert their attention from the true object of apprehension. Then the wild project is seriously discussed, and is met by an enumeration of distances and deserts, wild passes and wilder savages—all tending to prove the impossibility of a Russian advance over the intervening country. Pamphlets next appear, showing that, after all, the difficulties in the way of such an advance have been exaggerated; that the intervening distance is not so great, the deserts not so devoid of cultivated oases, the mountain ridges not so formidable barriers, the wild tribes not so irreconcilable as had been supposed; that Alexander and Attila, Jengiz Khan and Taimûr, had led armies, nay nations, over not less inhospitable tracts; and that *therefore*—the remedy proposed was worthy of the evil anticipated—a diminutive force of Englishmen and sepoys should be located, at enormous cost, in some isolated spot that does not belong to us, beyond the passes, amid a population with whose usages and comforts and means of supply they would incessantly interfere, and thereby necessitate action which, as reasoners have clearly shown, *must* eventuate in annexation or in the expulsion of the intruding force. Meantime discussions such as these have the effect of quickening the sense of coming change, which is, in the East, the most effectual obstacle to orderly, beneficent, and inexpensive government. The heads of Indian society, whom a too Anglicised administration has ruined and aliena-

ted; the marauders by caste and profession, who chafe at the restraint in which they are now held; the swarm of hangers-on, who derived from native courts and native noblemen an employment for which, under the new order of things, they find no equivalent—nay, the very men who owe everything to British rule, and would, if they were assured of success, do all in their power to prevent its downfall—all recognise in such discussions a token that the elements of misrule will ere long again be let loose. For a belief in the inevitability of such revolutions they are prepared by their past history. Successive governments, to all appearance even stronger than that to which they are now subject, have dissolved at the first touch of invasion from the North, so that, to minds untrained to perceive the difference which science has wrought in the art of war, all discussion as to the possibility or impossibility of a Russian conquest has the appearance of a debate about an established certainty. On men so open to disturbance by a 'distempered dream,' what must be the effect of that of which, unless a timely remedy is provided, the prospect is as certain as that of invasion is visionary? As to the use to which Russia intends to put her barren conquests in Central Asia the wire-pullers of St. Petersburg have made no secret. The organs of the nobles and of the army have repeatedly endeavoured to excite, amidst that mild and inoffensive people, feelings of gratification at previous triumphs and lust for future conquests, by pointing out that 'Central Asia is for Russia a strong strategical point against England in the event of an Eastern war;' that 'the position of Russia in Central Asia strengthens her along the whole line of her national interests;' and that when the time comes for the final march to Constantinople, the Power most interested in resisting such an advance may find its hands tied. Before that time comes, a 'raw' is to be established. Indian malcontents, whose assimilation with the orderly classes of the Empire is even now impeded by the near approach of an aggressive Power, are then to be directly stirred by emissaries who can be disowned—nay, nominally punished—at any moment, experience having pretty plainly shown that *this* is not a game in which Englishmen are proficient. The occasional, and hitherto insignificant, outrages of mountain tribes on the British border are to be secretly encouraged. England's efforts to foster trade and order in the border states, hitherto entirely under her influence, are to be impeded, discontent fomented, and pretenders to power encouraged. Such, with more or less distinctness, is the prospect held out to us.

But if the evil comes to pass, it will be solely because, misled as to its true nature by many of our teachers, and wisely refusing to adopt the remedies which, under mistaken views, they advocate, we neglect the simple precautions which we have ready to our hand. The aggressive career of Russian commanders has been facilitated by the absence of any authority near enough to the scene of action to be able to proclaim, at the time, the true nature of their designs, and the invalidity of the pretexts they put forward. Latterly they have found their path still further smoothed by their ability to flourish abroad the good understanding of Russia and England. In freeing English statesmen, for the future, from any obligation to credit their professions and assurances, and helping to convince the country of the necessity of placing competent British representatives near the spots proximately menaced, for the purpose of exposing misapprehension and checking intrigue, the military nobles, who are responsible for the recent policy of Russia, will, if we only take the lesson, have done real service to the cause of peace.

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- ART. V.—1. *Shorthand Notes taken in the House of Commons by Edward Nicholas in the First Session of the Third Parliament of Charles I.* MS. State Papers. Domestic, Charles I. Vol. 97.
2. *A Diary of Proceedings in the Parliament which began on Monday, the 17th of March, 1628.* Harleian MSS., 4771.
3. *Official notes of the Debates in the House of Lords in 1628.* By Henry Elsing the younger. MS. in possession of Colonel Carew, of Crowcombe Court.
4. *Sir John Eliot; a Biography.* By John Forster. Second Edition. London, 1872.

The minute historical investigations of the present day will hardly alter, to any very considerable extent, the popular judgment on the great events of history. There will be a real of our general satisfaction in the course taken at the Reformation, the Revolution will still look back to as laying the foundations of the Empire, and Elizabeth, with all her faults, will still be regarded as the great steered the vessel of State safely

effect of the work which is being done by many hands will, if we mistake

not, be chiefly found in the more charitable view which we are enabled to take of the actors on the stage. As we know more about them, as we trace their lives from day to day, we learn to see them as they really were, and, without turning away our eyes from their faults or errors, to take account of their difficulties:—difficulties arising from outward circumstances, and difficulties arising from inward character. We learn, too, to understand their motives, and to find out that conduct which appeared to our ignorance to be either cowardly or wicked, was sometimes not so very unreasonable after all. There will be fewer gibbetings in history; perhaps, too, fewer canonizations. We shall be able to look with sympathy upon those who strove, according to the measure of their power and knowledge, for their country's good, before we proceed to inquire whether the means which they adopted were the best fitted to reach the object which they had in view.

If there is a character in our history which has long called for elucidation of this kind, it is that of Sir Thomas Wentworth, in his last days, Earl of Strafford. Whether we approve of his political principles or not, whether we wish that *thorough* had been carried out more successfully into practice, or whether our hearts still beat the faster as we dwell over the great struggle in which Pym brought the offender to the scaffold, all Englishmen are concerned to know the truth about a statesman so pre-eminent in ability, so resolute of will, so distinguished by every mark which usually points out the man of straightforwardness and honesty. And the inquiry is all the more alluring, because the Wentworth of our history is a moral monster.

Macaulay, of course, who seems to have thought that the possession of irreconcilable qualities was the principal feature of the greater part of the human race, outdoes himself in his portraiture of Wentworth:—

‘For his accomplices,’ he wrote, ‘various excuses may be urged—ignorance, imbecility, religious bigotry. But Wentworth had no such plea. His intellect was capacious. His early prepossessions were on the side of popular rights. He knew the whole beauty and value of the system which he attempted to deface. He was the first of the Rats, the first of those statesmen whose patriotism has been only the coquetry of political prostitution, and whose profligacy has taught governments to adopt the old maxim of the slave-market, that it is cheaper to buy than to breed, to import defenders from an Opposition than to rear them in a Ministry. He was the first Englishman to whom a peerage was a sacrament of infamy, a baptism into the commu-

nion of corruption. As he was the earliest of the hateful list, so was he also by far the greatest; eloquent, sagacious, adventurous, intrepid, ready of invention, immutable of purpose, in every talent which exalts or destroys nations pre-eminent, the lost Archangel, the Satan of apostacy.

And all this, too, in an essay on Hallam, who, being clear-sighted enough to see that such a sudden defection from a man's higher nature was impossible, chose the alternative of supposing that Wentworth had never been great at all, averring that the letters written by him in the early portion of his life 'show a good deal of ambition and resentment, but no great portion of public spirit.'

The first writer to let in light upon the darkness was Mr. Forster. Discovering evidence of Wentworth's eagerness in early days to be taken into the service of the Crown, he was able to argue that Hallam's view was in the main correct, and that Wentworth had from the first been willing to range himself on the side of the Government. The difficulty in the way of this was that it was necessary to account for the great speeches delivered in opposition in the Parliament of 1628, and this difficulty Mr. Forster got over by supposing that Wentworth being mortified at the rejection of his overtures, and especially at a public affront which had been offered to him, was stung into taking the part which gained him so high a name as a patriot. Mr. Forster, however, knows human nature too well to suppose that Wentworth could possibly have spoken as he did in a state of conscious sincerity, and is, therefore, driven to the explanation that he was 'under the influence of the excitement around him,'* and so became a sort of Balaam of the seventeenth century, blessing where he should have cursed, and cursing where he should have blessed. Then came the time when the object for which he had contended was within reach, though it was not yet gained. An insidious proposition was offered by the Lords, a proposition which would have eaten out the heart of the Petition of Right; and Wentworth, whose indignation was stayed up by no moral support, with power and place dangling before his eyes, abandoned the cause for which he had contended so fiercely, and went over to the enemy's camp.† This view of Wentworth's conduct appears to us almost, if not quite, as unsatisfactory as Macaulay's. It is very hard to believe that Wentworth was carried away by excitement to such a pitch as this. Fortunately,

however, it is quite unnecessary to discuss whether the story told by Mr. Forster is probable or improbable. It was possibly the best explanation to be suggested of the materials before him, and it must never be forgotten that he has done more than any man to increase the materials at our disposal for a due understanding of that great period of our history. But the real story of Wentworth's action in the Parliament of 1628 remains still untold, and we propose to lay before our readers the evidence on which that story rests.

That evidence, we believe, is sufficient to prove to demonstration that Wentworth never deserted his principles at all in accepting office under the Crown, and that in the debates of the session he rose to an eminence which was by no means owing either to any concealment of his principles, or to any mere agreement with the popular leaders under the influence of excitement or anger. When he accepted a Peerage, there was no sacrifice, intellectual or moral, in the case. What he was in March and April, that he was in June and July. But we wish it to be distinctly understood that all this has nothing to do with his conduct in later life, into which we do not propose to enter upon the present occasion. The influence of official life upon a high-spirited, self-sustained man like Wentworth is always considerable. He may have done things at York and in Ireland not in accordance with the doctrines which he professed in the House of Commons. This we neither affirm nor deny. We are only concerned, at present, to show that in the Parliament of 1628 Wentworth was neither an apostate nor a rat. Eliot and Coke could never justly say of him that he had sold himself for the sake of power; still less that

'Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.'

Up to the meeting of the Parliament of 1628, Wentworth had neither been exactly on the side of the Government, nor exactly on the side of the Opposition. He thought that, in going to war with Spain, the nation and the King had gone mad together. Accordingly, he had used every opportunity, as a member of the House of Commons, to stop or shorten the supplies which made the madness possible. Such a man would be guilty of no inconsistency in seeking, as Mr. Forster has shown he did, to be taken into the service of the Crown in the Council of the North. He would there have no responsibility for the conduct of war or diplo-

* 'Sir J. Eliot,' ii. 8.

† Ibid. ii. 62.

macy, and he would be able to exercise to the full his undoubted powers of government. He may even have flattered himself that if he could gain the ear of Charles, he might lead him into more prudent ways than those in which he was walking under the guidance of Buckingham.

It is not necessary to seek for an explanation in personal reasons for Wentworth's opposition to the Court in 1627. To the war with Spain which Wentworth detested, had been added a still more detestable war with France. And, to support these wars, Charles demanded a forced loan,—a subsidy in all but name, as there was no chance of repayment. To levy a subsidy without recourse to Parliament was dead against all constitutional theory; and, even if we suppose Wentworth to have cared less for constitutional theories than he did, it is to be remembered that the object for which the money was demanded was enough to drive him wild. To ask him, on doubtful pretences, to pay money towards the maintenance of a hateful war, was like asking a modern Nonconformist to pay an illegal church rate to keep up a Ritualistic service.

Wentworth, therefore, with all moderation of language, but with all firmness of purpose, refused to pay, and was sent into confinement in Kent. Time was on his side. Buckingham's great expedition to Rhé ended in disastrous failure, and Charles having embarked upon an enormous expenditure which he had no longer any means of meeting, summoned his third Parliament. When the Houses met on the 17th of March, 1628, Wentworth took his seat as a member for Yorkshire. It may be mentioned that many of the freeholders who voted for him refused to disclose their names for fear of consequences; and that the House, nevertheless, decided that his election was good. Wentworth, therefore, owed his seat to a practice which is, probably, the earliest application in England of the principle of the ballot.

It is now time for us to say a few words about the three MS. authorities to which we have referred at the head of this article. Edward Nicholas, afterwards the friend of Clarendon, and Secretary of State, was at this time secretary to Buckingham, as Lord High Admiral. He was a diligent note taker, and his account of the debates in 1621 were published from a MS. in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, in the last century. The editor was not aware of the authorship of the book, and it is simply known as 'Proceedings and Debates,' &c. The State Papers contain three volumes of his notes, still in MS., relating to the ses-

sions of 1624, 1628, and 1629. Nicholas wrote in a kind of shorthand, in which certain signs are substituted for the most common words; but, after a little practice, these signs are easily read, more easily indeed, sometimes, than the words written in the ordinary character.*

No less valuable is the record of the debates preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. It seems, indeed, strange that the volume, lying as it does in so well-ransacked a collection, should have escaped the notice of the many investigators who have gone over the trodden ground of the Parliament of 1628. But it is only recently that the Department of MSS. in the British Museum has offered to students a chronological classed catalogue of its treasures, and, rough and unsatisfactory as that catalogue at present is, its value is beyond computation for those who wish to see at a glance what is to be found in that vast collection. But for that catalogue we might have known as little as our predecessors of this magnificent contribution to history. For a magnificent contribution to history it undoubtedly is. Whereas in the Parliamentary history and elsewhere we have merely a few speeches gathered at random, often placed in the wrong order, and sometimes inserted in a debate in which they were not spoken, we have here a real report of the whole, or almost the whole, proceedings of the House. And valuable as this and Nicholas's Reports are, taken apart, they are still more valuable when they are compared together. It often happens that what is omitted in the one is furnished by the other. And this is especially useful with regard to Wentworth. For in his speeches there are more sentences left unintelligible than in those of any other speaker, more interlineations and corrections needed. From this we gather, what we should have otherwise suspected, that he was above all others a fluent and impetuous orator, a sad difficulty for the reporters. Yet even with one MS. before us, there is seldom any doubt possible about the general purport of his words. After a compari-

* Since writing the above, we have received from Mr. Thoms, the executor of the late Mr. John Bruce, a copy which that indefatigable inquirer had made of Nicholas's notes up to the 10th of April. He, at least, therefore, was fully aware of the value of this report; and, in fact, a paper in his handwriting containing an identification of the principal signs will be found prefaced to the volume at the Record Office. On the other hand, from his description of it in his calendar, as containing 'brief particulars of a great number of speeches of which there is no other known report,' we suspect that even Mr. Bruce was not aware of the existence of the Harleian MS.

son between the two the difficulty almost entirely vanishes.

The third authority we have referred to we owe to the kindness of Colonel Carew. It carries us at once into the midst of the discussions of the House of Lords of which only a faint echo has hitherto reached us. If we shall have to make slight use of it here, its information would be extremely valuable to anyone writing a history of the Petition of Right.

Wentworth's first appearance in the session was on the great debate of the 22nd of March. Eliot had proposed that the state of the liberties of the subject, and the state of religion, should be debated in Committee. The speech in which Wentworth followed has been often quoted as an evidence of his agreement at this time with the popular party, an agreement so complete that his subsequent desertion could only be qualified with the odious name of apostacy. But it is also true that the speeches of Eliot and Wentworth stand in marked contrast with one another. Both wish the late abuses to be struck down with a strong hand; but whilst Eliot, in spite of his loyalty, is looking to the authority of the House of Commons as the main instrument of future good, Wentworth, in spite of his popular sentiments, is evidently looking to wash away from the Crown the stains with which late mistakes had soiled its brilliancy. And just as the two men differed in the point of view from which they regarded the question of the day, they differed in the remedy which they proposed. Eliot wanted to discuss the whole state of the nation in Committee. Wentworth stepped forward to propose certain things which would have to be done before the King could hope for a supply. There must be no more illegal imprisonment; no more forced loans, or billeting of soldiers; no compulsory employment abroad. The whole of the substance of the Petition of Right, except the claim relating to martial law, was thus positively laid down at once by Wentworth. The demands he made were, doubtless, floating in the atmosphere of the House. But if any man deserves to be spoken of as the originator of the great petition, that man is Wentworth.

In shaping these demands into their proper form Wentworth took little part. The arrangement ultimately come to, was that four resolutions were drawn up embodying the doctrine of the lawyers of the Lower House on the forced loan and the King's claim to imprison without showing the cause. Wentworth was not likely to thrust himself, uncalled for, into a matter which was purely a legal question.

On the 2nd of April, in a debate on supply, the contrast between Eliot and Wentworth is again discernible. Eliot again launched forth into a wide field, and, in answer to the request for support for military and naval preparations, went over the long list of blunders which had been already committed. Again Wentworth declined to follow him:—

'I will not fall,' he said, 'into the deep of foreign actions, but address myself to the particulars. I cannot forget that duty I owe to my country, and unless we be secured in our liberties we cannot give.'

A day or two later Wentworth again took up a position apart from the leaders of the Opposition. The lawyers were about to prove, as they hoped, to the House of Lords, that Charles in levying a forced loan, and in supporting it by arbitrary imprisonments had been acting against law. Wentworth had another way of meeting the difficulty:—

'He would,' he said, 'have the Grand Committee appoint a sub-committee to draw into a law what may assure us of our liberty of our persons and propriety of our goods before we report the resolution of our gift.'

Wentworth was certainly not afraid of taking the initiative. It was an audacious step on which he was venturing. On the one hand he presented a bold front to the King. On the other hand he treated the whole of the solemn argument in which the lawyers were about to engage as though it had never been undertaken. He perhaps thought that it was not for the Commons to wrangle over statutes and precedents before a probably adverse audience. At all events there was no reason why they should not themselves say what they wanted, and, when that point was settled, they might ask the Lords to agree to a Bill ready prepared for their acceptance.*

And if this proposal was a bold one, the more we consider what it was, the more likely it seems that it was intended to be conciliatory. Whatever might come of the great argument before the Upper House, it would be attended by one great disadvantage. It would be sure to offend the King. He would have to be told that he had been utterly in the wrong, and that he had brok-

* We are of course aware that a Committee, of which Wentworth was a member, had reported that very day in favour of sending to the House of Lords, and that Coke said that the Committee was 'all of one opinion.' But if Wentworth found himself alone, he would doubtless consent to the course proposed by the others. After the words just quoted, he cannot have meant more than this.

en a whole series of laws from Magna Charta downwards. It might, indeed, prove that Charles was not to be conciliated, and then it might be necessary to do all this. But Wentworth may very well have thought that the chance of sparing him was worth trying, and the more the legal dissertations of Coke and Selden were thrust into the background the better. If it once became statute law that the King might not levy loans without the consent of Parliament, and that he might not imprison men without allowing them to seek their trial in open court, all the learning in the world on the subject of the constitution under the Plantagenets would be no more than a mere antiquarian investigation, more interesting to Englishmen, but not more practically important, than an inquiry into the laws of Solon or the procedure of the Roman prætors.

One more consideration most probably was of no slight weight with Wentworth. He doubtless still entertained a hope of being one day called to the King's council. But even if this had not been the case, he was just the man to ask, 'How can the King's Government be carried on?' If the King was never to be allowed to imprison without showing cause, might not danger to the State arise? What if some real necessity should occur, very different from that imaginary necessity which Charles had pleaded when he imprisoned the refusers of the loan? What if some great conspiracy were on foot, like those which had startled England in the days of Elizabeth and James? Such things had happened, and might happen again. By investigating the existing state of the law such questions would be lost sight of. But in discussing a Bill to provide for the future, they would not be lost sight of. Members would seriously ask what was the best rule to be laid down for exceptional cases, without any of that irritation which was certain to follow upon an examination of past grievances.

And the House, too, was growing accustomed to look up to Wentworth with respect. In these days he seldom made a proposition which was not carried. A letter-writer of the day speaks of him as the man 'who hath the greatest sway in this Parliament.'

Would Wentworth's word be equally powerful with the King? Charles was growing impatient, and the Peers seemed likely to come to his aid. By this time the lawyers on both sides had been heard in the Upper House on the question of the legality of the King's proceedings. On the 22nd

there was a great debate in the Lords, on certain Resolutions which the Commons had sent up in accordance with the view taken by their lawyers. About the loan no difference of opinion existed, and it seems to have been understood that the King was quite ready to abandon his claim on that head. But the question of imprisonment caused a warm debate. Considerations of expediency were certain to be mingled in that assembly with considerations of pure law. Yet not a few of the Lords declared against the King's right to commit without showing cause. The first help came to Charles from a man against whom he had deeply sinned. Bristol argued that they had only to deal with the King's legal, not with his regal power. 'As Christ,' he said, 'upon the Sabbath healed, so* the prerogative is to be preserved for the preservation of the whole.' Our business, in short, is to declare the law, and the law admits of no such imprisonment as that which is objected to. If a really exceptional condition of things springs up, let the King boldly set the law aside for the sake of the nation.

The Lord Keeper and the other officials in the House stoutly combated even this view of the case. They declared that the law itself authorised the King to imprison without showing cause, and that such a restraint as Bristol contemplated was wholly unendurable. And the Government had a strong following in the Lords. It was thought that, but for a timely message from the Commons, begging them to listen to fresh arguments before they made up their minds, the resolutions of the Lower House would have been actually rejected.

On the 25th the Lords announced to the Commons that they had refrained from this final step. They offered, however, five propositions of their own which they held to be preferable to the resolutions which had been sent up to them. The first four of these propositions declared that Magna Charta and other old laws were still in force, and that, in all matters of ordinary justice, the King would respect the laws. The fifth ran as follows:—

'And as touching His Majesty's Royal Prerogative, intrinsic to his sovereignty, and entrusted him from God *ad communem totius populi salutem, et non ad destructionem*, His Majesty would resolve not to use or divert the same to the prejudice of any of his loyal people, in propriety of their goods or liberty of their persons; and in case, for the security of His Majesty's Royal person, the common safety of his people, or the peaceable govern-

* Nethersole.

* 'And' in the MS., but 'so' must be intended.

ment of his kingdom, His Majesty shall find just cause, for reason of state, to imprison any man's person, His Majesty would graciously declare that, within a convenient time, he shall and will express a cause of his commitment or restraint, either general or special; and, upon a cause so expressed, will leave him immediately to be tried according to the common laws of the kingdom.'

The distinction between the view taken in this proposition, and the view by Bristol, may seem slight enough. In reality it went to the root of the matter. The action of the Crown in imprisoning without allowing to the prisoner the chance of being tried by the ordinary courts was regarded by Bristol as a direct breach of the law, to be justified, if justified at all, by the extraordinary circumstances under which the general rule had been broken. Such a view led naturally—though this Bristol would, perhaps, have been one of the last to acknowledge—to our present system. A minister now, who sees that the ordinary operation of the law is insufficient to meet a rising danger, applies to Parliament for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act; or, if we could suppose circumstances to arise which would render this impossible, he would boldly break the law, and apply for an Act of indemnity as soon as Parliament could be brought together. Whether Bristol's proposal would work satisfactorily without a system of responsibility to Parliament may be doubted. But, at all events, he was on the right track. The view of the House of Lords was very different. They wished to have an acknowledgment that the King might do as he pleased whenever he thought it right to do so. The exceptional action would be treated as a legal regular proceeding. If this proposition had been adopted there would have been nothing to prevent Charles from imprisoning men whenever he had an object to carry by so doing.

This was what the course taken by the lawyers had come to. The Commons had been so sure of the validity of their arguments that they had thought they could convince the Lords. But the Lords refused to be convinced, and a conflict between the Houses had begun on the very principles on which any measure must be founded.

On the 26th the Lords' propositions were taken into consideration, by the Commons, and were received with general disapproval. At the close of the long debate, as was now his custom, Wentworth rose. He thought that something might be done with the first four propositions if they were subjected to modification. The fifth proposition he entirely disclaimed. Then he suggested, as

he had suggested before, that what they wanted was a law.

'When we have a law,' he said, 'that none shall be committed without shewing cause, he would have a mark set on such law that it may not be broken. When it shall on any emergent cause, he thinks no man will find fault with it.'

The meaning of the first clause becomes clear from the other report:—

'Some character,' he is there made to say, 'must be put on it, and the council must not, upon every occasion, leap out of it. Therefore let some penalty be set on the violators thereof.*'

In the main this was identical with Bristol's view of the case, and that Wentworth should have said this is conclusive against the ordinary opinion that he had thrown himself entirely on the popular side. The leaders of the Opposition wished to bind the King so that he could never imprison at all without shewing cause. Wentworth thought there might be an 'emergent cause' when he ought so to do. The House adopted Wentworth's suggestion, but entrusted the preparation of the Bill to a committee of lawyers. The resolutions of the Commons and the propositions of the Lords were to be dropped together. When the Bill went up to the Lords they would not be able to reply by vague propositions. They would have, if they did not wish either to accept it or reject it, to propose definite amendments, the discussion of which could be brought within certain limits.

Was it, however, possible to hope that such a Bill would reach the Lords at all? On the 28th the King intervened in person. His notion was that both Bill and resolutions were alike unnecessary. In his presence the Lord Keeper declared that the King intended to observe Magna Charta, and to govern according to the laws and statutes of the realm. The Commons would 'find as much security in his Royal word and promise as in the strength of any law.†'

It was like Charles to suppose that this would be enough. The Commons, however, thought otherwise. On the 29th Coke brought in the expected Bill in the name of the Committee. It differed from the subsequent Petition of Right in the care with which it avoided all reference to the events of the last year.

'In this law,' said Coke, 'we look not back; for *qui repetit separat*. We have made no preamble other than the laws before men-

* The first quotation is from Nicholas, the second from the Harleian MS.

† 'Sir J. Elliot,' ii. 43.

tioned; and we desired our pen might be in oil, not in vinegar.'

In the preamble certain clauses of *Magna Charta*, and certain other laws, were recited. Forced loans and billeting were then declared illegal, and it was asserted that, by the common law, no freeman ought to be committed by the King, but that, if he were so committed, he ought to be delivered or bailed.

Such a Bill would meet Wentworth's views so far as it dealt gently with the past. But it contained no provision for those special emergencies which Wentworth wished to guard against.

On the 1st of May, the third day of the debate, the discussion still rolled on. At last Wentworth rose. All their desires, he said, were bent to the Bill before them. He acknowledged that their resolutions had been founded on law, and from that they must not recede a tittle. They could lay no other foundation than that which had been laid. But must they, therefore, enact the Bill word for word as it stood? The mere fact of having a cause shown on the warrant of committal would not secure them. A false cause might be inserted:—

'But here,' he said, 'let us see how this misery comes on us. First by the too speedy commitments at Whitehall, and by too slow bailments at Westminster Hall. . . . Let us make what law we can, there must,—nay there will be a trust left in the Crown. For this the law already provides. We have assurance of His Majesty's promise, and we may assure it with conditions.'

Then, in the words of the other report, which here becomes the clearer of the two, Wentworth went on to explain that—

'he would have us confirm *Magna Charta* and those other laws, together with the King's declaration, by this act; and would have us to provide by this law to secure us that we may have no wrong from Westminster; but that it shall be enacted that we shall be bailed, if a *habeas corpus* be brought, and no sufficient cause; and such a law will exceed all the laws that ever we had for the good of the subject; and, if it be so, then he desires to know whether our country will not blame us if we refuse it. He is to be changed by better reason, if he see it.'

Here, then, was Wentworth's middle course at last, utterly unlike any suggestion which had proceeded from the House of Lords. We should have been glad, indeed, to have had from his lips a more minute exposition of his intentions. But their general purport was clear. The House, Wentworth appears to have thought, would be merely worrying the King unnecessarily in requir-

ing that warrants of committal issued by the Council in his name should distinctly specify the cause of the imprisonment. All that was really desirable could be effected at the other end of the process. Let care be taken that the judges really grant a *habeas corpus* when required; that they at once take cognizance of the case, whether any cause be expressed or not; and then—for this too, was included in the earlier speech of the 26th—let the Privy Councillors who issued the warrant be liable to a penalty if they have imprisoned unjustly. We should like, indeed, to have seen the details of the plan worked out. We should also like to have heard the criticisms of Eliot and Selden. But it is impossible not to recognise in Wentworth's speech a statesmanlike desire to combine the *maximum* of advantage with the *minimum* of irritation to the King.

Undoubtedly the suggestion had its weak point. It trusted everything to the judges, and since the dismissal of Sir Ranulph Crew for refusing to acknowledge the legality of the forced loan, it might be doubted whether the judges were capable of rising up into this high position. For it must plainly have been intended that they should exercise discretion. In ordinary times they would have liberated the prisoners upon bail. But if a great emergency occurred, a conspiracy, it may be, backed by a threatened foreign invasion, they would have to assume the power of granting a remand, and so increasing for the time the powers of the Crown.

But whatever Wentworth's argument may have been worth, it was not destined to fall before adverse criticism. Neither Eliot, nor Coke, nor Selden, lifted up his voice against it. As soon as Wentworth resumed his seat, Secretary Coke rose, declaring to the Committee that he was entrusted with a message from His Majesty. As soon as the Speaker had taken the chair, Sir John stated that the King wished the question to be put 'whether they would rest upon his Royal word and promise.' As soon as he ended there was a dead silence for some time. The King, it seemed, meant that there was to be no Bill at all, nothing to bind his hands, or the hands of his successors. The silence was at last broken by the Secretary himself. As if of set purpose to raise the irritation to its highest pitch, he went on to say that, by the place he held and the oath he had sworn, he must commit men to prison whenever his Majesty told him to do so. It was his duty never to express the cause to any one whatever. Let them make what law they pleased, it would

be necessary that the old state of things should continue.

One last chance offered itself to Wentworth. The message was known to have been entrusted to Coke long before he delivered it. It was therefore certain that the time of its delivery must have been confided to the discretion of the too zealous Secretary, and as it could therefore have had no possible foundation in the speech which Wentworth had just uttered, it might be that a proposal which had seemed so shocking to Coke might, after all, be acceptable to the King.

Yet, if this hope could still be entertained, it was evident when the House met the next day that not a few of the members believed that they must lay their account to a conflict with the King himself. There was a great division of opinion. If some urged that the Bill should be proceeded with at all risks, there were others who shrank from a collision with the King, and argued that His Majesty's word was all that they needed. At last Wentworth intervened. Never man was more conciliatory in form, or more resolute in substance.

'Let the House,' he said, 'send a message by some of the Privy Councillors in the House, to assure the King that their desires were no more than are already laid down in the substance of former laws, with some modest provision for execution and furtherance.'

With the Commons, at least, Wentworth met with no difficulty. It was resolved, says Nicholas, 'that the heads proposed by Sir Thomas Wentworth, and since spoken to and debated, shall be referred to a Select Committee to be penned, retaining the substance.'

Once more the House answered to Wentworth's hand, as a well-trained steed answers to the hand of its rider. But it was for the last time. In after days, when those who had come to regard him as a traitor to the liberties of his country, and who, in their recollection of the services which he had rendered, forgot the reservations with which he had guarded himself, spoke of him fiercely as the great apostate, this speech must have lingered long in the memories of all who had heard him.*

The Commons were ready once more to follow Wentworth. But Charles would have none of his mediation. Wentworth's brief leadership of the House came to an end. The Bill, whether with or without amendments, was wrecked upon the King's

refusal to entertain it in any shape. When on the 6th of May Coke brought in the Petition of Right in the place of the abandoned Bill, the bare assertion of the legal position of the Commons was couched in language far more offensive to Charles than was to be found in the Bill even as it stood without Wentworth's amendments. But though Wentworth can have had no satisfaction in the course taken, he showed by his abstention from all opposition that he could not say that, as matters stood, Coke was wrong. He even expressed his acquiescence of what was done, reserving to himself the liberty of discussing particular points as they might happen to arise.

'Put not your trust in princes.' It would have been well for Wentworth if the bitter avowal had been wrung from his lips after the failure of his first great effort to serve a King who was never willing to be truly served.

For some days Wentworth sat in almost complete silence. At last the Lords having proposed certain verbal alterations in the petition, most of which were rejected by the Commons, sent down their famous additional clause. It ran thus:—

'We humbly present this Petition to Your Majesty, not only with a care of preserving our own liberties, but with due regard to leave entire that sovereign power wherewith Your Majesty is trusted for the protection, safety, and happiness of your people.'

The clause was more cautiously worded than the old fifth proposition. But did it not mean the same thing? Would not this sovereign power, if once it was acknowledged, leave Charles the fancied right of setting aside the substance of the petition, whenever he pleased?

Wentworth's opinion on the 22nd of May was clearly that the clause was inadmissible:—

'Nothing,' he says, 'is more prejudicial unto us than expense of time. I think we all agree we may not admit of this addition. If we do, we shall leave the subject worse than we found him, and we shall have little thanks for our labours when we come [home]. I conceive this condition is a saving.* I am resolved not to yield to it. But let us not vote it. Let a sub-committee collect the reasons already given.'

That is to say, as we gather from another report, Let us not directly throw out the Lords' clause by a formal vote. Let us present them with reasons why it is unacceptable, which is the more civil way.

* Mr. Forster says that this speech was referred to by Digby in the Long Parliament.

* Like the '*salvo jure coronæ nostræ*' of Edward I.

This was, as we have seen, on the 22nd of May, and Mr. Forster, on the faith not, as we understand him, of anything that Wentworth said, but only on the faith of Eliot's allusions to what he said, dates his defection from the popular cause on the 23rd; Mr. Forster being himself, it should always be remembered, without any knowledge of the speech of the 22nd, or of the most noticeable of the earlier speeches.

Let us now see what, according to the new evidence, really happened. On the 22nd, Wentworth's old mastery over the House seemed to have come back to him. His proposal was adopted, and Glanville and Marten were appointed to conduct the argument, as soon as the heads had been prepared by the sub-committee. On the morning of the 23rd, after the proposals of the sub-committee had been adopted, but before Glanville and Marten started on their mission, Wentworth rose. As this is the speech which has hitherto only been known from Eliot's reference to it, as given by Mr. Forster, we make no excuse for giving it in full, as it stands in the Harleian Report:—

'We are now,' said Wentworth, 'fallen from a statute and a new law to a Petition of Right; and, unless the Lords co-operate with us, the stamp is out of that which gives a value to the action. If they join with us, it is a record to posterity. If we sever from them, it is like the grass on the house top that is of no long continuance. And therefore let us labour to get the Lords to join with us. To this there were two things considerable; first, not to recede in the petition, either in part or in whole from our resolutions; secondly, that the Lords join with us, else all is lost. We have protested we desire no new thing. We leave all power to His Majesty to punish malefactors. Let us clear ourselves to His Majesty that we thus intend. It is far from me to presume to propound anything. I dare not trust my own judgment, only to prevent a present voting with the Lords. Let us again address ourselves to the Lords that we are content in our grounds, that we desire no new thing, nor to invade upon His Majesty's prerogative. But let us add, though we may not admit of this addition; yet, if their Lordships can find out any way to keep untouched this petition, we will consider of it and join with them.'

This is the speech which Mr. Forster believes to have been made in favour of a proposal coming from the Lords for a Select Committee of both Houses to consult on a new form of accommodation in the Petition of Right by manifestation, declaration, or protest.* In this he is formally in the wrong. The Lords did not send down their

proposal till the afternoon of the 23rd, and it was not debated in the Commons till the following day. Substantially, however, he is quite right. Wentworth was plainly aiming at some sort of compromise similar to that which was afterwards proposed by the Lords. And we think that anyone who will read his words in a candid spirit will acknowledge that, in his eyes at least, there was no intention of acknowledging that sovereign power which he had denounced the day before.

We are not now concerned to argue whether Wentworth was in the right or not. It may be that after Charles's reluctance to concede anything, the true course was that taken by Eliot, and that nothing short of the announcement of the strict law, in the barest possible terms, would have availed to exclude evasion. But that is not the question. We simply ask whether there is anything here inconsistent with the course taken by Wentworth in April:—whether, in short, there was anything which, whether we approve of his conduct or not, approximates in the slightest degree to a defection! And to this question we unhesitatingly answer in the negative. In May, as in April, he was anxious to combine the greatest stringency in removing the evils complained of, with the greatest consideration for the King in point of form. In May, as in April, he distinctly foresaw that cases would arise in which the strict letter of the law could not be complied with, and he was anxious that, if possible, this fact should be acknowledged in the Bill or Petition, whichever it was to be. It is, therefore, a complete mistake to say that 'of all men engaged in this memorable conflict, though some who took a leading part were soon to go over to the Court, Wentworth was the only one who went over before the end was gained, and threw up his arms in the very hour of victory.'* He may have been right, or he may have been wrong. But that which he was in the beginning that he continued to the end.

Eliot, as we know from Mr. Forster's researches, opposed with the utmost determination any appearance of compromise. As soon as he sat down, Wentworth rose to explain:—

'I will now speak,' he said, 'to clear some misunderstandings, as if I spake anything which touched the power of this House in the words I used in cutting the sinews and breaking the stamp, &c.† I fixed it not on the power

* Forster, 'Sir J. Eliot,' ii. 62.

† This is an answer to Eliot's speech of the day before, which was discovered and printed by Mr. Forster, 'Sir J. Eliot,' ii. 69.

of the House, but in the petition. And I say it again: This petition without the Lords joining with us may be kept in a study, but it shall never be a record. But preserve the petition in the whole or the parts of it; I will never recede from it. Put it not in extremity to have it voted against us. It was wondered I spake after so long a debate.* I have discharged my conscience, and have delivered it. Do as you please. God that knows my heart knows that I have studied to preserve this Parliament, as I can confess the resolutions of this House, in the opinion of wise men, stretch very far on the King's power; and if they be kept punctually will give a blow to Government. The King said that if Government were touched he is able to protect us, and by this saving indeed is added nothing to him.†

Opposition had, it would seem, driven him to express himself more definitely. But in the main the ground he took was the old one. In extraordinary cases the King had power to break laws for the good of the nation.

In the afternoon, Wentworth's proposition returned from the Lords in the shape of a proposal for a joint Committee to discuss a mode of agreement. Wentworth said a few words in defence of what was substantially his own suggestion. But the House deliberately rejected the overture. Excepting on questions of merely local importance, he never opened his lips again as a member of the House of Commons.

After what has now been said, there will probably be no further attempt to charge Wentworth with apostatising from the popular party. The notion that he had ever been united with Coke and Eliot, either by conviction, as Lord Macaulay thought, or by passion, as Mr. Forster thought, turns out to be a pure delusion. To quote Wentworth's own words, as we have done, is to show that the principles which he defended were his own, the dangers against which he wished to provide were seen in their entirety

by no eye but his, and the remedies which he recommended were also his own. He could not, therefore, have apostatised from opinions which he had only very partially shared. The only question that remains to be answered is whether in accepting favours from the King, and ultimately a place in the King's Government, he apostatised from the peculiar mediating position which he had himself taken up. And it is evident that if he could convince himself that Charles would honestly carry out the Petition of Right, unless some really grave emergency justified him in breaking through all ordinary restraints, Wentworth would feel no pang of conscience in once more offering his services to Charles.

It may be said, however, that Wentworth could not really persuade himself that Charles meant honestly to conform to the Petition. For it was notorious that before Wentworth took office, Charles was levying tonnage and poundage without the consent of Parliament, and to do this, it is commonly held, was to treat the Petition of Right with scorn.

If by this argument it is meant that Charles did virtually break the article of the Petition which refused him the power of levying unparliamentary taxation, we have nothing more to say. In these days of political economy, it is well known that a customs' duty on tea or sugar extracts money out of the pockets of the consumers as surely as the income-tax does. But if it be meant that Charles or Wentworth must have known that the Petition was broken, we meet the assertion with an emphatic denial. Ever since 1606 the question had been argued on and debated. The Crown lawyers had declared in the Parliament of 1610 that the King had the right to levy customs, with the same breath with which they declared that he had not the right to levy subsidies. The Court of Exchequer, after a long and solemn hearing of the arguments on both sides, had given its sanction to the view taken by the Crown lawyers. When Charles maintained that his right in this matter was still untouched, he simply maintained the distinction which the highest legal authorities had pronounced to be in accordance with the law.

To Wentworth's mind practical considerations must have seemed of far more importance than theoretical. The question of the right to levy loans and taxes involved the question of the possibility of the King entangling England in a foreign war, which Wentworth detested. At the opening of the session, therefore, theory and practice alike drove him to make common cause

* For the time—that after so large a conference and debate, after so mature a resolution as hath been given in this, after six weeks' deliberation in the cause, after six days' resistance on this point; yet, contrary to all the former order of proceeding, contrary to the positive and direct order of the House, such a proposition should now be newly offered to draw us from the ways of safety and assurance, and to cast us upon new difficulties, new rocks.—Eliot's Speech, May 23. 'Sir J. Eliot,' ii. 70.

† 'To,' in the MS.

‡ This clause is rather obscure, but it is to be interpreted by Eliot's speech. Eliot had called Wentworth's proposal a 'saving,' a term which was then in specially bad odour. Wentworth doubtless meant: This saving of mine, unlike the saving of the Lords, is meant to add nothing to the authority the King properly holds at present.

with the leaders of the Opposition in resisting the forced loan and its consequences. The question of the right to levy customs' duties involved the control over the domestic policy of the Government. And, at the end of the session the Church question had come to the front, and on the Church question he was at one with Charles, and bitterly opposed to the leaders of the Opposition.

How far this changed point of view involved further change, how far in his later life he became embittered by the widespread resistance to that which he regarded as a wise and beneficent policy, it is not our business here to determine. We ask no one to bow down and worship the image of Wentworth. Least of all are we disposed to worship it ourselves. But we do ask those who have read the evidence which we have unfolded before them, to consider whether there is any need to account for the changes which took place, if changes there were, otherwise than by the internal development of character as circumstances changed around.

As far as Wentworth's actual passing over into the service of the Crown is concerned, if we have not directly disproved him to have apostatised, it is simply because there is nothing to disprove. The conditions upon which the charge is founded never really existed. When once the real facts have been substituted for the imaginary ones, the accusation must necessarily prove as unsubstantial as the delusive evidence which has hitherto been produced in its favour.

ART. VI.—*The Works of James Gillray, the Caricaturist, with the History of his Life and Times.* Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.R.S. With over 400 illustrations. London, 1874. 4to.

It would be difficult to name an historic period of the most remote antiquity in which there have not been discovered traces of the caricature, or, in other words, of the comic and satiric element in imitative art. The drawings on papyrus, as well as the sculptured monuments and other records or relics preserved in the British Museum, the Museum of Turin, and the galleries of the Louvre, teem with proofs that the Egyptians and Assyrians were given to grotesque representations, obviously directed against the prevalent vices or abuses of their society, and not unfrequently glancing at their rulers or their gods. The Egyptian god

Bés is reproduced again and again with a leering expression in an unbecoming attitude. On pieces of papyrus, which archaeologists declare coeval with Moses, are portrayed a brood of ducks driven by a cat standing on its hind legs: a troop of gazelles similarly driven by a wolf, carrying his baggage on his back: and a lion playing at a game like chess with a gazelle.

As regards Greece, material evidence is wanting in the shape either of sculpture or bas-reliefs; and a memorable controversy arose between Winckelmann, who upheld the dignity of Greek art, and Wieland, who contended that in its most palmy period the pencil of the painter and the chisel of the statuary had been as freely employed to excite ridicule or contempt as the pen of the poet or the voice of the demagogue. A passage was cited from Aristotle, to prove that wherever and whenever pictorial imitative art existed, it necessarily and inevitably brought with it and included the alleged degradation and abuse. 'It is necessary either to imitate those who are better than men of the present age, or those who are worse, or such as exist at present. For, among painters, Polygnotus indeed painted men more beautiful than they are, but Parrhasius painted them less beautiful, and Dionysius painted them so as to resemble men of our time.' On the strength of this and some other scattered notices of Pausan, M. Champfleury sets him down as a regular caricaturist; but the calling does not appear to have answered amongst the polished Athenians, for Aristophanes ridicules him for his poverty, whilst intimating that it was a disgrace or misfortune to be painted by him.*

It was the remark of an eminent scholar, the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, that if good caricatures of Cicero, Cæsar, Pompey, and Marc Antony, should turn up amongst the remains of Herculaneum, we should learn for the first time how and why people laughed at these great personages, and obtain a more accurate knowledge of the popular estimate of their characters than can be acquired from the set histories of

* 'Le Comique et la Caricature,' by M. Champfleury; 'Gazette des Beaux Arts,' tome xii. pp. 47-63; 'Notes sur la Caricature dans l'Antiquité,' tome xvi. pp. 51-72, 237-254. A story told by Lucian of Pausan, may be classed with the stock stories of Apelles and Parrhasius: 'Pausan was commissioned to paint a horse rolling on the ground. He began painting a horse running and scattering the dust. He was at work at it when the person who had ordered it arrives, and complains that the artist had not done what he had promised. Pausan orders a slave to turn the picture upside down, and shows the horse thus rolling on the sand.'

even the satirical poems of their time. Unluckily no such caricatures have been discovered, but the frescoes on the walls of Pompeii, with their comic groups and grotesque figures, as well as the drawings on pottery and the satirically-turned heads on antique medals and cameos, justify a presumption that the Roman generals and orators were exposed to the same crucial tests of ridicule to which English notabilities of all sorts are subjected in 'Vanity Fair' or 'Punch.'

When we come to the moderns, we find the taste for the satirical grotesque breaking out in every imaginable shape: in painting and sculpture, in Gothic architecture, in carved ornaments of wood or stone, in the illustrated manuscript of the chronicler and the illuminated missal of the monk. But having described the rise and progress of the modern caricature on a former occasion, we shall now merely indicate the salient points or landmarks in its history.* Writers who make it their especial business to verify dates fix the commencement of the political caricature in 1499, when the engraving entitled 'The Political Game at Cards' was published in France. But this was preceded (in 1494) by 'The Ship of Fools' of Sebastian Brandt, which suggested 'The Conspiracy of Fools' of Thomas Marnier in 1506, aimed at the early Reformers of the Church. The Reformers vigorously retaliated, as may be seen in a collection of their productions in this line during the first half of the sixteenth century, in the British Museum. Jacques Callot, a French artist, who flourished during the first quarter of the seventeenth, conferred fresh distinction on the art; and Romain de Hooghe gave it a firm footing in Holland in 1672, by a series of engravings in which pictorial satire was effectively employed to chastise and check the inordinate vanity and grasping ambition of the Grand Monarque.† But, by common confession, England, with its strong sense of humour and its representative institutions, is the congenial soil if not the native home of the caricature. Relieved from the stifling oppression of the Star Chamber, and reviving at the first breath of freedom, it arose in its full proportions in

1640, and played a most important part in the internecine struggle between Cavaliers and Roundheads, Church-of-England men and Puritans, Whigs and Tories, which lasted with varying fortunes till the Revolution of 1689. Although the Puritans might have been expected to be less expert in the use of such a weapon, some of the best hits were those aimed by them at the corruptions and irregularities of the Court.

In the next generation, the hooked nose of King William, the gouty figure of Queen Anne, the emaciated form of Somers, the avarice of Marlborough with the shrewish temper of his Duchess, the reckless chivalry of Peterborough (portrayed as Don Quixote), the convivial habits of Harley, the amatory pursuits of Bolingbroke, were too tempting to be spared by the satirists of the pencil or the pen. The trial of Sacheverel was a most prolific source, and the South Sea Scheme, with its attendant bubbles, produced illustrative designs and sketches enough to fill a large album.* The peculiar value and interest of Mr. Wright's 'England and the House of Hanover' are mainly owing to the new light thrown on the current of familiar events by the caricatures, which, for influence and importance during almost the entire reign of George III., fairly rivalled and at intervals excelled the press. Conspicuous among those who contributed to this elevation of the art, were Rowlandson, Sayer, and Bunbury; but the first place, the highest honours, were accorded by acclamation to Gillray, who distanced all competitors in his own walk as completely as 'Junius' threw all contemporary journalists into the shade.

Gillray was marked out and, as it were, predestined for his career by an extraordinary assemblage of qualities: wit, humour, fancy, imagination, boldness of conception and execution, inexhaustible fertility and variety, intuitive knowledge of mankind and unerring quickness of perception, which enabled him to catch the passing follies and fleeting fashions of the gay world as well as the intrigues, corruption, and maladministration of the great. He was a painter of manners as well as a political caricatu-

* 'The Quarterly Review,' No. 237, Article 8, *Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art.*

† Townshend's 'Manual of Dates,' Art. *Caricature*. In Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates' it is stated that Bufalmano, an Italian painter, was the first who put labels in the mouths of figures in caricatures. Leonardo da Vinci produced caricatures, the humour of which consisted in the exaggeration of features; and Titian produced a caricature of the Laocoon, in which the human figures are represented by apes.

* Amongst the many choice collections of caricatures and drawings formed with excellent discrimination and indefatigable research by Mr. Harvey, of No. 4, St. James's Street, is one, a large and thick folio, of caricatures from the year of the South Sea Scheme to the year 1779. The first is an allegorical engraving representing 'Fortune conducted by Folly,' and crowded with characters and emblems. The commercial follies of 1720 were satirically illustrated by Hogarth, but we cannot consent to class him with the caricaturists.

rist, and during the long period covered by his sketches there is hardly a marked step in social progress, hardly a change of costume or national caprice of any kind, that is not fixed and recorded for the amusement of contemporaries and the edification of posterity.

The general sense of the value of his works as durable illustrations of our domestic annals, public and private, is shown by the often renewed and constantly increasing demand for copies. A selection was published in parts in 1818, only three years after the death of the artist, yet the writer entrusted with the composition of the *Key* exclaims: 'It is a scandal upon all the cold-hearted scribblers in the land to allow such a genius as Gillray to go to the grave unnoticed; and a burning shame that so many of his works should have become ambiguous for want of a commentator. The political squibs have already lost half of their point for want of a glossary, and many of the humorous traits of private life so characteristic of men and manners are become oblivious to ninety-nine hundredths of those who perambulate the streets of this mighty town.' This editor was obviously unequal to the undertaking, which speedily broke down, and no fresh attempt in the same direction appears to have been made till Mr. Thomas M'Lean, of the Haymarket, having become the proprietor of the original plates, published two volumes of Gillray's works, accompanied by a *Key*, in 1830. Ample scope was still left for an enterprising publisher, and in 1851 Mr. Henry G. Bohn, who had secured several additional plates essential to the series, issued a folio edition in one thick volume, containing all to which no objection could be taken on the score of propriety. Those in which the coarser subjects were treated with a breadth and truth of touch fitted to the taste of a less refined generation, were judiciously reserved in a supplementary form for the connoisseurs, who, like confessors, would be disqualified for their vocation if they could be turned aside or repelled by indelicacy.

'Mr. Bohn secured the co-operation of Mr. Thomas Wright, whose patient researches assist us to realise a perfect picture of our history from the accession of George I. to the downfall of Napoleon; and, with the assistance of Mr. R. H. Evans, whose knowledge of all that concerned the Whig Club rendered his advice of great importance, an account of the caricatures was prepared in an octavo volume to accompany the plates.' The editor of the publication before us, who thus (in the Introduction) modestly alludes to his co-operation with Mr.

Bohn, goes on to say that Mr. M'Lean's edition has become scarce and costly, being commonly valued at twenty guineas, whilst Mr. Bohn's edition (at a price exceeding ten) is so heavy and awkward that consultation is a real labour, another drawback being the necessity of constant reference from the caricature to the *key*.'

'The publisher of the present series was led to believe that a volume of great interest might be formed by condensing the finest works entire: by presenting examples of wider selection than either of the published editions affords; by preserving in many cases only the most pungent parts of certain caricatures; by rejecting a mass of subjects which, from the circumstances of their merely local allusions, or ephemeral nature, are now uninteresting to the general reader; and, more especially, by suppressing those subjects which, from their vulgarity, have injuriously reflected their coarseness upon the choicer examples of graphic humour by which they are accompanied.'

The advantages of a popular and purified edition with a full commentary were obvious enough without this preliminary depreciation of Mr. Bohn's splendid folios, and Gillray is no more guilty of vulgarity in his coarse sketches than Swift in describing a Brobdingnagian maid of honour or Fielding when he makes Squire Western speak in character. Swift and Fielding are never vulgar, although sometimes inexcusably coarse. The Introduction proceeds:

'This selection, gathered from the best public and private sources, is issued in combination with a summary of the events illustrated by the caricatures, and particulars regarding the personages depicted in them. In many cases the pen will describe the invention of the satirist, where, from the secondary importance of the cartoon, it is deemed expedient to omit the original etching. This compound of pictorial satire and illustrative narrative is indispensable to an appreciation of the more intimate history of England's grandest epoch; it elucidates Gillray, it places the consideration of past times in an entertaining form, and it may be esteemed a useful guide to the works which preserve the cartoons in their original dimensions.'

High as the expectations excited by this description may be, they will not be disappointed. With rare exception no source of information has been neglected by the editor, and the most inquisitive or exacting reader will find ready gathered to his hand, without the trouble of reference, almost every scrap of narrative, anecdote, gossip, scandal, or epigram in poetry or prose that he can possibly require for the elucidation of the caricatures. His only subject of regret will be that Mr. Wright's accuracy

is not quite on a par with his industry. Such materials as have been preserved for the private or domestic biography of the artist are also given in the Introduction.

James Gillray, the caricaturist, was the son of one James Gillray, who, serving as a private soldier under the Duke of Cumberland in Flanders and losing an arm at Fontenoy, became first an inmate and then an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. He is thus mentioned in a collection of MSS., to which we shall have further occasion to refer:

'Memorandum.—Thursday, February 28, 1764.—Mr. James Gillray resigned his place of Light-horsman in Chelsea College, and went upon the ninepence a-day list: he having exchanged with Wm. Grant.'*

The same collection contains a letter from his brother Thomas, dated January 23, 1779, regretting 'to hear that he is losing strength, and wishing to know if you have any appetite for your vittels, and what vittels agreth best with you.' He survived, however, till 1799, and during the last twenty-five years filled the office of sexton to the Moravian burial-ground of Chelsea. Thus circumstanced, the father must have exercised no small amount of prudence and self-denial to give the son (born in 1757) a fair start in the career for which he exhibited a predilection from childhood. He was placed with a letter-engraver, under whom he worked hard till he had mastered the mechanical details, and acquired some facility of execution, then grew disgusted with the monotony of his life, sought relief in dissipation, and joined a company of strolling players; thereby (if we are to adopt the somewhat fanciful suggestion of a biographer) treading in the footsteps of Callot, and 'following the enchantment which bound Salvator Rosa a captive to the ragged splendour, the daring expeditions, and the gloomy caravans of the Roman banditti.' The date and duration of this escapade are left in doubt; nor does it appear when or how Gillray contrived to gain admission to the Royal Academy as a student. But there he was at the proper age, and there he completed a course of study which made him an engraver of no ordinary merit. It has been said that he was a pupil of Bartolozzi, and conjectured that he was taught by Ryland. Hogarth, the greatest painter of

morals and manners that ever lived, was the idol and constant study of his youth. An etching—a political parody of 1769—is attributed to him when he was under twelve, so that, dating from this early age, he may have derived the means of subsistence from the print-sellers. Mr. J. Landseer, who came forward as his defender and apologist in 1831, suggests that 'mention should be made of Gillray's durance in Wilkinson's garret, from thence when he descended and took up the trade of caricaturing, he inscribed under one of his last serious engravings—"Fool that I was to cobbler thus my shoe!"'

The aspect of the times and our national habits were then highly favourable to this so-called trade. The war of parties was fierce, and the coarsest personality was deemed a legitimate weapon. The King and the Royal family lived much in public, and the higher classes were distinguished by their dress instead of being confounded by black frocks and grey trousers with the crowd. The military and naval heroes always appeared in uniform: the judicial and episcopal dignitaries wore their professional costume: the very wigs and hats were distinctive: stars and ribbons flaunted on the front benches in parliament; and there were few notabilities of the period who might not have been pointed out and recognised by their costume. They were to be seen daily in places of fashionable resort or using the great west-end thoroughfares (Bond Street, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, Pall Mall) as a promenade in which they could lounge about and chat with their acquaintance; so that an artist on the look-out for subjects could be seldom at a loss, and the same state of things which aided him in their selection and treatment largely contributed to their success. Hits which would have been lost or wasted on the general public, told at once on the more limited circle; and within a few hours after the display of one of his happier efforts in the shop-window of Bond Street or St. James's Street, the news would spread like wildfire through the clubs and coffee-houses, a crowd would gather, and not unfrequently the victims would be amongst the first to secure copies or be drawn by a species of fascination to the spot.

He resided with his publisher, Miss (by courtesy, Mrs.) Humphrey; and the ties that bound them, commercial and personal, were only dissolved by death. This respectable maiden lady, her maid-of-all-work, Betty, and the artist, lived together on a perfect footing of equality; and (it is hinted) 'only that she managed the culinary and marketing department, it was not always to be determined who ruled the roast.' A

* From a manuscript volume in the British Museum, containing letters addressed to Gillray, and papers relating to him. It somewhat unaccountably escaped the researches of Mr. Wright, and was (we believe) first brought to public notice by a correspondent (Mr. J. J. Cartwright) of the *'Academy,'* February 28, 1874.

clever print by him, entitled 'Twopenny Whist,' January 11, 1796, represents Betty playing cards with her mistress and two neighbours, well known characters, in the drawing-room. It is alleged that he more than once contemplated marriage with his patroness, and that, she being nothing loth, they once proceeded to St. James's Church to be made one, but his heart failed him when the decisive moment approached, and drawing back at the very entrance, he whispered, 'This is a foolish affair, methinks, Miss Humphrey. We live very comfortable together; we had better let well alone.' Then turning on his heel, he returned to his old quarters, and went coolly to work on his copper.*

From his room over the shop, he must have had capital opportunities of witnessing the effect of his performances, and occasionally of adding a touch or two to the portraits, or of dotting down the outlines of new. The story goes, that the morning after the appearance of an annoying sketch of Burke, he and Fox walked together into the shop, and found the mistress behind the counter. 'At the sudden appearance of these illustrious visitors she found herself not exactly on a bed of roses. "So, Mrs. Humphrey," said the man of the people, "you have got yourself into a scrape at last! My friend here, Mr. Burke, is going to trounce you all with a vengeance." "I hope not, sir," said the affrighted Mrs. Humphrey. "No, no, my good lady," said Burke with a smile, "I intend no such thing. Were I to prosecute you, it would be the making of your fortune; and that favour, excuse me, Mrs. Humphrey, you do not entirely merit at my hands."'

Holland's shop in Oxford Street is the scene of another anecdote of a distinguished sufferer, abridged by Mr. Wright from Angelo's 'Reminiscences.' The Duke of Norfolk, of Beefsteak Club celebrity, enters the shop with the inquiry, "'Well, Holland, have you anything new?" Unluckily there was something new, fresh from the press, in which, as Holland's evil genius contrived it, his Grace happened to be the hero. *Diavolo!* "What have you there?" inquired his Grace, and with a civil sort of force retained

one of them, not at all suspecting that it was "The Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk being Drummed out of his Regiment!" It was just subsequent to the period when King George III. struck his and some other illustrious names out of the list of the Privy Council. The Duke looked at the libel, then at the shopkeeper, who stood aghast, while his Grace rolled up the print, put it in his pocket, opened the door, and turned his back on his old *protégé* for ever. It is plain that his Grace did not exactly relish the joke, but, as old Carr the shopman dryly observed, "If he did not *like* it, why did he not *leave* it?"

'Mr. Fox,' according to Angelo, 'met the affair with a bolder front; for, hearing that the said political print was exhibited in the window of the old caricature shop in St. James's Street, he bent his way thither, and, opening the door, good humouredly addressed Mrs. Humphrey with: "Well, my good lady, I perceive you have something new in your window;" and, pointing to the very print, paid his eighteen-pence for it, received his change out of half-a-crown, rolled it carefully up, and, putting it in *his* pocket also, smiled "a good morning to you," and gently shut the shop-door on his departure. Old mother Humphrey, albeit not much given to the melting mood, overcome with the gentle manner of Mr. Fox, the tear glistening in her eye, observed to Betty, as the great statesman passed the window up St. James's Street, "Ah, Betty, there goes the pattern of all gentlemen."

On the same authority we learn that when Fox's portrait by Reynolds was exhibited at the Royal Academy, the King observed to a noble lord: 'Yes, yes; very like, very like. Sir Joshua's picture is finely painted—a fine specimen of art; but Gillray is the better limner. Nobody hits off Mr. Fox like him. Gillray is the man—for the *man of the people*. Hey! my Lord, hey! Like as my profile on a Tower halfpenny. Hey!'

It was with peculiar reference to the caricatures that an old German general exclaimed, 'Ah! I tell you vot, England is altogether von libel.' Strange to say, they were the only description of libel that then enjoyed complete impunity; although, by dint of labels, mottoes, and explanatory quotations, they combined verbal with pictorial defamation:—

* The publisher's name and the date of appearance are almost invariably inscribed on the original caricatures; and we find among the earlier publishers Sir Richard Phillips, Holland, Fores (of Piccadilly), Alkin, &c. Miss Humphrey moved from New Bond Street to No. 27 St. James's Street in the spring of 1797. The premises occupied by her in St. James's Street are now divided: part being occupied by Mr. Banting, and the rest constituting No. 26.

* *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo. With Memoirs of his late Father and Friends.* Vol. i. p. 363. A great deal of curious information touching the caricaturists, amateur and professional, of the last century, is comprised in these 'Reminiscences.'

'Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.'

Nor could their limited or local range have much affected their comparative importance at a time when all political influence centered in the metropolis, and all public opinion emanated from it. The small number of persons, in town or country, who took a strong interest in party warfare till after the middle of the last century, may be inferred from the fact that the circulation of the 'Public Advertiser,' when the Junius Letters were at the height of their popularity, fell considerably short of three thousand; so that the caricature might easily command as large a public as the newspaper.

George Stanley, the biographer from whom almost all the authentic details of Gillray's early life and artistic education are derived, remarks that his earlier works are more carefully than spiritedly executed, and look like the productions of a mere engraver. 'His improvement was rapid and extraordinary, and he soon obtained a marvellous freedom both of design and in the management of the etching-needle. It is believed that he frequently etched his ideas at once upon the copper, without any previous drawing, his only guides being sketches of the distinguished characters he intended to introduce on small pieces of card, which he always carried about with him.'

These pieces of card, a few of which have been preserved, are of the size of ordinary playing cards, and are pencilled on both sides with clear slight outlines of the faces and figures he required as subjects or casually encountered on the look-out. Some rough drafts of his engravings have also been discovered, proving that, occasionally at least, there was an intermediate stage between the card and the copper. Plain and coloured copies of the same engraving were generally published at the same time. The colouring, which immeasurably enhances the effect of most, was done by hand after a specimen copy coloured by himself. It is no reflection on his originality that he readily availed himself of suggestions and hints. In fact, no popular caricaturist could keep going for a series of years without adventitious aid; and when he had become famous, communications, mostly anonymous, poured in upon him, with proposals of scenes, personages, incidents, and situations, to be worked up. The manuscript volume in the British Museum contains several letters with hints and suggestions from personages of note. The following is in Mr. Canning's

* Bryan's 'Dictionary of the Painters.' Stanley's Edition. Art. *Gillray*.

handwriting, and franked by him, but unsigned :—

'Sunday, April 28.

'It is particularly wished that the Print of *Mr. Sheridan, No. 5 of the French Habits*, which Mr. Gillray was so good as to send for inspection to-day, may not be published. If Mr. G. can call to-morrow, the reason will be explained to him.'

Another letter is as follows :—

"Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo."

'November 29, 1808.

'My dear Fellow,—You have done me the honor sometimes to illustrate my ideas, and I am tempted to see them in the vivid pourtraying of your pencil once again. As a hint that may be extended by your powers into something laughable—suppose the feelings of Mr. Sheridan in being so palpably detected in the dressing his friend Charles Fox in the borrow'd plumes of the Chertsey Volunteers. I would have the scene a dressing-room, Sheridan acting as valet, and Fox in the act of thrusting his arms through the sleeves of the jacket. Fox's head should be averted from the door (and drest in some cajoling smiles), thro' which a boy should be entering with the packet of resolutions of the Chertsey Volunteers, which Sheridan should (not ?) in his confusion appear at once to understand. "Do you take me?"—Yours,

'G. G. S.'

'The date of the above,' remarks Mr. Cartwright, 'has evidently been filled in afterwards by a different person; but if Canning were accused of inditing the letter itself, I think no expert in handwriting could be found willing to undertake his defence.' Yet it is hardly probable that Canning would adopt initials not his own.

Lord Bateman writes, November 3, 1798 :—

'DEAR MR. GILLRAY,

'I take for granted you are very busy at this time. You have fine subjects to work upon. The Opposition are as low as we can wish them. You have been of infinite service in lowering them, and making them ridiculous. Sheridan, I find, has now declaredly left them. Tho' he is certainly very able and clever, yet his character is too well known for Mr. Pitt to give much to be silent. He may, if He is Rogue enough, be of use in disclosing all their wicked Schemes,' &c.

Writing October 8, 1798, Lord Bateman hopes—

'you received the hare and brace of partridges, &c. I think you could make a good print of the Bay of Alexandria and the Line of Battle with the Heads of the Opposition round as a frame bemoaning the victory. Pray have something with the Bay and Lines of Battle, I know

many of the Opposition are sorry for this victory. With what triumph Mr. Pitt will open the Sessions. He is a lucky man. You cannot be too marked on this victory; we want nothing but Lord Bridport to do something to be complete. It is in your hands to lower the Opposition; nothing mortifies them so much as being ridiculed and exposed in every window. . . . Pray be as severe as you can within the laws, nothing is too bad for such a set of villians (*sic*) who can rejoice in the danger and ruin of their country.'

In the postscript is added,—

'We shall be very glad to see you here, and in the meantime shall be very glad to hear Buonaparte (*sic*) and his army are destroyed.'

Two days before the date of this letter, Gillray had published *Extirpation of the Plagues of Egypt—Destruction of Revolutionary Crocodiles*: in which Nelson, with a club, marked 'British Oak,' is destroying crocodiles—not a successful performance. He does not appear to have acted on Lord Bateman's suggestion. Most of the plates exclusively designed by him are inscribed *J. Gillray invt. et fecit*. Others, *J. Gillray fecit*. A few portraits: *J. Gillray fecit. ad viv. (after life)*. He was scrupulous in giving others their due, and frequently assigns the whole credit of the design to the person who suggested the subject. Thus, in the corners of four prints entitled *Consequences of French Invasion* is engraved *Sir John Dalrymple invt.*—'Among the better examples of these suggestive sketches are a few drawings which bear evidence of being early efforts of Rowlandson's pencil. Gillray also executed the best designs of Bunbury for that talented amateur: lending all he valued of his own knowledge and power of expression to the humorous conceptions of his friend.'

It happened oddly enough that the two earliest of Gillray's larger works were directed, one against the Roman Catholics, the other against the English Episcopacy; yet he

e popular feeling or prejudice
ce before Meat, or a Peep at
was suggested by the visit
e King and Queen honoured
Thorndon Park on their way
review on Warley Common
Lordship was the first Roman
who had been so honoured
noverian succession, and the
eparations gave additional no-
exceptional event. Sixty up-
e at work for a month, and a
ch cost two thousand guineas,
but their Majesties brought
avelling bed with them, and

slept in it.* Taken in connection with a proposed measure for the relief of Roman Catholics, the royal visit caused grave umbrage to the friends of the Protestant Secession, to whom Gillray's cartoon was addressed, representing the King and Queen seated at Lord Petre's dinner-table under a canopy bearing the royal arms, with their hands folded, whilst a sorry-looking monk, with a crucifix, is invoking a blessing on the meal. Lady Petre, Lady Effingham, and Lord Amherst, are among the guests, all broadly caricatured.

Although Gillray did not hesitate to swell the rising No Popery cry, he did his best to check it when the Gordon Riots were among its fruits. On June 9, 1780, appeared *No Popery, or a Newgate Reformer*, a single figure sufficiently described by the inscription:—

'Tho' he says he's a Protestant, look at the print,
The face and the bludgeon will give you a hint;
Religion! he cries, in hopes to deceive,
While his practice is only to burn and to thieve.'

In September, 1779, the 'warlike zeal displayed by sundry dignitaries of the Church against Spain and our American Colonies provoked *The Church Militant*. A portly Archbishop, mounted on a prancing steed, in full canonicals, with a drawn sword in his hand, is leading his clerical warriors to battle, with the cry of *Bella, Horrida Bella!* A banner floating from a crozier is inscribed, 'To arms, oh Israel!' They are chanting, with variations, the National Anthem, beginning

'O Lord our God, arise!
Scatter our enemies.'

'Give us good beef in store,' is put into the mouth of one burly champion, whilst others are made to sing:

'When that's gone, send us more,
And the key of the cellar door,
That we may drink!'

Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, Markham, Archbishop of York, and Butler, Bishop of Oxford, were easily identified amongst the band.

It may be collected from the earlier works of Gillray that he had not yet chosen his party, and had no objection to favour either side alternately, or even both sides

* The state-bed, with its appurtenances, prepared for James I. at Hardwick Hall, still shows to visitors, is traditionally said to have cost seven thousand guineas. The curtains are cloth of gold.

at once. In *Argus* (May 15, 1780), the Opposition view of the situation is thus vividly conveyed:—King George is helplessly asleep; the Scotch party have already secured the sceptre of power, and are cautiously removing the crown from the slumberer's head. Behind the hedge which forms the background, a Dutchman feeds upon honey, during the absence of the bees from their hives. In one corner Britannia sits weeping, and her lion reposes in chains close to a map of Great Britain, from which America is torn.

Three weeks afterwards, June 4, 1780, we have *John Bull Triumphant*. The English Bull has tossed the Spanish Don, whose dollars are dropping from his pocket, high into the air, whilst members of the Administration (Lord North and Co.) are trying to restrain the animal by hanging to his tail, and a Dutchman, seated on a tub of Hollands, looks on with a grin:—

'The bull, see, enraged, has the Spaniard engaged,
And giv'n him a terrible toss;
As he mounts up on high, the dollars see fly,
To make the bold Briton rejoice.

'The Yankee and Monsieur at this look quite queer,
For they see that his strength will prevail;
If they'd give him his way, and not with foul play
Still lug the beast by the tail.'

When the popular gale has ceased veering and decidedly set in, the caricaturist has no option but to sail with it, and when Lord North's Ministry (terminated by his resignation on March 20, 1782) was tottering to its fall, appeared *Guy Faux*:—'The King is asleep, his hands are tied, and his throne is undermined, while the regalia and insignia of royal authority are packed up for removal. A donkey supporting the crown burlesques the royal escutcheon. The intriguing leaders of the Opposition appear beneath the picture of Catiline. Fox enters stealthily, with a dark lantern; on his right is the Duke of Richmond, carrying fagots; behind him is the leering face of Wilkes; Lord Shelburne carries a barrel of gunpowder; Keppel's dark brows peer over his shoulder; and Burke, with his inevitable horn spectacles, has come to assist. The cloaked figure next to Shelburne is believed to represent Dunning, who, in the April of 1780, had carried the famous resolution against the overgrown influence of the Crown.'

This is the description given in the letterpress by Mr. Wright; and he further remarks of this caricature that 'it appears to

be Gillray's first political work of any significance, and in it the young artist has made some exertions to preserve tolerable likenesses of his *dramatis personæ*. In earlier political skits the portraits are merely conventional types borrowed or stolen from one caricaturist by another. George III. appears here in the kingly presentment which Gillray's works were destined to stamp as the familiar image of the Sovereign.' If we may trust our eyes, George III. does not appear at all, certainly not in the kingly presentment. The obese figure asleep in the chair, with the head of a donkey surmounted by a nightcap, is obviously intended for Lord North, famous for sleepiness and obesity, against whom the intrigue was directed.

Mere likenesses go for little in comic or satirical representation; the drawing must be typical of the individual as well as familiar to the general mind; and the popular effect will not be complete without the appropriate expression and the accessories, such as Sheridan's brandy-bottle or Charles James Fox's dice-box. Here it was that Gillray shone, and in his next cartoon, representing the breaking-up of Lord North's administration and the formation of Lord Rockingham's, each of the leading actors is inimitably hit off. *Banco to the Knave*, April 12, 1782. Lord North, who holds the bank, exclaiming 'All is over!' is evidently a heavy loser to most of the players seated round the table, several of whom have winning cards before them. Fox is saying, 'Gentleman, the bank is mine, and I will open every night at the same hour.' On a chair, lettered John Shuffler, Esq., sits a wigged figure, exclaiming, 'Alas! what a deal!' This is Lord Thurlow, who managed to retain his place. Sir Grey Cooper, Secretary of the Treasury under Lord North, says: 'I want a new master,' and his chair is lettered 'Sir Grey Parole;' it being his official duty to wake his chief at the proper time for taking part in the debate, and give him the word or *parole*. Once, in expectation of a speech from Colonel Barré dealing largely in naval history, Lord North desired Sir Grey not to wake him till the orator was approaching modern times. On being roused, he asked, 'Where are we?' 'At the battle of La Hogue, my Lord.' 'Oh, my dear friend, you have woke me a century too soon.' *Paroli* is a technical term at Faro.

The national dislike and distrust of the leading public men during the first month of the second Rockingham Administration (which lasted little more than three months) were pointedly expressed in *Britannia's Assassination*, or *The Republican Amusement*.

Britannia is a draped figure just decapitated; Lord North is carrying away her shield. Fox, as a fox, is fastening on her with his teeth. Wilkes assails her with a libel; Lord Sydney hurls 'Sydney on Government' at the bust; the Duke of Richmond is about to deal a finishing stroke with the butt end of a musket, crying, 'Leave not a wreck behind;' Admiral Keppel is lowering his flag with 'He that fights and runs away,' &c.; the Chancellor and another legal dignitary are hauling down the entire statue with ropes; Spain is making off with a leg; while the conventional figure of America (an Indian with a cap of feathers), running away with the head, arms, and laurels, is insultingly reproached by France for appropriating an unfair division of the spoil.

Rodney, an adherent of Lord North, had been formally superseded by the new Admiralty, and Pigot, a Liberal, was actually on his way to take the command of the fleet in the West Indies, when (May 18th) the news arrived of the decisive victory of the 12th April over the French fleet off Guadeloupe, and the entire condition of affairs was suddenly reversed. The masses have no criterion but results. So long as the intoxication of triumph lasted, Rodney was exalted to the skies, whilst Pigot and his friends were unfairly and ungenerously run down. To meet the demand, Gillray produced four cartoons in his best manner within six weeks: May 31, 1782, *Rodney Invested, or Admiral Pig on a Cruise*. Rodney, on a rock, restores her spear to Britannia, who is seated on the globe and grasping the laurels of Victory, whilst Neptune, risen from the deep, proffers his trident to the Admiral: 'Accept, my son, the empire of the main!' The British lion is tearing the French flag at Rodney's feet. In the background Admiral Pigot, with the head of a pig, is cruising in a boat made of playing cards: a knave of hearts forms the mainsail, and dice are painted on the ensign, Fox, who appears in the distance, holding an I O U for 17,000*l.*, asks, 'Does the Devonshire member want reasons? 17,000*l.* contains cogent ones!' The Devonshire member was Rolle, afterwards Lord Rolle, who was in the habit of putting awkward questions to the Whig leaders.

June 13, 1782, *St. George and the Dragon*.—Rodney, with uplifted sword in the act to strike, grasps the prostrate dragon by the throat with his left hand, whilst the monster is disgorging frogs. Fox, running up with a baron's coronet in his hand, exclaims, 'Hold, my dear Rodney, you have done enough, I will make a lord of you, and you shall have the happiness of never

being heard of again.' This shows how accurately the caricaturist, or the public voice which he interpreted, could appreciate motives and anticipate events. As soon as Rodney had received the rewards which could not be decently withheld, he was practically shelved, the command of the fleet being given to Lord Howe.

Another set of caricatures throwing strong light on the political vicissitudes of this eventful year, were those in which Lord Shelburne is prominently introduced. His character for dissimulation is well known. When Gainsborough painted his portrait, his lordship complained that it was not like. The painter said *he* did not approve it either, and would try again. Failing a second time, he flung down his brush saying, 'D—— it, I never could see through varnish, and there's an end.' Gillray saw through the varnish and stripped it off. On Lord Shelburne's being named Premier in succession to Lord Rockingham (July 1782), Fox, refusing to act under him, resigned, and his example was followed by Burke, Lord John Cavendish, and others. They expected that the Duke of Grafton and General Conway would retire too, and that the Administration would be broken up. Their disappointment, and the exultation of the Shelburne party, form the subject of the cartoon, '*Reynard*.' The fox is hanging on a gibbet, inscribed '*Sic transit gloria mundi*.' The new Ministry, some with rat's heads, are dancing round him in a ring. Lord Shelburne is capering at their head with a Janus-face.

In the preceding debate Burke had compared General Conway to Little Red Riding Hood, who mistook a wolf for her grandmother. So he is represented led by the nose blindfolded, saying, 'What! I'm Political Innocence—to be sure! I'm the last to observe what's obvious to all the world, am I!' The Duke of Grafton says, with a leer:—

'All my prayers are not in vain,
For I shall have my place again.'

In *Gloria Mundi, or the Devil addressing the Sun*, Fox, standing on an E. O. table, in the guise of Satan, is addressing Shelburne, whose head, encircled with rays, represents the rising sun. In *Crumbs of Comfort*, the Evil One, whose attire in the coloured plate is the Quaker dress, is supplying Fox and Burke with the means or materials of employment. Fox holds out his hand for the dice-box, and Burke his hat for a flagellum and rosary. Henceforth (August, 1782) Burke is uniformly represented as a Jesuit in disguise.

Gillray was a genuine patriot, and is never more at home than in typifying the John Bull feeling of confidence and pride. During the memorable siege of Gibraltar in 1782-1783, prior to the failure of the grand attack by the combined fleets and floating batteries, he produced *The Castle in the Moon: A New Adventure not mentioned by Cervantes*. The rock and fortress are depicted in the moon. Don Quixote, the leanest of knights on the leanest of steeds, stands for Spain, whilst a corpulent Dutchman, on a hungry jackass with empty saddle-bags, acts Sancho. Don Quixote says, 'Sancho, we'll sit down before the castle, and starve them out.' 'Starve them out!' replies Sancho: 'oh, Lord! we're like to be starved out ourselves first.' France as a gaily-dressed monkey on the head of Rozinante, lunges with a toy rapier at the castle in the moon: 'Sa, sa! Ah, ha! Dere, I was have dem, and dere! Ha, ah!' If, as has been plausibly contended, the once popular belief that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen, contributed to our beating them in real earnest, Gillray must have done good service by uniformly embodying and fostering our national contempt for our adversaries.

Jove in his Chair, September 11, 1782, is principally remarkable for the first appearance of William Pitt, in a caricature. He is represented as a lacquey behind the car driven by Lord Shelburne, with two rolls inscribed 'Chancellor of the Exchequer' and 'Ways and Means' under his arm, and in his hand a board containing the alphabet, to indicate his youth.

Gillray's choice and treatment of a different class of subjects are strikingly illustrative of manners and society. In October, 1779, he produced *Liberty of the Subject*—a press-gang armed with swords and cudgels leading off a half-starved tailor despite the resistance of his wife, who clutches the leader by the hair with both hands, much to his apparent discomfort. In December, 1779, *Implements for Saddling an Estate*. A piece of still life addressed to the Jockey Club. The piece consists of a saddle and stirrups, a jockey-cap and whip, and a prize cup and cover. The background is an escutcheon, representing two blacklegs, the ace of diamonds, and a brace of pistols. In January, 1782, *A Meeting of Umbrellas*: a motley group of persons in different walks of life carrying umbrellas. This fixes the period when the umbrella was getting into ordinary use. The invention is of indefinite antiquity, especially in the East; but its general introduction as a portable article was long resisted on the score

of affectation and singularity. Jonas Hanway, the traveller, who made a gallant effort to domesticate it in London about 1750, was hooted as he passed. Macdonald, a footman, records in his autobiography for 1778, that he had brought a fine silk umbrella from Spain, but could not use it for some time without being followed by cries of 'Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?' He persisted, and at the end of three months 'they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English.' Michael Drayton mentions the umbrella in 1630, and in Gay's 'Trivia' we find:

'With tucked up gown the slipshod housemaid
glides
Whilst rain pours down her oiled umbrella's
sides.'

This must have been one of the large umbrellas which (the footman states) were commonly kept (as now) in the halls of noblemen's and gentlemen's houses to hold over a lady between the door and her carriage if it rained. It is also clear from a satirical advertisement in the *Female Tatler* that they were kept at the leading coffee-houses: 'The young gentleman belonging to the Custom-house, who, in fear of rain, borrowed the umbrella from Will's Coffee-house, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens.'

After mentioning the publication of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' in 1781, Boswell says: 'Against his Life of Milton the hounds of Whiggism have opened in full cry.' But much in that life, particularly the encouragement given to Lauder's charges of plagiarism, as well as the depreciating remarks on other poets, were generally disapproved; and Gillray embodied the popular feeling when (March, 1782) he produced *Old Wisdom blinking at the Stars*, an owl, with the features of the Doctor, perched on his 'Lives of the Poets,' and blinking at the busts of Milton, Pope, Dryden, &c., which are set in a constellation of stars.

A much disputed point in judicial biography must be regarded as settled, so far at least as contemporary repute can settle it, by *Judge Thumb, or Patent Sticks for Family Correction: warranted lawful*. This is based on the alleged *obiter dictum* of Mr. Justice Buller that a man might lawfully beat his wife with a stick no thicker than his thumb. The learned judge appears in his robes carrying two bundles of sticks with the ends shaped like thumbs, crying: 'Who wants a cure for a rusty wife? Who buys here?' In the distance is a man beating a woman, who screams 'Murder!' while

he retorts: 'Murder, hay! 'tis law, you b—; 'tis not bigger than my thumb.' It was a moot point whether the intended standard was the thumb of the husband or that of the judge; and his lordship is said to have received numerous applications for the exact measurement of his thumb from married people of both sexes.

A similar doctrine had been already laid down by Dr. Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland, who in a suit by a wife for a divorce on the ground that her husband had given her a sound beating, delivered a well-considered opinion that, with such a switch as the one he held in his hand, moderate chastisement was within the matrimonial privileges of the husband.*

'*Regardez-moi*' is a tribute to the world-wide reputation of old Vestris, whom the French called the God of the Dance, as they called Taglioni the Goddess, when Montalembert pronounced her the embodied spirit of Christian art. Vestris was wont to say that there were only three great men in Europe: the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and himself. His habitual admonition to his pupils was *Regardez-moi*; and he encouraged his son about to make a *début* before a distinguished circle of amateurs with: *Allons donc, mon fils: montre ton art: ton père te regarde*. In Gillray's drawing he is giving a lesson to the huge Lord Cholmondeley, represented as a goose, in an apartment containing several works of lax morality.

Reverting to the political arena, Gillray first depicted in 'War,' March 5, 1783, the uncompromising hostility between the Minister and the Opposition immediately prior to the coalition; which forms the subject of '*Neither War nor Peace*.' Lord North, Fox, and Burke, are here arrayed side by side in the same attitudes of hostility, with equally violent language in their mouths di-

rected against their successors on the ministerial benches, and condemnatory of the peace. The preliminaries appear on a scroll surmounted by laurels, and at the bottom is a dog bow-wowing at the triumvirate. Mr. Wright's explanation of this, and several subsequent appearances of the dog as an attendant on Lord North, is that 'during the last defensive declamation of Lord North on the eve of his former resignation, a dog, which had concealed itself under the benches, came out and set up a hideous howling in the midst of his harangue. The House was thrown into a roar of laughter, which continued until the intruder was turned out; and then Lord North coolly observed, "As the new member has ended his argument, I beg to be allowed to continue mine."'

The story is differently told in Harford's 'Recollections of Wilberforce.' 'Once, when speaking in the House, Lord North was interrupted by the barking of a dog which had crept in. He turned round, and archly said, "Mr. Speaker, I am interrupted by a new member." The dog was driven out, but got in again, and recommenced barking, when Lord North, in his dry way, called out "Spoke."'

The ensuing dissolution of Parliament was remarkably fertile in political squibs of all sorts, and the caricatures attributed to Gillray followed each other with startling rapidity. But, independently of the internal evidence of manner, there are grounds for supposing that he derived considerable assistance at this period from Rowlandson, who, too much immersed in dissipation for steady manual work, handed over his rough drafts to be completed and transferred to copper by Gillray. Mr. Wright thinks that the entire series of cartoons belonging to the Westminster Election may be assigned to this composite authorship. *The Devonshire, or most approved Method of securing Votes*, represents the Duchess embracing the historic butcher; and, in *A Group of Canvassers*, Her Grace, seated on Fox's knee, is holding out her foot to a cobbler and giving gold out of a well-filled purse to his wife. In *Every Man has his Hobby-horse*, Fox is riding her pick-a-back and waving his hat in triumph. The most zealous of Sir Cecil Wray's canvassers, Mrs. Hobart, did not escape. She is represented, stout and ungainly, on a see-saw as a counterpoise to the Duchess, whose graceful figure is brought out in full relief against the sky. It was expected that the ballot would put an end to canvassing, at least to canvassing by ladies of fashion, but this was altogether a mistake. The voter's liability to the softer influences will be increased instead of di-

* Swift's Works, Scott's edition, vol. II. p. 293, note. Scott states that a lady to whom Coghill was engaged flung him over at once. There is a passage in Fielding, expatiating, half in earnest, on the virtues of the switch. It is where Black George is called a villain by his wife. 'He had long experienced that when the storm grew very high, arguments were but wind, which served rather to increase than to abate it. He was therefore seldom unprovided with a small switch, a remedy of wonderful force, as he had often essayed, and which the word villain served as a hint for his applying. No sooner, therefore, had this symptom appeared than he had immediate recourse to the said remedy, which though, as is usual in all very efficacious remedies, it first seemed to heighten and inflame the disease, soon produced a total calm, and restored the patient to perfect ease and tranquillity.'

minished by irresponsibility; and, so soon as single ladies are invested with the franchise, the candidate who is not confident in his own powers of pleasing would do well to employ good-looking young men to canvass for him.

Although the Coalition party was scattered by the dissolution, and the Whigs had sustained a crushing defeat, they had the best of it in the paper war of wits. 'We have at present (writes Horace Walpole in October, 1785) here a most incomparable set, not exactly known by their names, but who, till the dead of summer, kept the town in a roar, and, I suppose, will revive by the meeting of Parliament. They have poured forth a torrent of odes, epigrams, and part of an imaginary epic poem, called the "Rolliad," with a commentary and notes, that is as good as the "Dispensary" and "Dunciad," with more ease. These poems are all anti-ministerial, and the authors very young men, and little known or heard of before. I would send them, but you would want too many keys: and, indeed, I want some myself; for, as there are continual allusions to Parliamentary speeches and events, they are often obscure to me till I get them explained.' The principal writers were George Ellis, Dr. Lawrence, Tickell, General Fitzpatrick, and Lord John Townshend. The Tories had nothing to set against the 'Rolliad' and the 'Probationary Odes' till the establishment of the 'Antijacobin;' but, thanks in a great measure to Gillray, they had the laugh on their side, at least as often as their adversaries; and (as was shrewdly remarked by the leading journal in reference to the sparring between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone in January last) there is no repartee like success.

Morning Preparation represents the three chiefs of the Coalition preparing for a renewal of the contest. Fox is rehearsing a speech before a cracked mirror. Burke is patching his clothes, a rather ungenerous sneer at his poverty. Lord North, seated in an easy chair, with a pair of cracked bellows suspended over his head, is trying to shake off his drowsiness.

Dating from 1786, the domestic habits of the King and Queen, and the irregularities of the Heir Apparent, gave rise to a good deal of gossip, and suggested a succession of telling hits or striking scenes to the satirist. George III. and Queen Charlotte were a pattern couple for regularity, frugality, piety, good nature, kindness,—indeed for all the virtues which would have become a country gentleman of moderate fortune and his wife: 'a better farmer never brushed the dew;' and the dinner which

he preferred, without reference to its cheapness, was a boiled leg of mutton and turnips off his farm. But their homely manner of life was below the popular standard of royalty and state, and offered an easy mark to ridicule. This was rendered more glaring by contrast with the Heir Apparent, who, in the midst of the wildest dissipation and extravagance, never lost the grace of address and dignity of bearing which won him the name of the finest gentleman of the age. In his choice of companions he did not fall into the common error of the great: he lived in the society most eminent for refinement, cultivation, and accomplishment. Unluckily their example encouraged instead of restraining his taste for luxurious expenditure, gallantry, and play; and he speedily fell into pecuniary and amatory entanglements of the most compromising kind.

If the Prince's gallantries had been confined to flirtations with women of rank or *liaisons* with actresses like Perdita, they might have been pardoned and passed over in consideration of the temptations incident to his position and his rank. But the engagement he contracted with Mrs. Fitzherbert was of a nature to leave a stain on his honour, to make him an object of popular distrust through life, and even endanger his succession to his throne. There is no doubt whatever that, although he publicly spoke of his marriage with this lady as an absurd report, and authorised Fox to deny it in the House of Commons, the ceremony was actually performed on the 25th December, 1785, by a clergyman of the Church of England, at her house in Park Lane. One curiously confirmatory detail was, that the Prince having come unprovided with a wedding-ring, the Duchess of Devonshire, who was present as a friend and witness, lent her own for the occasion.* The union was declared binding by the Pope, and accepted as a full protection for the fair fame of the lady by society. It seems to have speedily got wind, for on March 13, 1786, Gillray bought out *The Follies of a Day; or the Marriage of Figaro*, in which the Prince is placing the wedding-ring on the finger of Mrs. Fitzherbert, who is given away by Colonel George Hanger. The clergyman reads the service from the chapter of 'Hoyle's Games,' headed 'Matrimony,' and his crucifix is represented by an enormous corkscrew. Colonel Hanger (afterwards Lord Coleraine), one of the most notorious

* At the Duke of Hamilton's marriage with one of the beautiful Gunnings, which took place late at night, his Grace had forgotten to provide a ring, and the improvised one was taken from a bed curtain.

characters of the day, is here represented with a huge cocked hat, a pistol in his pocket, and the bludgeon which he christened his 'supple jack' in one hand. He was a humorist as well as a *roué*. Having been promised a sinecure by Pitt, he mentioned a vacant place to the Premier, who replied that it was not a *sinecure*. 'If that is all,' was the reply, 'only give it to me and I will undertake to make it one.' It was he, again, who, when Lord Barrymore complained that a man had threatened to pull his (Lord B.'s) nose, and asked what he had better do in such an emergency, replied, 'Soap it, to be sure.' Lord Barrymore and his two brothers form the subject of *Les Trois Magots* (the Three Scamps). They were nicknamed Newgate, Hellgate, and Cripple-gate; and their sister was christened Billingsgate by the Prince.

It was in the highest degree annoying to Fox and Burke to be mixed up in the Fitzherbert marriage, and most unjust to Burke, who could not fairly be accused of sanctioning the extravagance and imprudence of the Prince at any time. But this mattered nothing to Gillray so long as he was humouring a popular belief. In *'Twas Nobody saw the Lovers Leap and let the Cat out of the Bag*,* Fox, as 'Nobody,' holds the bag from which the cat is let out, and is encouraging the Prince to leap over the broomstick, labelled *Pro bono publico*, with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

The Padlock; or, *To be or not to be a Queen* (April 3, 1786.) The couple are crossing a churchyard towards the church door. The prince suggests a postponement. Mrs. Fitzherbert, who carries a cane and an enormous padlock, leads him on, saying,

'Oh! fie, my dear, let's go unto the altar,
And then, you know, our conscience cannot falter.'

Burke looks on from behind a tombstone bearing the symbol of a cross. Fox, with Hanger, watching from a family vault, asks: 'Will they stop in the porch?' Lord North is slumbering with his head pillowed on a gravestone inscribed, 'He is not dead, but sleepeth.'

In the same month appeared *The Farm-yard*, representing the Home Farm, Windsor.† The King is feeding his pigs, whilst

* We suspect that Mr. Wright is mistaken in assigning this caricature to Gillray. It was probably by Wicksteed, who, according to Angelo, produced *The Follies of a Day*; or *The Marriage of Figaro*, which Mr. Wright assigns to Gillray.

† Judging merely from internal evidence, we should say that this caricature also is not by Gillray. It has none of his distinctive merits.

the Queen is parsimoniously scattering a few grains amongst the poultry. A Guardsman has a string of turnips suspended over his shoulder by his sword. The crown, turned upside down on the front of a farm-building, serves as a hutch for pigeons; and a threatening notice of man-traps and spring-guns typifies the strictness with which trespassers were warned off. In two etchings of a later period, *Frying Sprats*, and *Toasting Muffins*, the Queen, with bursting pockets, is frying a small dish of sprats; and the King, in nightcap and dressing-gown, with the garter loosely hung over his shoulder, is holding a muffin on a toasting-fork to the fire. Again in *Temperance enjoying a Frugal Meal* (the effect of which depends on the colouring), the King is represented partaking of eggs and sourkroot off a splendid service of gold plate. In fine and marked contrast to this is *A Voluptuary under the Horrors of Digestion*—the Prince undergoing the consequences of a debauch.

The bitterness with which Gillray assailed the King was subsequently aggravated by a personal mortification. Towards the beginning of 1792 Gillray accompanied Louthembourg to France to assist him in making sketches for his picture of the Siege of Valenciennes. After their return the King, who thought himself a connoisseur, desired to look at their sketches. Already prejudiced against Gillray, and not appreciating the boldness and vigour of his style, the King threw down those of Gillray with the remark, 'I don't understand these caricatures.' When this was reported to Gillray, he produced *A Connoisseur Examining a Cooper*: representing the King, candle in hand, examining Cooper's miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell, who was an object of downright abhorrence to his Majesty. Complacently contemplating his work, Gillray observed, 'I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this?' The candle is fixed in a save-all, to indicate the parsimonious habits of the monarch.

In *Love's Last Shift*, the Prince is represented as driven by extravagance to the same mode of life which his august parents adopted from economy. His Royal Highness, seated opposite to Mrs. Fitzherbert, in a poverty-stricken apartment, is turning a calf's head on a string. There is a baby in a cradle by her side, and Hanger is bringing in a small mug of beer. The Prince really did act economy for some months, in the hope of extorting some assistance from the King; but finding this expedient fail, he was at length induced by his advisers to bring his pecuniary embarrassments before the House of Commons, and appeal to the

country for relief. It was in the course of the resulting debates that Fox, to whom the Prince had denied the marriage on his honour, spoke thus: 'As to the allusions of the honourable member for Devon (Rolle), of danger and so forth to Church and State, I am not bound to understand them until he shall make them intelligible; but I suppose they are meant in reference to that *falsehood* which has been so sedulously propagated out of doors for the wanton sport of the vulgar, and which I now pronounce, by *whomsoever invented*, to be a miserable calumny, a low malicious falsehood.'

The immediate object was obtained, but it was found easier to answer the troublesome member for Devon than to soothe the wounded feelings of the lady whose reputation was at stake. According to Mr. Langdale, the morning after the denial, the Prince went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert (at Mrs. Butler's) and said caressingly: 'Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?' She made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale. Fox, indignant at being thrown over, kept aloof for some months; and Sheridan was employed to modify the denial, which he did ingeniously enough, by alluding to Mrs. Fitzherbert in the House as one whose feelings were to be considered as well as those of His Royal Highness, as 'one whose character and conduct claimed and were entitled to the truest respect.'

In reference to the repudiation as expressed by Fox, Gillray (May 21, 1787) produced *Dido Forsaken*: Mrs. Fitzherbert on the funeral pile, a dagger shaped like a crucifix in her hand, her girdle inscribed 'Chastity' broken across the middle of the word: a blast from the swollen cheeks of Pitt and Dundas blowing off the cap with the prince's feathers, and the crown, at which she was supposed to aim. On the tossing sea before her is the bark 'Honour' in full sail for Windsor Castle on the opposite shore, carrying Fox (the steersman), the Prince, and Burke. In the Prince's mouth are the words, 'I never saw her in my life;' in Fox's, 'No, never in all his life;' in Burke's 'Never.' On the ground at the foot of the pile lie two rods, a flagellum, an axe, a pair of fetters, and a harrow inscribed, 'For the Conversion of Heretics.'

The famous (or infamous) *Égalité*, Duke of Orleans in obedience to a hint to leave the French court where he was growing troublesome, had come to England in 1786, and struck up a close intimacy with the Prince. They were congenial spirits, being

equally devoted to gambling, horse-racing, and the pleasures of the table; and the Duke, whose revenues were enormous, offered aid in the shape of a loan, which the Heir Apparent was with difficulty dissuaded from accepting. The Duke is introduced in *A New Way to Pay the National Debt* (April 21, 1786), in which the King and Queen, the Prince, and the Premier are bitterly assailed. Their Majesties, at the head of the pensioners in military array, are issuing from the Treasury; the King laden with money-bags, and the Queen with an apronful of guineas. Pitt is presenting him with another bag (marked 25,000*l.*) taken from a heap in a wheelbarrow. On the right, a little in the background, stands the Prince in tatters, and the courtly-looking Frenchman offering a cheque for 200,000*l.* A crippled soldier in the act of begging is seated in the foreground. The walls are placarded with bills: 'Just published, for the benefit of posterity, The Dying Groans of Liberty;' 'British Property, a farce;' 'Charity, a romance;' 'Last Dying Speech of Fifty-four Malefactors executed for robbing of a Hen-roost' (referring to the severity exercised towards some petty depredators on the Home Farm).

It would be difficult to say which owed most to the Hastings' Trial—wit and humour, or eloquence. The sarcasms with which Hastings was assailed are recapitulated by Macaulay. 'One lively poet proposed that the great acts of the fair Marian's (Mrs. Hastings') present husband, should be immortalised by the pencil of his predecessor (a painter); and that Imhoff should be employed to embellish the House of Commons with paintings of the bleeding Rohillas, of Nuncomar swinging, of Cheyto Sing letting himself down to the Ganges. Another, in an exquisitely humorous parody of Virgil's third eclogue (alluding to diamonds accepted by the Queen) propounded the question what that mineral could be of which the rays had power to make the most austere of princesses the friend of a wanton. A third described with gay malevolence, the gorgeous appearance of Mrs. Hastings at St. James's; the galaxy of jewels, torn from Indian Begums, which adorned her head-dress; her necklace gleamed with future votes, and the depending questions that shone upon her ears.' Gillray leaned towards the opposition side, although he indulged in an occasional hit at the means by which Hastings attempted to conciliate the Court. In *Political Banditti assailing the Saviour of India*, Hastings is mounted on a richly caparisoned camel carrying bags labelled, 'Saved to the Company;' 'Lacs of Rupees added to the

Revenue;' 'Eastern Gems for the British Crown,' &c., and a rolled map inscribed, 'Territories acquired by Mr. Hastings.' Fox rushes on him from behind with an uplifted dagger, whilst Burke is in the act of discharging an enormous blunderbuss at his breast, the contents of which he receives on the 'Shield of Honour.'

In *The Westminster Hunt*, Hastings, as a hunted hyæna with a bag of diamonds and rupees tied to his tail, is running into the gate of St. James's Palace between Pitt and Dundas, who stand as sentries. Thurlow, as huntsman, mounted on the King as a donkey, is crying 'Back! back!' to the pack, headed by Sheridan, Fox, and Francis. The donkey has just passed over Lord North, fast asleep on the pavement, and tramples on the writhing body of Burke. In *State Jugglers*, the leading performers at the trial are represented as mountebanks; Pitt is drawing ribands from his mouth, a stream of gold pours from that of Hastings, and Thurlow is venting curses. *Blood on Thunder Fording the Red Sea* (Hastings mounted on the back of Thurlow) is very good.

The gambling propensities of the higher classes obtained such prominence at one time as to call forth the severest animadversions from the highest court of judicature. Women of rank notoriously kept Faro tables, three of whom, Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Archer, and Lady Mount Edgcombe, were popularly grouped together as 'Faro's Daughters.' Referring in the most marked manner to them and their set, when summing up a gambling case, Lord Kenyon said: 'They think they are too great for the law. I wish they could be punished.' . . . 'If any prosecutions of this nature are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country—though they should be the first ladies in the land—they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory.'

Within three days after the utterance of this ominous threat, Gillray brought out *The Exaltation of Faro's Daughters*, in which two of the principal offenders, Lady Buckinghamshire and Lady Archer, a plump figure and a lean one, are placed side by side in the pillory. Neither the threat nor the exposure produced the least effect, and at the beginning of 1797 it got wind that Lady Buckinghamshire's Faro bank (i.e. the box containing the capital) had been stolen whilst she and her associates were actually engaged at play. This produced *The Loss of the Faro Bank*, based on the popular belief that the robbery was a fiction, invented by her ladyship to evade her liabilities.

'The bank stole, my Lord!' she exclaims to Lord B., who announces the loss, 'why, I secured it in the housekeeper's room myself! This comes of admitting Jacobins into the house.' Mrs. Concannon is exclaiming, 'Bank stole; why, I had a gold snuff-box stole last night from my table in Grafton Street!' Lady Archer: 'Stole! bless me! Why, a lady had her pocket picked at my house last Monday.' Fox, with his hand before his face: 'Zounds, I hope they don't smoke me!' 'Nor me,' cries Sheridan; whilst Hanger, grasping his bludgeon, intimates an intention to resist a search by showing fight.

We should be puzzled to say which is the most startling, the state of society which could give plausibility to such insinuations, or the unchecked boldness of the artist in pointing and barbing them. Within a few weeks an information was laid against several members of the aristocracy, including the ladies already mentioned and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, for keeping gaming-tables, and they were 'justly convicted'; but Lord Kenyon shrank from executing his threat, and merely punished them by fines. Gillray was less lenient. In one of his sketches Lady Buckinghamshire is publicly flogged at the cart's tail, whilst Lady Archer and Mrs. Concannon are standing in a pillory. In another four ladies are pilloried, one of whom is supported on the shoulders of Fox, with his feet in the stocks. Lord Kenyon is burning the cards, dice, and bank.

The successive changes of public opinion on the subject of the French Revolution are as clearly indicated by the artist as by the annals. That it was favourably regarded at the opening of the great drama, may be inferred from *The Offering to Liberty* (August, 1789). The Goddess of Liberty, seated on the ruins of the Bastille, restores the crown to a repentant monarch. Necker, personifying Virtue, and the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) Honour, are dragging 'Messalina drinking Rhenish' in fetters. Lafayette bears a white flag inscribed 'Libertas.' A band of courtiers, with bursting pockets, in chains, are contrasted with an army of 'Extirpators of Tyranny.' English sympathies soon began to flow in a diametrically opposite direction; and following in the wake of Burke, Gillray brought out (May 14, 1791) *Guy Faux discovered in his Attempt to destroy the King and the House of Lords*. Burke, as the State watchman, is apprehending Fox, whom he detects by the aid of his (Guy Faux's) dark lantern, which throws a strong light upon his face. Sheridan and other accomplices are making their escape. We are not alone in deeming this the compo-

sition in which Gillray first attained that bold, robust, grand manner, which, Michael Angelo-like in its audacity, draws a broad line of demarcation between him and the most accomplished professors of his art.

This is particularly distinguishable in *The Hopes of the Party prior to July 14th,* From such wicked Crown and Anchor Dreams, good Lord deliver us!* The Queen and Pitt are suspended by the neck to lamp-posts before the door of The Crown and Anchor: Pitt apparently at the last gasp, and the Queen with a ghastly grin of agony. The central group forms a parody of the execution of Charles I. George III., with his head held down on the block by Sheridan, whilst Horne Tooke lifts up his heels wheelbarrow fashion, is crying out, 'What! what! what! what's the matter now!' Fox, as the masked executioner, wields the axe: 'If I should succeed, why nobody can find me out in this mask any more than the man who chopped the calf's head off a hundred and forty years ago; so here goes.' Sheridan exhorts him to give a home stroke, and then throw off the mask. Dr. Priestley, as chaplain, with his tract on a Future State in his hand, is offering the last consolation to the King: 'Don't be alarmed at your situation, my dear brother. We must all die once, and therefore what does it signify whether we die to-day or to-morrow?' There is a terrible earnestness in the half-masked face of Fox, with the eyes glaring through the apertures, that touches the verge of incongruity in a caricature.

Thurlow was a favourite subject, and treated in a manner to confirm Fox's remark that he looked wiser than any man ever was. His hat and wig, with his strong, frowning, arrogant features, are given to the life in cartoon after cartoon, till the climax is reached by *Sin, Death, and the Devil*—an allegorical representation of the final conflict between the Lord Chancellor and the Premier:—

'So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown—and now great
deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the Snaky Sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fated key,
Ris'n, and, with hideous outcry, rushed be-
tween.

* * * * *

About her middle—round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd.'

* It was on this 14th July, when a party of Priestley's friends had met to celebrate the second anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, that the riot began which led to the destruction of his house and library.

Sin, the snaky sorceress, is represented by the Queen, with Dundas, Grenville, and the Duke of Richmond for hell-hounds. The key of hell-gate, suspended round her waist, and labelled 'The instrument of all our woe,' typifies the key of the backstairs. Pitt, as Death, armed with a spear, confronts Thurlow, as Satan, whose offensive weapon, a mace, is broken in his grasp. Both are drawn with extraordinary power; and the entire allegory is absolutely appalling, especially in the coloured plate where the depths of hell may be imagined under the masses of dense smoke through which tongues of flame are darting to play round the combatants. At the same time we cannot help feeling that there is something in the solemn march and tone of the Miltonic verse that ill agrees with the spirit of parody, travesty, or caricature. If there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, there is only one step from the ridiculous to the sublime. The sense of ridicule is lost in the elevation of the thought. It is no longer the gay smiling Horace, with his playful exposure of folly, but the stern Juvenal with his scorching, scathing invective against vice.

Mr. Wright states that 'the Great Commoner (meaning the great commoner's son) condescended in 1789 to humour Gillray: he sat for two pictures.* . . . The hand of the Crown Minister, however, obtained but slight hold over the satirist's graver until 1796, in which year Gillray ran, as it were in sheer innocence, into the lion's mouth, and only obtained his release by making a sacrifice to the master of the situation.'

Replying to the implied charge of political apostasy or inconsistency, Mr. Landseer writes:—

'It may not be generally known that Gillray was a reluctant ally of the Tory faction, and that his heart was always on the side of Whiggism and liberty. He did not "desert to the Tories," but was pressed into their service by an unfortunate concurrence of circumstances. He had unluckily got himself into the Ecclesiastical Court for producing a politico-scriptural caricature, which he had entitled "The Presentation, or the Wise Men's Offering;" and while threatened on the one hand with pains and penalties, he was bribed by the Pitt party on

* Gillray engraved as well as painted both. It would seem that the habit of exaggeration, which he had contracted as a caricaturist, clung to him as a portrait-painter. The neck, of an inordinate length, is made to look longer by a tight cravat; the perked-up nose is thinned to a point or edge; and the mouth recalls what George Colman said of Gibbon: 'His mouth, mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole in the middle of his face.'

the other with the offer of a pension, to be accompanied by absolution and remission of sins both political and religious, and by the cessation of the pending prosecution. Thus situated, he found, or fancied, himself obliged to capitulate.'

The Princess Charlotte was born on the 7th January, 1796; and two days afterwards appeared the only caricature of Gillray's which was ever made the subject of legal proceedings. It represented Fox and Sheridan worshipping the Royal infant in the arms of a fat woman, whilst the Prince reels in with his dress in disorder and his features swollen by intemperance. Gillray easily made his peace by disavowing all irreverent or irreligious intention; and the capitulation, if there was one, was certainly not observed or enforced, for he seldom missed an opportunity of placing Pitt in a ridiculous light, although the general effect of his productions may be favourable to the Tory Premier and his policy.

The subject of *The Nuptial Bower* (February, 1799) is best explained by an extract from a letter of Burke's to Mrs. Crewe:—'The tattle of the town is of a marriage between a daughter of Lord Auckland and Mr. Pitt, and that our statesman, our *premier des hommes*, will take his Eve from the Garden of Eden. It is lucky there is no serpent there, though plenty of fruit.' Pitt, his lean figure reduced to threadpaper dimensions, is conducting a lady towards a bower, the branches of which are interwoven with stars and coronets, and the seats formed of sacks of gold. The Evil One (Fox) is 'peeping at the charms of Eden.'

Pitt's paper currency and schemes of taxation are a fertile source of satirical representation e.g., *Political Ravishment, or the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street* (May 22, 1797). Pitt is trying to salute the old lady, who, attired in one-pound banknotes and seated on a strongbox lettered 'Bank of England' makes a desperate resistance, ex-

clamation! Murder!
at my Honour
broke up by
: Paper Mo-
nk-notes over
Sheridan ex-
tes: nobody
it even take

est tribute is
smanship in
l Charybdis.
orm is steer-
ion, an open
essenger, be-
(surmounted

by the Red Cap of Liberty) and the Whirlpool of Arbitrary Power, towards the Haven of Public Happiness. The dogs of Scylla, sharks with human heads following the boat, are Fox, Sheridan, and Priestley.

What was much more likely to influence Gillray's politics than the so-called capitulation, was an agreement (May 20, 1800) between him and Mr. John Wright, of Piccadilly, binding him to supply some thirty or forty illustrations of the poetry of 'The Antijacobin,' all of course to be directed against the revolutionary party and French principles. Only a few of these were executed.

The most accurate account of Pitt's duel with Tierney is given in Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt.' Tierney (May 25, 1798) objected to the precipitancy with which Pitt sought to pass a Bill for an augmentation of the army and navy, on the ground that it was not justified by the emergency. Pitt implied the honourable gentleman's opposition to a 'desire to obstruct the defence of the country.' Tierney appealed to the Speaker, and Pitt was requested to explain his expressions; he declined to do so: Tierney immediately left the House, and a hostile message was afterwards delivered to Pitt. On Sunday, May 27th, the antagonists met by appointment on Wimbledon Common. Pitt was accompanied by Mr. Ryder: Tierney's second was General Walpole. A brace of pistols was discharged without effect at twelve paces; a second pair was produced, and this time Pitt fired in the air; the seconds interposed, and insisted that the affair should go no farther—'it being their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and the business was ended with perfect honour to both parties.' Pitt thus mentions the affair in a note written the evening of its occurrence:—

'Downing-street, Sunday, 9 P.M.

'DEAR DUNDAS,

'You will, perhaps, hear that I had occasion to visit your neighbourhood this morning in order to meet Mr. Tierney, in consequence of what passed between us in the House on Friday. We exchanged two shots on each side, and, by the interposition of the seconds, the affair ended in a way with which, I think, neither party had any reason to be dissatisfied. I am going to Long's this evening, and will dine with you to-morrow.

'Yours ever,

'W. PITT.'

The duel was perfectly fair, and could not justly be said to have been sought by Tierney. Indeed the provocation was greater than that given by Lord Winchelsea to the Duke of Wellington in 1829, when the laws

of honour were beginning to get less nice.* Yet in *The Explanation* (May 30th), Gillray, embodying what must have been the Tory view or suspicion, broadly insinuates that the hostile meeting was forced on Pitt by the Whigs, in the hope of getting rid of him. The seconds are Lord Camelford and General Walpole. Tierney, who has fired first, exclaims: 'Missed, by G—!' His second, the General, exclaims: 'Missed him, O Lord! If he had but been popped off, how nicely we might have popped on.' Pitt is firing in the air, declaring that he bears no personal enmity, but will not be deterred from doing his duty. Sir Francis Burdett looks on as a bird perched on Abershaw's gibbet. According to Lord Stanhope, it was the Speaker (Addington) who, having been apprised of the intended meeting at Wimbledon, 'mounted his horse, rode that way, and took his stand at some distance on a small hill upon which a felon named Abershaw had been hanged.'

In reference to the hostility shown by several of Lord Sidmouth's friends, especially Boud and Hiley Addington, against Lord Melville, Lord Stanhope remarks:—

'It was natural, indeed, that a corresponding bitterness should arise against themselves. Pitt's friends, both inside the House and out of it, were very angry. Of this we may observe a token in a caricature of Gillray. It bears the date of July, 1805. It represents Lord Melville as 'The Wounded Lion,' lying helpless on his side, whilst some jackasses are preparing to assail him. One of them is made to say to the other, 'Very highly indebted to the lion, brother Hiley;' and the answer is, 'Then kick him again, brother Bragge.'

Gillray seems to have taken great pains with this composition. Lord St. Vincent is discharging a cannon, shaped like a pewter pot and labelled Whitbread's Entire, loaded with 'Condemnation without Trial,' 'In-

* It is commonly thought that firing in the air is not an exchange of shots, and that after one party has taken this course, the affair is necessarily at an end. But after Lord Winchelsea had fired in the air, the Duke (whose second, Sir Henry Hardinge, was the highest living authority on such matters) called for another pistol, with the intention of continuing the duel, had not further proceedings been prevented by an apology. In the caricature of the duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox (afterwards Duke of Richmond), *The Prince and the Poltroon*, Gillray represents the Duke firing in the air, and saying that powder and shot would be wasted on such reptiles. Here again he was embodying a popular prejudice.

† Life of Pitt, vol. iv. p. 312. Hiley Addington and Bragge Bathurst are the jackasses:

'Cheer him, cheer him, brother Hiley;
'Cheer him, cheer him, brother Bragge.'

vectives,' 'Popular Clamour,' 'Disappointed Jacobins,' 'Malice.' Wilberforce, as an ape upon a tree, holding 'Solution of Vital Christianity' between his paws, squirts 'Cant,' 'Envy,' 'Abuse,' 'Hypocrisy,' 'Cruelty,' at the lion who has been struck down by the discharge of the cannon at the feet of Britannia. A fox, a snake with the head of Grey, and three rats (Kinnaid, Erskine, and Walpole) are biting him. A third jackass laden with 'Physic for the Lion,' and obviously intended for 'The Doctor,' is lifting up its heels to kick.

Lord Stanhope has turned Gillray to account as a voracious reporter of speeches as well as a suggestive illustrator of events. As a specimen of Pitt's manner in reply, he quotes this attack on Sheridan:—

'The honourable gentleman, though he does not often address the House, yet when he does, he always thinks proper to pay off all arrears; and, like a bottle just uncorked, bursts all at once into an explosion of froth and air. Then, whatever might for a length of time lie lurking and corked up in his mind, whatever he thinks of himself or hears in conversation, whatever he takes many days or weeks to sleep upon—the whole commonplace book of the interval, is sure to burst out at once, stored with studied jokes, sarcasms, arguments, invectives, and everything else which his mind or memory are capable of embracing, whether they have any relation or not to the subject under discussion.*

'This last passage,' continues Lord Stanhope, 'I may observe, is by no means fully given in the published Parliamentary debates. I derive it in some part from an inscription under an excellent caricature by Gillray, which came out only four days afterwards, and which was entitled "Uncorking Old Sherry." Here Pitt appears, a corkscrew in his hand, and between the knees a bottle, out of which peeps the head of Sheridan. The froth and air is scattered all abroad.'

Pitt, in the Windsor uniform, with a napkin marked G.R. under his arm, is doing duty as a butler in the vaults of St. Stephen, with a corkscrew in his hand; and has just uncorked a bottle, bearing the rubicund face of Sheridan, out of which fly, like froth, 'Egotism,' 'Stale Jokes,' 'Stolen Jest,' 'Lame Puns,' 'Old Puns,' 'Loyal Boastings,' 'Dramatic Ravings,' 'Fibs,' 'Fibs,' 'Fibs,' &c. There is a range of bottles and flasks in front, labelled and bearing the features of the Opposition leaders:—Fox, 'True French Wine;' Grey, 'Gooseberry Wine;' Windham, 'Brandy and Water;' Tierney, 'A Glass of All Sorts;' Burdett,

* Mr. Pitt's Speech on the General Defence, March 5, 1805.

'Brentford Ale;' Erskine, 'Spruce Beer.' Immediately behind the butler, apparently upset by him, is a bottle with the features of Addington coloured of a sickly hue, labelled 'Medicinal Wine,' spilling its contents on the floor.

This caricature was eminently successful. It was said to have been composed in a moment of enthusiasm. 'He seized the pencil, and dashed it on a scrap of paper quick as the thought; transferred it to the copper, etched it, and bit it in; and it was ready for the press within almost as many hours as one of the prosing declamations of a certain member of that House, of which this print so strange, though far-fetched, yet so well understood and accepted, is an allegory. How truly the artist understood the quality of each various liquor, to use the phraseology of the cellar, judging per label, time has developed. No member of the British senate laughed more heartily at this caricature than the ruby-nosed "Sherry," which all the world ran about quoting.'

All the salient points in the career of Napoleon, as well as all the shifting phases of the French Revolution, are illustrated by Gillray; and the uniform tendency is to foster the feelings of mingled aversion and contempt with which the successful soldier was regarded by Englishmen when well nigh the whole of Europe was prostrate at his feet. Two designs, founded on passages in 'Gulliver's Travels,' are still freshly remembered. *The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver* (June, 1803): George III. is holding Napoleon on the palm of his hand, and closely

ugh a magnifying glass. uniform, with a large iers, and a drawn sword rapouring strut of a tur-anatory quotation from little friend, says the e a most admirable p-elf and country; but her from your own rel-ers I have with much you, I cannot but con-of the most pernicious that nature ever suffer- surface of the earth.'

d (February 1805) by g with his little boat in n used to row for my ll as that of the Queen thought themselves well ny skill and agility. put up my sail and show larboard and starboard. npts produced nothing laughter, which all the Majesty from those about

could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are not in all degrees of equality and comparison like him.' The conventional figure of Napoleon, reduced to pigmy dimensions, is managing the boat, whilst two of the pages are raising a wind for him by blowing on the cistern. The King and Queen are scrutinising him with an intent and strained look, implying that they find a difficulty in making out so minute an object. The Princesses are regarding him with amusement, the Lord Chamberlain (Lord Salisbury) with disdain, and the Beef-eaters with a broad grin. Both these caricatures are marked: 'Designed by an Amateur. Engraved by J. Gillray.' They were designed by Lient.-Colonel Braddyll of the Coldstream Guards. In no one of Gillray's many representations of Napoleon is there the smallest resemblance to the real man.

England could afford to laugh at Napoleon's attempts to cross the Channel or compete for naval supremacy; but the time had passed for making light of his ambition or his power, and it was the wantonness of their display that formed the subject of *Tiddy Doll: the great French Gingerbread Baker, drawing out a new Batch of Kings* (January, 1806). Out of 'New French Oven for Imperial Gingerbread' Napoleon is drawing the Kings of Bavaria, Württemberg, and Baden. Under the Oven is 'Ash-hole for broken Gingerbread,' in which, huddled together and broken, may be distinguished 'Spain,' 'Italy,' 'Austria,' 'Switzerland,' and 'Holland' of which nothing is seen but the hinder parts. Talleyrand is at work in a 'Political Kneading Trough,' in which lie lumps of dough labelled Poland, Hungary, and Turkey. An eagle, 'Prussia,' is feeding on 'Hanover.' On a cupboard are 'Little Dough Viceroy's intended for the next batch,' gilt gingerbread figures of Fox, Sheridan, Lord Moira, &c. A heap of cannon balls is labelled 'Fuel.'

At the beginning of the preceding year overtures had been made by Napoleon to Pitt; and their relative positions, as popularly understood, are strikingly depicted in *The Plum-Pudding in Danger; or, State Epicures taking their Petit Souper*. They are seated, each in military uniform, with cocked hats, on opposite sides of a table, on which is a plum pudding, representing the globe. Napoleon is helping himself to a large slice labelled 'Europe,' with his sword: his fork is stuck into Hanover. Pitt is slicing off, with a carving-knife, a still larger, labelled 'Ocean,' into which he

has stuck a three-pronged fork shaped like a trident.

Many of Gillray's most finished compositions are incorrectly denominated caricatures. To describe or classify them as such is as if we were to describe as satires those portions of Dante's 'Inferno,' in which he assigns the appropriate punishments to the objects of his personal or political animosity.* The *Apotheosis of Hoche* (1798), for example, is essentially Dantesque in conception and execution. The name of Hoche was associated with many of the least defensible acts of the French Republic, and all the worst atrocities of the Revolution are here portrayed or symbolised. Under his feet, as he ascends to a Jacobinical paradise, are the plains of La Vendee, stained with blood, the villages in flames, the inhabitants shot down, beheaded, or driven into the rivers. Aerial beings, to parody cherubims and seraphims, float round him and about him, with offerings of assignats and mandates d'arrets, or carrying implements of cruelty and murder. Two pistols are stuck in his girdle: he is playing on a harp shaped like a guillotine, and a hangman's noose forms the aureola round his head. Roland, Barbaroux, Pétion, Condorcet, and Marat are descending on clouds to welcome him. Over the altar of Equality, to which he is ascending, is a tablet on which the Decalogue is reversed: 'Thou shalt murder.' 'Thou shalt steal.' 'Thou shalt commit adultery,' &c.

Another conception, in which the real and ideal are felicitously combined, is '*Delicious Dreams! Castles in the Air—Glorious Prospects.* April 10, 1808.' It is an after-dinner scene. The Duke of Portland (then Premier) is slumbering, with a crutch leaning against his chair and a bowl of punch (his favourite liquor) before him. Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards Lord Liverpool) clasps his hands in ecstasy. Canning, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is smiling with anticipatory delight, his feet resting on the back of Lord Mulgrave, who is asleep under the table clasping a bottle. Spencer Perceval, wearing his Chancellor of the Exchequer's robe, is day-dreaming, glass in hand. Lord Castlereagh has fallen asleep,

sitting in a stiff upright position, with an upset tumbler in his lap: from his pocket depends a long roll of paper, 'notes for a speech nine hours and a half long.' A cat perched on the back of his chair holds 'Air, by Catalini,' in her paws, alluding to the current rumour of a suspicious intimacy with the famous vocalist. Rats are feeding on the remnants left in the Treasury plates on the floor. In the clouds, occupying the whole upper portion of the plate, Britannia, with her trident in one hand and a branch of laurel in the other, is drawn by a bull in a triumphal car, to which Napoleon is chained, in company with his late ally, the Russian bear. She is preceded and followed by sailors, singing 'Britannia rules the waves.'

In *Phaeton Alarmed* (April 19, 1808), all the Signs of the Zodiac, as well as most of the gods of the heathen mythology, are brought ingeniously into play. Canning is Phaeton, driving the chariot of the 'Sun of Antijacobinism.' Lords Hawkesbury, Castlereagh, and Eldon, with Spencer Perceval, form his startled and snorting team. Leo Britannicus is following, like a carriage dog: Libra Britannica has been run over. Lord Henry Petty, as Pisces, is trying to quench the orb; Whitbread, as Aquarius, is emptying on it a barrel marked 'small beer;' Lord Sidmouth, as Sangraderius (an improvised sign), is squirting 'doctors' stuff' at it; an Irish bull, with a pot marked 'Emancipation' tied to its tail, is charging the steeds in front; Lord Lauderdale is spouting as Aquila; Erskine, obstructing as Astræa; Lord Grey, darting venom as a Python. 'Scorpiæ Broad Bottom' is a composite constellation, with the head of Lord Grenville and the body and claws formed of several leading members of the Opposition. Sheridan, as a bloated Silenus on an ass, is in the act of hurling a bottle with each hand. The globe below is in a state of conflagration. Napoleon, mounted on the Russian bear, is in the middle of the flames. In one corner of the cartoon, Pitt, as Apollo, is dropping his lyre in alarmed surprise; in the opposite Fox, as Pluto, wears an expression of despair and remorse.

The first impression made by one of these complicated and crowded allegories is confused: we see only a mass of forms and faces, heads and wings—angels and spirits, black, white, and grey—men and animals, natural or mythological; but, on closer examination, we find that each of these creations of a poetic brain is emblematic and significant, and that they, one and all, help to develop the leading idea, moral, or purpose of the composition.

The last of Gillray's political caricatures

* Michael Angelo also was clearly a caricaturist when, in order to revenge himself on Biagio di Cesena, who had objected to the nudity of the figures in the Last Judgment, he placed him in hell (in the right angle of the picture), as Midas, with ass's ears, and his body enfolded by a serpent. Appeal being made to the Pope, his Holiness said he might have interposed had Biagio been placed in purgatory, but the papal jurisdiction did not extend to hell. The story is told in Murray's 'Handbook of Rome and its Environs.'

was *The Great Balloon*, August 3, 1810. The subject, The installation of Lord Grenville as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, is allegorically treated, with the wonted profusion of characters, emblems, and accessories, and shows no sign of the mental malady which clouded over the remaining years of the artist's life.

'Great wits to genius nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.'

In this most melancholy instance the partition was broken down by intemperance. The last of his social sketches was 'A Barber's Shop in Assize Time,' left unfinished, in 1811. 'Soon after this he sank into a state of mingled imbecility and delirium, and once during a paroxysm attempted self-destruction by throwing himself from an upper window in St. James's Street.' Stanley adds that he happened to be passing at the time and witnessed the struggle between Gillray and the persons who prevented him. 'Gillray was last seen, unclad and unshaven, in the shop which his works had rendered universally familiar. The appearance of this poor mad figure, who had evaded the vigilance of his guardians, surrounded by the brilliant conceptions of an intellect then hopelessly departed, is an awful sermon on the frailty of human understanding. He was reconducted to his chamber, and on the same day his troubles came to an end.' His grave, in the churchyard of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, is marked by a flat stone inscribed: 'In Memory of Mr. James Gillray, The Caricaturist, who departed this life 1st June, 1815. Aged 58 years.'

During the long interval between the cessation of Gillray's productions and the commencement of HB's, no political caricaturist appeared of distinction enough to leave his mark on his generation; for Cruikshank seldom wandered into the political arena, and formed a just estimate of his own powers in eschewing it. His strength lay in the delineation of the humours of low life, and in the power of telling a story dramatically, or melodramatically, with his etching-needle. His illustrations of Grimm's German Stories, his 'Comic Almanack,' and the drawings for the first edition of 'Oliver Twist,' are excellent.

The first political caricature of HB appeared in the year 1829, and the series continued coming out, sometimes singly but generally four or five together, for nearly twenty years, during the greater part of which time the name of the author remained unknown. Less vigorous in drawing and expression, far less racy, and without the variety of invention to be found in the caricatures of Gill-

ray, they are much more refined in style and humour, and they are remarkable for the excellence of the portraits. They have also the high merit of being always and entirely free from coarseness and ill-nature, and may fairly claim to have brought about a revolution in public taste and set a fashion in the conduct of political satire which (with rare exception) has remained to our day.

Gillray's wit, always pungent and bright, was sometimes savage. HB was humorous and playful. He was hardly a caricaturist in the sense in which that word is currently used; for there was no exaggeration or distortion in his works. The manner was light and airy, with a certain gracefulness of touch, and never more detail than was necessary for carrying out the leading idea. At times little more than outline, they certainly seem slight as works of art besides the more complete, robust, if occasionally rugged, pictures of his predecessor.

The first HB (November, 1829) was *The Apparition*. The Ghost of Canning appears to the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Lyndhurst, with the Catholic Emancipation Bill in his hand, exclaiming: 'Now I am avenged.' The conception is better than the execution: Canning is too smoothfaced and too stow: nor should we say that HB attained the *esprit*, spirit, and felicity which he subsequently displayed till more than a year after this his first known attempt. But he did not take so long as Gillray to develop his full powers. He was nearly at his best in *John Gilpin* (May 13, 1831).

'Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
Away went hat and wig:
He little dream'd when he set out
Of running such a rig.'

The King is Gilpin on a grey horse, the crown flying off, with broken bottles at his belt, labelled 'Rotunda Pop' and 'Birmingham Froth.' The lookers-on speak in character. Hobhouse: 'I think the grey is evidently running away with him.' Burdett: 'Go along! never mind the geese and old women.' O'Connell: 'Make way! Make way! We've a great stake depending on it.' In a group of females in a balcony, the Duke of Wellington: 'Good Mr. Gatekeeper, stop him; he doesn't know where he's going.' John Bull, as gatekeeper: 'Go it, my lads; never mind the turnpike.' Lord Eldon figures as an old woman, upset with her apple-stall, and the trampled geese wear coronets.

Nothing can well be better than *Hand-writing on the Wall*: an admirable portrait of William IV. reading a placard, on which

is printed 'Reform Bill,' and muttering 'Reform Bill! Can that mean me?'

The *New Reform Coach* is rich in telling points. On the pannel is painted 'Grey and Co. Reform.' The coach is going down hill at a reckless pace, whilst the Duke of Wellington on the roadside calls after it: 'You are pretty fellows to throw away your drag-chain, when you ought to have the wheel locked.' Brougham, as guard: 'We'll make you a present of it, old boy; we want no drag or clog of any sort on our wheels.' A passenger (Lord Althorpe): 'They (the horses) seem to be getting a little unruly.' The coachman (Lord Grey): 'Never fear, they'll stop when they reach the bottom.' O'Connell: 'Hurrah, boys! This is what I call going along! Ah! you know how to travel in England. How I wish I could set up such a coach in Ould Ireland!' John Bull (pointing to the Duke): 'Blow me, if that ben't the man wot us'd to drive the "Sovereign." Hollo! old friend, you won't do for us—you can't drive our pace.'

Equally good is *The Upsetting of the Reform Coach* (June 4, 1834). The coach is in the act of upsetting: the head of the King appears out of the window, crying 'Help! help!' The Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, Stanley and Graham, have jumped off. Stanley (to Graham in a sitting posture on the ground): 'Well, I think we did right to jump off, although we may have got a little hurt or so: *I told you Johnny would upset the coach.*' Brougham (to Lord Melbourne, on the back seat of the coach): 'Sit fast, Melbourne; these fellows would have done much better to have kept their places. I think one ought always to keep one's place as long as one can.' The current story was, that whilst Lord John was speaking, Stanley passed a note along the Treasury bench to Sir James Graham in these words: 'Johnny has upset the coach;' and that this note taken from his waistcoat pocket by his servant somehow found its way to the 'Times.' Sir James Graham's own solution of the fancied mystery of its being made public was, that he showed it to several colleagues, any one of whom might have remembered and repeated it.

The popular, although unfounded, notion was undoubtedly expressed by IB when he represented Lord Palmerston as engaged in a succession of unequal diplomatic contests with Talleyrand. They figure in *The Cat-paw*, where Talleyrand, as the monkey, uses the catpaw to take Belgium and Antwerp off a stove, labelled Holland: in *A Venerable Spider and a Buzzing Fly*, which tells its

own story; and in a clever sketch of Palmerston as a blind man, led by a poodle, whose hair bears an exact resemblance to the abundant white locks of Talleyrand. In point of fact, Lord Palmerston disliked and distrusted Talleyrand, and never was, we believe, outwitted by him.

One of the most effective IB's was *Van Amburgh outdone*: the object being to illustrate the complete submission of the Melbourne Ministry to the Agitator. O'Connell stands with his foot on the neck of the male lion (Lord Melbourne); with a leopard (Lord Monteagle) on his shoulders; a tiger (Lord Normanby) placing its paws in a coaxing way on his breast; his hand on the head of another animal (Lord Morpeth), and three or four more crouching at his feet, representing members of the Cabinet.

Another composition on the same subject was based on the story of the showman, with his head in the lion's mouth, exclaiming, 'Does he wag his tail? If he wags his tail, I am lost.' Lord Russell acted showman.

Most of the portraits are good: those of Lord Melbourne especially so. The easy, indolent air is so perfectly given, as well as the handsome, good-humoured face. One of the best is that where he is pondering on the way in which the 'boy Jones' got repeatedly into Buckingham Palace. It was just after his second and final resignation; and he sits, his legs crossed, his hat cocked, talking to himself; 'That boy Jones must be a very clever fellow. It is not getting into the Palace once or twice. I have done as much myself. But to get in the third time; that's what puzzles me.' *Jack in Office* (1835), based on Landseer's well-known picture, is a typical specimen for touches of character and genuine humour. There is a delightful expression of contemptuous superiority on the face of Jack (Lord John Russell) as he sits guarding the meat cart, whilst a lean and hungry-looking dog (Brougham) is sniffing at the meat, with his eyes fixed on a piece shaped like a chancellor's wig. O'Connell begs like a poodle; whilst Hume and Lord Durham, as mongrels, are watching for a snap.

Those who never knew or saw Lord Eldon and Lord Lyndhurst, and wish to get a correct notion of them, should turn to IB. Their portraits have a real historical interest: without IB the biography of each would be incomplete. In his likenesses the figure is as characteristic as the face: a rare almost unique merit. Some of our readers must have seen E. Landseer's pen-and-ink sketch of Rogers' 'Winter Walk' with Mrs. Norton, in which nothing is seen but his back,

and nothing more need be seen to bring him mentally and bodily before us. • IB had the same wonderful gift of conveying a complete impression by what looked like a few tracings with the pencil or the pen.

IB, we need hardly say, was John Doyle. The origin of the signature was the accidental junction of two I's and two D's (put one upon the other) making thereby the initials twice over into IB. He was particularly anxious about his incognito; so much so, indeed, that he no longer took the same interest in his work when he became known; and his withdrawal, somewhere about 1850, was in no slight measure owing to his consciousness that he had been discovered. Just when the controversy as to identity was at its height, a sketch appeared entitled *IB in his Studio*, representing Lord Brougham (who used the same initials after he became a peer) standing at an easel painting a portrait of Lord Melbourne, with an exquisitely comical expression of satisfaction, at his own performance. This was at the time when Brougham's rhetorical portraits of Lord Melbourne were the reverse of flattering.

John Doyle died only four or five years ago. If we are not misinformed, his family possess a collection of some hundreds of the first sketches of the IB's, many of them roughly drawn in pen and ink; but the artist himself always considered them superior in spirit to the published works. A small number of these (not more than twenty-five) came out coloured, and are now exceedingly rare. The only complete collections of them with which we are acquainted are four, formed by Mr. Harvey, in the possession of Sir William Fraser, Sir Dudley Majoribanks, Mr. Duguid, and another gentleman. The colouring is rarely an improvement. The outlines of the drawings are too slight; and costume since 1829 does not admit of the variety and contrast which are so effective in Gillray. The complete collection of IB works contains 917: of Gillray's about 950: but many attributed to Gillray are of questionable authenticity, and some of his have probably been assigned to others or are lost.

Mr. Richard Doyle, the son of IB, possesses the same justness of observation and fine perception of the ridiculous as his father, with a more fertile fancy and a more poetical mind. The grace and originality of his illustrations of 'Fairylane' are no less remarkable than the delicate humour which pervades his pictures of life and manners and his political sketches. His 'Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe' is a capital example of good-natured, sportive

raillery directed against the medieval mania of Young England; whilst the ludicrous position and demeanour of the middle-class Briton in foreign parts were inimitably hit off in 'The Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.' His political sketches are comparatively few, but some are of rare merit; that, for example, which appeared towards the end of 1848, when thrones were toppling and constitutions breaking up on every side. It represented the sovereigns of Europe seated round a roulette table, whilst Punch, as croupier, calls to them: 'Now, gentlemen, make your game while the ball is rolling.' There was another about the same time entitled, *The Great Sea Serpent*. A huge serpent is rising out of the waves of a very stormy sea, having the head and face of a woman with the cap of liberty on her head; * whilst a boatful of kings, in various stages of terror, is in great danger of capsizing. Soon after the Syrian complication of 1840-1841, he appropriately and opportunely represented King Louis Philippe as '*The Napoleon of Peace*. The King is standing in the centre, hemmed round by a border of battles and disturbances of various kinds brought about by the French Government.

All Mr. Richard Doyle's political caricatures appeared in 'Punch,' from which he seceded in 1851, in consequence of the hostile spirit displayed towards the Roman Catholics during the agitation which led to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. He has of late years devoted himself chiefly to water-colour drawings—fanciful, humorous, or romantic—which are much in request among connoisseurs.

Next to or along with Mr. Richard Doyle (with whom he was associated in 'Punch') comes John Leech, one of the best and most popular of modern humourists. His 'Sketches of Life and Character' are full of fun without coarseness, and he is equally happy in his drawings and in the letter-press that illustrates them—whether the subject be Mr. Briggs' adventures or some pleasant piece of youthful impertinence in the 'rising generation,' a Dundreary swell or a City snob, a fast young lady riding 'across country' or a sea-side beauty with her hair floating in the breeze.

Leech did many of the political cartoons of 'Punch,' but, although some were very good and deservedly successful, he felt more at home in the social subjects. His Lord John Russell, as a 'Buttons,' standing before the Queen, who says, 'John, you

* Probably suggested by the line in Horace:—
'Desinit in pisces mulier formosa superne.'

are not strong enough for the place,' caused great amusement at the time. This appeared just after Peel's resignation in 1846. Then there was a very humorous one of Lord John in Peel's clothes; and, in 1851, a famous one of the same noble lord, as the little boy who chalked 'No Popery' on the wall and then ran away.

Leech left worthy successors for the social subjects in Mr. Du Maurier, and Mr. C. Keene. The principal political cartoons in 'Punch' are by Mr. Tenniel, who is most successful when dealing with allegorical subjects, as in *Peace sitting on an Armstrong Gun*; or, *Our Opening Day, after Guido's Aurora (a very long way indeed)*; *Paradise and the Peri*, in which the expression of the Peri Premier's face is truly comical. Equally good, in a more prosaic style, is *'Will he clear it?'* (February 15, 1873.) Scene, an Irish steeplechase: three stone fences, labelled respectively 'Irish Church,' 'Irish land,' 'Irish Education.' Mr. Gladstone, in jockey attire, has cleared the two first, and is going resolutely at the third—a stiff-looking wall at the bottom of a piece of broken precipitous ground—with a seat and hand which, combined with the dangerous character of the leap, indicate plainly enough that he is about to come to grief.

Mr. Tenniel's Britannia is happily conceived and executed: so is his British Lion; and all his animals, with their appropriate action, are cleverly struck off. But he is less successful in his portraits of public men—in his treatment of the human face divine, which has too frequently a hard, wooden look, without flexibility of feature, in his cartoons. In these the leading idea is well developed: we take in their full meaning at a glance: but they often set us thinking when we want to be set laughing: they are, generally speaking, more didactic than humorous: we encounter a moral or political aphorism when we are looking for a joke: and the suspicion steals upon us that this accomplished artist, with all his good sense, good nature, taste, and fancy, wants fun.

Most of the productions of the principal 'Vanity Fair' artist are caricatures to all intents and purpose in the least favourable sense of the term; and any merit they may claim as likenesses is marred by exaggeration of the most disagreeable kind. To show how differently the same subject may be treated, compare the Lord John Russell of IB with the Lord Russell of 'Vanity Fair'; or, as an example of unjustifiable infringement of a man's right to his face, turn to the sketch of Henry Bulwer (the late Lord Dalling) and mark how the pale ema-

ciated face is drawn out and rendered repulsively livid, whilst the bright intelligent expression is suppressed. That these sketches are occasionally marked by cleverness in seizing traits of character, is no excuse for such a mode of treatment; and if, as we are informed, many of the least known subjects actually sat for their portraits, this is only another proof amongst a thousand of what people will do for notoriety's sake.

'The mere life of a caricaturist,' says a critic quoted by Mr. Wright 'can neither be interesting nor instructive; for who would wish to know of the haunts and habits of a sort of public and private spy, who insults inferiority of mind and exposes defects of body, who aggravates what is already hideous, and blackens what was before sufficiently dark? He invades, unpunished, the privacy of the throne and the sanctity of the altar: he neither reverences domestic peace nor dreads the vengeance of public assemblies; and though he is generally regarded as a nuisance, who for his audacious pictures deserves the pillory, he is permitted to walk at large by the courtesy of Government and our love of fun and freedom.'

This fierce diatribe has fortunately little or no application to the caricaturists of our day; but if they wish to exert a beneficial influence or enjoy an honest reputation, to check misgovernment or to amuse and instruct society, they should no more imitate Gillray than a modern satirist should adopt the license of Aristophanes, but take for their model the refined, good-natured, kindly, laughter-moving IB—

'Whose humour, as gay as the firefly's light,
Played round every subject, and shone as
it played,
And whose wit in the combat, as gentle as
bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its
blade.'

ART. VII.—*The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. II. and III. 1874.

THE concluding volumes of Mr. Froude's history of 'The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,' have appeared at an opportune and critical moment, and may be regarded as a valuable contribution to contemporary politics. They bear directly and instructively on a familiar problem which is once more presented for consideration. The Home Rule which is now demanded by Irish patriots of a certain stamp is an old cry

under a new name, and Mr. Froude's book enables us to study it in its historical aspects. The present volumes are marked by all the qualities that gave interest and importance to the first—picturesque and vivid narrative, epigrammatic brilliancy, sympathetic analysis of Irish character in its strength and weakness, and, above all, a passionate and earnest love of truth and contempt for the glosses and hypocrisies which have hitherto varnished and disguised the story of Irish wrongs. If the work had no other merit—and it could not have a greater—it would be refreshing for its manly and uncompromising sincerity. The history of Ireland has so long been enveloped in mists of legend and clouds of fable, that it is something to get at last a clear and honest view of the actual facts. Those who think with Mr. Goldwin Smith that everything that has to be said about Ireland ought, as it were, to be coated with crystallised sugar, and wrapped up in satin and silver paper, will regard Mr. Froude's book as another outrage on a sensitive and sentimental nation. Those who think, as most reasonable people are now beginning to do, that the Irish have hitherto been too much flattered and too little respected, and that it is time they should be treated, not like whimpering babies, with soft words and coaxing sobs, but like grown men who know what they are about, and who are not to be thrown into hysterics by a little plain language, will be disposed to welcome Mr. Froude's candid and searching history as a hopeful symptom of the future. If ever the Irish question is to be fairly set at rest, it will only be by reducing it to plain prosaic realities, and by calling things by their right names. The political distemper from which part of the Irish people are still apparently suffering is mainly due to the artificial and fantastic language in which their condition has been discussed, and the romantic dreamland which has been conjured up for their ideal habitation. The native histories of Ireland afford about as trustworthy footing as a native bog, and the exigencies of party have unfortunately led English Liberals into conscious or unconscious connivance with fiction and imposture. Some of the defects which we noticed in Mr. Froude's first volume reappear perhaps more strongly in the other two. He indulges too frequently in flashes of savage scorn, and the dignity of history is somewhat impaired by the lively rage of the historian, shaking a whip at the scoundrels whom he denounces. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Froude's narrative will pass without challenge, and in some instances he may have relied too implicitly on official

evidence derived from the Secret Papers of the Government. But in the main the picture is undoubtedly true, and its value lies in its resolute and unflinching outspokenness.

At the close of Mr. Froude's first volume the Catholics of Ireland were still lying stunned and prostrate from the terrible consequences of the rebellion of 1641. In the second volume we see them gradually recovering strength, and offering a counterpoise, which the Government was not sorry to take advantage of, to the factious and interested opposition of the Protestant colonists. The revolt of the Protestants against imperial authority paved the way for the United Irishmen. The wretchedness and savagery of the peasants, the cruel neglect and extortions of the landlords, the corruptions of Parliament, the intrigues of the Castle, and above all the supine and selfish blundering of the English Government, make up a sufficiently dark and dismal scene, in which we vainly seek for a ray of light. In order, however, fairly to judge the policy under which Ireland was governed, it is necessary to observe what it was possible to do. In the first place, it was, as it is, impossible that Ireland could exist except as part of the British Empire. Ireland was, as she is, too weak to stand alone, and England would have been at the mercy of any foreign power which directly or indirectly acquired an influence over her. Ireland would thus have been a perpetual battle-ground until England had either been subdued, which could hardly have been permanently, or had established her supremacy over the sister island. From this ceaseless and intolerable misery Ireland, as well as England, has been preserved. In the interest of Ireland, no less than of England, it is essential that the two countries should be members of one family; but in taking possession of Ireland, England assumed obligations which she certainly neglected to discharge. She wished to hold Ireland as an indispensable military position, but to hold it at the least possible trouble and expense. In 1704 the Irish Parliament, conscious of its weakness, begged for incorporation with the empire; but the English Government shrank from the troublesome work which would thus have been thrown on it, and preferred to go on in the old way. Assuming that Ireland was not to be united with England, and that she was to be treated as a separate country, under the dominion, but not an integral part, of Great Britain, there remained only two alternatives—either to govern Ireland as India is governed, or to make the Protestant colonists the governing body. The former would have involved even more trouble

and responsibility than taking Ireland into the Union, and therefore the latter was chosen. To have given over the country to the Catholic Celts would have been to expose the Protestants not only to ejection from their lands but to massacre, and to precipitate an immediate and absolute separation between Ireland and England.

There is little use in going back into remote history to inquire whether it was wise to dispossess the original proprietors as the victims of conquest. They were dispossessed, and it was impossible to turn back the page of history, and to restore them—these were facts of which the English Government, at the beginning of what may be called the modern period, had to make the best it could. It had to take the country as it found it. On the one side were the Protestant colonists, who had been invited to occupy the island, and who were the most sturdy, industrious, and civilised part of the population. These were the men in possession. On the other hand was the great body of the people, the Catholic Celts, brooding sullenly over their fallen state, and hoping not only for the revival of their religion, but for the recovery of the land which had belonged to their forefathers. In many Catholic families the title-deeds of estates which had once belonged to them were sacredly handed down from one generation to another, and at any moment they were prepared, if they had the chance, to pounce upon their own. This restoration they looked forward to with the same faith as the Israelites to the promised land. Human nature being what it is, it is impossible to blame the Catholics for their aspirations; but it would have been madness for the Government not to take these aspirations into account.

The plain hard facts were these: that it was impossible to do justice to the Catholics, as the Catholics understood justice, without doing cruel and outrageous injustice to the Protestants; and that, if the former had been placed on an equality with the latter, they would, being in an overwhelming majority, at once have attempted to resume possession of the soil, and renounced all connection with a Protestant State, which they loathed and hated for having subjugated them. In their eyes England was the cause of all the woes they had suffered, and the only chance of ever being better was to get rid of her, once and for ever. Men who had any real acquaintance with Ireland during the last century were aware of this state of feeling, which was also attested by the incidents of every rising of the peasantry. It is clear that they had no conception of any good

that could possibly be done for them, except in the shape of getting back their lands and re-establishing their religion. Unless, therefore, the English Government had been prepared to step in and rule Ireland directly on its own responsibility, there was no choice but to manage it through the Protestant minority, who were the only people to be trusted. And this was the choice which England made; but unhappily the arrangement was carried out in a half-hearted and ungenerous way. If the colonists had been recognised as British citizens, they would no doubt have identified themselves thoroughly with the empire, and would have done all in their power to support and strengthen the imperial connection. As it was, they were made to feel that they were foreigners, and, forgetting on what their own position depended, as foreigners they behaved. There was madness on both sides. The English Government should have seen that the only hope of governing Ireland through the Protestants was to afford large and consistent support to the latter; and the colonists, on their part, should have seen that loyalty to the imperial tie was the bulwark of their authority. The original fault was undoubtedly on the side of England in insisting that Ireland must be regarded as a foreign country; but there cannot be a greater mistake than to imagine that English policy was animated by any feeling of hatred or malice towards Ireland. Ireland was regarded merely as an unfortunate possession which must be held, simply because it could not be allowed to fall into other hands, but out of which very little good was to be got. It seemed to be the simplest and easiest course to leave the country to stew in its own gravy, merely taking care that it did not boil over too violently.

This selfish, stupid, and criminal neglect was the great and cruel wrong which England did to Ireland, and which at the Union she set herself honourably to repair. When it is complained that the Irish should have so perseveringly and persistently struggled against a destiny which was not only inevitable, but, broadly viewed, the best that could befall them, it is only fair to recollect that, until a comparatively recent date, England repudiated the obligations which justice and policy alike imposed on her. Every circumstance which bound Ireland to throw in her lot with England, equally bound England to watch over and foster the interests of Ireland as an essential part of the Empire. The historical grievance of Ireland, rightly understood, is not that she was oppressed by English tyranny, but that England paid too little attention to her, and left

her too much to herself. The great fault of England, and one for which she has had to suffer bitterly, was that she neglected her sovereign duties towards Ireland, and left her charge a helpless prey to a domestic anarchy which was scarcely disguised by the fantastic and artificial reproduction of the forms of a free constitution, for which the country was on every ground unfit. If Ireland had been really free, she would have at once tried to set up as an independent Catholic State. This would have been the freedom of suicide—the freedom of the man who wants to stab his neighbour and cut his own throat; and as the neighbour happened to be sane and strong, he naturally snatched away the knife. What was wanted for Ireland was not that she should be free to do as much mischief as she chose to herself and other people, but that she should be guided and governed for her good. And here it was that England failed in her duty. She was justified in denying Ireland a fatal freedom; but on the other hand she was bound to take good care of her unfortunate ward, which was just what she neglected to do. She would neither undertake the direct government of the island after the Indian fashion, which would probably at that time have been the proper policy; nor admit Ireland as a part of the Empire; nor make the Protestant colonists to whom she had committed the management of Irish affairs do their duty to the people.

Down to the year 1782 Ireland was governed as a dependency of England. The English Parliament could, if it thought proper—which, however, was not often—legislate for Ireland, and its acts were valid in that country without the assent of the Irish Parliament. Moreover, under what was known as Poyning's Act, no bills could be passed in Ireland unless their heads had been previously approved by the English Privy Council and certified under the Great Seal of England. This Act was passed as long ago as the reign of Henry VII., not by the English, but by the Irish, Parliament, and was intended as a measure of protection to the inhabitants of the Pale against hasty and violent legislation at the instance of deputies,* and it also operated as a security against a collision between the English and Irish Legislatures. In point of fact, the Irish Parliament had many ways of exerting pressure on the Government, and if it did not use that power for the good of the country, it was not because the power did not exist.

The Irish House of Commons was formed exclusively of Protestants, and almost exclusively of Protestants of the Established Church. The Presbyterians were not disfranchised, but their political influence was small. The county electors were free except as regards the influence of the landowners. Most of the borough members were returned by the corporations, but sixty seats were partially free—that is, electors, if sufficiently courageous, and independent, and indifferent to consequences, might make their own choice. Of the whole number of 300 seats, 176 were the property of bishops, peers, and commoners, and were openly bought and sold. The perpetual advowson, so to speak, of a borough was valued at 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* A single seat in a single Parliament could be had for 2000*l.*, and it was perfectly understood that the purchaser intended to turn the investment, as best he could, to his own pecuniary advantage. Seats were practically held for life by most of the members. Three or four great families commanded a majority of the House of Commons, and the Government had either to treat with them for support, or to buy up members on its own account. To maintain a hold upon Parliament by the distribution of places, pensions, and titles, was, in fact, the chief business of the Viceroy. He could always obtain what he wanted by paying the price demanded. When he hesitated, the hungry retainers of the Castle became suddenly patriotic. Irish rights and interests supplied a ready and never failing means of embarrassing the Government and applying the pressure which was necessary to create an abundant flow of gold and decorations. The history of successive Viceroys is a miserable story of Parliamentary chicanery and corruption, of petty squabbles, selfish intrigues, and shameless prostitution. The right to initiate legislation independently of England was the favourite battleground of the sham patriots. The Irish Parliament owed its existence to the English connection, and could not possibly hold its ground without English support. But it was seen that Parliamentary independence would place the Castle more completely at the mercy of Irish members, and this would mean of course more lavish subsidies for the latter as the reward of their services. Year by year the Viceroy staved off the difficulty by the usual means, but the exigencies of disappointed faction continually revived it. It was a costly process, and it had to be perpetually renewed.

Such was the miserable condition of affairs at the beginning of the reign of George III., when for a moment there seemed a gleam

* Butt's 'Essay on Federalism,' pp. 34-35. Dublin, 1870.

of hope. The young King had taken to heart the condition of Ireland, and had embodied his ideas in a paper of confidential instructions. The Church was to be purified. The frauds with which every public department was corroded were to be repressed. No money was to be paid for private uses while there were outstanding public claims. The pension list was to be cut down. The condition of the magistracy and the army was also to be looked after, a sharp eye kept on Papists, and encouragement given to respectable Protestant settlers. And finally, 'You will not summon Parliament without our special command!'—an injunction which brings back Mr. Froude to his favourite theme.

'The king had struck the keynote of all Ireland's sorrows. How easy, had there been no Parliament, the task of governing Ireland! How easy, with a moderate police, to have distributed equal justice, to have forced the landlords to do their duties; to have forced the people, unexasperated by petty tyranny, to submit to a law which would have been their friend! How easy to have punished corruption, to have blown away the malaria which enveloped the public departments; to have established schools; to have dealt equal measure to loyal subjects of every creed! The empire which the genius of Clive won for England presented a problem of government harder far than Ireland presented. Yet British faculty found means to solve it. What enchantment had condemned Ireland to be the victim of a Constitution of which chicanery, injustice, anarchy, and moral dissolution were the inevitable fruits? Infinitely happier it would have been for Ireland—happier, better, even cheaper in the long run for England, could her Ministers have adopted loyally the scheme of government sketched by the King, have dispensed with Parliament, fallen back on the hereditary revenue, and made good the deficiency out of the English exchequer. But even this method, too, it is likely that parliamentary exigencies in England would have degraded to the old level.'

It is impossible to deny the justice of these remarks. The Irish Parliament was an artificial obstruction wantonly placed between the Government and the Irish people. It served no purpose except to extract bribes for its own personal benefit from the Castle; it used the grievances of the country merely as a means of enhancing its own price, and while it betrayed the nation, it was perpetually irritating and trying to trip up the English authorities. If it had been suppressed much money would have been saved, which was sadly wanted for public purposes, and the governor and the governed would have been brought face to face. Un-

fortunately this was not to be, and the relations between the Government and Parliament went on as before. One or two examples will illustrate the way in which public business was obstructed until the toll was paid.

It was known that the King was extremely anxious about an augmentation of the army, which, indeed, was urgently required, both for the sake of public order rudely shaken by the Whiteboys, and as a defence against invasion. Lord Shannon and the Speaker—John Ponsonby, who was brother of Lord Bessborough, father-in-law of Shannon, and son-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire—together commanded a majority in the House. Hely Hutchinson, a barrister, was attached to the confederacy. These three obtained a private interview with the Viceroy and stated their terms. Shannon and Ponsonby required that they should be continued as Lords Justices.* Hutchinson was a man of means and wanted nothing for himself—only places or pensions for his two sons and a peerage for his wife. On these conditions they would support the Government. Their demands were refused, and the disappointed patriots at once set themselves to get up a howl against the army, and to make mischief about the origination of money bills. In the end the conspiracy was broken, but only by purchasing a fresh gang of 'friends of the Crown' to supplant it in the House of Commons. A majority, warranted steady for the time, was bought for half a million. Cut off from the Castle, the patriots threw themselves for support upon the people, hunted up popular grievances, and attacked the Government for misgoverning the country. The weak point of the Government was that it was languid or careless in regard to measures for the good of the people. The English Cabinet set aside various reforms which the Viceroy suggested, and as public discontent increased, the hired majority became at once colder in support and more hungry in demands. The Viceroy forwarded to London a document which supplies an instructive illustration of the working of the Parliamentary system. The point of it is shown in the following extract:—

* The Lords Justices—the Speaker and his son-in-law—had the supervision of the revenue, and it was understood that by various forms of peculation as much as 150,000*l.* a year was lost to the Government out of the customs duties. At this very time the Treasury learnt that a large cargo of tobacco had been deliberately overlooked, and that the cargo of an East Indiaman, the duty on which would have been 13,000*l.*, had been landed surreptitiously at Cork, and that no inquiry had been made.

'Members considered as friends who have voted against Government:

'Lord Dunluce.—His father (the Earl of Antrim) asks a marquissate. His lordship solicits a place for his tutor.

'Robert Birch.—Solicits a resignation of ten livings from the Crown.

'John Creighton.—Has an appointment of 250*l.* a year. I solicited and obtained a peerage for his father, who promised every support, but is always, as well as his other sons, against Government.

'Robert Scott.—I made him a commissioner of the Linen Board, and he has since asked for a place.

'Sir Arthur Brooke.—I procured him the Privy Council, and likewise, very lately, a majority of dragoons without purchase, for his brother.

'James Fortescue.—Lord Clermont's brother. I procured him the Privy Council. He wants a peerage in remainder.

'Henry Pritty.—Asked and obtained a promise of Church preferment a few days before the division.

'Th. Coghlan.—I made him commissioner of the Linen Board. He asks for a place.

'Hugh Massey.—Solicits a peerage for himself, and an advance in the Revenue for his eldest son.

'Ch. Smith.—I made his brother a judge.'

A majority of this kind could be trusted only at the moment it was bought. Afterwards it had either to be bought over again or replaced. In the end the Viceroy's funds and majorities were both exhausted. This was the story which was repeated in all its sordid and shameless details during each successive Viceroyalty.

While the attention of the Government was absorbed by a corrupt and factious Parliament, nothing was done to alleviate public distress. The state of the country was becoming more perilous. The mean, silly, and unjust commercial policy of England towards the sister island had deliberately ruined Irish industry. The exactions of the landlords in agricultural districts had worked much misery and exasperation, and large numbers had been driven to emigrate. The American war had inflamed the imagination of the people, and indirectly added to their distress. The army in America was to receive its supplies from Ireland; and to keep down the prices of provisions an embargo was laid upon Irish ports, so as to shut off the farmers from other markets. This was, as the Viceroy could not deny, pure spoliation, and it was accompanied by the withdrawal of the regular troops from Ireland. In this situation Parliament offered the national remedy of a militia; but the Irish Treasury was deeply in debt and the English Government had no money to spare, and the measure was deferred. Just then Paul

Jones swooped down upon the coast, and it was seen that it was impossible to leave the country open and defenceless at the mercy of any daring invader. Belfast, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Galway, were wholly unprotected. There were not soldiers enough in the country for the commonest police duties. It was under these circumstances that the Volunteers sprang into existence.

When the arming began the Viceroy was uneasy; the English Government urged him to prevent the corps assembling, but it was too late. The movement had been taken up with enthusiasm and had spread rapidly. Corps was added to corps, and it began to be said openly that, in the presence of such a force, and without an army of its own on the spot, the English Government could not resist the just demands of Ireland; free trade must be conceded. There can be no doubt that, but for the Volunteers, Paul Jones on his return might have done serious damage to the country; but he heard that measures had been taken to meet his invasion, and bore away to the North Sea. The Viceroy found that he must not only tolerate the Volunteers, but help to arm them. Muskets were supplied from the State armouries, and in a short time forty thousand men had been enrolled and armed. A more voluntary body of Volunteers, in the fullest sense of the term, probably never existed, for not only was their service voluntary, but no conditions were attached to it. They could apply their weapons to any purpose they chose, or lay them down whenever they liked. None of the officers would accept commissions from the Crown. Thus Ireland was in possession of an army of its own, which there was no force in the country capable of resisting. It was easy to foresee the consequences. The reiterated refusal of the English Government to free the woollen trade, even for the Colonies, stimulated the ardour of the Volunteers. They paraded with significant emblems, cannons labelled 'Free Trade or This,*' and banners inscribed 'Fifty thousand of us ready to die for our country.' The repeal of the Restriction Acts on Irish trade soon followed, and the Presbyterians were conciliated by the abolition of the test. Dublin was illuminated, and for a moment all seemed well. Unfortunately the circumstances under which concession had been made had encouraged a belief that the Government was afraid. An incident immediately occurred which made the English Cabinet write to the Viceroy,

* Napper Tandy one day hung this inscription on his cannons: 'Lord, open Thou our mouths, and we will show forth Thy praise.'

'The Government in Ireland appears to be dissolved.' The embargo had led to a clandestine trade with France and Spain, and now that the embargo had been removed, the Irish were reluctant to abandon their unlawful connections. A Cork contractor was loading provisions for the French fleet in the harbour, and the Viceroy, when ordered by the Cabinet to seize the vessel, was obliged to confess that, if he did, there would be immediate violence. The Privy Council advised that the only solution was to purchase the contractor's stores for the Crown.

The next step was for Grattan to move the two famous resolutions:—(1) The King, with the consent of the Parliament of Ireland, was alone competent to enact laws to bind Ireland; (2) Great Britain and Ireland were indissolubly united, but only under the tie of a common Sovereign. The House adjourned without a division, but it was significant that two members alone defended the legislative authority of England. The heads of a Mutiny Bill were passed, which struck, though not directly, at the power of the British Parliament. Having at last obtained free-trade for Ireland, the Parliament now desired protection against Great Britain, and the Supply Bill included a protective duty against British loaf-sugar. These proposals were rejected by the English Cabinet. They were immediately taken up by the Volunteers, who passed resolutions in favour of them, and added fresh demands. A complete severance of the two countries had now become the popular cry in Ireland. Ireland was to be as Hanover, with the alternative of absolute separation. The English Whigs, who had for their own purposes encouraged Grattan, came into office in time to reap the harvest of which they had sown the seed. They imagined that their being in office would satisfy their Irish friends, and that the efforts of the latter would now be directed to making things smooth and pleasant for the English Government. The English Liberals had only been following their usual policy, and inciting the Irish by wild hopes, which it was impossible to fulfil. Mr. Froude justly remarks:—

'English Whig statesmen never have understood Ireland, and perhaps never will understand it. In the Irish people there is one serious aspiration nursed in their heart of hearts and never parted with, and that is separation from England. Whatever the pretext for immediate agitation, this is what they mean, and every concession is valued only as a step towards the one great end. Nothing else will satisfy them, for nothing else meets their wishes. But as their object is one which reason declares to be unattainable, so they never pursue it by reason-

able means. They wish passionately; they are unable to propose deliberately; their politics are the blind movements of impulsive enthusiasm, and English Liberals treat them as if they were serious, and play with them, and lead them to form hopes, which, as soon as those hopes take their natural shape, they are obliged to disappoint.'

The new Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Portland, obtained large discretionary powers from the Cabinet, but he was warned that, if conditions were insisted on to which England could not submit with dignity, he must be prepared to throw up the Government, and to leave Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics to the enjoyment of their independence—an independence, perhaps, more complete than they would find altogether agreeable. The Volunteers were still parading and speechifying, and firing Woolwich guns in defiance of the foreign enemy, who was no other than Great Britain. They were, in reality, as was afterwards proved, by no means a formidable body. They had spirit, uniform, and arms; but, from a military point of view, they were contemptible, being destitute of organisation and discipline, and unable to move two days' march from home. Still the Government was afraid to try conclusions with them.

Irish independence was granted in the terms in which it had been demanded. Ireland was to be an independent state, with an independent Parliament. The only tie which would connect it with Great Britain was to be the common sovereignty of the King. Grattan announced that Ireland was now satisfied and grateful. 'We were pledged' he said, 'to recover our rights. We are now pledged to Great Britain, which, by acceding to our claims, has put an end to all further questions.' A day was appointed for a national thanksgiving. An address of thanks to the Crown was passed, and a grant of fifty thousand pounds, with a house, voted to Grattan, the liberator of his country. Mr. Froude summarises the results of this important session:—

'Poyning's Act was shaken off. Heads of intended Bills were no longer submitted to the Privy Councils of England and Ireland to be amended or approved before they could take the form of laws, and as such be voted upon. The Irish Parliament drew its Bills, like the English Parliament, for the Crown to accept or reject. The process was simplified. A power, which had been abused, was abolished; but a precaution, which for 300 years had prevented a direct collision between the Legislatures of the two countries, no longer existed. The Writs of Error, by which disputed causes might be transferred by appeal from the Irish

to the English courts of law, ceased to be issued. The Irish House of Peers was made the final court of appeal in Irish cases, with a result which will be apparent on the first important question which came before the jurisdiction of that tribunal. The two Catholic Relief Bills, introduced by Mr. Gardiner, were carried. Catholics might now purchase freeholds like other subjects, open schools and educate their children when and how they pleased. Their stables were no longer open to inspection, or their horses above the value of five pounds liable to be seized by the Government, or taken from them by informers.* A cheap and inonèrous system of registration was adopted for the Catholic priests; and the Acts which in any shape interfered with the freedom of religious worship were repealed.† The Habeas Corpus Act, so long withheld, was conceded. The tenure of the Irish judges was placed at last on the English level. Presbyterian marriages, so long and so bitterly disputed by the bishops, were made valid in law. The Perpetual Mutiny Act, fought over with so much obstinacy, became biennial, and the Irish Parliament acquired constitutional control over the Irish military establishments.

The Irish had now gained all the conditions of their millennium. Everything they had asked for had been granted, and a new era had been opened in Irish affairs. What followed? Irish discontent became louder, disaffection more daring and insolent, and the 'friends of the Government' in Parliament seized the opportunity of raising the terms upon which they were willing to assist in securing order.‡

The only effect of the new Parliamentary independence was to add to the difficulties and embarrassments of the Government, to the pension list, to the expenditure of secret-service money, and to the honourable roll of Irish nobility. Orde, the Secretary, wrote despairingly to London that 'the patronage of Ireland would not suffice for one day's short allowance if all who crowded into the ship were to be fed.' Here, again, how much cheaper and easier it would have been to govern without a Parliament. The concessions of the Government were, of course, interpreted as a confession of weakness and fear.

* The horses of Mr. Wyse were once taken from him under the Penal Act, under plea of some anticipated disturbance. Wyse the next day, like another Jason, drove his carriage into Waterford with four bulls.

† 21 & 22 George III. c. 24, s. 82. Irish statutes.

‡ 'Thus,' says Mr. Wingrove Cooke, triumphantly, in his 'History of Party,' 'was the armed population of Ireland converted by the Whigs from watchful enemies to devoted allies.' This is history, or at least Whig history, written!

The Volunteers still remained under arms. They had no system of general finance. In the towns different classes of professional men and shopkeepers raised corps at their own expense. The calvary companies were mostly at the charge of country gentlemen, who vied with each other in the splendour of the uniforms—green, scarlet, white and blue, gold and silver—which they imposed upon their men. Beauchamp Bagenal, a wild Irish gentleman, who had travelled in state on the Continent, fought a prince, jilted a princess, broken into a convent after a nun, made the Doge of Venice drunk, and performed any number of other wild exploits, was one of the chief commanders of this motley army. When he reviewed his regiment, he drove before the lines in an open carriage with six horses, a bottle of claret in one hand, and a glass in the other, drinking the healths of the officers, who each drained a tumbler of claret in honour of their men. Unlimited wine and whisky were provided for the Volunteers, and in the morning the parade was like a field of battle strewn over with prostrate bodies, unable to move. The Bishop of Derry, who was also Earl of Bristol, was another of the heroes of the Volunteers. He had inherited his brother's title and a large fortune, and, animated by a passion for excitement and notoriety, had assumed the part of a warlike prelate of the Middle Ages. He rode about in an open carriage drawn by six horses, magnificently apparelled in purple, with white gloves gold-fringed, and buckles of diamonds on knee and shoe, and attended by an escort of mounted servants in gorgeous liveries. He looked forward to a separate Ireland, in which he was to reign as king. His nephew, George Robert Fitzgerald, of Turlow, was the general of his forces. Soft and refined in speech and manners, Fitzgerald was a wild beast at heart. He had rivalled Bagenal in his reckless adventures, and thinking that his father—much such another ruffian as himself—had lived too long, he had locked him up in a cave with a muzzled bear. The old man had been lying in this state for three years. George Robert was afterwards hanged for murdering one of his attendants.

While the Volunteer mania lasted, business was at a standstill. There had been a bad harvest and a bad potato crop, and the country was in much distress. What Ireland wanted was quiet and industry. As usual, however, the cure was sought in political agitation, and fantastic dreams of a freedom which could only be anarchy. The Volunteers had discovered that 'those only are free who are governed by no laws but

those which they assent to either in person or by their representatives freely chosen ; and they therefore called for a reform of the representation. The sugar, silk, and woollen trades were also clamouring for protection ; and we find Fox, whose eyes were opened in office, ridiculing 'Irish ideas'—a phrase which has since become famous. 'We cannot,' he said, 'go on acquiescing in something new for the sake of pleasing Ireland. But situated as you are'—he is writing to the Viceroy—'among Irishmen, who, next to a job for themselves, love nothing so well as a job for their country ; and hardly ever seeing anyone who talks to you soundly on one side of the question, it is next to impossible but that you must insensibly fall into Irish ideas.' This time the Government was firm, the House of Commons supported it, and 'as invariably happens in Ireland, the spectre of rebellion had but to be boldly confronted to fade and disappear.'

The great object of the independent Irish Parliament was, as before, to harass and distress the Government. It was in the interest of Ireland that the loose, undisciplined Volunteers, who owed no obedience to anyone but themselves, and who were always ready to come to the front for the purposes of political intimidation, should be replaced by a regular force, under the control of responsible officers. The proposal of a Militia Bill, to be passed by the free Parliament of Ireland, was resented, however, as an attack on Irish liberties, and had to be withdrawn.

For the security of life, as a militia had been refused, some sort of police was necessary. A Police Bill for Dublin as a beginning was therefore proposed, and violently denounced by Grattan and other patriots in familiar language as another attack on Irish freedom. It was, Grattan said, a Bill to dragoon the people and debauch the magistrates. The House of Commons, however, was really alarmed, and the Bill was passed. A Tumultuous Assemblies Bill, giving large powers for the suppression of disorderly gatherings, followed, and power was also granted to the Viceroy to extend the Dublin Police Bill to the whole country. Among the other exploits of a free Irish Legislature was the rejection of a Bill for taxing absentees by a majority of 162. But the greatest was the refusal of the substantial benefits offered by Pitt on the ground of an imaginary insult to Irish independence. The separation between the English and Irish Parliaments required that they should negotiate on commercial matters like foreign states. Pitt's proposals, which were based on the suggestions of a shrewd and patriotic Dublin merchant, were so extremely

favourable to Ireland that it was doubtful whether the English Parliament could be persuaded to listen to them. There was to be an equalisation of duties in both countries. Irish linens were to retain their protection in English markets, and, while the Irish were to have the privilege of fixing their own scale of charges for their own products, they were enabled by a special article to control the duties imposed on such products in England. In these arrangements the interests of the two countries were treated as inseparable ; the English colonies were thrown open to Ireland, and she also obtained the protection of the English navy and the assistance of English consular establishments. Such was the scheme which was offered by Pitt as a pledge of national good-will ; and it is well to observe the spirit in which it was received. One of its conditions—a condition inserted to answer English objections that the treaty was one-sided and exclusively in favour of Ireland, and intended to be little more than a formal obligation—was that whenever the gross hereditary revenue of Ireland should exceed 650,000*l.* the excess should be applied to the support of the imperial fleet. This condition could only come into force during a period of prosperity, while it would be inoperative in times of depression. Amid the tumultuous assent of the House, Mr. Brownlow expressed his indignation at the hardness of the Government in proposing to make Ireland a tributary nation to Great Britain. 'It was well for the Secretary,' he said, 'that he was in a country remarkable for its humanity'—this was the country of houghing, carding, tarring and feathering—'otherwise he would not have lived to carry back an answer to his master.' Grattan caught up the note, and declared that he would never listen to such a project of servitude.*

The propositions in their original form were abandoned, and when they next appeared, it was in a shape much less favourable to Ireland. The indignation, however, turned less on the substantial advantages which had been withdrawn than on the imaginary menace to independence which was still supposed to lurk in the project. By one clause it was required that the Irish Parliament should, in order to keep in harmony with England, re-enact the English navigation laws. Grattan raved at this as a revocation of the Constitution. Sir Lawrence

* In the British Parliament this scheme, which was rejected as slavery in Ireland, was denounced as a humiliating surrender of English interests. Fox held that it conceded too much to Ireland, and made her grand arbiter of the commercial interests of the empire.

Parsons used a still more Irish argument. He protested against the implied right of England to extend the commerce of Ireland as an assertion of superiority which no Irishman could tolerate. Fitzgibbon endeavoured to still the wild howlings of the patriots by a little common sense. 'I say,' he told them, 'if Ireland seeks to quarrel with England, she is a besotted nation. She has not the means of trading with any nation on earth without the assistance of Great Britain. Ireland cannot exist one hour without the support of Great Britain. In my mind we have taken a millstone from Mr. Pitt's neck and hung it about our own.' It was evident that the Bill could not be carried, and it was therefore dropped. Ireland was in ecstasies at having been allowed to reject solid advantages rather than sacrifice a purely ideal independence. Dublin was illuminated, and non-importation agreements were universally adopted.

Towards the end of 1788 the illness of the King gave the Irish Parliament another opportunity of asserting its patriotic independence. Grattan, with the support of the English Whigs, insisted that Ireland had a right to elect a Regent of her own, and repudiated the limitations which had been placed by the English Parliament on the Regency of the Prince of Wales. 'Limitations,' he said, 'are an attack on the King of Ireland.' In vain Fitzgibbon warned the Protestants of Ireland that the only security for their liberty—he might have said for their property and even for their lives—was the connection with Great Britain. In vain he pointed out that, if they could by an address invest the Prince of Wales with royal powers, they could convey the same powers to Louis XVI., or to His Holiness the Pope, and that England would enforce union rather than submit to such a sacrifice. The address was carried, but was happily rendered futile by the recovery of the King.

The general impression which is produced by the proceedings of the Irish Parliament is certainly by no means flattering to the gentlemen who composed it. It was perhaps inevitable that in a narrow circle personal animosities should become highly charged, and that political antagonism should tend to degenerate into private quarrels. The patriots were by no means a happy family. They distrusted and denounced each other, and the tone of their Philippics too often reminds one of the fish-market rather than the schools. They seem to have been always ready to lash themselves into a fury on the slightest provocation; and there are debates which suggest the confused shrieking of the cockatoo-house at Regent's

Park. In their hysterical violence contending orators could hardly keep their hands off each other, and each debate had its regular crop of duels. Flood attacks Grattan as a 'mendicant patriot,' who comes 'dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people.' Grattan replies with heavier metal in the same style: 'I will suppose a public character, whose constant practice was to abuse every man who differed from him, and to betray every man who trusted him. I will begin from his cradle, and divide his life into three stages. In the first he was intemperate; in the second, corrupt; in the third, seditious. Suppose him a great egotist, his honour equal to his oath—and I will stop him and say' (looking full at Flood), 'Sir, your talents are not so great as your life is infamous. You were silent for years, and silent for money. When affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you might be seen like a guilty spirit waiting for the moment of putting the question, that you might hop in and give your venal vote; or, at times, with a vulgar brogue'—there is something very comical in one great national orator taunting another with the national accent—'aping the manners and affecting the infirmities of Lord Chatham; or, like a kettle-drummer, lathering yourself into popularity to catch the vulgar; or you might be seen hovering over the dome like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral note, a cadaverous aspect, and broken beak' (in reference to Flood's nose), 'ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey.' A duel was of course arranged; but was prevented by the Sergeant-at-Arms. When the foremost men stooped to such encounters, it may be conceived how the ordinary run of members mauled one another. Grattan had caricatured Flood's personal appearance. In another debate, Dr. Duigenan described Grattan: 'What!' he said, 'I see a gentleman equal as an orator to Garrick, Barry, or Sheridan, get up in this House, horror and dismay in his countenance, his hair standing on end, and hear him conjuring up all the hideous spirits of battle, murder, and sudden death as the consequences of rejection—in solemn tones, from the lowest key of his voice, as if he was enclosed in a hogshead and was speaking through the bung-hole.' It is possible that a revival of the oratorical glories of Stephen's Green are included among the national delights which are expected from the Home-Rule movement; but it may perhaps be doubted whether public business or public taste is likely to profit by bursts of inflated rhetoric, such as that in which Grattan described the dispersion of the Volunteers:—'There was a time when the vault

of Liberty could hardly contain the flight of your opinions. Some of you went forth like a giant rejoicing in his strength. You now stand like elves at the door of your own Pandemonium. The armed youth of the country, like a thousand streams, thundered from a thousand hills, and filled the plain with congregated waters; in whose mirrors are seen for a moment the image of the British Constitution. The waters subside, the torrents cease, the river ripples within its own bed, and the boys and children of the village paddle in the brook.'

We cannot follow Mr. Froude through the varied incidents of the Rebellion which took its name from the United Irishmen, and which he describes in a vivid and stirring narrative. We can only indicate in general terms its origin and development. The visionary projects and reckless rhetoric of the patriots in Parliament had produced widespread disaffection throughout the country. It was supposed that when the independence of the Parliament was established, everything would go well; that trade would revive, that agriculture would be prosperous, that everybody would be happy and comfortable. The Irish have always looked for magical results from paper laws, forgetting that the best laws require time to work, and that in every case their usefulness depends to a great extent on the co-operation of the people. They had obtained the liberty for which they had clamoured, but liberty had not prevented rents from rising or whisky-stills, middle-men, and tithe-proctors from driving the people into the lower depths of misery and despair. If Ireland did not instantly become an Eden, after all the concessions that had been made, it could only be because England had perfidiously poisoned the cup. There must be an end of the English connection, and then all would go well.

'The phenomenon,' says Mr. Froude, 'was repeating itself, which has appeared with invariable sequence in Irish history. The hatred against England was increasing with each concession to popular demands, and fresh severity was required to prevent the consequences of those healing measures that had been represented as the certain grounds of future peace and good-will. Submission to the Dunganon resolutions in '82 had been a fatal encouragement to perseverance in sedition.'

The influence of the French Revolution helped to inflame the popular imagination. Grattan and other disappointed patriots formed the famous Whig Club, of which most of the members were afterwards either hanged or exiled for high treason, or became dignitaries of State. 'In the fury

of political resentment,' as Fitzgibbon said, 'noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank stooped to associate with the refuse of the community, whose principles they abhorred, and whose manners must have excited their disgust.' Wolfe Tone, a clever but loose, idle, dissipated barrister, was one of the pets of the Whig Club. Noblemen and gentlemen, who had something to lose, were content to talk treason, but Tone, who was disappointed and desperate, thought it well to carry it into action. He himself admitted that the offer of a place would at one time have quieted him. His candid diary fully discloses the temper and influences under which the conspiracy was formed:—

'July 14.—Anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. More and more satisfied that moderation is stuff and nonsense. Business settled at Belfast. Huzza! Dinner at the Donegal Arms. Everybody as happy as a king. God bless everybody, Stanislaus Augustus, George Washington. Who would have thought it this morning? Generally drunk. Home, God knows how and when. God bless everybody again generally. Bed, with three times three.

'August 14.—Dine with Neilson. Generally drunk. Vive la Nation! Damn the Emperor of Russia. Generally very drunk. Bed, God knows how. Huzza! Huz . . .

'August 15.—Wake drunk.

'August 16.—Damn the Aristocrats! Mug a quantity of mulled wine. Generally drunk. Union of Irishmen, with three times three.

'August 17.—Rise as sick as a dog. Breakfast with Lord Moira, and ask leave to introduce Gog, which he grants with much civility.'

There can be no doubt that the movement of the United Irishmen was in its origin a Jacobin movement; but the Jacobinism was only the froth on the surface. It is also true, that some of the Protestants of Ulster were among its first supporters, but they soon fell off. The strength and vitality of the movement lay in the disaffection of the Catholic population. They had obtained their civil rights, but political equality was still denied them. In 1793 they were admitted to the franchise, but this concession exasperated instead of conciliating them, since it was accompanied by a refusal to admit them to Parliament. Their expectations had been raised to a high pitch by the extravagant language which Richard Burke had used in speaking of the intentions which Pitt and Dundas had confided to him. The various advances which they had already gained only made them more eager to secure the supremacy to which they held that their numbers and their nationality entitled them. The higher orders of the Catholic clergy and laymen of good standing who had at first been disposed to side with

the Government, had been alienated by their disappointment. The Catholic Committee, which had negotiated with the government for the franchise, was accused of treachery for having agreed to accept only an installment of political emancipation. One section of its members had joined the United Irishmen; and even the more moderate Catholics were sullen and angry. While the better sort of Catholics were eager for political authority, the peasantry imagined that emancipation would cause the abolition of rents and tithes. In September, 1797, Pelham wrote to London: 'Nothing short of the establishment of the Catholic religion will satisfy those of the persuasion, and as the property of the country is in the hands of Protestants, such an event can never take place without civil war.'

It may be observed as a significant circumstance, that in the case of the Catholic Celts, agrarian outrages, due to local causes, usually tend to assume a religious and political form. When a Catholic peasant has been injured in any way, he instinctively attributes it to the Protestant religion and the English connection. The same sort of suffering and ill-usage which in the South produced the Whiteboys, in the North produced the Hearts of Oak; but the latter were content to protest against the exactions of the landlords, while the former were gradually launched into a crusade against the Protestants and a revolt against the Government. The Catholic Celt is trained to believe that he will never have justice done to him until the heretics and usurpers have been driven from the land, and thus extermination is always the goal of his hopes and dreams.

The theory of the United Irishmen was, of course, that Catholics and Protestants would become as one people, and would unite to drive off the Saxon oppressor. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Ulster, who had been stirred by sympathy with the struggle in America, were further excited by the events of the French Revolution. The Rights of Man and universal freedom became the religion of the day, and it was thought that other religious differences would disappear. Grattan had persuaded himself that in support of the principle of a free nationality Protestants and Catholics would effectually coalesce. The great object for which Grattan was labouring by violent but legal agitation, and which the United Irishmen were now preparing to carry out by rebellion, was to get Ireland absolutely into the hands of the Irish; and it was assumed that when they had got it they would continue to agree as to what should be done with it. This, however, was the weak part

of the scheme, and it soon became apparent. At one of the United dinners, after Tom Paine and the Rights of Man, a Catholic parish priest had proposed 'Religion without priestcraft.' It gradually became obvious to the Protestant revolutionists that the rights of man and religion without priestcraft were not exactly the things for the dissemination of which the Roman Catholic Church had made itself famous. They hated England, but they were afraid of the Catholics, and, if England were away, the Catholics would be in the ascendant. A dreadful incident sharpened this impression. Barclay, schoolmaster at Armagh, was attacked in his house; his tongue and the fingers of his right hand were cut off, his wife was subjected to similar barbarities, and even a little child had its tongue torn out and its legs slashed. Barclay's only offence was teaching in a school in which no distinction of religion was recognised, and which, therefore, excited the hostility of the priests. It was remarked that the attacks of the Whiteboys had from the first been directed against Protestants, and especially against the clergy; that the movement had commenced in Catholic chapels, that through the chapels it had been propagated, and that the chapel altars had been used as the sanctuary of murderers flying from the law. Nor had the massacre of 1641 been forgotten. The result was the formation of Orange societies for self-defence, and in support of the only Government under which apparently Protestants had a chance of being allowed to live.

It would be unjust to accuse the Roman Catholics, as a body, of direct and criminal complicity with Irish disturbances. Yet, as a matter of historical fact, these disturbances have usually taken the form of attacks by Catholics on Protestants, and in almost every instance they have been directed and encouraged by priests. Father Sheehy, the original leader of the Whiteboys, was certainly not fairly dealt with in being put a second time on trial; but it is impossible to doubt his connection with the conspiracy. After Sheehy's execution, Father O'Brien, the coadjutor of the Archbishop of Cashel, and four other Roman Catholic gentlemen, came forward and disclosed, under oath, the inner history of Whiteboyism. O'Brien swore that the Archbishop had told him that the rising was for the advancement of the Catholic faith and the extirpation of heresy, that a fund had been regularly collected by the priests in the diocese for the support of the movement, and that help was expected from France. It was also stated that the oaths contained a pledge of fidelity to

France and Prince Charles. One of the witnesses, who held a commission as Major in the Pretender's service, and had been regularly paid by Sheehy, said that the principal leaders were the Archbishops of Cashel and Dublin, and the Bishops of Waterford and Cork.

There can also be no doubt that a large part of the Catholic priesthood were working to the hands, if not in the secrets, of the United Irishmen, and that after the summer of 1797 the conspiracy passed rapidly into the form which, as Mr. Froude says, rebellions in that country inevitably assume, and became a strictly nationalist movement of the Catholic Irish, with a few foolish enthusiasts of no religion at all in the Committee by which it was nominally ruled. 'Where are the heretics?' was the cry. 'Down with the heretics!'

Father John Murphy, of Boolavogue, with his army of pikemen, at the head of which he rode, with pistols in his belt, his sword at his side, and a large crucifix in his arms, represented the spirit of the rebellion. He began by killing his Protestant rival pastor, and next plundered and burned the bishop's palace. His object was avowedly the extermination of all Protestants, and the establishment of the true religion. Twenty priests said mass each day at different points of his camp; men were sprinkled with holy water before they were turned loose for the work of butchery and torture. When the appetite for slaughter was for a moment appeased, the priestly general showed his zeal for saving souls, and frightened fanatics were dragged or led in batches to the Catholic chapels to be converted into Christians. Mr. Froude paints a terrible picture of the ruthless massacres at Wexford, Scullabogue, and elsewhere; and he justly remarks that for these atrocities the Irish Catholics have affected the same inadequate penitence with which they at once deny and excuse the massacre of 1641:—

'They cut down the dimensions of their crime in defiance of evidence, and explain what remains as the consequence of the cruelties of their adversaries. They fail to recognise that, alike in 1641 and 1798, no injury had been done to them, and no hurt had been designed against them, till they had either taken arms in rebellion or were preparing for it so openly that the Government was compelled to take their weapons from them. The burglar who kills a policeman is none the less guilty of murder, because the policeman began the quarrel by laying his hand upon his shoulder.'

The popular Irish version of the rebellion of 1798 is that an oppressed peasantry en-

deavoured by constitutional means to rescue themselves from social and political servitude; that they were brutally trodden down, flogged, pitch-capped, tortured by infuriated Orange yeomanry, till they had been driven to take arms in self-defence, and then England was called upon to send troops to shoot down these unhappy people, and restore them to slavery. This view happened to fall in with the temper and tactics, not only of the Irish demagogues, whose rash language and patriotic dreams had precipitated the revolution, but of the English Liberals. The surviving rebels naturally did their best to maintain the delusion which had also the benefit of the insidious and wide-spread advocacy of the priesthood. There is nothing particularly new in Mr. Froude's revelations, but he has stated the facts in a way which must command, as they undoubtedly deserve, attention. The Whiteboy movement in the South, which was avowedly directed against the Protestants, led the Protestants in the North to unite as Peep-o'-Day Boys and as Orangemen in order to retaliate on the Catholics; and the Catholics, in their turn, banded together as Defenders. There were no doubt, horrible excesses on each side, but it is only fair to remember who challenged the conflict. The strife would have, no doubt, been less horrible if the Government had had the courage to interfere resolutely at an earlier moment. It is quite clear, from the official letters which Mr. Froude cites, that the Government did all it could to restrain the Orangemen, while it left them defenceless, and that the yeomanry were let loose only when a general massacre of Protestants was impending. That Lake's soldiers did their work roughly is true enough, but it was scarcely possible that the work could be done otherwise, and some allowance must be made for the natural desperation of the soldiers, who for years before had been liable to be houghed and shot at. General Abercrombie's weakness and irresolution at a critical time needlessly prolonged the struggle by suggesting the idea that the English Government was afraid, and about to give way.

On another point Mr. Froude answers the charge of 'Nationalist' writers. It was known at the Castle that the United Irishmen were preparing for rebellion. From the first traitors in their midst had announced their secrets to the Government. Every step they took was known, but informers' evidence was not produceable in a court of justice. The informers all bargained for secrecy, and would have forsworn themselves if put into the box. 'Thus the Irish Council were condemned to sit still, as if enchanted, to watch

the approach of a convulsion which, had they been free to act, they could have checked with the touch of a finger, and to bear the reproach in later times of having wickedly encouraged the rebellion that they might ask afterwards for a renewal of the lease of tyranny.'

It would appear that Pitt, in making advances to the Irish Catholics, had already determined in his own mind that a union must sooner or later be accomplished; and the rebellion had at least one good result in making it inevitable. The hopelessness of governing Ireland as a separate country had been unceasingly demonstrated. What Ireland wanted above everything was a strong Government, but the great object of the Irish Parliament was to weaken and paralyse the Government, to slit its tendons, as it were, just as the more savage ruffians outside houghed obnoxious Protestants and soldiers. At every turn the Government and the Parliament came into collision, and as neither could do without the other, a deadlock was the consequence. It may be said that the sort of Parliament to which the Home Rulers of the present day profess to look forward would be a very different body from the old Parliament; that the latter was limited in its representative character, and corrupted by English gold, but that a new Parliament would represent the whole people, and would be beyond the reach of bribery. It is quite clear, however, that, as far as the relations between Ireland and Great Britain are concerned, the same set of circumstances would be revived, and might be expected to produce the same results. As long as Ireland remains part of the empire, it is indispensable that the Imperial Government should be able to exercise some control over the Irish Parliament, otherwise the two countries would diverge, and the separation would be complete. Bribery in the old style might not be revived, but there are other kinds of bribery. The Irish Parliament would be continually engaged in harassing and embarrassing the English Government, and getting up disputes on all sorts of questions, in order to exact something in return; it might be in the shape of grants of money for public purposes, or of concessions to the ideas of the dominant Irish party on questions of foreign policy, national education, or religious freedom. In the end England would probably find that the situation had become intolerable, and Irish independence would again be swept away. If Ireland were shut up in itself the dominant party would undoubtedly be the Roman Catholic party, acting under the orders of an Ultramontane hierarchy. At any

moment it would be possible for the Irish Parliament seriously to disturb, if not to arrest, the working of the Imperial Government, the terms of peace being that Ireland should be allowed to dictate to the rest of the empire what course should be pursued on any question in which she took an interest. Even if the Irish Parliament were to be limited to strictly local questions, we have the warning of historical experience that very little ingenuity would be required to convert them into disputes about national independence. If it were left to an Irish Parliament to determine what contribution the country should make to the general Imperial expenditure, every vote would have to be higgled and bargained for. The old Irish Parliament was mischievous in two ways. It was used as a means of neutralising the Government, and it also served to distract attention from measures which would have been of solid advantage to the country, and to unsettle the people by wild dreams of an impossible independence. A new Home Rule Parliament would be equally disastrous in its consequences.

There can be no doubt as to what Home Rule means, and it is on every ground desirable that the answer to it should be perfectly distinct and resolute. To speak plainly on such a question does not imply disrespect to Irishmen. On the contrary, it is showing them genuine respect, for it assumes that they are reasonable creatures who can understand logical propositions, and are capable of judging what is and what is not possible in this world. The great misfortune of Ireland has been that Irishmen as a body have never settled how to make the most of their country as it is, in a quiet, sober, steady way; but have always been expecting that some wonderful change in the mode of government would do for them by a sudden magical stroke what will never be done until they do it themselves. A year or two since an Irish member complained in the House of Commons that while other countries sloped at the edges to the sea, Ireland was raised at the edges so as to form a cup for accumulations of rainfall; but it is not known that the new Land Act has improved the climate, or that the disestablishment of the Irish Church has facilitated drainage.

The restlessness of the Irish is probably due less to the temperament of race than to acquired habits of mind. Their passions and weaknesses have been played upon for party purposes by factious politicians in their own country and in England. They have been continually deluded and disappointed with regard to the immediate re-

sults, which they were led to expect from remedial legislation; and, on the other hand, they have been encouraged to suppose that incessant agitation and threats of separation will be certain to secure for them whatever they choose to ask. It is time that this should cease, and that Irishmen should be made distinctly to understand the inevitable and unalterable conditions of their political existence. An Irish politician once made it a national grievance that Ireland had been called a remote country.* It is possible that if Ireland had been a remote country it might have been all that Irish agitators and theorists desire. If Ireland had been as distant from England as America, she would no doubt have been allowed to go on her own way, as the United States were allowed to go. On the other hand, if Ireland had been as large, populous, and fruitful a country as France, she might, even situated as she is, have been able to assert and maintain her independence. As it is, Ireland is too feeble to stand alone, and too near to England to be allowed to become the dependency of any foreign Power. The English connection is essential to her protection, and it is equally valuable to her on economical grounds. The Irish are a poor people in a poor country. They want English capital and enterprise to develop their resources, and they are equally in want of English markets for the disposal of their products. The whole life of Ireland would be stunted and starved unless the range of the empire were opened to it. Most reasonable Irishmen are aware of this, and are disposed to cling to the Union in so far as it secures for them such advantages. But what many Irishmen fail to see is the price which they must pay for these advantages. If Ireland were a country by itself, a majority of Irishmen would rule the land. As it is, Ireland is only part of the United Kingdom, and the policy of the United Kingdom is determined not by a part but by the whole of the people; not by a minority, but by a majority of its citizens—Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. It is quite true that Ireland does not stand in all respects on an equality with Great Britain. Ireland has indeed just the same freedom as England

and Scotland, over its local affairs; but in Imperial politics England and Scotland together weigh down Ireland, for the simple reason that they are two to one. If Ireland were Great Britain she would be in a different position from what she is in now. The United Kingdom would then be a great Catholic power, sending a fleet to Italy to re-establish the Pope, and an army to Germany to release the bishops from prison; and there would be a minority of Protestants who would not relish this. It happens, however, that Ireland is not Great Britain; that Great Britain is stronger, bigger, richer; and that their relative conditions must be reversed before their positions can be altered. There would be an end of Irish unrest if Irishmen would only take the world as they find it, and not expect that it is going to turn on its axis in a new way in order to suit their personal convenience. Mr. Mitchell Henry, speaking on behalf of the Home Rulers, has said that the one absorbing passion of the Irish heart is for the preservation of its nationality; but Ireland is free to be as national as it likes, or can be, in its awkward position of not being really a nation, but only a promiscuous collection of mixed races and religions. Nobody wants to interfere with its nationality. All that is required is that what is called Irish nationality shall not be imposed on the whole empire as the mould of its conduct and policy. Home Rule is a contrivance for relieving the Catholic Celts from the consequences of being in a minority on certain subjects in the united council of the three countries; but Irish Catholics are not the only minority which does not have its own way in everything. In all parts of the kingdom there are people who would like very much to exercise the authority of a majority without being one.

But then it is said that the Irish local majority does not wish to interfere with England. It has no objection to recognise the British Crown* or to assist in the deliberations of the British Parliament. All it asks is to be allowed to manage Ireland after its own fashion. The answer to this is that there is a minority in Ireland which is entitled to some consideration, and that it is clearly impossible that the Irish Catholics could do what they liked in Ireland, without very

* Ponsonby complained in the Irish Parliament that when Gibbon was consulted about the Irish question, he replied, 'While I am engaged in writing the history of the decline and fall of a great empire, I have neither leisure nor inclination to attend to the affairs of a remote petty province!'—'Remote!' exclaimed Ponsonby: 'and sixty miles distant.—Petty!—The whole Kingdom of Ireland!—It is useful to cure this habit in the people of England.'

* Like the Home Rulers, Feargus O'Connor professed to have no objection to the continuance of the English monarchy. 'If Ireland had only institutions of her own,' he said, 'he did not care whether Beelzebub sat on the throne.' Sir R. Peel hoped 'that when the hon. gentleman got the sovereign of his choice he might enjoy the confidence of the Crown.'

seriously interfering with the general policy of the empire. What are Irish local questions? Education? That, with a Catholic majority, would mean the discipline and instructions of the Propaganda. The "preservation of public order"? That would mean the abolition of the constabulary, immunity to Fenians, an indulgent view of agrarian outrages—especially if sanctioned from the altar—and perhaps penal laws for Orange lodges. The amelioration of the condition of the people? That might be found to mean the ejection of Protestant landlords and the restoration of the soil to those who claim to be the original owners. The immediate object of the Home Rulers is to repeal the Coercion laws; but this is something more than a local question. A limb has no right to say to the body, Let me luxuriate in gangrene: it is only a local hobby. The seat of the disease may be local, its consequences are general. But Ireland is quiet, it is said, crime has diminished; therefore there is no need of irregular and arbitrary powers for the preservation of order. It is more to the purpose to remember the state of the country before the Coercion laws were put in force. Who has forgotten Lord Hartington's 'painful dismay,' or Mr. Gladstone's melancholy confession that the 'Government had been obliged to wink at a state of crime which in well-governed countries is intolerable'? Threatening letters, were then falling in showers, armed men were prowling about, bent on projects of vengeance or intimidation, priests were preaching the old Whiteboy gospel—'If the landlord evicts you, shoot him like a mad dog; if the landlord lives in London, shoot the agent; if you can't get at the agent, shoot the bailiff; if you can, shoot all three.'* Outrages and assassinations were committed with impunity; witnesses would not come forward; juries would not convict. The Coercion laws have put a stop to this, and they must be maintained—for the present at any rate—for the insurance of order and security of life. Sir R. Peel once said that fifteen Coercion Bills had been passed in his time, and all had been followed by signal and immediate advantage; but the advantage would have been greater if there had been only one continuous Act, instead of fifteen separate ones. All experience goes to show that concessions are baneful to Ireland which are not accompanied by a firm, resolute, and constant enforcement of law and order. Although the powers at present exercised by the magistrates and police are

potentially formidable, they are exercised with great caution and moderation, and are not applied except when they are really necessary.* Honest and peaceable people enjoy this protection without being disturbed by its precautions.

It is idle to think of establishing a solid and permanent connection between the two countries on shadowy grounds of sentiment and sympathy. Sentiment need not be outraged, nor sympathy withheld, but the connection is, after all, one of political calculation, and this ought never to be lost sight of. It is impossible to conceive anything more cruel or more injurious to the Irish people than to encourage them in fantastic visions of an illusory independence which their geographical position, domestic divisions, and local necessities, render impossible. In the long run men usually give up schemes and fancies which they discover to be impracticable. 'If,' as Lord Derby said on one occasion, 'you could convince the Irish people that they might just as well sigh for the moon as ask for Repeal, then in the course of time this longing might die out.' There can be no doubt that in such a case the kindest and most effectual remedy is frankly to discourage vain expectations which can never be fulfilled.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Trojanische Alterthümer. Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. Heinrich Schliemann. Leipzig, 1874.
2. *Atlas Trojanischer Alterthümer. Photographische Abbildungen zu dem Berichte*

* Rev. Father Doyle, P.P., circulated John Mitchel's advice to this effect. Father Ryan had a similar 'patent' recipe.

* See Sir M. Beach's speech in the Home-Rule debate. He said:—'To every person who could have any fair or reasonable ground for the request a licence to carry arms is granted. During the half-year ending the 31st of December, 1873, there have been only twenty-four arrests in the whole of Ireland for the unlawful possession of arms. There have been only four summary convictions by magistrates under these provisions, and only seven convictions at Quarter Sessions and Assizes. Eleven searches for handwriting have been made by the constabulary with a view to discover the authors of threatening letters. Next I come to the provision by which persons being out at night under suspicious circumstances are liable to arrest. Only thirty-seven persons in the whole of Ireland have been arrested under that provision. Two of them have been committed to gaol for trial at Petty Sessions, and only six have been punished by imprisonment. Under the section which provides for the arrest of suspected strangers, only eight persons have been arrested, and only one has been committed to gaol.'

über die Ausgrabungen in Troja. Von Dr. Heinrich Schliemann. Leipzig, 1874.
 3. *Ithaque, le Péloponnèse et Troie* (Paris, 1869); and, in the German translation, *Ithaka, der Peloponnes und Troja. Archäologische Forschungen.* Von Heinrich Schliemann. Leipzig, 1869.

THE saying that the spade is the greatest instrument of modern warfare is proving true also in the arts of peace. The same implements of digging and trenching which help to decide the fate of existing nations, are now among the surest means of unveiling the condition of those which flourished and perished in the remotest antiquity; and the dim traditions, from which scholars have painfully elaborated a shadowy history of the earliest civilisations, are receiving form and substance from the buried walls and houses, and the objects of art and common use, which have lain undisturbed for centuries beneath the surface of the earth. While those who could not or would not dig, have been fain to grasp the scraps of information and conjecture from every quarter, the practical explorer, going straight to work with the instrument first used by human labour, has found the fruit of his toil as often in what he did not expect as in what he searched for. The mound, around which the tradition of Nimrod has hovered from the earliest ages, and which Xenophon admired as covering the ruins of a city that Cyrus had hardly taken from the Medes, yielded up to the researches of Layard the grand monuments and records, and the objects which illustrate the daily life, of the Assyrians. Xerxes, marching to his vain attack on Greece, and Alexander, retracing the same path to conquer Asia, both sacrificed on the reputed site of Homer's Ilium; but twenty-one centuries passed before a laborious German, devoting to the work the fortune earned by commercial industry, and impelled by the enthusiasm for Greek learning which had sprung up on the hard soil of penury and absorbing labour and had survived the blighting influence of prosperity, dug into the mound which he believed to cover the Pergamus of Troy, and found—we will not prejudge the question by saying the Ilium of Homer—but the quadruple reward of *four cities*, forming as many successive strata of ruins, which have lain there undisturbed from before the Greek colonisation of the spot at a date probably as remote as 700 years before Christ. The '*Treasure of King Priam*,' as Dr. Schliemann has not hesitated to call his wonderful 'find' of gold and silver ornaments, is almost the least of the true treasures which the thousands of objects found by him

present to the inquirer into the earliest records of history and civilisation. The halo cast by poetry about the Ilium, against which the Greeks warred, aided by auxiliary gods, which Hector defended and the Achæans sacked, was the guiding star of the explorer; but even the interest of the question, whether he has really proved the tangible existence, and unveiled the relics, of that very city—the Tower of Ilium, the Scæan Gates, the palace of Priam, the images of Troy's tutelary goddess—is eclipsed by the light thrown upon a series of chapters in the history of that spot, where Asiatic and European civilisation came into the earliest and closest contact. Thus it is that, in every field of scientific investigation, the problems which we propose to solve expand beyond the forms from which we start, and yield results as fruitful and surprising as the development of an unknown plant from a seed cast into the ground. But yet, the overwhelming interest of Homer's Troy supplies to Dr. Schliemann's readers, as well as to himself, the only proper path by which to approach the consideration of his discoveries, however far from that path the discussion of their results may possibly lead us.

We shall not detain our readers with the preliminary question, on which we may touch at a fitter stage, whether the Ilium of Homer is a myth, and the assertion '*Troja fuit*' a mere fancy. Provisionally, at least, we start from the universal belief of those whose earliest intellectual culture was derived from—and may that of all ages ever be animated by—the poetry of Homer; the belief that he sang of an Ilium whose site was well known to him, and that the Greek settlers preserved the tradition of that site. And here let us at once say, that we use the name of Homer to denote the whole volume of epic poetry ascribed to him from the time when it was collected (of course we are now concerned almost entirely with the *Iliad*), reserving the question of the original authorship and later interpolations till they have any bearing upon the argument.

Not one of the most sceptical critics has ever questioned that these poems show an acquaintance with the topography of the region which (and this is no small point) has borne, from all known antiquity, the name of the *Troad*, and the part of it most specially called the plain of Troy. Homer's *Ida* and *Scamander* and *Hellespont* are as real in his pages as in their existence at the present day, and his knowledge of these, and many minor sites of the *Troad*, raises at least a presumption that his site of Ilium was equally definite, at least to his own mind. He

the wife of Dyaus, the Greek Zeus. The lateral ranges, which connect Ida with the great chain of the Mysian Olympus, shut in upon the eastern side, as Ida itself shuts in on the south, that extreme north-western angle of Asia Minor, whose shore is washed by the Hellespont and the Ægean Sea. The Scamander, which still keeps its old name with a slight change of form (*Mendere*), flowing from Ida into the Hellespont, receives two considerable tributaries from the eastern hills, of which the more northerly, now called the *Dombrek*, is the ancient Simois. The *Plain of Troy* is the marshy valley through which the Scamander has often varied its course, as is testified by the traces of its ancient beds, as well as by the divided channels in which it now flows. The *Mendere* now falls into the Hellespont on the eastern side of the castle of *Kum Kaleh*, at the point of land where the straits open into the sea; but there can be little doubt that the main river, in the most ancient times, ran in the course of the minor stream, which flows past, and derives its name from, the tumulus of *In Tepé*, the traditional tomb of Ajax. This change in the course of the river is of the utmost moment in the Homeric topography; for the marshy land and salt lagoon between the ancient and modern mouths, must have been in olden times a fine bay, well answering to the site which tradition assigns to the naval encampment of the Greeks.

The plateau of *Hissarlik*, on which stood the Greek city of Ilium, is formed by the extremity of a spur of Ida, near the right bank of the river *Kalifatli* (as the eastern stream of the Scamander is now called), a little above the point where it now receives the Simois (which may formerly have been still higher up), and washed on the south by a lesser affluent of the Scamander. The foundation of this city is placed by Strabo (XIII, p. 601) under the last dynasty of the Lydian kings, a date commonly interpreted as about 700 B.C.* For about 500 years this city enjoyed the unquestioned fame of standing on the very site of the heroic Ilium. In its Acropolis, as the Pergamus of Priam, Xerxes sacrificed a thousand oxen to the tutelary goddess Athena, tokens of whose ancient worship (if Dr. Schliemann is right), lay in hundreds beneath his feet. In

the same belief, the city was favoured, enlarged, and embellished by Alexander and Lysimachus,—by Sulla and Julius Cæsar.

The strong claim of so long and unbroken a tradition is sustained by some of the leading features required to answer to the topographical allusions in the Iliad. First of all—an argument too little insisted upon, and now rendered almost decisive by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries—it is the *first site*, up the valley of the Scamander, on which we find, or could find from the nature of the ground, a considerable city. The height (though moderate) on which it stands above the plain, exposed on all sides to the sea-breezes and the winds that sweep down the valley of the Scamander and the Simois, entitles it to the Homeric epithets of the 'lofty,' the 'beetling,' the 'windy' Ilium,* and answers to the view which Homer makes it to have commanded from the tower of Ilium over the whole plain to the Hellespont and Ægean on one side, and to Ida on the other. Its distance from the shore of the Hellespont, now about three miles, but in ancient times considerably less, suits the small extent of the plain, over which the tide of battle rolls to and fro between the city and the Greek camp in a single day, and where each army, when close to the enemy's ramparts, holds speedy communication with its own fortress.

This element of distance has, however, been turned into the most formidable argument against the site; for Strabo tells us that, in his time, the distance was twelve stadia, or half what it is now; and, allowing for a proportional advance of the alluvial soil from the time of Homer to that of Strabo, we should lose the whole space for the battlefield, and bring the Greek camp to the very walls of Troy. But such arguments from the computed proportional growth of river deposits can never be deemed certain, unless confirmed by the positive testimony of records or monuments. The sea takes away at one time, by its current sweeping along the shore, what it yields at another time to the advancing deposits of a river; and so, for aught we know, the coast between the headlands of *Kum Kaleh* and the Tomb of Ajax may even have been more advanced in the time of Homer than in that of Strabo. Were we even to allow the negative argument as against the claim of *Hissarlik*, it would not suffice for a positive argument in favour of the only two really competing sites, which are as much too distant as the first would be too near, one being seven and the other eight miles above the present coast-line of the Hellespont. To discuss the circumstantial

* Some writers hold that the Ilium of the Lydian age was destroyed, and succeeded by a second Greek city, the historical Ilium; and Dr. Schliemann's excavations appear to have revealed some traces of a fifth stratum of ruins, which contains antiquities of a Lydian type, above the four pre-Hellenic strata, and below that of the Greek Ilium. But these indications are too slight to be much relied on.

* Αἰπεινή, ὀρυσέσσα, ἡνεμέσσα.

evidence derived from the minor allusions in the Iliad would detain us too long from those great discoveries which have thrown all such minutiae into the shade.* Some of them are of so slight a character, that they may apply equally to either side, or they may have been changed in the course of time; above all, they rest on an overstrained literalness in the interpretation of Homer, which is utterly inconsistent with the licence of a poet. This point is well put by Mr. Gladstone, whose perfect knowledge of the text of Homer gives the highest value to his opinion:—

‘The number of the natural features portrayed, and the actual correspondence of most of them, when taken individually, with those we now discern, establish the general authenticity of the scene. They also lead to the conclusion that Homer may have seen it in person; or may, by the power of a vigorous imagination, have conceived its general character, and the relative position of the points, from the narratives of eye-witnesses. But it seems plain that he did not sing, either on the spot, or to persons minutely acquainted with the topography, and not unlikely that he generalised his materials, and used them with a certain licence, as a poet, for the purposes of his art.’—*Juventus Mundi*, chap. xiii. 478.

We shall see presently how the labour of the spade has overthrown the refinements of interpretation here rebuked, and revealed in their place a new set of data for comparison with the allusions of Homer. It is, therefore, unnecessary to discuss in any detail the sites which have been put in competition with that of Hissarlik. The one proposed by Demetrius of Scepsis, and adopted by Strabo, was at a place called the ‘Village of the Ilians,’ now *Akshi Keui*, near the confluence of the river *Kimar*† with the Scamander. This theory gained little acceptance with the Greek and Roman critics, and has found only one modern scholar of note to defend it.‡ It has been completely disposed of by

the excavations of Dr. Schliemann, who found nothing there but the virgin rock. ‘I used the pickaxe,’ he says, ‘a knife would have been enough.’ The absence of ruins was, indeed, admitted by Demetrius of Scepsis, who naïvely explained the fact by the utterness of Troy’s destruction by the Greeks.* The worth of such an argument can be judged from the testimony yielded by the mounds of Nineveh and Babylon, and by the foundation of Jerusalem—cities the utter destruction of which has taxed the powers of language to express—and now, in the case of Troy itself, from the hill of Hissarlik. In a word, the claims of this site are reduced to the mere guess of a grammarian, devised for the mere purpose of avoiding the difficulty of the small extent of the plain. No theories are more dangerous than those invented merely to meet difficulties. Equally groundless is the claim of *Chiblak*, east of *Hissarlik*, the site proposed by Dr. Clarke; and here, too, Schliemann found no trace of habitation.

There remains only the site proposed by Chevalier (who visited the Troad in 1788) at *Bunarbashi*, still higher upon the left bank of the Scamander, upon a hill where the river breaks its way out of the lower ridges of Ida into the plain of Troy. To clinch the matter, the epithet of *Novum* is on modern maps assigned to the Greek Ilium, in opposition to *Ilium Vetus* or *Troja*, which they place at *Bunarbashi*. Here, indeed, the remains of ‘Cyclopean’ walls, and the fragments of pottery, indicate an old city, but one of the early Greek, not the pre-Hellenic settlements. The ingenious French traveller was guided solely by external signs of correspondence with the Iliad. He found in two springs, which rise out of the hill, Homer’s sources of the Scamander, one hot and the other cold. In the rocky heights of

* The best discussions of the whole subject from this point of view will be found in the new edition (1863) of Mr. Charles Maclaren’s ‘Plain of Troy described; and the identity of the Ilium of Homer with the New Ilium of Strabo proved, by comparing the Poet’s Narrative with the present Topography,’ and in Grote’s ‘History of Greece,’ vol. i. chap. xv.

† The theory of course involved the identification of this river with the Simois, for which it is not important enough. There is other evidence for making the *Kimar* the ancient Thymbrius, which has been wrongly identified with the *Dombrek* (the true Simois) from the mere resemblance of the names.

‡ The late Professor Ulrichs, in his ‘Excursus on the Topography of the Homeric Ilium,’ translated by Patrick Colquhoun, LL.D., in the ‘Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature,’ and reprinted separately.

* This transparent fallacy has been revived by a modern scholar, as an excuse for withholding national aid for researches in the Troad. When the Society of Antiquaries ventured to suggest to Mr. Lowe, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, the importance of exploring the supposed sepulchral barrows, they were told, in a characteristic letter of rebuke, in which a sneer at classical education was of course pointed with a classical quotation, that more than 1800 years ago a Roman poet wrote of Troy, ‘Etiam prætere ruinae.’ Dr. Schliemann had already been laying bare those ruins of Hissarlik for three years, when the writer went on to say, ‘In the case of the Troad there is little or no chance of acquiring any possession for the public which would repay the search.’—and the next month Dr. Schliemann finished his work by finding the ‘treasure,’ for which the British Museum would be the fittest home. Mr. Lowe’s letter, and Lord Stanhope’s keen but dignified answer, are printed in the ‘Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries’ for April, 1873.

the *Bali Dagh*, above the village, he saw the *Pergamus*, or citadel of Troy; three *tumuli* on a hill opposite served for the sepulchres of Trojan heroes, and to one of these he gave the name of Hector. Adopted by no less an authority than Major Rennell,* and afterwards by Welcker, Forchhammer, and Colonel Leake, this has become, till quite recently, the favourite theory with modern scholars, except Mr. Grote, who decides in favour of Hissarlik; but it has failed before the test of practical examination. Strabo long ago declared that there were no hot springs in the whole region,† and Dr. Schliemann could detect no difference of temperature in the sources—not *two* but *forty* in number—which burst out of the rock to feed the little rivulet of Bunarbashi. Nor is it possible to see the Simois, much less the Scamander, in this streamlet, which, perhaps, ran of old by a very brief course into the Scamander, but is now carried by a canal into the Bay of Beshika. Besides, the situation of Bunarbashi, only just outside of the gorges of Ida, commanding as it is, corresponds but ill to that of Ilium, with its close prospect over the Plain of Troy.‡ Finally, the excavations of Hahn§ in 1864, and the researches of Sir John Lubbock|| in 1872, on this site have revealed indeed the fortified citadel of a little town, but no deep *débris* containing traces of the life and wealth of the great city which held supremacy over the neighbouring region, and gathered allies far and wide from Asia Minor. In short, the decisive test of excavation on all the sites proposed for Troy has brought us back to Hissarlik, by the process known

to mathematicians as that of elimination. Here, and here alone, we find remains which, if not those of the Homeric Troy, reveal an unknown city, or rather a series of cities, one of which, at least, has suffered an equally terrible catastrophe, and, if it be not the real Troy, still wants its Homer to fulfil the prophecy:—

‘*Erunt etiam altera bella,
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur
Achilles.*’

The Greek city of Ilium continued to flourish under the Roman Empire, enjoying immunity from taxes as a tribute to the fame of Troy. But it yielded its importance to the neighbouring ‘*Alexandria Troas*,’ the *Troas* of the New Testament, where Paul received the call to ‘come over’ and decide the long conflict of the East and West by bringing both under their true Lord. The favours shown by Diocletian and the Flavian Emperors to the neighbouring cities may account for the desertion of Ilium, which we can fix with accuracy about the end of the fourth century, for the site bears no traces of Byzantine buildings; the coins of Constantine the Great lie in numbers among the *débris* of the Greek city; but none have been found later than those of his sons Constantius and Constans. We may adopt, though with a smile, the words of the enthusiastic friend and interpreter of Dr. Schliemann* that ‘the hill of Ilium had been a solitude for 1500 years, till a man and a woman encamped there three years ago’—like another Deucalion and Pyrrha—to evoke the forms of heroic life from the buried stones; and the course of life by which Dr. Schliemann was prompted to and prepared for the work, which he executed with the unaided resources supplied by his own life-long industry, adds not a little to the interest of his discoveries. He has told his own story, with pardonable self-consciousness, in the earlier work quoted at the head of this article.

Heinrich Schliemann was born in 1822 at Kalkhorst, a village of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in a position which required him to earn his own living. But he was not therefore condemned to the bondage of a ‘practical’ or ‘lower grade’ education. Let those who repeat the catch-word of ‘a modicum of Greek,’ learnt ‘without any real appreciation’ and ‘sure to be soon forgotten,’ mark the testimony of a practical witness:—

* Observations on the Topography of the Plain of Troy. London, 1814. The chief recent champion of Bunarbashi is M. Nikolaïdes, ‘*Topographie de l’Iliade*,’ Paris, 1867, but his argument rests on the literal interpretation of Homer’s topography, carried to a ludicrous extent.

† The hot and cold sources of the Scamander, *close to Ilium*, in which the Trojan women washed their clothes (II. xxii. 147), are manifestly a poetic fancy, and they must be conceived as belonging to some little affluent of the Scamander, which Homer usually describes as a large and deep river, ‘the eddying Xanthus’ (for such was its name with the gods), which received the lesser Simois. This is perhaps one of the cases in which the indications of the old Homeric poets are confused by the fanciful additions of the Alexandrian grammarians.

‡ Virgil’s topography is, of course, no further valuable than as the opinion of his age and of himself, a learned antiquary as well as a poet; but it is worth while to mention that his ‘*Est in conspectu Tenedos*’ is true of Hissarlik, but not of Bunarbashi, from which the island is hidden by a range of heights.

§ Die Ausgrabungen auf der Homerischen Pergamus. Leipzig, 1865.

|| ‘*Archæologia*’ for 1873.

* M. Émile Burnouf, in an article in the ‘*Revue des Deux Mondes*,’ for January 1, 1874, ‘*Troie d’après les dernières Fouilles faites en Troade*,’ giving an excellent account of Dr. Schliemann’s labours.

'As soon as I learnt to speak, my father related to me the great deeds of the Homeric heroes. I loved the stories; they enchanted me, *sie versetzten mich in hohe Begeisterung*. The first impressions which a child receives abide with him during his whole life, and though it was my lot, at the age of fourteen, to be apprenticed in a warehouse, instead of following the scientific career for which I felt an extraordinary disposition, I always retained the same love for the famous men of antiquity which I had conceived for them in my first childhood.'

To make the example stronger, Schliemann did 'forget the little he had learnt'; and no wonder, as, during the golden time for learning, from fourteen to twenty, he was at work from five in the morning till eleven at night, selling herrings, butter, brandy, milk, and salt by retail, grinding potatoes for the still, sweeping the shop, and so forth. He forgot:—but he never lost the love of learning, and the occasion which revived it gives another (we might say a literal) example of the '*servabit odorem testa diu*.' A well-educated young man, whose bad conduct had condemned him to be a miller instead of a student of theology, came drunk into the shop one evening and recited about a hundred lines of Homer with the rhythmic cadence.

'Though I did not understand a word' (it seems that Schliemann had learnt Latin but not Greek), 'this melodious speech made a deep impression upon me, and I wept bitter tears for my unhappy fate. Thrice I got him to repeat to me these godlike verses, paying him with three glasses of brandy, which I bought with the few pence that made my whole fortune.'

He was released from the bondage of the shop, but thrown destitute upon the world, by a hurt received in lifting a heavy cask. The kindness of a merchant, who found him in the hospital at Hamburg, procured him employment as a clerk, which left him some little time for study. His yearly salary was 800 francs (32*l.*); he lived on half, in a garret without a fire, and spent the other half on his studies. He began at the beginning, by perfecting his handwriting, and then went on to the modern languages, taking up English first; and there now lies before us one of his letters in English, which any one would suppose, both from its composition and handwriting, to be the fruit of early and thorough teaching. Schliemann pursued a method of learning modern languages which we have seen practised with great success; relying greatly on the impression produced by the living voice when the learner reads a passage repeatedly aloud. Thus, when he came to grasp with Russian, without the help of a tea-

cher, he learnt a translation of Telemachus by heart, and recited it to a poor Jew, who received four francs a week for listening two hours at a time to the language of which he did not understand a word. Though Schliemann's memory was bad through long want of practice, he acquired a sufficient practical knowledge of English in six months, and of French in another half-year. With this practice, and the improvement of his memory, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese took only six weeks each for him to speak and write fluently. He had obtained an improved situation before he learnt Russian; and this acquisition proved the foundation of his fortune. In the beginning of 1846, his employers sent him as their agent to St. Petersburg, where he went into business on his own account a year later. But the new demands upon his time suspended study for eight years, and it was not till 1845 that he found leisure to learn Swedish and Polish. GREEK, the proposed goal of all his studies, was reserved, with no small self-denial, till he had secured a competent fortune, lest the fascination of the language should estrange him from his commercial industry. When at length he could no longer restrain his zeal, he set vigorously to work, in January, 1856, and, with the help of two Greek friends, he learnt modern Greek in six weeks. Three months more sufficed him to learn enough of classical Greek to understand the ancient writers, and especially Homer 'whom,' says he, 'I read again and again with the liveliest enthusiasm.' In two years, devoted to the exclusive study of the old Greek literature, he read nearly all the ancient writers cursorily, and the Iliad and Odyssey several times through.

To this point we would direct special attention, believing as we do that the first and most needful key to all questions about Homer is a deep and familiar knowledge of the text. Such knowledge, which was the great glory of our old English scholarship, has perhaps been too much neglected in the recent times of scientific criticism. No amount of reading about the classic authors, even in the latest German treatises, can compensate for an imperfect knowledge of the authors themselves; and, more than this, the want of such knowledge unfits the scholar from being an independent judge of the criticism which he so eagerly follows. Among the services rendered by Mr. Gladstone to Homeric studies, none is greater than the earnestness with which he insists on this knowledge of the text, which his own example so well illustrates.

In 1858 Dr. Schliemann obtained leisure to travel over Sweden, Denmark, Germany,

Italy, and Egypt (availing himself, by the way, of the opportunity to learn Arabic), and he returned through Syria and Athens to St. Petersburg. At length, in 1863, he found himself in possession of a fortune, and retired from business to devote his money and himself to the long-cherished purpose of his life. On his way to visit 'the fatherland of Ulysses' and the Plain of Troy, in 1864, he allowed himself to be diverted into a journey to India, China, and Japan, and so round the world, which occupied two years. After taking up his abode in Paris, with the purpose of devoting his life to archæology, Dr. Schliemann made the journey to Corfu, Cephalonia, Ithaca, the Peninsula of Greece, and the Plain of Troy, the account of which occupies his earlier volume, written at the end of 1868. The work contains, among much other interesting matter (especially about Ithaca), the result of studies of the 'Cyclopean' works of Argolis, which were of great value for comparison with what might be found at Troy, and also an examination of the topography of the Iliad, which satisfied Dr. Schliemann that the site of Hissarlik alone promised to reward the thorough researches on which he was bent.

Having now settled at Athens, as one of the band of French and German scholars who have made the 'eye of Greece' a new centre of archæological study, Dr. Schliemann returned to the Troad in the spring of 1870, with his wife, a Greek lady and true 'help meet' for the work before him. That work occupied the practicable seasons of three years, from the autumn of 1871 to the summer of 1873. The details of its progress, amidst difficulties from Turkish officialism and Greek cunning, fevers, storms, and poisonous serpents, added to the frequent danger of being crushed by the undermined masses of earth and rubbish; from the carelessness and stupidity, artfulness and jealousy, of the workmen and natives; all this we must leave to be read in Dr. Schliemann's memoirs of his work, which, we are glad to understand, will be translated under his own direction. One example will show that power of impressing the minds of those under him, which is a main element of success in such an enterprise. To preserve the new-discovered pavement of the great gateway from being injured by the workmen, he told them that Christ had gone up by that road to visit King Priam, and he set up a cross to sanctify the legend! Some estimate of his labours and devotedness may be formed from the fact that he often had 150 men at the work, on which he expended 8000*l*. Nor ought we to withhold our sym-

pathy with his concluding thanksgiving to God that, 'in spite of the fearful dangers to which we were exposed in these three years' gigantic excavations, amidst constant stormy weather, no accident happened, not a man was killed, and not one even dangerously hurt.'

Dr. Schliemann's account of his excavations is published in the form of 23 memoirs written successively (except one at Athens) according to the progress of the work, from the autumn of 1871 to the 17th of June, 1873. This form enables us to follow the progress of his labours with the more interest; but it involves the frequent repetition of similar matter, and the views expressed in the earlier memoirs are often corrected, or even contradicted afterwards. The whole results, however, are digested in the Introduction. Beyond this, the reader is made a sort of eye-witness of the work and the antiquities which it has brought to light by means of the elaborate 'Atlas' of 217 photographic plates, which give plans and views of the site and the whole Plain of Troy, and of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, with representations of between four and five thousand of the objects which he has discovered. These photographs, however, are not from the objects themselves, but from drawings executed by an artist whom Dr. Schliemann took with him from Athens in the second year of his work; and many of the photographs are very badly executed. The miscellaneous arrangement of the objects imposes much trouble on the reader, but an invaluable guide to their original place among the ruins is furnished by the appended numbers, which indicate the *depth* at which each was found.* The great importance of this will be seen presently. The 'Atlas' is accompanied by a very full descriptive letterpress of all the principal objects. These form only a part of the vast collection at Athens, which we are informed that the Greek Government have just declined to accept as a gift on Dr. Schliemann's conditions.†

* Dr. Schliemann's measures are given on the French metric system, sometimes with (in the text of his work) the corresponding number of feet. We have converted his measures approximately, at the ratio of $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet to the mètre, with the further correction when needed, and avoiding fractions as much as possible.

† In a letter addressed to the Athenian journal *Nea Hellas*, Dr. Schliemann informs the Athenians that he is going to leave them. He had offered to build a museum at Athens at his own expense, to deposit there all the antiquities which he had discovered, on condition that Government would allow him to excavate at Mycenæ and Olympia, the proceeds of the excavations to become equally the property of the nation, and

The scene of Dr Schliemann's excavations was determined in part by the nature of the ground, on which walls and foundations may be traced, and potsherds are scattered over the surface, and in part by our general knowledge of the extent of Greek Ilium and the conceptions of the size of the ancient city derived from Homer. The plateau rises some 80 feet above the level of the plain, its steep descent to which on the north, north-east, and north-west marks the probable limit of the town on those sides. At the north-west angle rises a hill some 26 feet higher, and, therefore, more than 100 feet above the plain, with a surface about 975 feet long by 620 wide, which nature, as well as the sense of the name *Hissarlik* ('fortress'), seems to mark as the Acropolis of the Greek city; and which was assumed to be the famous Pergamos of Homer, the citadel of Priam. The great city itself, then, was to be sought beneath the plateau, where the flourishing Greek Ilium must have stood; and both would probably have a somewhat similar extent. Accordingly Dr. Schliemann set to work scientifically, sinking pits over the site to take soundings of the plain (as the voyagers in the *Challenger* sound the ocean-depths), till he reached the native soil of limestone at about 16 feet and less. The surprising result may be best told in his own words:—

'Trusting to the statements of the Iliad, which I used to believe in as if they were Gospel truth, I imagined that Hissarlik, the hill which I have ransacked for three years, was the Pergamos of the city. Troy must at least have had 50,000 inhabitants, and its area must have extended over the whole space occupied by the Greek colony of Ilium. Notwithstanding this, I was determined to investigate the matter accurately, and thought that I could not do it in any better way than by making borings. I accordingly began cautiously to dig at the extreme ends of the Greek Ilium, but these borings down to the primary soil brought to light only walls of houses and fragments of pottery, belonging to the Greek period, but not a trace of the remains of the preceding occupants. In making these borings, therefore, I gradually came nearer to the imagined Pergamos, but without any better success; as even seven borings which I had made at the very foot of this hill, down to the rock, produced only Greek masonry and fragments of Greek pottery. I now assert most positively that Troy was limited to the small surface of this hill, that its area is accurately defined by its great surrounding wall, laid open by me in many

to be deposited in the Schliemann Museum. Parliament accepted his offer, but the Government has declined to sanction it, and Dr. Schliemann now announces that he will leave Greece for ever.'

—*The Academy*, April 4, 1874.

places, that the city had no acropolis, that the Pergamos is a pure invention of Homer, and lastly that the area of Troy in post-Trojan times, down to the Greek settlement, has only been increased so far as the hill was enlarged by the *débris* that was thrown down, but that the Ilium of the Greek colony was largely extended at the time of its foundation.'

In another passage he says:—

'I now most emphatically declare that the town of Priam cannot possibly have extended in the direction of any one side beyond the primeval plateau of this fortress, the circumference of which is indicated to the south and south-west by the great tower and the Scæan Gate, to the north-west, north-east, and east by the surrounding wall of Troy. The town was so strongly fortified by nature on the north side, that the wall there consisted only of those large blocks of stone, loosely piled one upon another, which last year gave me such immense trouble to remove. This wall is, however, recognised at once directly to the right in the northern entrance of my large cutting, which runs through the entire hill.

'I am extremely sorry to be obliged to give such a small plan of Troy, nay I had wished to be able to make it a thousand times larger, but truth I consider to be of the first importance, and I rejoice that my three years' excavations have laid open the Homeric Troy, even though on a diminished scale, and so have proved that the Iliad is based upon real facts.

'Homer is an epic poet and not an historian, and it is quite natural that he exaggerates everything with poetic licence; besides the events which he describes are so marvellous that even many scholars have long doubted the existence of Troy, and have considered the town to be a mere fancy of the poet. I venture to hope that the civilised world will not only not be vexed that the town of Priam has shown itself scarcely the twentieth part as large as was to be expected from the statements of the Iliad, but, on the contrary, that, with delight and enthusiasm, it will accept the certainty, that Ilium did really exist, that a large proportion of it has now been brought to light, and that Homer, even though he exaggerated, nevertheless sings of events that actually happened. Besides this, it ought to be considered that the area of Troy, which is now reduced to this small hill, is still just as large or larger than the regal city of Athens, which was confined to the Acropolis, and which did not extend beyond this till the time when Theseus added the twelve villages, and consequently it was named in the plural *Ἀθῆναι*. It is probable that the same happened to the town of *Μυκῆναι*, which Homer describes as being rich in gold, and which is also met with in the singular number (*Iliad*, IV. 52).

'Little Troy was, however, immensely rich, considering the circumstances of those times, for I here find a treasure of gold and silver articles such as are now scarcely to be found in an emperor's palace;—(a strange exagger-

ration)—and as the town was rich it was powerful as well, and ruled over a large domain.

'The houses of Troy were all very high and had several storeys, as is evident from the thickness of the walls and the colossal heaps of *débris*; but even if we assume the houses to have been of three storeys and standing close by the side of one another, the town can nevertheless not have contained more than 5000 inhabitants, nor have furnished more than 500 soldiers; but it could always raise a considerable army from among its subjects, and as it was rich and powerful it obtained mercenaries from all quarters.

'Troy thus had no especial acropolis; but, as one was necessary for the great deeds of the Iliad, Homer invented one and called it the Pergamos, a word of utterly unknown derivation.'

The disappointment thus announced is less surprising than it seems. Schliemann's ex-

just as the heroes alone are deemed worth notice on the field of battle. It was not so much, then, the Pergamos that Homer invented, for there stood the hill, and the name may have been handed down by tradition; but it was rather the surrounding city that his imagination called up around the fortress.

Schliemann's hopes and efforts were now concentrated on the little hill of Hissarlik, which he attacked by excavations on the north, south, and south-east, and by a deep channel through the breadth of the hill. These successive works, in the years 1871, 1872, and 1873, are shown on the subjoined plan. They laid open walls indubitably far more ancient than that of Greek Ilium (the proof will appear forthwith); a complete city gateway, with the paved road through it; remains of houses, and a vast variety of

pectations, like the exaggerated views of others about the size required for the Trojan battle-field, were based on the unsubstantial parade of forces in the Homeric catalogue. But our knowledge of the most ancient cities agrees with his discovery about Troy; and he might have added to the cases of Athens and Mycenæ the hill-fortress of Zion, the Byrsa of Carthage, the Palatine city of Rome, and the palatial quarters of Nineveh, which alone remained, while the scattered huts that sheltered the common people on the ground below were quickly swept away. In such cases the city was the fastness, where the chiefs had their abode and the people found refuge from an enemy, towering above the mean dwellings around them,

objects, many of them of strange and unexpected types. The relative position of these remains and of the *débris* that covered them revealed the most unexpected result of all—that no less than four (perhaps five or even six) communities had lived and built there, and their works had perished, leaving their remains in successive strata on this same spot, before the time when the Greek colonists built the acropolis of their Ilium over all the rest. The mound of *Hissarlik* was shown to be a natural hill, the surface of which seems to have been levelled and improved in some parts by an embankment and retaining wall, above which the successive ruins have heaped up a mass of from 14 to 16 *mètres* high (about 46 to 52 feet), so

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it coincides in all with an age of *copper*; iron being wholly (or all but wholly) absent. But more than this, the copper is scarce, and the stone implements more abundant, in the third stratum than in those below; in other words, we have the very 'unscientific' fact of an 'age of stone' above an age of copper.' The implements and weapons of stone and copper are mixed with ornaments of copper, gold, silver, and even ivory, and fragments of musical instruments, testifying to a state of no little civilisation and luxury, and to commerce with foreign nations. Again, in all the strata there are hundreds

† (abt.)

Surface.

Remains of Greek Ilium.

4th Stratum.

3rd Stratum.

2nd Stratum. The Troy of Homer, according to Schliemann.

1st Stratum.

Native rock.

If 6 feet of *débris* thousand years, we allowed for the it 46 feet? But always deceptive; e thick successive so much to the the great epochs left other abun-ity.

hustastic votary of y' hastening to h the magic words las! for such sym- a show an age of i all the strata, and

of vessels of pottery, besides those remark-able objects in terra-cotta of which we have presently to speak, and all these have a striking resemblance, though the types vary in the different strata. But in the sound-ness of manufacture, elegance of form, and even size, there is a progressive falling off. The diminution even in the capacity of what are evidently drinking vessels recalls Ho-mer's lamentation over the decline of convi-vial power. In short, not to multiply de-tails, the newly opened mound of Hissarlik —of whatever else it may be the monument —stands henceforth as a lasting witness to a progressive decay of civilisation and in-dustry and wealth among the successive

races of its inhabitants; and it completely overturns, for that part of the world at least, the hasty assumption of the progress of mankind through the ages of stone, bronze, and iron, which has been derived from regions that may well have been the last retreats of degraded races, rather than the first abodes of primitive men. We have long doubted whether such tokens of the lowest state of humanity would be found in the regions which history marks as the seats of primeval civilisation, and here is, at least, one decisive answer. There is nothing astonishing in the fact that a comparatively civilised people, among whom iron was scarce or unknown, should use knives, saws, axes, and hammers of flint, diorite, and other hard stones, as the best substitute for the hard metal. Many such examples might be found in the present day; the simplest materials often make the best tools; and, even in our age of iron, the *débris* of London may furnish some curious proofs to the coming 'New Zealander' of the low civilisation of England in the nineteenth century.

We must not confound the two questions, of the witness which the hill of Hisarlik bears to the condition of its successive inhabitants as a new chapter in human history, and its relation to the Homeric poems. The zeal with which Dr. Schliemann has plunged into the latter argument—hastening to identify the *Tower of Ilium*, the *Sceæn Gates*, the *Royal Palace*, and *King Priam's Treasure*, has tended rather to provoke antagonism than to strengthen his case. But as our present purpose is chiefly to open his wonderful discoveries to the reader, we find ourselves compelled to follow his own manner of relating them.

He himself now maintains that he was on a wrong scent when (in his earlier memoirs) he took the lowest, and by far the largest, stratum of ruins for those of Homer's Ilium;* and it is to be regretted that his change of view has led him, both to give a less complete account of this stratum than we could have wished, and to hide much of what he had uncovered beneath the *débris* of his excavations of the second stratum, which he now regards as the heroic Troy.† For this first city, which was erected on the virgin rock, had its houses as well as its walls built of stones cemented with wet earth. Their upright position, and the foundations of lat-

er buildings above them, prove that the second city was raised on the buried ruins of the first. This, indeed, was the usual ancient mode of building; the earth was not excavated to form cellars, and deep foundations were dug only for the most massive walls. We have not, however, gained a perfectly clear conception of the demarcation between these two first strata, for, if we understand rightly, those massive structures of the *second stratum*, which are claimed as the great buildings of Priam's city, are based on the native rock.

Dr. Schliemann's own words will best describe the *second stratum*, and explain his views of its relation to Homer's Ilium:

'The excavations I have made this year have sufficiently proved that the second nation which built a town on this hill, upon the *débris* of the first settlers (which is from 20 ft. to 30 ft. thick), are the Trojans of whom Homer sings; the *débris* of this town lie from 23 ft. to 33 ft. below the surface. The strata of this Trojan *débris*, which without exception bears marks of great heat, consist mainly of red ashes of wood, and rise from 5 ft. to about 10 ft. above the great tower of Ilion, the double Sceæn gate, and the great surrounding wall, the construction of which Homer ascribes to Poseidon and Apollo, and they show that the town was destroyed by a fearful conflagration. How great the heat must have been is clear also from the large slabs of stone of the road leading from the double Sceæn gate down to the plain; for when, a few months ago, I laid this road open, all the slabs appeared as much uninjured as if they had been put down quite recently; but after they had been exposed to the air for a few days, the slabs of the upper part of the road, to the extent of some 10 ft., which had been exposed to the heat, began to crumble away, and have now almost disappeared, while those of the lower portion of the road, which had not been touched by the fire, have remained uninjured, and seem to be indestructible. A further proof of the terrible catastrophe is furnished by a stratum of scorix, of melted lead and copper of a thickness of from $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., which extends nearly through the whole hill at a depth of from 27 ft. to 29 ft. That Troy was destroyed by enemies after a bloody war is further attested by the many human bones which I found in these heaps of *débris*, and above all by the skeletons with helmets found in the depths of the Temple of Athena; for, as we know from Homer, all corpses were burnt, and the ashes preserved in urns. Of such urns I have found an immense number in all the pre-hellenic strata. Lastly, the treasure, which some member of the royal family probably endeavoured to save during the destruction of the city, but was forced to leave behind on the surrounding wall, leaves no doubt that the city was destroyed by the hands of enemies. This treasure I found on

* The reader of Schliemann's book should be on his guard against the confusion arising from this use of 'Troy' and 'the Trojans' in the earlier part.

† Dr. Schliemann naturally points to the legend of an earlier destruction of Troy by Hercules. Hom. *Il.* v. 642.

the large surrounding wall by the side of the royal palace, at a depth of $27\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and covered with red Trojan rubbish from 5 ft. to $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. thick, and by a strong post-Trojan wall, $19\frac{1}{2}$ high.*

The ordinary houses of this second city were not of stone, like those of the first, but of sun-dried bricks, the inner faces of which are vitrified by the fire that consumed them. That much wood was used in their construction is proved by the thick layer of ashes. But stone laid in wet earth was used for some of the most important buildings which claim our special notice. First of these is the immense structure which Dr. Schliemann calls the *Tower of Ilium*, though it may equally well be regarded as a massive rampart. (See Plan, p. 287, No. 3.)

'On the south side of the hill, where, on account of the slight natural incline, I had to make my large channel with an inclination of 14° , I discovered, at a distance of 195 ft. from the slope, a tower 40 ft. thick, which likewise obstructs my path, and seems to be very long. I have laid the tower bare on the north and south side along the whole breadth of my channel, and have convinced myself that it is built on the rock at the depth of $48\frac{1}{2}$ ft.

'A hillock of calcareous earth, 65 ft. broad, and 16 ft. high, leans on the north side of the tower, and this calcareous earth evidently consists of the rubbish which had to be removed in order to level the rock for building the tower upon it. I have of course pierced this hillock, and convinced myself that the north side of the tower, $16\frac{1}{2}$ ft. above the rock, does not consist of masonry, but of large blocks of stone, lying loosely upon one another, and that only the upper part, $8\frac{1}{2}$ ft. high, consists of masonry. This hillock, having the form of a rampart, thus serves to consolidate the north side of the tower, and renders it possible to ascend to the top without steps. The south side of the tower, facing the town and plain, consists of very solid masonry, of shell-limestones connected by earth, which are partly shaped and partly unshaped. This south side of the tower rises from the rock at an angle of 75° .

'The western part of the tower, so far as it has hitherto been uncovered, is only 120 ft. to 123 ft. distant from the steep western declivity of the hill; and, considering the enormous accumulation of rubbish, I believe the tower once stood on the western edge of the Acropolis, where its situation was most interesting and imposing, for from its top might be seen, not only the whole plain of Troy, but the sea with the islands of Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace. There is not a more sublime situation in the area of Troy than this, and I therefore, presume that it was the great tower of Ilium, which Andromache ascended, because she heard that the Trojans were hard

pressed, and that the power of the Achæans was great.*

'This tower, after having been buried for thirty-one centuries, and after, during thousands of years, one nation after another have built its houses and palaces high above its summit, has now again been brought to light, and commands a view, if not of the whole plain, at least of its northern part, and of the Hellespont. May this sacred sublime monument of Greek heroism attract for ever the eyes of those sailing through the Hellespont; may it become a place to which ingenious youth of all future generations shall make their pilgrimages, and may they be inspired there with the love of knowledge, especially of the splendid Greek language and literature; may it be an inducement speedily and completely to lay bare the walls of Troy, which must necessarily be connected with this tower, and most probably also with the wall laid open by me on the north side; the uncovering of them is now a very simple matter.'

Dr. Schliemann's view of this 'Tower' is somewhat called in question by the fact that its height is only 20 feet. He at first supposed that the upper portion had been thrown down, but he recalled this opinion on discovering a sort of channel sunk in the upper surface (see the Plan on p. 287), which he conceives to have been a shelter for the archers.

The line of the 'Tower' is broken by the remarkably perfect gateway, evidently fitted for two pairs of gates, one behind the other,† the copper fastenings of which still remain in the stone posts (No. 10 on the Plan). These Dr. Schliemann takes for the 'Scæan Gates' of Homer. It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that this gateway answers to the name of the 'Left-hand Gates,' as it opens to the west—for the altar looked to the north in sacrificing—and also that it is the only gate of the city. But as this is the direct outlet to the plain of Troy, it would seem to follow that the chief gate of any city built on this site must needs occupy the same position. The perfect preservation of the gateway and its pavement is due in a great measure to their having been buried beneath the ruins of the remarkable edifice, which Dr. Schliemann regards as the Palace of Priam (No. 11 on the Plan):—

* 'Ἄλλ' ἐπὶ πύργῳ ἔβη μέγαν Ἰλίου, σῦνεν ἄκωνσεν
Τείρεσθαι Τρώας, μέγα δὲ κράτος εἶναι Ἀχαιῶν.
—II. vi. 886, 887.

† This arrangement of city gates in the Greek cities, and the use of *πύλαι* in the plural, are both far too common to support the argument for their identification which Schliemann founds on the plural *Σκαίαι πύλαι*.

'The most interesting object that I have discovered here within the three years is certainly a house brought to light this week, and of which eight rooms have already been laid open; it lies at the depth of 22½ ft. to 26 ft. upon the great tower, directly below the Greek temple of Minerva. Its walls consist of small stones cemented with earth, and appear to belong to different epochs, for while some of them rest directly upon the stones of the tower, others were not built till this tower was already covered with 8 inches of *débris* and in several cases even with 3½ ft. These walls also show differences in thickness; one of them is 4½ ft., others are only 2 ft. 2 in., and others again not more than 1 ft. 10 in. thick. Several of these walls are 9½ ft. in height, and in some of them may be seen large remnants of the coatings of clay painted yellow or white. Only in one large room, the dimensions of which, however, cannot be exactly ascertained, have I as yet found an actual floor of unhewn limestones, the smooth sides of which are turned outwards. Black fire-marks on the lower portion of the walls of the other rooms, which have as yet been excavated, leave no doubt that their floors were of wood and destroyed by fire. In one room may be seen a wall in the form of a semicircle burnt black as a coal. All the rooms as yet laid open, and not resting directly upon the tower, I have excavated down to the same level, and find, without exception, that the *débris* below them consists of red or yellow ashes and burnt ruins. Above them, even in the rooms themselves, I found—as is proved by numerous remains hanging to the walls—partly only red or yellow wood ashes which are mixed with bricks that had been dried in the sun and subsequently burnt by the conflagration, partly only black *débris*, which are the remnants of furniture mixed with masses of small shells; in several rooms red jars (*πίθοι*) 7 ft. to 8 ft. high, some of which I leave *in situ*; above the house, and as far as the foundations of the temple, only red and yellow wood-ashes. To the east side of the house is a sacrificial altar of a very primitive description, turned to the north-west by west, and consisting of a slab of slate granite about 5 ft. 4 in. in length and 5 ft. 5 in. in breadth; upon the upper end of it is a stone of the same kind, 1 ft. 10 in. high and 1 ft. 9 in. broad; the upper part of the stone is cut into the form of a crescent, probably for killing upon it the animal intending for sacrifice. 3 ft. 11 in. below the sacrificial altar there is a channel formed of slabs of green slate, which has probably served to allow the blood to run off.' (This he takes for the altar of Athena.) 'Strangely enough this altar does not stand on the tower itself, but 3½ ft. above it, upon bricks or lumps of earth dried in the sun, which have, however, been really burnt by a conflagration, but which nevertheless have no solidity. The altar was surrounded by an enormous mass of the remains of bricks of this kind, as well as by red and yellow wood-ashes, to a height of about 9 ft. 9 in. I of course leave the altar *in situ*, so

that visitors to the Troad may be convinced by the nature of its pedestal and of the *débris* of the earthen wall, beside which it stands, of the correctness of all these statements which might otherwise sound too fabulous. The remarkable substructure of this sacrificial altar, the curious *débris* in which it was buried, the preservation of the obviously large burnt-down house whose walls have been built at different epochs, lastly, the fact that its spaces were filled with such heterogeneous *débris* and with colossal jars (*πίθοι*)—all this is a riddle to me; I confine myself, therefore, merely to stating the facts, and refrain from expressing any kind of conjecture.'

If this be indeed the Palace of Priam, we have a feature of topography in the most direct contradiction to Homer, who places the Pergamus to the east of the city, through which Hector runs to the Scaean Gate, after descending from the palace on the Pergamus. But we have seen Dr. Schliemann's answer, that Homer, who, if he ever visited Troy, certainly made no excavation on its site, formed his own poetical imagination of a large city with a distinct Pergamus, such as Troy never was. Apart from all chronological questions about Homer's age, the bard (whoever he was) that sang of the destruction of Ilium (if Ilium were the city that Schliemann supposes) could never have seen its walls and gates. The Gates were buried beneath the ruins of the Palace, and all the remains were hidden by a layer of red ashes from 5 feet to 10 feet thick. We are therefore shut up to the somewhat paradoxical view (though it may not therefore be a contradiction) that the bard had received, by tradition, knowledge enough to make his topography available for argument in some cases, while, in others, his want of knowledge and free exercise of imagination will account for difficulties and discrepancies. Such a catastrophe as the conflagration, in which the second city on the site of Hissarlik was destroyed, would long live in local tradition, like the ruin of Nineveh and Babylon. Can there have been an Asiatic Iliad, handed down by a line of local bards, and used by Homer somewhat as the medieval romance writers worked in elements from the classic poets?

We pass from 'Priam's Palace' to 'Priam's treasure.' The discovery, which was Schliemann's last stroke of good fortune, just as he was bringing his work to a close, must be told in his own words, written in April 1873:—

'In the course of my excavations on the Trojan wall, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Priam's house, I lighted on a great copper object of remarkable form, which attracted my attention all the more, as I

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a common stem,
Modern scholars

have adopted the latter interpretation, as being required by the etymology (*ἀμφί*, 'on both sides'), not considering, as Schliemann remarks, that one of the two cups would always be useless for drinking. But 'seeing is believing,' and the first sight of this vessel, which is both double-handled and double-lipped, for drinking at both ends, makes one feel that this *ought to be* the true *δέπας ἀμφικύπελλον* of Homer. It has the perfect appearance of a 'loving-cup,' to be passed from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth, and, in most cases, it has a round bottom, so as not to stand when filled, but only to be set down empty on its upper side. As the lips are as well adapted for pouring as for drinking, it has been suggested that it was used for libations. May it not have been for both purposes, the libation being poured from the smaller end before the larger was put to the drinker's mouth? The one in the treasure

been laboriously restored to their places by Dr. Schliemann.

When Dr. Schliemann claims this fillet as the *κρήδεμνον* of Homer, he is met with the objection, that this was rather a large veil, or mantilla, especially as the sea-goddess Ino gives Ulysses her *κρήδεμνον* to buoy him up on the water.* We are indebted to Mr. Gladstone for the suggestion, that this diadem answers to the 'twined or plaited fillet' (*πλεκτὴ ἀναδέσμη*), which Andromache casts from her head in her mourning for Hector, where the order of the words seems to imply that it was worn over the *κρήδεμνον*.† How well such a head-dress would become the Trojan princess may be judged from the adaptation which our artist has made of another found in the treasure.

In the peculiar pendants of these diadems, Dr. Schliemann sees the owl-faced idol which (as will presently appear) is a main

is made of cast gold, with the hollow handles of beaten gold soldered on: it weighs more than forty ounces. The other gold vessels are formed of plates beaten out with the hammer.

A still more remarkable part of the collection is thus described by Dr. Schliemann:—

'That this treasure was packed up in the greatest of haste is shown by the contents of the great silver vase, in which I found, quite at the bottom, two splendid golden diadems, a fillet for the head, and four most gorgeous and artistic pendants for earrings. On them lay 56 golden earrings and 4750 little golden rings, perforated prisms, and dice, together with golden buttons and other precious things which belonged to other ornaments. After these came six golden bracelets, and quite at the top of all in the silver vase the two small golden cups.'

The illustration shows one of these diadems, some scattered links of which have


support of his theory. We must confess that the likeness seems to us remote, even though a lady friend at the first sight of the engravings, exclaimed, 'They look like a lot of owls' heads!' Numerous examples may be seen in the British Museum of Egyptian necklaces, having the images or symbols of the gods for pendants. To the same quarter also Dr. Schliemann might look (though there is no trace of actual Egyptian influence on the forms found at Troy) for the clue to that mode of representation, in which he sees the owl-headed goddess, *θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη*, who was the tutelary deity of Troy. Throughout all the pre-hellenic strata, and especially in the second, were found a multitude of objects, which no one can look at

* Od. V. 848.

† Homer, *Il.* xxii. 469:—

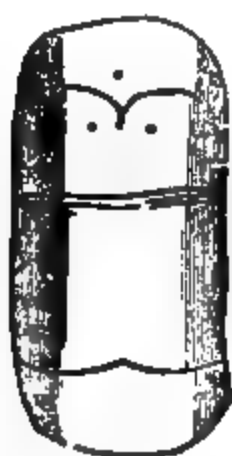
Τῇλε δ' ἀπὸ κρατὸς βάλε δέσματα σιγαλύντα,
Ἄμπυκα κεκρυφαλὸν τε ἰδὲ πλεκτὴν ἀναδέσμην,
Κρήδεμνόν θ', ὃ μὲν οἱ δῶκε χρυσίῃ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

without recognising idols of that rude archaic form, which may indicate either the want of better art, or the retention of ancient types from religious reverence, like that paid at Ephesus to the rude wooden image

in all the strata, and in the greatest number in the two lowest. On some, as on the rudest plates, there are only slight marks, such as  which Schliemann calls the monogram of the owl; and the type is de-

of Artemis that fell down from Jove. Some of them are merely flat oblong stones from the bed of the neighbouring river or sea-beach; others are plates of fine marble, and of terracotta; and one is the petrified vertebra of an antediluvian animal, fashioned by hand. Here are several types, showing various stages of the attempt to represent a

veloped through various stages to the form which appears in the greatest perfection in the second stratum. In the vase here shown, for example, Dr. Schliemann sees the owl's face, but with an approximation to human features (which is more pronounced in at least one other example), and the breasts and abdomen of a woman; the hau-



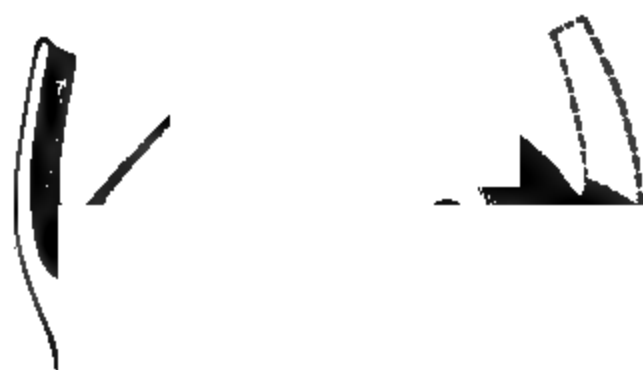
face in which Dr. Schliemann traces the bill and eyes of an owl, while the last exhibits the breasts of a woman. 'Here surely is the *Palladium*!' is the first thought of the enthusiastic searcher for the tutelary goddess of Troy. The same type is seen on many of the cups and vases which lie embedded

dles of the vase answer to the owl's wings, and its lid forms a sort of helmet: some have long hair at the back. In the very curious form annexed, he sees the owl's outspread wings, with feathers indicated by the parallel scratches. We have been careful to speak of *what Dr. Schliemann sees in*

the figures, at the same time giving the reader the opportunity of forming his own opinion, though no accurate judgment can be formed without seeing the originals. Mr. Newton, of the British Museum, who has performed the great service of going to Athens expressly to inspect Dr. Schliemann's collection, comes to the cautious conclusion that 'in these rude productions in which Dr. Schliemann recognises the *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη* there is certainly an attempt to model a face, whether human or swish.* But that there is something more than a vague attempt to represent the human face seems clear to us from the very definite type evidently aimed at.

Dr. Schliemann, of course, maintains that

alike of Egypt and Assyria, where the qualities ascribed to a deity are symbolized by the form of an animal, or by the head of an animal placed on a human figure. The hawk-headed Ra, the ram-headed Ammon, the eagle-headed Nisroch, and many others, furnish ample precedents for an owl-headed Athena. The human bodies seen in Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture are only rudely indicated on the Trojan slabs and vases, for, as Mr. Newton has observed—and this is one striking guide to the age of the remains—'the conception of the human form as an organic whole, a conception which we meet with at the very dawn of Greek art, nowhere appears.' It is not fair to start from that conception in its most perfect development,



interpreters have gone wrong together in translating *γλαυκῶπις θεὰ*, 'the goddess with the bright or flashing eyes.' On this point it need only be said that his translation is etymologically admissible, and that the other might be an error naturally made in ignorance of the oldest conception of the goddess, if such a conception existed. Now, it is no longer doubtful that the worship of Athena was an oriental importation into Greece; and it would be quite reasonable that her earlier idol impersonations should be like those so familiar to us in the sculptures

and to ask whether Phidias's Athena in the Parthenon could ever have been the owl-faced Trojan idol. Even so, however, an answer might be given from the owl sculptured by her side; for a symbol inseparable is most likely to have been the first impersonation of the deity. As Mr. Gladstone has said,* the sculptured gods of Grecian art were not the artistic embodiments of divine ideals, but were first borrowed from 'a race inclined to material and early conceptions in theology—a crutch for the lameness of man, and not a wing for his higher aspirations;' and they were afterwards moulded into perfect symmetry by study of the human form. Going back the earlier age of Homer, it is little to the purpose to ask, whether he could possibly have conceived of the goddess who stood and

* Mr. Newton's Report in the 'Academy' of February 14th, 1874. We may observe, once for all, that all suspicion of the genuineness of the objects discovered by Dr. Schliemann is utterly dissipated by the verdict of Mr. Newton and all archaeologists who have seen the collection. Dr. Schliemann tells us of the attempts of his own workmen to raise the reward for their discoveries by forging ornaments on the plain terracottas.

* Homer, vol. iii. pp. 176-7.

Achilles in the assembly, and acted as the charioteer and helper of Diomed, as an owl-faced being, or whether 'when the poet said, ἀνένευε δὲ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη, he meant that the idol of the goddess shook its owl's head in token of its non-acceptance of the prayers and offerings of the Trojan matrons; * though, indeed, Dr. Schliemann might appeal to the passages in which Apollo and Athena transform themselves into birds, for a trace of the ancient symbolism.†

The true question is whether Homer, in accordance with his constant use of *fixed epithets*, has not preserved a name which represents an old conception of the goddess, though that conception was quite outgrown in his time. We are not ashamed to confess that this question, like many others raised by Dr. Schliemann, needs further consideration, before pronouncing a positive judgment. Meanwhile, as in his whole argument about Troy, we must be on our guard against a sort of *argumentum in circulo* of this sort:—these mysterious idols represent Athena, because we find them at Troy, and this spot is the Ilium of Homer, because there we find the images of ἡ θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.

The advocates of the extreme mythical view of the Homeric poems are perhaps not quite clear of the like fallacy. To the one triumphant conclusion, on which at least Dr. Schliemann thinks he may stand firm—'The Troy of Homer must have existed, for I have found it'—they reply, 'You cannot have found it, for it never existed. As the Iliad is a mythical poem, it can contain no historic kernel; and since the remains of Hissarlik are pre-historic, they cannot confirm the historic foundation of the Iliad.' This 'pre-historic' is one of the set words which 'modern science' wields like spells to conjure a discussion out of the province of scientific history; but true science patiently awaits the comparison of monuments whose history is as yet unknown, with the records, traditions, and collateral facts in human history, which may prove them to lie fully within its province. When Professor Max Müller says that 'to look for the treasure of the Homer Priamos at Hissarlik would be like looking for the treasure of the Nibelunge at Worms,' he suggests the question: Is Worms an imaginary city, because it figures in the

Nibelungenlied? Must we argue from the *Etzel* of the lay, that the terrible Attila never had any being? Do the romances of Charlemagne destroy the reality of the Great Charles who founded the Holy Roman Empire? Does the myth of Sardanapalus disprove the existence and fate of the Nineveh where his very name has been recovered in more than one form? The purely mythic story of the King of Gyges was held a good reason for making the founder of the Lydian Empire an unreal person, in spite of Herodotus, till the existing Annals of Ashurbanipal told us of his treaty with *Gagu, King of Ludim*. The sound negative rule, that we cannot deduce from an epic poem the real events on which it may have been founded, without some independent historic guide, is now pressed to the positive extreme, that an epic poem supplies an *argument against* the reality of the events that seem to have furnished its theme; that we must accept all or nothing—if not the intervention of the gods, then not the conflict in which they take part—if not the myth of Helen, then not the reality of Troy. We venture to affirm that the history of epic poetry (except that which deals only with religion and cosmogony) bears witness to the very opposite conclusion; that the bards sang the great deeds of men, and fates of cities, that had some real existence, though the actual reality almost vanished in the form into which their poetical invention recast it.

The vain attempt (and none could be vainer) to 'distil history out of mythology' is quite a different thing from recognising (or, if you please, only suspecting) an historical basis in certain poetic myths, and searching for the real history by the proper independent methods. As in mathematical and physical science we constantly find that the *forms* we are investigating perish, like a seed, by the growth of the unseen germs within them, so, starting with the events and still more the manners, forms of life, and other allusions found in Homer, and comparing them with the monuments of Hissarlik, and these with other monuments and records of Asiatic history,* we may perchance be led back to Homer with the new conviction that he preserves wonderfully old

* vi. 811. Professor Max Müller, in the *Athenæum*, January 10th, 1874. It is somewhat strange to have the conception of the poet thus lightly pressed by an advocate of the theory that there was no Homeric Troy at all, and therefore no image of Athena in it.

† vii. 59; Athena again becomes a bird in C. 320; iii. 372; xxii. 240.

* The mass of matter on our hands compels us to omit all reference to the light thrown by Egyptian and Assyrian records on the history of Troy and Asia Minor in general, a subject ably treated by M. François Lenormant in recent letters to the *'Academy'* (Nos. 98 and 99, March 21 and 28). We regret this the less, as the discussion can only be regarded as begun. The same remark applies to Dr. Schliemann's inscriptions.

traditions about the city whose ruins are now revealed. We do not try to reduce the Iliad to a story of the Trojan war; but, pointed by it to a real Troy, we make an independent search for the monuments and records of that city.

This is the vast service which Dr. Schliemann has so devotedly performed. He has found, indeed, no records and scarcely any certain inscriptions (though there is one which Professor Max Müller scarcely hesitates to read *Ἰλίον* in Phœnician characters). But he has found monuments which place beyond doubt the existence of flourishing and civilised inhabitants on the spot that has always, within historic memory, borne the name of Ilium, and which prove the real existence of a pre-hellenic city, small but strong, civilised and wealthy, and having some most striking points of correspondence with the Troy of which Homer sang. The name of Priam, which we need not grudge Dr. Schliemann his resolution to use till he is supplied with a better, may be the poet's invention or it may be the true regal title handed down by tradition; we may one day read it as we have read the names of Sardanapalus and Semiramis; but the royal head which wore those golden fillets must have been more substantial than that mere shape, which 'the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' The line of kings has left no records like the hieroglyphs of Rameses, or the clay cylinders of Sennacherib; nor is there anything approaching to those wonderful remains, preserved in the tombs of Egypt and the mounds of Nineveh, which have enabled us to revive the history and social life of the valleys of the Nile and the Tigris. Many such may have perished in the flames, but there remain some most interesting fragments of evidence, which open a wide field for future inquiry and discussion.

Meanwhile it is clear that this was no mere 'pre-historic' settlement of savages; but a real city, with walls and gates and palaces, on which, and in the objects found about them, a part of its history and of the life of its inhabitants is inscribed as plainly as if 'written with a pen of iron or the point of a diamond.' The very cause which has destroyed much of its testimony has branded it with the indelible record of its fate:—*It is a city sacked by enemies, and burnt by fire.* Even if the double-headed cup and owl-headed goddess be tokens as fanciful as cautious critics will probably continue to pronounce them, would it not be strange indeed that all this should happen on the very spot on which Homer places the like objects and the same catastrophe, if

there were no connection between these ruins and the Iliad? If not Troy, what is this city but its *double*?

'Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur.'

The probability is strengthened by the remains that lie about what we will now venture to call the 'burnt Ilium.' Above the *débris* which bear witness to a tremendous conflagration, from the depth of 7 to 4 metres (23 to 13 feet) beneath the present surface, are the remains of a third people, who built their houses of small stones joined with earth, and, in a few cases, of sun-dried bricks, and apparently with less wood than was used by the former inhabitants. Their pottery has the same general character, but it is worse and coarser, with many new types. The fragments of lyres of stone and one of ivory, which has had six or seven strings, prove their knowledge of music. Like the two former peoples, they made battle-axes, knives, nails, and pins of copper, and the moulds of mica-schist for casting it have been found; but the copper is very much scarcer than before, while there are thousands of implements of hard stone, thus giving us the strange example, already noticed, of what may be called comparatively an age of stone over an age of copper; though in truth the mixture of both materials bears witness against any such arbitrary classification.

This third town was destroyed in its turn, and above it, from 13 feet deep to 6½ feet deep, are remains bearing witness to another decline in civilisation. The absence of all traces of house-walls leads Dr. Schliemann to give this town the name of 'the wooden Ilium.' The vast heaps of calcined rubbish seem to testify to its frequent destruction by fire, though whether by accidents or enemies must remain a riddle. This stratum yields new types of earthenware of a workmanship still progressively inferior. In short, the appearances remind us irresistibly of those great invasions of the Thracian and Cimmerian tribes which swept over the surface of Asia Minor between the fall of Troy and the full establishment of the Lydian empire. Besides what we learn from Herodotus of these irruptions upon Asia Minor in general, Demetrius of Scepsis, who made a special study of his native land, collected traditions, which are preserved by Strabo, of repeated occupations of the Troad by Thracian, that is Aryan, tribes, during the long interval of absolute historic darkness between the unknown age of the fall of Troy and the building of Greek Ilium. The low civilisation of those

tribes would answer well to the remains in the upper strata.

It may prove, as we said at first, that the mound of Hissarlik, taking its testimony as a whole, has an interest for the historian of the human race, even greater than the fascination of the search after Homer's Troy. One of the results thus far most firmly established seems to be, that all the remains of the four strata beneath the Greek Ilium are pre-hellenic. Next, they all partake of a common character in the abundance of pottery, the use of copper and lead, but not of iron, for which a substitute was found in implements of white flint, diorite, and other

torin. But (with one exception, which may have come there by accident) the vases are not painted, nor is there any other trace of the arts of painting and sculpture. The cut represents a vase from the 'palace of Priam,' on which Dr. Schliemann has placed a cover found not far off, of a form which very frequently occurs. The strokes which look like cuneiform characters are merely a decoration.

One of the most interesting indications of the age of the remains is furnished by the abundance of copper, especially in the two lower strata, and further—as Dr. Schliemann supposed—by the fact that it is all

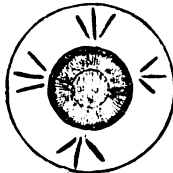
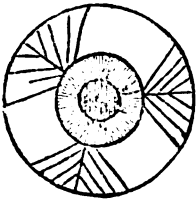
hard stone. All the successive inhabitants were tillers of the ground (besides other evidence Dr. Schliemann has found a hand-millstone of lava); and the huge jars, which still stand upright in the second stratum, can only have been meant to store water, oil, and wine. A certain degree of luxury and art is proved by the personal ornaments of copper, ivory, and the precious metals, by the remains of musical instruments, and by the elegant forms of the pottery, of which the oldest is the best. In these fine red polished vessels, moulded by hand (wheel-turned pottery is first found in the second stratum), there is a close resemblance to the pottery of Cyprus and of the Greek Archipelago, especially that of San-

pure copper, and not bronze. We are again indebted to Mr. Gladstone for noting this as a mark of correspondence with the Homeric age, since, according to his view, Homer's χαλκός always signifies pure copper. But now comes a most striking proof of the value of 'spade husbandry' in the field of ancient learning. Though Dr. Schliemann tells us, on page after page, that the copper found by him was pure, we turn to the end of his volume and find the analysis (which doubtless reached him at the last moment) made by the chemist Damour of Lyon, not of objects found in the later strata, but of two battle-axes from 'Priam's treasure.' Excluding a small fraction of sand and 'un-tested metal,' the one gave about 96 per

cent. of *copper* and 4 per cent. of *tin*; the other about 91 per cent. of *copper* and 9 per cent. of *tin*; that is, both are *bronze*, of nearly the same composition as an axe from the ruins of Greek Ilium, which gave about 92½ per cent. of copper and 7½ of tin.* Mr. Dammour's report supplies another fact of great interest. Among a number of small balls intended apparently for sling-bullets, Dr. Schliemann mentions one, which, from its black colour, he would have taken for iron, but that it was encrusted with verdigris. He therefore suggests that it may be a sample of the much-debated *κίανος* of Homer, which most interpreters take for *steel*, but which Mr. Gladstone regards as the native blue carbonate of copper, which, as Dioscorides tells us, was obtained from the mines of Cyprus.† The analysis gave, in 10,000 parts, 7966 of copper, 1950 of sulphur, 8 of iron, and 20 of quartz sand, proving that the small fraction of iron was an accidental ingredient (we suppose as a sulphuret). This is the only trace of iron yet discovered at Troy; but

one side is flat, making a single cone; and sometimes the form approaches nearer to a cylinder rounded at one end. Some are mere wheels, flat on both sides, and with rounded edges.

Dr. Schliemann regards these plain wheels as symbols of the chariot of the sun; but we should be well content to find out their real use. At present it must suffice to name the various guesses made about the whole class. Many take them for *spindles*. For *weights* they are too uniform; for *sinking-nets* or stretching the thread in *weaving*, they seem too light. In the absence of commoner intelligible uses, Dr. Schliemann has suggested *ex voto* tablets (for which they are surely too numerous); models of the *tumuli* of Trojan heroes! and idols, especially of Hephæstus! guesses of no value without positive evidence. The idea occurred to us, that they may have been internal wall-decorations, embedded in plaster, as shown in the engraved surfaces, like the terracotta cones common in the old houses of Chaldæa.



the knowledge of it is not therefore disproved, since it is one of the most perishable of metals. The same remark applies to tin. The abundance of copper gives another sign of connection with Cyprus.

We have reserved for the last the most curious class of objects, found by thousands in all the strata, but most abundantly at the lowest part of the second, which have already opened a deep and difficult inquiry. These are the small terracotta *wheels* with a round hole through the centre (we can hardly find a better name without assuming their unknown use),‡ the shape of which has been compared to a spindle, a humming-top, and the crater of a volcano (the last comparison referring to one theory of their meaning). Their form is usually a double cone, the two sides being of unequal steepness; sometimes

A friend has suggested that they may have been money, the holes serving to string them together, or file them on a stick, just as the Chinese do with their coins.

Many of the wheels are plain, but many others bear (always on the *flatter*, which was therefore the *upper* side in use) remarkable figures, composed invariably of lines which have been scratched or stamped on the wet clay.

The patterns thus formed are of immense variety, crosses, stars, and other radiant and polygonal figures; some resembling rays streaming from the central hole as a sun, or flames bursting out from it; and the lines are often curved as if to give the appearance of rotation. Some of the marks bear a singular resemblance to *letters*, but this seems to be purely accidental. M. Burnouf tells us that he read one as if it were in Chinese characters, and got a sort of sense, not, however, in Chinese, but in French!

Many of the patterns, and especially of those traced on the *terracotta balls*, which are also found in great numbers, seem to be manifestly astronomical, and others appear to have other elemental significations, especially in connection with fire. The lines

* The usual composition of the best Greek bronze is about 88 of copper and 12 of tin.

† Gladstone, *Homer*, vol. iii. pp. 496-8. Note on *κίανος* and *χαλκός*.

‡ The Italian archaeologists call them *fusaioli*. Dr. Schliemann calls them *vulcans* and *carrouels*; but we must confess that our own knowledge of French and German, aided by friends well versed in both, has failed to find the exact meaning of the latter word—is it *caistors*?

some of the balls may represent and colours of the celestial dots seem indisputably stars of constellations. Dr. Schlieffert's identification of the Great Bear is confirmed by our examination of the

The animal figures, composed of straight lines, have the greatest connection with the Aryan race, according to those versed in such matters.

Vishnu on their foreheads; it is marked on Buddhist buildings; it is shown on the sculptured foot of Buddha, from the Amravati Tope, near the river Kistna, for which we are indebted to Mr. Fergusson.* Its wide-spread use makes it a connecting link in ethnographic science; and its constant occurrence on the Trojan terracottas, in all the strata, is claimed as a decisive proof that all the successive inhabitants of the hill were Aryan races. But there are not wanting



ling one knee and with arms in prayer, the hare (a symbol of the stag, the tree of life, and the pillar and locust, are all well-emblems. The curious tripod seems to bear on its flat top the winged tree of life. The other it shews is perhaps the most of all, as being the most ancient emblem of the whole Aryan race. It is a coincidence to find the cross in the very infancy of that faith which the chief nations of Christ-

advocates of the Turanian origin of these unknown peoples. Perhaps the truth may be that they, like the old Medes, were an Aryan race, which was still mingled with Turanian elements—that is, according to a well-known theory, that they belonged to the Pelasgian population of Asia Minor. The tokens of civilisation, which all agree to be free from Egyptian or Assyrian influence—the walls of hewn stone, and gold and silver ingots, the commerce implied in the copper, and especially the ivory—correspond in many respects with that early Phœnician in-



sprung; but it is sheer abject ignorance, as some have attempted to make out, more than a coincidence.* The cross, with the arms curved or bent at right angles, or crossed at the four ends, and often marked with dots or points, is called in Sanskrit, and it is said to represent a wheel by the primitive Aryan tribes, and by friction. It is placed in a circle on the sacred ship of Kâma; and is made by the worshippers of

finance with which the Pelasgic age is marked both by monuments and tradition. In the course of the movement by which the Pelasgic and Hellenic races swayed to and fro between the Asiatic and European shores of the Ægean, it may be that the story of the Trojan War preserves the tradition of a conflict between the Pelasgians and the Hellenes.

But further conclusions on these and the like questions must await the result of full

* We have just seen it on the signet ring of a Japanese nobleman, who cannot, however, give any further explanation of its use or meaning in Japan.

discussion and renewed research. For (as a glance at our Plan will show) a large portion of the mound of Hissarlik remains to be ransacked. Dr. Schliemann concludes his work with taking final leave of Troy, and giving his legacy of advice to future explorers. He has since turned to the ruins of Mycenæ, in the full assurance of finding ox-headed idols of Homer's *βούπρις Ἡρῆς*, which he has not found, but, instead of them, numerous cows modelled in clay. We rejoice to hear, at the last moment of going to press, that his farewell to Troy was like the 'last appearance' of a well-graced actor, and that a new arrangement with the Porte will enable him to resume the exploration of Hissarlik. Whether Dr. Schliemann is to be left to his own resources, again to illustrate Mr. Lowe's 'sincere regret that the spirit of Herodes Atticus has not descended to modern times,' or whether any portion of his treasures will be secured for our Museum, we have yet to learn. At all events, with our heartiest thanks for his

tempest of a General Election, which all admitted was then near at hand, rushed upon us far more rapidly than had been expected: it has come and gone; the traces of the storm have already rolled away nearly out of sight; the sky is again clear of clouds, the air is fresh, and men have settled down to their daily labours with light hearts and easy consciences, at least so far as Home questions are concerned.

There is nothing in the institutions that are peculiarly English, which fills the foreign critic with so much wonder as the ease and safety with which we accomplish our great political revolutions. There was probably never an instance of this special quality more remarkable than that which we have witnessed in the late change of Government. The people have, with a sudden and even violent effort, transferred the dignities and prizes which they give as the tokens and proofs of their confidence, from a political party representing one set of ideas to that party which represents the precisely opposite school of thought, and from one set of men to their rivals and opponents, with every sign of marked confidence in the latter, and with every symptom of marked distrust of the former, which it was in their power to display. Yet this change of opinions, of systems, and of persons, has been accomplished so quietly, almost silently, that no one now seems to take note of the occurrence save those whose fortunes have been individually injured or improved. There were, no doubt, some smaller influences at work peculiar to the late crisis which made the affair pass off with unexampled speed and facility; but, on the whole, we cannot fail to recognise in it the effects of a free representative government in almost perfect working order. The triumphant advance of Conservative principles took place simultaneously and all along the line. It was not one class, or sect, or interest, that by its energy or numbers forced the positions of the Radicals, and decided the contest; but the vast mass of the English people, as with a preconcerted movement, pressed steadily forward. In metropolitan counties, where the suburban villas poured forth their tide of voters early in the morning, before the city business began; in remote country districts, where the rural population were widely scattered over isolated polling places; in the small boroughs, and in the great cities, with wonderful unanimity, though with little opportunity for example to take effect, the same answer was found written in the mysterious and silent ballot-boxes. The men and their policy so trusted in 1868 would not be endured in 1874.

past example of devotedness, we trust—to borrow an allusion from the favourite work of our favourite author—that the value of *Search No. I.* is but an omen of the tenfold worth of the treasure that will reward his *Search No. II.*

ART. IX.—*Mr. Gladstone's Address to the Electors of Greenwich.* January 23, 1874.

THE beginning of this year found the public mind of England disturbed, bewildered, and uncertain as to the chief political questions of the day. The opening of the second quarter finds it calm, clear, and decided. The

The people were wearied of Radicalism and disgusted with Revolution, and insisted on quiet and repose.

But not only has this great change been perfected without bloodshed or violence; we have not had even the struggle of a public debate. It is not our purpose to rekindle controversy as to the acts of the late Ministry, we are in too good humour to disturb the happy calm which now reigns over both political parties; yet there are some circumstances in the history of recent events so unprecedented and important, that it is worth while to pause and note them. This is all the more necessary, as Mr. Gladstone, by resigning office, without waiting for a hostile motion in the new Parliament, practically deprived the public of that wholesome criticism which a debate in both Houses over his career, and more especially concerning the latest act of his administration, would have afforded. The late Prime Minister was in a position in this respect totally different from that of Mr. Disraeli in 1868. Mr. Disraeli had gone to the country in that year to ask if the constituencies really supported the policy which he had resisted, and the answer was unequivocal. He had no account of his stewardship to give, no accusations against his ministry to answer. The country had adopted the new policy which he opposed, and his only course was to make way for the authors of that policy, in order that they might give effect to the decision of the country after their programme had undergone the careful criticism of both Houses of the Legislature. The result of the late election, on the contrary, was a repudiation, by the people, of a new and shadowy scheme which had been submitted for their approval without any opportunity of public inquiry or mature consideration. And it was even more markedly a condemnation of the past career of the Ministry, though that career, as a whole, had never been previously subjected to any authoritative censure or approval. It was, therefore, obviously the duty of Mr. Gladstone to discuss fully, in the great deliberative assemblies of the country, the general verdict thus found by the electors. But to have adopted this constitutional course would, under the circumstances have practically precluded all chance of doing any legislative business this year; and the immediate effect of the Prime Minister's recklessness was to make the people almost grateful for a sacrifice of Parliamentary principle and custom, which may be felt as a serious loss at another time.

Towards the end of January the spirit of uneasiness which had marked its earlier days

settled down into a condition of listless inaction, if not repose. The speculations of the autumn were laid aside. For the moment at least there would be no more shuffling of the ministerial cards. In a fortnight more Parliament would be assembled, and the game begun again. Even Mr. Gladstone's remarkable interview with the advocates of the enfranchisement of the agricultural labourer on Wednesday, the 21st, hardly attracted public attention. Weary of the many prophecies of the recess, men lazily waited for the coming session, sometimes even reminding each other that, after all, the existing Parliament might linger on to 1875. From a party point of view there seemed no reason for an immediate dissolution. Things could not be much worse for the Liberals than the bye-elections proved them to be already. The majority of the House of Commons might always be depended on to support Mr. Gladstone on a vote of confidence. It was not at all impossible that he might leave things to drag on as they were. The blows which his power had sustained did not appear seriously to disturb him. The enfeebled condition of his ministry was manifest all through the closing months of the Session, and the impression that his majority no longer represented the country had been growing continually since the prorogation. If Bath and Taunton shed some gleams of hope, Exeter, Renfrewshire, and Stroud carried on the tale of Conservative progress which so many constituencies had been telling since the elections for Durham and East Surrey in 1871. The general conclusion forced upon the public at this eleventh hour, when all the preparations for the coming Session were complete, was that the Minister had determined to remain in office as long as the Parliament could be kept alive, taking his chance for some revival of popularity.

Late on Friday night there was absolute ignorance at the clubs of the thunderbolt which had fallen. Only in the small hours of the morning at the newspaper offices had the intelligence escaped. Readers of the morning papers on Saturday had hardly perused the announcement of the dissolution when they learned that the Ministers were already scattered in all directions canvassing their constituents. The public were informed of the dissolution in a manner consistent with the singular policy which this sudden resolution indicated. Usually the proposal to dissolve is communicated as a fact of general interest, the formal official steps then follow, and the Prime Minister, if in the Lower House, addresses his consti-

tients in a party manifesto. But on this occasion Mr. Gladstone's personal appeal to the electors of Greenwich was the first hint the public got that the Parliament of 1868 had run its course. Lord Selborne has declared that the consent of the Queen had been obtained on Friday the 23rd, though apparently in that case that consent must have been asked for before it was settled whether the advice to dissolve Parliament was the advice of the Minister or of his Cabinet. The lengthened Cabinet Council at which we have been repeatedly told by Mr. Gladstone's apologists, the dissolution was first proposed met on the afternoon of Friday, and Mr. Gladstone did not visit Osborne where the Queen then was between the time of meeting of his colleagues and the publication of his address. If, then, Lord Selborne is right as to the communication to the Queen, and Mr. Gladstone's other defenders are right that there was no deliberate purpose to take the public by surprise, that the intention to dissolve was communicated to the country almost as soon as the idea had been firmly grasped by the Minister, Mr. Gladstone must have advised the Queen to dissolve, and have obtained her consent to that step without consulting the Cabinet. Perhaps in Mr. Gladstone's cabinets the opinions of his colleagues are not supposed to count. Whatever be the detailed history of that day it is a matter of fact that the formal steps in Council to effect a dissolution were only taken on Monday the 26th, though Mr. Gladstone's appeal had been already two days and a-half before the electors of Greenwich. This early communication to Greenwich may have been intended as a compliment to his constituents, in contrast with the distrust which the Minister was alleged to have shown in not seeking re-election on taking the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, but if so it was a compliment paid at the expense of the dignity and self-respect of his colleagues.

Whatever we may think of the regard shown to the formalities of the Constitution on the 23rd of January, or in the succeeding month, the appeal to the Greenwich electors is a document in itself worthy of attentive consideration. To appreciate justly this manifesto of a statesman who had been five years Prime Minister of England, we must recall the Liberal watchwords of the autumn. The first sign of waking up from the lethargy, which seemed to have fallen on the Ministry after their return to office in March, 1873, was the announcement of the substitution of Mr. Lowe for Lord Aberdare at the Home Office, and the assumption by Mr. Gladstone of the office of Chancellor of

the Exchequer in conjunction with Mr. First Lord of the Treasury. There was once a chorus of satisfaction that the Liberal chief was again invincible. If the English tax-payer was satisfied, let who might complain, and who could satisfy him like Mr. Gladstone? The Liberal might take his choice between the Palmerstonian spirit of Sir William Harcourt or the rattling Radicalism of Mr. Leatham, the moderation of Mr. Forster or the advanced secularism of Mr. Bright; or if a wise man might be somewhat uneasy at the antagonism of these views, in the same party, even in the same Ministry, yet he found sure consolation in the prospect of Mr. Gladstone's budget. Had we not continued prosperity, and had we not a surplus, and Mr. Gladstone to distribute it? was the recurring theme of that soothing accompaniment that murmured through the autumn, outlasting Liberal discord and Tory sarcasm. Finance was the region in which Liberals were never tired of assuring each other they discerned a bright future for their party. The Prime Minister's reputation as a financier was the topic of the press during the whole of the recess. His mastery of detail and power of lucid exposition gave him a pre-eminence at the Exchequer, which it seemed impossible that anything could impair. It remained for Mr. Gladstone himself to discredit this one point of superiority to his political contemporaries. A stern, almost a fanatical, guardian of the public purse, it was believed that of whatever else his impulsive nature and his remorseless ambition might render him capable, he would never be a party to any trifling with the responsibility of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. His handling of finance was to restore the popularity of his Administration. Having put every one in good humour by the distribution of a surplus, the Ministry might be able at the end of the year to go to the country on some small question, pointing to the achievements of the Liberal party as the first cause of the general prosperity. But the idea of appealing to the constituencies on a budget never occurred to any one. Certainly the dissolution had not the excuse of any purpose to assert some fiscal principle disputed by Parliament. There was no question that, had Mr. Gladstone met Parliament with a budget framed in accordance with the sketch presented to the electors of Greenwich, he would have been readily supported by the majority of sixty-eight he then boasted, and would have seen his scheme triumphantly carried through. There was no enemy to be slain in reference to finance. The ostensible reason of the dissolution was the para-

The peo- ministerial strength, and the sudden budget was discounted as a means of dis- facing the public to renew the Minister's power. The certainty of a surplus was relied on as an inducement to give the Ministry that adequate authority which, with its majority of sixty-eight, it yet lacked.

Of general policy, Mr. Gladstone referred to a number of questions which he wished to settle, but, in the whole enumeration, not a pledge of anything like a practical programme could be detected, except in the case of the 'peasant boroughs.' He was prepared to equalise the borough and county franchise.* A number of other matters were mentioned as questions which he proposed to deal with, but as to the how or the when there was not a word. One passage in this programme of future work is strikingly characteristic of the Minister and his following. 'I must also express my hope,' he wrote, 'that the inquiries of the Commission appointed to examine into the property and income of the Universities and Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge may lead to a great further extension of the benefits conferred by those great and powerful bodies.' The labours of this Commission are still incomplete. Unless it had been appointed to justify some foregone conclusion, the Prime Minister could have no definite scheme in connection with its labours. Why was the Commission referred to in this manifesto? Simply to stimulate the hopes of some sections of the party. They were reminded that he would be ready to make the results of this Commission available for his party programme. Here was a vista opened out of questions affecting some of the oldest and richest institutions in the country. We know what theories there are afloat about the Universities and their endowments. The Minister bound himself to nothing. He had no schemes to propose, but he mentioned the approach of this question to his followers, who remembered that he had abolished an established Church, had confiscated a large amount of property, had crumpled up the charters of the endowed schools, and ap-

propriated their possessions. There was still much to be destroyed, still great corporate property to be plundered. Those who clamoured for destruction and plunder were bid to think if they were likely to have such guides in their future enterprises as the Ministry had proved. One of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues held that endowments to teaching bodies were only a source of mischief. With such opinions represented in the cabinet, what a field for speculation was opened as to what might happen when the Minister should come to deal with the income of the Universities. It suggests a smile now to think how totally Mr. Gladstone reckoned without his host in throwing out this lure to the advanced Radicals. He had the words of Mr. Leatham ringing in his ears: 'The spirit of progress, hated by Toryism, funk'd at by Whiggism, was coming to the front demanding new campaigns, new watch-words, new leaders, and new victories.' A few days showed that the party, to conciliate whom such efforts were made, constituted an insignificant minority, whose noisiness made them a source of danger to their friends.

Having thrown out these suggestions to be pondered over by the dashing people who were talking of 'new leaders' the Minister entered on the practical topic of his address, the surplus. He gave 'an outline of the boons which, in the absence of some gravely unfavourable and unforeseen incident it will be in the power of the new Parliament at once to confer.' The income tax was to be abolished, at least Mr. Gladstone had no hesitation in affirming that, in his judgment, this relief was in present circumstances practicable. But this did not include all the blessings he was ready to lavish from his horn of abundance; 'and while making this declaration and avowal, I have more to add.' The general consumer was also to have some relief, the advocates of a free breakfast-table should not be forgotten. Assistance was to be afforded to the ratepayer, and if the surplus did not cover all this, 'judicious readjustment' of existing taxation would supply the means. These were the benefits the people were to receive. What were they to give? Dangling such boons before the eyes of the gaping tax-payers, Mr. Gladstone came to the marrow of the question: 'On this subject I will frankly allow that the question is one of confidence. The policy of the government for the last five years in particular, the characters and opinions of my colleagues, and the financial and commercial legislation, with which I may say that since 1872 I have been associated, are before you. I can only add that I have not

* The sudden dissolution on the 23rd was to supply that opportunity of developing public opinion, which on Wednesday the 21st Mr. Gladstone lamented the want of. On that day he had excused himself from including the question of the county franchise in the business of the coming Session, on the ground that the country was not yet prepared for it. "What we require for the settlement of this question is a certain maturity of the public mind upon it. Rapid changes, however," he added, "cannot be made in these great questions."—*Times*, Thursday, 22d Jan., 1874.

spoken lightly, but deliberately and with full persuasion.'

The commission to manage the national finances in the same happy fashion for another five years was all the Minister asked in return for these many blessings. Could the British tax-payer with such chances of advantages before him refuse his confidence to a statesman admitted to be a great authority in finance? It was part of the bold cynicism of this scheme that the bribe was thrown before the voter at such a moment of hurry that ere the impulse to accept the proffered boon had given way to any sense of shame, the purpose of the tempter might be accomplished. There was no time for the constituencies to consider all the scandal of the proceeding. They were told of the millions lavished on them, and, whilst they were endeavouring to realise the vastness of the proffered wealth, were hurried to the polls. The memorable fact in our time is that, attached to economy as our people are, with all the old traditions of constitutional progress in this country associated with the policy of diminishing taxation, with the Minister's repulse as a financier still unimpaired, the confidence of the British tax-payer was nevertheless refused him, so thoroughly were his capacity for government and his sense of national dignity distrusted. The people had learnt that, important as economy is, it is only one element in the conduct of national affairs, and they had come to feel that in every other department of administration Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were utterly deficient. The money bribe which the Minister so shamelessly offered them they promptly and unhesitatingly rejected.

Mr. Gladstone, in his own explanation of his sudden decision to dissolve, given since Parliament met, has admitted its connection with the surplus. According to his speech on the Address it was at the end of January that two things were concurrently borne in upon his mind: first, that his political resources to carry on the government were inadequate; secondly, that he had a good surplus to dispose of. The first reason we should have thought would have been quite sufficient in itself. We can only wonder at the slowness with which this conviction had matured. But, according to Mr. Gladstone, this was not his only motive. The responsibility of distributing the surplus made it imperative on him to find renewed strength or a successor. If he had a deficit to meet instead of a surplus to distribute, we are left to conclude that his sense of the inadequacy of his powers would not have been so coercive an influence in determining him on a disso-

lution. However we are to interpret Mr. Gladstone's explanation, we have his own authority for the fact that the existence of the surplus had something to do with the sudden resolution to dissolve.

As the public amazement gave place to speculation about the result, the opinion became general that the enterprise would be to a certain extent successful. No one seemed conscious how true the instincts of the people were, how much their experience of the Ministry had aroused their suspicions. A new Parliament, it was said, would be got together with a Liberal majority, and the Ministry would enter on another period of office pledged to nothing, except such financial administration as their good fortune would easily enable them to carry out. The most enthusiastic Liberal did not expect such a majority as that which Mr. Gladstone dissolved with, but some troublesome members of the party would be got rid of, and a secure majority of twenty or thirty in a young Parliament was better than an unstable majority of treble or double the size in an old one. There were gloomy anticipations about the Irish vote, but these were dangers sure to be aggravated by delay, and it would be far safer for English Nonconformist members to work harmoniously with their Ultramontane allies after than before a general appeal to the constituencies. It was esteemed a happy proof of generalship that the full swing of the Tory reaction had been anticipated. The surprise was naturally in favour of the known men, it was greatly in favour of the men in possession,—of the holders of seats, and of these the greater number were Liberal. By the end of the first week, however, the elections at Chatham, Kidderminster, and in some of the small boroughs, showed that the Conservatives were neither unready nor disconcerted. In a day or two more the Liberal majority was gone. The result of the poll at Greenwich on Tuesday placed a Conservative above Mr. Gladstone by a substantial majority. The returns from Cambridge, Devonport, Plymouth, and a host of smaller boroughs, made the amount of the Tory majority the only remaining question. The Metropolitan returns by the end of the week established the completeness of the Ministerial disaster. It remained only to be seen whether the counties and the Scotch constituencies would give the Tories such strength as would enable them to carry on the Government without recourse to another election.

The returns from the Metropolis deserve particular attention. In the City there were three Conservatives at the head of the poll, with a majority of more than a thousand

over a Liberal Minister brought in by the minority vote. No such result had been attained in London since the Reform Bill of 1832. In Westminster, the old home of Radicalism, where the local influence belonged to a great Whig house closely associated with the late Ministry, the Conservative candidates came in by a majority of nearly two to one. Sir Charles Russell's opponent was in every way a formidable rival, fortunate in rallying to his support the Whig and Radical elements of the party, and having, moreover, the advantage of belonging to that interest to whose exertions the Liberal press attributes the result of the general election. A brewer, and an eminent philanthropist and scholar, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, ought to have been invincible in Westminster, yet he was defeated by nearly 4000. In the Tower Hamlets, Marylebone, and Chelsea we have similar evidence of the growth of Conservative opinion, and the county election the following week completed the picture of the triumph won by the Tory party in the greatest aggregate of the commercial and middle-class in the kingdom. In the Metropolitan county the result was a strong proof how deeply the country was moved against the Government. For more than half a century the Byng family had maintained their Parliamentary connection with Middlesex. Lord Enfield had sat for the county for some years, he enjoyed great personal popularity, and a distinguished position in the House of Commons and the Ministry, but he was defeated by a Tory candidate, hitherto untried in Parliament, by a majority almost as great as that at Westminster, and Mr. Coope became the colleague of Lord George Hamilton. Everywhere the county returns confirmed the result of the borough elections. In Essex, famous for the strength of the Dissenting interest, a popular and active Radical member, Mr. Andrew Johnstone, was ousted by a large majority. In East Surrey the success of Mr. Watney, in August 1871, was supported by the rejection of Mr. Locke King from the second seat. For twenty-seven years this model Liberal member had represented East Surrey, and had been always popular with the Government, with his party, and with the constituency. In Lancashire the great achievements of 1868 were carried still further, and Manchester was definitely secured to the Tory party, whilst in Scotland, for the first time since the Reform Bill, there appeared some signs of a revival of Constitutional feeling. The Scotch returns no longer showed a diminishing list of Tory votes; there was a net gain of twelve seats, including several in the burghs, and one

in the great constituency of Glasgow. The country had risen against the Liberal Government. It was no Liberal apathy, no indifference to the Liberal Ministers, but an unmistakable resolution on the part of the nation to be rid of them and their party. The Liberal majority of sixty-eight gave place to a Conservative majority of fifty. So complete a repudiation by the people of a Ministry, unprovoked by any temporary circumstances, is unparalleled in the history of our country.

The Melbourne Ministry in 1841 went to the country under circumstances altogether different from those in which the late Ministry found themselves. They had clung to office, though repeatedly challenged to resign in the latter part of the year, and had sustained several defeats in the House. They were ruling practically without a majority; with a deficit variously estimated at from four to seven millions they asked the country to commission them to set things right. Their supposed purpose was to take advantage of the confusion in order to force on a fiscal policy unpopular in the country, and they were answered by a majority of ninety in support of Sir Robert Peel. This number represented a transfer of forty-five votes from one side of the House to the other, for parties were as nearly as possible even before the general election. But at the beginning of this year, Mr. Gladstone counted a majority of sixty-eight, whereas he has now a balance of fifty against him, giving us the astonishing result of fifty-nine seats gained by the one side and lost by the other; and this unexampled declaration of distrust has been made against a Ministry who were involved in no crisis, who came, not discredited by a deficit, but dispensing riches over the land, not forced to a dissolution by a victorious Opposition, but who, with a great majority, 'chose their own question and their own time.' Though the public regarded the issue of the Ashantee War with anxiety, its existence did not seriously affect the Ministry. The failure of their Irish University Bill had been forgotten, and at the moment the attention of the country seemed to be distracted from any morose remembrance of their later misdeeds by all the graceful circumstances that surrounded a Royal marriage peculiarly popular. There was no dark cloud overhanging the horizon to explain this welling-up of popular repugnance.

There was another element in the situation which made the defeat more unexpected and the disaster more overwhelming. The Liberal party were served by their writers in the press not wisely, but too well. Mr. Gladstone was daily and

weekly assured by his literary satellites that he had still *their* confidence; and though the public dislike for the administration showed itself on every possible opportunity, as it grew in vigour and vehemence, the Ministers and their newspaper champions boldly denied the fact, and strenuously strove to persuade one another that such treason against all that was good and great in England was simply impossible. We readily admit that these able speakers and writers have generally accepted the decision of the country with more patience and submission than might have been expected from their arrogant and contemptuous manners when in the enjoyment of prosperity and power. But for the writing and speaking of these brilliant and audacious panegyrists in the press and on the platform, even their great numerical power in the House of Commons would not have enabled the late Administration to outlive the strange series of misfortunes, mistakes, and offences, that they succeeded in crowding into their five years of power. It is a proof of the extraordinary vigour and independent strength of public opinion in England, that, although the English people submitted long and patiently to the misrepresentations and self-glorification of those who assumed to be leaders of public opinion, and who certainly possessed a great preponderance, at least in numbers, amongst our public writers and speakers, they were neither to be deluded nor brow-beaten; but quietly forming their own opinions for themselves came to conclusions exactly opposite to those offered to them by their self-appointed interpreters and guides. The genuine joy with which the great majority of the nation have accepted the result of the general election arises to some extent from a consciousness that it was, in spite of these odds against them, by their own sturdy common sense and clear judgment they have baffled the heroic talking and speaking of the whole of that mutual admiration society which perpetually sings the praises of the Great Liberal Party. The aspect of inherent and inalienable superiority by which we have so long been confronted, has passed away as if it had never been. But the political lessons of the last five years are some of the most remarkable to be learnt from the events of the century, and it is worth while to glance again at the composition and true character of the famous Gladstone Administration before it quite ceases to have any but an historic interest.

In 1868 Mr. Gladstone found the English public deeply moved at the condition of the sister island, and not quite at ease as to the course of legislation in this country; and

taking advantage of the theories as to the Irish Church which had been before the country forty years past, he came forward as the champion of a policy of justice to Ireland, combining with his reputation as a financier his newly-assumed character of a regenerator of a suffering nationality; he obtained such a majority as secured him almost uncontrolled power for the next five years. The men who came up in crowds in 1868 from the small boroughs, from the great towns, even from some of the counties, were pledged to vote for justice to Ireland and economy; but their real commission, if we may so translate the French *mandat*, was to vote for Mr. Gladstone.

In this party were combined the most various and opposing elements. There was the old Whig element, which followed Mr. Gladstone with reluctance; there were the Dissenters, intoxicated with success at the conversion of their leader on the subject of the Irish Church. There was the Irish element, at that time controlled exclusively by the priests, but gradually giving way before a nationalist faction, with whom the priests must finally compromise. There was also the advanced Philosophical Radical, with every variety of scheme for improving mankind in spite of themselves. Over this chaos brooded the Gladstonian mind, with all its power, its infinite flexibility, its inexhaustible subtlety. With the exception of the old Whigs, bound to him by a scrupulous respect for party ties, every section of this heterogeneous host hoped to claim him as its champion. During his long career he had taken the most antagonistic courses, able always to throw the strength of conviction around the purpose of the moment. On subjects that generally rivet the sympathies of the working world, if they interest them at all, he had been at different times as much opposed to his own teaching as were the poles to one another. An advocate of the principle of religious establishments in 1836, he had been the Minister to overthrow a State Church himself. Naturally the Liberation Society looked to his future with confidence. He had in his desperate attempts to carry through the patchwork Reform Bill of 1866 used arguments in favour of universal suffrage, and the advanced Radical, while he lectured and sometimes inveighed against him, trusted to him for ultimate success. One of the shrewdest of the Irish Home Rulers, Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, told his friends, after the Aberdeen speech, not to be alarmed at the vehemence of Mr. Gladstone's denunciation. He was the man to give Home Rule yet, and would do it. This uncertainty of his future attract-

ed many recruits to his party, and was a source of strength until the country awoke to a sense of danger, and the danger was increased by the temperament of the vast number of his supporters. The facility with which the shallow plausibilities of Mr. Butt upon Home Rule had been accepted by a section of English Liberals composed of such men as Serjeant Simon, Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Chamberlain, was alarming evidence of the sort of material of which the party then charged with the government of the country was composed.

With these dangerous characteristics in the Minister and his followers, the conduct of the Administration was such as to force attention to the evil. The Home Office was filled by a man who bowed before every breeze of faction. One year he was ready to abolish the Contagious Diseases Acts, in obedience to those busy fanatics who conducted that agitation; another year he had changed his mind, and found that they ought not to be interfered with. One year he would have annihilated the Licensed Victuallers to propitiate Sir Wilford Lawson; the next he offered a compromise, which, without settling the question, worried all concerned with the trade. With the feebleness of Lord Aberdare was contrasted the truculence of Mr. Bright. In his last speech at Birmingham, which had more of the oratorical splendour of his earlier years than anything we have had from him for some time, he said, speaking of the complaints of the Licensed Victuallers against the Government: 'But Parliament is not desirous, is not likely, nor is the Liberal party or the present Government likely, to deal unjustly or harshly with any body of men. And I beg to express my opinion—the publicans may take it to be worth little or much, but still I give it—that they are not wise, even for their own interests, if they say to the great Liberal party triumphing in the past, destined to triumph in the future, 'We deem you natural enemies in all election contests, you shall feel the strength of our resentment.' Did ever feudal potentate of the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, address rebellious burghers in more distinct terms of menace than these? It is not consistent with the justice and clemency of My Lords the Liberal chiefs to deal harshly with you if you are reasonable. But before you provoke us, consider what you are doing. It may be the worse for you. 'Parcere subjectis debellare superbos' may be Mr. Bright's motto of home administration. But why should the publicans fear the anger of the Liberal party? Either they ought now to be submitted to sterner

legislation—and it was the duty of a governing party to propose that legislation—or they were not justly exposed to further restrictions; but they are warned that party feeling may impose such legislation by way of revenge.

This general combination of defects arising from the structure of Mr. Gladstone's mind, and the curiously composite character of his party and his Ministry, had already produced mischiefs which nothing but the stolid strength of their majority enabled the Government to survive. The great sensational measures of the Administration riveted attention on its strongest element, Mr. Gladstone's own personality, and for awhile the true significance of those measures was hidden from the public mind. For the Irish Church Act and the Irish Land Act the public were pretty well prepared. The first was but a sequel to the eager discussions of the previous year, and extreme as were many of the provisions of the Land Act, the public reluctantly accepted that measure as a part of the price which they had agreed to pay for 'rewriting' the history of Ireland, as Mr. Bright had told them they were to do. The Land Act had not yet passed when the Peace Preservation Bill made men ask if the rewritten history of Ireland was likely after all to be so very different from the old version. In the summer of 1870 they felt that they had been over-sanguine in estimating the powers of the Liberal conjuror, but they threw the blame on their own enthusiasm, not on the men who had excited their hopes. Next a graver consideration as to the capability of the Ministry was occasioned by the events of July in that year. Lord Granville had a few days before taken the seals of the Foreign Office in his courtly, gracious way, and pronounced that there was not a cloud on the horizon. The polite comedy of the Foreign Secretary was as much at variance with nature as the Irish melodrama of the Prime Minister. The evident consternation of the Ministry, their hesitancy as to the course to be adopted, when the publication of the Benedetti despatch in the 'Times' disclosed the peril that threatened Belgium, made a deep impression on the mind of the nation. Mr. Gladstone refused to give any assurance as to his policy, and it was not until after long discussion in the press, and the placing of a notice upon the book of the House of Commons, that Lord Granville came forward in the Upper House and pledged the Government to those exertions which resulted in the Tripartite Treaty. However judicious was the demeanour of the Ministry during the following months, men

did not forget their attitude at the commencement of the crisis, nor was the public confidence restored by the conduct of the negotiations on the Black Sea Treaty. Already, before the Alabama negotiations were entered on, the English people had come to think meanly of the sagacity and public spirit of the Liberal chiefs.

In 1872 we had Mr. Lowe's duplicate budgets. The second great reputation in the Ministry was thus disposed of, and the close of the Session exhibited Mr. Gladstone in a new light. That dictatorial spirit, which in Lord Palmerston's lifetime had been pointed to as incapacitating Mr. Gladstone for the leadership of the party, was very familiar to the House of Commons, but it was the Royal Warrant which first disclosed it to the general public. In this overriding of the House of Lords by the revival of an obsolete power was manifested that taste for *coups-de-main* which, however admirable in a commander of light horse, was hardly satisfactory in the administrative chief of an order-loving people, whose pride it is to conduct public business with deliberation and method. In the Royal Warrant of July, 1872, we trace exactly the same temperament as in the sudden dissolution of January, 1874. Opposition, whether it was due to the resistance of the House of Lords, or to the distrust of the country, was to be crushed by the ingenious boldness of the Government. In 1872 the Washington negotiations still further exhibited the incapacity of the Ministry for higher politics, whilst the Collier and Ewelme appointments proved that the arbitrary disposition, which had forced the Abolition of Purchase on the nation with so high a hand, was being applied to much smaller matters at the risk of the validity of the Statute Law.

The public had been long aware of the discontent which had been excited in all the Government departments. Every class of civil servants was grumbling and mutinous. That, however, was a matter of light concern to the mass of the people outside the official circle. If the permanent servants of the Crown were offended, the public, it was suggested, benefited in the long run by the vigilance and decision of the Ministerial chiefs. But with 1873 came a series of disclosures as to the management of certain departments. There was no real public benefit to set off against the worry which the various Ministers had occasioned. Men began to suspect that the snubbing of subordinates might be but a cloak for their own inefficiency. Even in matters of detail they had no pre-eminence to boast of.

Perhaps the most powerful influence in dis-

closing the true character of the Liberal triumph of 1868 was the suspicion of the country as to the terms upon which Mr. Gladstone had obtained the zealous aid of the Irish Ultramontanes. His recognition of the demands of this party as to Education had been a surprise to many of his supporters, and the evil associations which the Wigan speech suggested pursued him through his whole career as Prime Minister. Year after year Mr. Fawcett had pressed on him this question, and though the Government had its majority sufficiently in hand to avert any disaster at the time, the exhibition which it annually made on these occasions was not calculated to allay the public suspicion. It became at last notorious that the Government of Ireland was administered to suit the views of Cardinal Cullen. The long course of intrigue with the Roman Catholic clergy ended in the catastrophe of March last, and thus a policy which had been always distasteful to Scotch and English Radicals was bereft even of the apology of success. Meanwhile affairs in Ireland had got worse rather than better. The first Coercion Bill was followed by another, after a vain effort to throw the responsibility of framing this second measure upon the House of Commons, and in place of Fenianism and Ribbonism, bound down by the stern provisions of these Acts, we had 'the veiled rebellion' of Home Rule.

The progress of this agitation deserves special attention. It was the direct product of Gladstonian policy. It owed its opportunities to Mr. Gladstone's mode of manipulating English politics; and if it is now innocuous and dragging out a languishing existence, we are indebted for this happy deliverance to the strong sense and manliness of the English people. The Home-Rule cry had been raised as early as 1870, when it was declared that the Irish Land Act was not a just fulfilment of Mr. Gladstone's Lancashire pledge to govern Ireland according to Irish ideas. The movement progressed steadily down to the last election, when it boasted a widespread allied organisation in Great Britain and a number of candidates for English constituencies pledged to its principles.

Nor had it failed to attract the attention of the Prime Minister. Long before the Greenwich address he had spoken in terms singularly in contrast with his subsequent declarations on the subject. In the autumn of 1871 Mr. Butt was returned for Limerick and the movement was so far developed that Mr. Gladstone made it the chief topic of his speech at Aberdeen in September. In that Speech the Prime Minister declared, much

as he did on a subsequent occasion, 'I am not quite certain what is meant in Ireland by the cry of Home Rule;' but he was not content to leave things here as in the letter to Lord Fermoy, to which we shall again refer; but whatever might be its purport, he added, 'we intend and mean—every one of us, both high and low, not those merely who meet in this hall, but those who crowd the streets of your city, and of every city from the north to the south of this island—we intend that this United Kingdom shall remain a united kingdom.' Taking up the taunt that this new sedition was Ireland's answer to his efforts at conciliation, he denounced any attempt to break up the unity of Parliament, and declared 'whether conciliation be at once realised or not, the position of this country is firm and invulnerable.' Home Rule became more prominent as a political agitation every day since Mr. Gladstone had thus referred to it at Aberdeen; its pledged supporters had increased in the House of Commons; and at Greenwich the Ministerial candidate for the honour of being Mr. Gladstone's colleague had polled fewer votes than the advocate of Home Rule. Thus encouraged by success the Home-Rule party pointed to the next general election as the hour of their triumph. Mr. Butt and his colleagues had calculated to a degree of nicety the number of recruits they expected at this election, and in November last they engaged attention by a formal reorganisation of their body with a view to the approaching strife. There was much public discussion in January about the contest then proceeding in the county Limerick, for the seat of the former Postmaster-General, Lord Emly, between his Lordship's nephew, a supporter of the Government, and Mr. O'Sullivan, who had been chosen as their candidate by the Home-Rule League avowedly on account of his notorious connection with the outbreak of 1867. Surely if a topic which was the main subject of the Aberdeen speech in 1871, and which had certainly not diminished in importance, was to be glanced at in the crisis of a general election, the reference to it ought to have been of the most unambiguous kind. Early in the Greenwich address, prefacing the Minister's sketch of his policy in the future, we find the following passage:—

'I fear that the time has not yet come when you can anticipate a diminution in the calls for legislative labour. Permanent and solid as is the Union of the three Kingdoms, they present varieties of circumstance, of organisation, and even of law. These varieties, combined with the vast development of Imperial interests, add seriously to the duties of

Parliament, which, indeed, have reached a point where they seem, for the present, to defy all efforts to overtake them. I think we ought not only to admit, but to welcome every improvement in the organisation of local and subordinate authority which, under the unquestioned control of Parliament, would tend to lighten its labours and to expedite the public business.'

With the Home-Rule agitation so prominent before the public this passage was necessarily read in connection with it. Here reappeared the germ of the doctrine of Irish ideas, the diversity of the different parts of the kingdom which was to be fostered, not outlived. This paragraph was the only reference to that Irish question to which Mr. Gladstone had devoted so much of his public life, and it was at once recognised as a holding out of the olive-branch to the Home-Rule League. It at least supplied a cover for the Ministerial candidates in Ireland, who might so interpret the attitude of the Government, and it was relied on in the addresses of Lord Carlingford, Lord Otho Fitzgerald, and Captain Fulke Greville, who vainly struggled to escape electoral defeat by promising concessions in the way of local legislation. It was of course also promptly seized on by Mr. Butt, who boasted, 'the Prime Minister in his address to his constituents is compelled to acknowledge the inability of the Imperial Parliament to deal with the separate interests of each portion of the United Kingdom.' Again he says: 'Let us not, however, deceive ourselves; if Ireland now returns a decisive majority of her representatives pledged to Home Rule, the Parliament that is to assemble on the 5th of March will not separate without an attempt on the part of some English Ministry to readjust the ill-contrived relations which now exist between the two countries. That readjustment once attempted, the force of reason, truth, and justice must mould it into the form in which it will satisfy all the just demands of the Irish nation.' Mr. Butt understood that, in face of such an agitation as that of the Home-Rule League, the declaration, that Parliament was not able to deal with the special circumstances of Ireland, conceded all he wanted.

In the following week occurred an incident of rare drollery. An Irish Liberal peer, Lord Fermoy, not unfriendly to Mr. Gladstone, nor, on the other hand, to Irish nationalism, undertook to act as amiable go-between in perfecting the alliance. He wrote to Mr. Gladstone asking that, if, as was generally supposed, he had Home Rule in view in writing the passage we have quoted from his address, he would say so, or let it be

understood that his mysterious utterance meant a counter proposition,—an opening of negotiations. The suitor for the Home-Rule vote was asked to show a little more warmth. This was cruel enough. But the curious thing was, that Mr. Gladstone answered this letter, authorising the publication, we must assume, for the answer appeared in all the Irish papers immediately :—

‘In my address I have endeavoured to state clearly the principles on which I should endeavour to deal with all questions relating to increase of local and national powers in the United Kingdom. With respect to Home Rule, I have not yet heard an authoritative or binding definition of the phrase which appears to be used by different persons in different senses. Until this phrase comes to have a definite and certain meaning, I have not thought myself justified in referring to it; but I indicated plainly in another form the test which I should apply to its interpretation.’

Whilst Mr. Gladstone was thus undecided about the meaning of this threatening agitation, Lord Hartington, in an address to the Radnor Burghs, which was advertised in all the Irish papers, was commending its constitutional character. But this trifling with a mischievous popular delusion was only consistent with the policy of the Prime Minister, who was always offering himself for conversion to those who were attacking the Church, the rights of the Crown, and the functions of the House of Lords. The Education Act of 1870 was the most noted example of this policy. That act was a special ground of contention amongst the Liberal party at the late election, because its provisions indicated a suspension of that crusade against Established Churches to which the Dissenters had hoped that Mr. Gladstone stood committed by the Irish Church Act; and the public recollect how, down to the last moment, he shifted his position on this question every hour. All these agitations—these blazing principles—were waiting for Mr. Gladstone’s recognition, the advocates of each confident that, sooner or later, that recognition would be given.

Neither were foreign affairs without a lesson to the country how to estimate the judgment of Liberal politicians, how to measure the capacity of men to whom Liberalism was a creed, and Mr. Gladstone an hierophant. Amongst his most distinguished satellites and admirers in this country were the apostles of the revolutionary ideas of the Continent. To the advanced Radical Mr. Gladstone was one pole of the political sphere, whilst the chiefs of the Commune constituted the other. Occasionally these

critics snubbed their favourite; but wayward though he might be, still he was the hope of the future years. Apart as England is by her situation, interest, and her constitutional heritage from the social conflicts of the Continent, she could not but note the sort of people in whom the Liberal party found its warmest believers. They were the defenders of the Paris Commune or of the Cantonal Government of Murcia. One of the most brilliant and distinguished of that advanced school had launched some merciless criticisms at Mr. Gladstone; but the prospect of his entering on a new dictatorship obliterated the past, and about the Greenwich manifesto Mr. Frederic Harrison found ‘a halo as of statesmanship and a ring as of chivalry.’ This most unscrupulous appeal to the vulgarest instincts of the community only excited the enthusiasm of the advanced Radical, not that he shared these vulgar instincts. His aspirations were not so harmless. He seemed to detect in it a flavour of lawlessness, and exulted in the prospect of tremendous power being confided to a man who might lead the country no one could say whither. There was about such a prospect that excitement and romance, enjoyment of which the revolutionist mistakes for political instinct.

It is in some of the qualities of Mr. Gladstone’s mind that we must seek the main solution of the marvellous change which we have witnessed. It was that temperament alone that made the government of this country possible by such a party as the Liberals have now become. Their condition and his mental structure supplemented each other, and resulted in retarding unnaturally the resumption of government by the Conservative party. The overthrow of Radicalism was not the result of weariness, or love of change, as we have been often told, but of the rooted conviction that the Liberal leader, with all his genius, wanted that masculine character which makes the glory of Englishmen; that, the victim of his own most passionate impulses, he was liable to become the tool of dangerous factions. Neither in the Minister’s early career, nor in his mental character, had his supporters any ground for gainsaying Jesuit or revolutionist who vaunted his confidence that Mr. Gladstone would one day champion his cause. The country felt the necessity of supporting the manly Conservative sentiment of the Opposition, whose honesty they had no doubt of, whose sterling abilities they recognised. They appealed to the Tory party to deliver them from the spell of Mr. Gladstone’s dictatorship.

The lesson of all this is not far to seek.

The sincerity of the English people in their profession of attachment to their own institutions has been established beyond all question. There is a strong political faith pervading the country. The people are not shifting about for new systems; but whilst full of hearty confidence in the present, exulting in their own achievements, and eager for further progress, are mindful of the fact that they enjoy the work of ancestors whom they are proud of, and they will not trifle with the institutions which have grown with their national life. The spirit of Dissent and Radicalism, the violence of priest and peasant, were not influences the strength of which could be judged of from the noise they made. Once the country was aroused, Dissent was powerless; and we have this splendid result, that the partnership of Ultramontaniam in the government of the empire is at an end. Home Rule is left to decay, notwithstanding its successes at the last election and the great ability with which its champion endeavours to conceal the fact that it is reduced to helplessness.

Whatever may be said of the election of 1874 it cannot be denied that every advantage was given to the opponents of the Conservatives. Yet the 23rd of January, the date of Mr. Gladstone's letter to the electors of Greenwich, will be long noted as the Black Friday of the Liberal party. To find a parallel for the crash that followed one must go back to the great City crisis of 1866. The present Government will—like all its predecessors, Whig and Tory—have its day and come to its end. Sooner or later a sufficient number of assailants will be somehow or other enlisted, drilled, and organised, to force it from a position which now appears impregnable. But that day seems far distant. It is not even possible to suggest on which of the many groups that, taken together, make up the Opposition, the others will consent to rally and reform. Mr. Gladstone himself may come again as the Radical Avatar, but if he does he must devise new war-cries, invent new combinations, and procure new lieutenants. The party which was peculiarly his own amongst his former following has nearly disappeared from the House of Commons. It has been almost obliterated in Britain, it is for the present, at least, effaced in Ireland. If today he could muster as many members to follow in an assault upon Mr. Disraeli's go-

vernment, as the latter could count in its defence, and succeed in climbing into office, on what basis of common policy could he hope to unite the Home Ruler with the English Whig, the Ultramontane with the Dissenting Radical? and whence would he provide himself with lieutenants to share with him the arduous duties of such a command? Cardwell, Fortescue, Monsell, these names were the spells which the Great Magician used to conjure with. But they have passed away from the scenes of their mundane trials. Their places in the Lower House have in every instance been filled by declared enemies, or by allies more dangerous than an open foe. Safely snatched from the perils and the struggles of their former campaigns, they have joined their old companions in arms, Lords Aberdare and Wolverton; 'of future life secure,' but forever separated from the past, they enjoy in the Elysian fields of the Upper Chamber a sad serenity and dull immunity from care:—

'Animæ quibus altera fato
Corpora debentur, Lethæi ad fluminis undam,
Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.'

In opposition the Conservatives drew more closely together and perfected their organisation, and thus the English people had an opportunity of making their true sympathies felt at a critical moment, notwithstanding a daring and skilful attempt to steal a march upon them; and now the Conservative party have been called to office, by the deliberate resolution of the country to seek security from crotchets and return to the normal course of English politics. The popular influence of delusions is gone, and the present Government has been called into existence in recognition of the patience and patriotism shown by its members and their followers during the years of their seemingly hopeless adversity. All the Conservative chiefs have responded to the summons of the country without any consideration of personal predilections for the independence of non-official life. The great administrative strength of the party has been mustered. The present Government enter on the enjoyment of power in a season of universal prosperity, with an harmonious, contented party; and, not shackled with any factions whose unreasonable demands it is necessary to conciliate, they have the prospect before them of a long and brilliant career.

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- ART. I.—1. *The History of the Isle of Wight*. By Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. London. 1781. 4to.
2. *Tour of the Isle of Wight*. By J. Hassell. London. 1790.
3. *A New, Correct, and Much-improved History of the Isle of Wight*. Albin, Newport. 1795. 8vo.
4. *Description of the principal Picturesque Beauties, Antiquities, and Geological Phenomena of the Isle of Wight*. By Sir Henry C. Englefield, Bart. London. 1816. 8vo.
5. *The Undercliff of the Isle of Wight*. By George A. Martin, M.D. London. 1849. 8vo.
6. *The History and Antiquities of the Isle of Wight*. By George Illier. London. 1855. Parts 1 to 4. 4to.
7. *Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Surrey, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight*. London. 1865.

'BRITAIN,' writes the so-called Nennius,* quoting from the Welch Triads, 'containeth three considerable islands: whereof one lieth

over against the Armorican shore, and is called Inis gueith; the second is situated in the navel of the sea between Ireland and Britain, and its name is called Eubonia, that is Manau; another is situated in the furthest verge of the British world beyond the Picts, and is named Orc. So was it said in the proverb of old when one spake of its judges, and kings, "He judged Britain with its three islands." Other pens have described in this 'Review' her northern sisters, 'the storm-swept Orcades,' and the bleak house of the heroic Charlotte de la Tremouille, and the saintly Wilson. It is our present purpose to devote a few pages to the leader of the 'laughing train' of 'little isles on every side'—

'Wight who checks the westering tide,*

which, as old Drayton says in his long-drawn lines—

'Of all the southern isles hath held the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace.'

The name of the Isle of Wight at once calls up ideas of all that is most lovely in scenery and genial in climate. Sung by poets, painted by artists, eulogized by physicians, the favourite resort alike of the pleasure-seeker and the invalid, the artist and the geologist; a household word with Englishmen, which all either have seen or intend to see; few spots in the wide world are more often thought of with loving thankfulness. How many are the weary labourers of this over-worked generation in whose

* Nennius, § 8. 'The work which bears the name of Nennius was most probably written in the eighth century. It is a compilation made originally without much judgment. . . . Still, however, it contains fragments of earlier works which are of great interest and value.'—Guest, 'Early English Settlements in South Britain,' *Transact. of Arch. Inst., Salisbury volume*, p. 36. The original of the passage given above is found in one of the Welch Triads quoted by Dr. Guest in the 'Proceedings of the Philological Society,' i. 9: 'The three primary adjoining islands of the Isle of Britain, Orc, Manaw, and Gwyth, and afterwards the sea broke the land, so that Mon became an island and in the same manner the isle of Orc was broken.'

* Collins, 'Ode to Liberty.'

minds it is connected with days or weeks of the purest happiness, snatched from the

'noise and smoke of town,'

and dreamt away among their merry children on its pebbly beaches, or beneath its ivy-clad rocks, gazing out on the wide expanse of the limitless ocean, drinking in health and refreshment both for mind and body with every breeze! These grateful memories swell into a deeper and more sacred feeling with those who, on the first approach of that fell destroyer of the youngest and loveliest—consumption—have borne their loved ones from bleaker and less genial homes to winter on its sunny slopes beneath the sheltering wall of its gigantic downs, and have seen with thankfulness the glow return to the wan cheek and vigour to the enfeebled limbs; or if this has been denied them, and the disease has run its fatal course to its sad end, have at least enjoyed the consolation of knowing that life has been prolonged, suffering lessened, and that the invalid's closing days have been brightened by the loveliness around them: that if their sun has set, it has not set in darkness and gloom.

But it is not every one for whom our island awakens such solemn memories as these,—memories which we must almost apologize for referring to. With the artist the Isle of Wight speaks of many a treasured addition to the sketch-book. Many a young observer has, like the lamented Strickland, learnt his first geological lessons in this island, which, in the words of Mr. Hopkins,* seems almost to have been 'cut out by Nature for a model illustrative of the phenomena of stratification;' while a whole host of accomplished geologists—including such honoured names as Webster, Sedgwick, and the too early-lost Forbes—have here pursued investigations, the fruits of which have enriched the scientific world. The botanist has many a pleasant memory of prizes secured for the 'hortus siccus,' among its woods, downs, bogs, and sandhills, or on the level reefs, fertile in seaweeds, that fortify its coasts. Indeed, whatever his tastes may be, no one with any eye or feeling for the beauties of nature can have visited the Isle of Wight without acquiescing in the panegyric passed upon it by Sir Walter Scott,† as 'that beautiful island which, he who has once seen, never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may carry him.'

The rhomboidal form of the Isle of Wight, likened by various observers to a turbot, a

bird with expanded wings, and a heraldic lozenge, the two diameters measuring roughly 23 and 14 miles, is due both to its geological formation and to the unequal action of the sea on the coast-line, eating out the softer strata of the Lower Greensand and Wealden beds into the wide concavities of Sandown and Chale Bays, while the harder chalk is left in bold projecting headlands.

The leading feature in the Isle of Wight, both from a geological and picturesque point of view, is the high undulating ridge of bare swelling chalk downs, running from end to end of the island, of which it forms, as it were, the backbone, ruling its whole physical structure, and rising sheer from the sea at either extremity in bold mural precipices honeycombed with caverns, forming the Culver Cliffs to the east, and the Main Bench and Needles headland to the west. The Needles themselves are simply shattered remnants of the chalk ridge that once stretched continuously across the channel to the Isle of Purbeck: huge wedge-shaped pinnacled masses left while all about them has yielded to the ceaseless dash of the breakers.

Towards the centre of the island these chalk downs, instead of being limited to a single narrow wall, form two or three parallel ridges with outliers: here, cut into combs and dingles with steeply sloping sides clothed with rich foliage, or shagged with aged thorns dwarfed or twisted by the fierce blasts with which they have had to maintain a life-long struggle; there, closing in and forming long sequestered glens, or rounding into smooth elbows, or dipping down their undulating arms into the sand-valleys below. As we approach either extremity the ridge diminishes in breadth, being scarcely a quarter of a mile broad at Afton Down above Freshwater Gate, while the strata more and more nearly approach to verticality, evidenced to the eye by the black lines of flints scoring the white face of the chalk with as much regularity as the lines of a copy-book.

The southern promontory presents another range of chalk downs—Shanklin, St. Boniface, and St. Catherine's Downs—containing the highest ground in the island, little short of 800 feet above the sea-level, throwing off huge pier-like projecting arms northwards into the valley of denudation,—for the most part displaying an undulating surface of the Lower Greensand, sometimes running in ridges, sometimes swelling in isolated hillocks, sometimes furrowed into gullies and watered by the Medina and the Yar and their tiny tributaries,—which divides this range from the central range.

* 'Cambridge Essays,' 1857, p. 185.

† 'Surgeon's Daughter,' chap. vi.

The axis of the upheaving force which raised the central ridge appears to have coincided with a line drawn from near Sandown Fort to somewhere between Brighthston and Brook. At each extremity of this anticlinal line in Compton and Sandown Bays, the Wealden emerges from under the Lower Greensand, and attracts the geologist by its Saurian remains and rafts of fossil trees.

Immediately below the chalk lies the Upper Greensand, whose mural escarpment and shelf-like outline contrast forcibly with the smooth rounded forms of the chalk. It is this formation to which the scenery of the Undercliff owes its most characteristic feature in the vast vertical wall, furrowed by time and stained with the tenderest hues, which stretches almost without interruption from Bonchurch to Chale.

Next comes the Gault, locally known as 'the blue slipper,' from its colour, and the tendency of the superincumbent strata to slip or slide on the smooth unctuous surface of its clays, when moistened by the copious land springs which percolate through the chalk and sandstone. It is to this that the gigantic landslip that under the healing hand of nature has created the romantic beauty of the Undercliff is due. The base of the sandstone wall being undermined by the springs, the overhanging masses were torn away by their own weight and carried downwards on the slippery surface of the gault, until they encountered some obstacle which checked their descent, and caused them to hang picturesquely poised on the steep grassy slope, where, draped with ivy and a profusion of graceful creepers, they afford shelter to early primroses and violets, which cluster round their base, and, with 'a budding world' of purple orchises and curling fern-fronds, form a picture of surpassing loveliness.

The northern half of the island between the central chalk-ridge and the Solent is occupied by a succession of the older tertiary strata, which form the very remarkable cliffs of Alum Bay. The almost magical beauty of this locality is due to the quick succession of beds of vivid and violently contrasted hues—red, yellow, black, white—upheaved from their naturally horizontal positions, and made to stand on end, as it were, for the convenience of the geologist. One narrow bed of pipe-clay, intervening between the richly-tinted sands, contains impressions of leaves of most exquisite delicacy, belonging to a sub-tropical flora, identical with those in a corresponding bed across the Solent at Bournemouth.

The Chines, though in no sense peculiar to the Isle of Wight, but found under different names wherever the same physical

causes operate, are among its best known geological features. They are deep fissures or gullies eaten out of the soft strata of the Lower Greensand by the action of running water, and derive their name from the A.-S. 'cine' or 'cyne,'* a cleft. Some of the most attractive scenery of the island is to be found in these little ravines, which, if they had not at one time received such exaggerated praise, would be more esteemed now. At Shanklin a little rill, tumbling at the head of the glen over a harder bed of rock which checks its action, has worn away a sinuous ravine, the steep sides of which are prettily draped with coppice and creepers, through which the brook wends its way to the sea, which it enters through a mighty gash in the cliffs, 'as if cut with the sword of an Orlando.' Luccombe Chine, a mile or two further along the shore to the south-west, though smaller, has been more left to nature, and is to many more pleasing. The third celebrated chine—that of Blackgang—is a complete contrast to the other two in its bare treeless aspect; and has been so completely vulgarised by smug villas and toy-shops, that to the ordinary visitor it is simply 'a delusion and a snare.' To the geologist the fine sections of the strata presented in its naked sides and sea-front must always make it an object of interest.

Of its earliest inhabitants, the *Celtæ*, or the *Belgæ* by whom the former had been displaced shortly before *Cæsar's* invasion, the Isle of Wight exhibits numerous and distinct traces. The very name by which, under various forms, it has been known for at least the last two thousand years, is in all probability of Celtic origin. The *Ynys Gwyth* of the Welsh Triads, the *Inis Gueith* of Nennius, is considered by Dr. Guest to be equivalent to 'the channel island.' In accordance with this is the statement of Nennius, or at any rate one of his transcribers, that *guith* in British or Celtic signified 'division,'† a name evidently indicating a belief that at some far remote period it had been severed from the mainland. The crests of nearly all the downs, which stretch in an almost unbroken line from Bembridge at the eastern

* The verb 'to chine' was used not only by Spenser.—

† Where biting deepe, so deadly it imprest
That quite it chyned his backe behind the sell.
—*Fuerie Quene*, b. iv. c. 6.

but also by Dryden, as quoted by Richardson *sub voc.*—

'He that in his day did chine the long rib'd Apennine.

† 'Quam Britones insulam Gueid vel Gwith. vocant, quod Latine *divortium* dici potest.'—MS. C. C. C. Cambridge.

to Freshwater at the western extremity of the island, are studded with

'The grassy barrows of the happier dead,' not a few of which are deemed by archæologists good examples of the British barrow. The mounds which stand out so conspicuously against the sky on Shalcombe Down, are said to have been raised over Arwald, the Jutish king of the island, his son, and dependents, who had fallen in battle with Ceadwalla. Interesting groups occur on Chillerton, Brook, Afton, and Ashey Downs. Many, if not most, of these have been rifled, and the contents too frequently broken and dispersed.

But we have traces of the homes as well as of the graves of the people. The steeply-sided, sinuous dells which divide the knot of chalk-downs to the west of Carisbrooke shew groups of shallow bowl-shaped depressions, which have been long popularly known as 'British Villages.' These mark the sites of the rude conical huts of the aboriginal inhabitants,* who had formed their settlements in the valley, under the protection of the hill-forts, the remains of which still crown the ridge above. These excavations occur in groups of two, three, or more, within the compass of a larger ring, which served as a rampart against hostile attacks; each group, or *kraal*, as they would be termed in South Africa, indicating the abode of a single family. The name of the valley in which the largest number of these traces of habitation are found—Gallibury Bottom—serves to confirm the tradition. The British inhabitants of Wessex were known to the Saxons as *Wealhas* or *Gaels*, and Gallibury may well indicate the *burh* or 'fortified place' of the barbarous tribes found here by the Jutish invaders.

Another primæval memorial may be seen where, at the head of a hollow way of unknown antiquity shaded by low spreading oaks above the village of Mottistoun—

'Tinted by Time, the solitary stone
On the green hill of Mote each storm with-
stood,
Grows dim with hoary lichen overgrown.'
Peel, The Fair Island.

This *Longstone*, as it is popularly called, is an example of the *menhirs*, or standing stones, which in former days were so confidently connected with Druidical worship, but of the purpose of which so little is really known. It is a rough quadrangular pillar of ferruginous sandstone, 13 feet in

height, and is estimated to weigh little less than 30 tons.

Whether the *Ἰαγίς* which Diodorus Siculus describes as the storehouse of the Cornish tin, the mart frequented by the Greek merchants from Marseilles and Narbonne, should be identified with the Isle of Wight, or with St. Michael's Mount, is a question which has been long and hotly debated, and of which we may say 'adhuc sub judice lis est.' The discovery of a block of tin, of the shape of an *astragalus*, dredged up at the entrance to Falmouth Harbour, appears to the accomplished Sir Henry James* an irrefragable proof that the port from which the *astragali* of tin mentioned by Diodorus were shipped for the coast of Gaul is to be identified with St. Michael's Mount, and his conclusions were to a considerable extent accepted by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis.† But the Isle of Wight tradition is too well authenticated to be lightly set aside, and it can hardly be questioned that the *Ictis* of Diodorus, as well as the *Mictis* of Timæus, are merely variations of *Vectis*, the Roman designation of the Isle of Wight. Diodorus, writing from hearsay, without any personal acquaintance with the localities, may have well combined the accounts of the two tin-ports, and produced a description accurately tallying with neither.

The Romans have left fewer and less distinct marks of their occupation, which commenced under Vespasian, acting as lieutenant to Plautius in the invasion of Claudius A.D. 43, and here first 'designated by the fates for empire,'‡ than in many other parts of England. Besides coins and fragments of pottery, we can point only to the recently discovered villa at Carisbrooke. This is small but well preserved, with bath, hypocaust, and the other usual arrangements, and is enriched with a complex tessellated pavement and mural paintings, recalling the decorations of Pompeii.

The state of these remains, like that of Roman buildings generally throughout England, indicates the barbarism which, after the departure of the Romans, had rudely sought to stamp out the civilization they had brought with them but had failed to naturalize. Not a single article of value was discovered in its ruins. Everywhere there were traces of the occupation of a savage people; fires had been kindled on the beautiful tessellated floors; the bones of

* 'Archæological Journal,' No. cxi. pp. 193-202.

† Ibid. For Sir G. C. Lewis's earlier view, see his 'Astronomy of the Ancients,' pp. 450-454.

‡ Tacit. Agric. 13, 'Monstratus, fatis Vespasianus.'

* Τὰς οἰκήσεις εὐτελεῖς ἔχουσι ἐκ τῶν καλῶν ἢ ξύλων κατὰ τὸ πλείστον συγκεκλιμένας.—Diod. Sicul., lib. v. c. 21, speaking of the inhabitants of Britain.

deer, sheep, and other animals, strewn about the rooms, spoke of the coarse repasts which had succeeded to the 'noctes cœnæque dædum' of the countrymen of Lucullus and Apicius. The ruin was evidently due not to gradual decay, but to wilful destruction.

The evidences of the Anglo-Saxon occupancy are limited to the sepulchral barrows and their contents. These are very numerous, and few cemeteries in the country have yielded a richer harvest than that on 'Chessell Down,' near Freshwater. Among many other discoveries indicating a considerable advance in wealth and refinement, we may particularize the skeleton of an infant with its bronze rattle; of a female with the bodkin which had confined her hair still lying at the back of her head, and her bronze needle and scissors by her side; a silver spoon, with its capacious bowl washed with gold; and balls of crystal with silver mountings—mysterious objects which, from the time of the entrance of the Jews into Canaan* to that of Lilly and Dr. Dee, have been associated with magical rites, and unhallowed prying into futurity.

The Saxon, or rather Jutish, occupation of the island dates from 530, when Cerdic of Wessex, and his son Cynric, subsequently to their conquests on the mainland, crossed the Solent, and, after a bloody battle, stormed the *burh* or stronghold at Carisbrooke, and made themselves masters of Wight. Four years later, on Cerdic's death, the island was granted to his nephews, probably the sons or grandsons of his sister, who had married a Jutish husband—Stuf, and the eponymic hero, whose real name has been completely lost in that derived from his island achievements, Wiht-gar 'the spear of Wight.' Wihtgar, according to Florence of Worcester, died in 544, and was buried in the citadel called after him Wihtgareshurh, which, though so altered by decapitation and phonetic corruption as to be hardly recognizable, still preserves in its name of Carisbrooke the memory of its Jutish lord. The little island-kingdom continued dependent on Wessex for more than

a century, till, in 661, Wulfhere of Mercia ravaged it, and transferred it to Ethelwald, king of the South Saxons. Ethelwald was a convert to Christianity. Wulfhere had been his sponsor, and with that union of sanguinary barbarism and fierce zeal for the faith which so often characterized these half-leavened heathens,* made the extirpation of paganism a condition of the gift to his royal godson. The neighbouring county of Sussex, then just emerging from heathenism under Wilfrid's teaching, furnished a missionary, Eoppa,† who, in the words of the A.-S. Chronicle, 'first of men brought baptism to the people of Wight.' But Eoppa's mission proved a failure, and when, twenty years later, A.D. 686, the island was again ravaged by Ceadwalla, after the death of Ethelwald in battle, the whole Jutish population were found heathen, and, as such, were doomed to extermination by 'the fierce catechumens.†

Fielding, the novelist, when provoked beyond endurance by the extortions of his shrewish landlady at Ryde, says sarcastically, 'Certain it is the island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity, nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted.' Whatever may be thought of his inference, the great novelist was correct in his history. It has often been remarked as singular that, while the Jutes of Kent were the first of the Anglo-Saxon race to embrace the Christian religion, their kinsmen in Wight should have been the last to do so. This is, doubtless, attributable to the insular position of Wight, the Solent Sea—'pelagus solvens,' as Bede styles it, false in etymology but true in fact—cutting its people off from intercourse with the mainland as effectually in those days of timid navigation, as the dense forests of the Andredesweald did their

* "I cannot bear to see the finest provinces of Gaul in the hands of these heretics," cried Clovis with all the zeal of a new convert. The clergy blessed the pious sentiment, and the orthodox barbarian was rewarded with a series of bloody victories.—Kemble, 'Anglo-Saxons,' vol. ii. p. 355.

† Eoppa is mentioned by Bede, 'Eccles. Hist.,' iv. 14, as one of Wilfrid's Sussex clergy and Abbot of Selsey. The 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' also says, sub anno 661, that 'Eoppa, the mass priest, by the command of Wilfrid and king Wulfhere, first brought baptism to the "people of Wight." From this it would follow that both the earlier and later missions were directed by Wilfrid.

‡ 'Adelwold, being greatly desirous to make the people of the Isle to taste of Christ, sent one Eoppa a priest to preach the words unto them, but he profited nothing.'—Lambard, 'Topograph. and Histor. Dict. of England,' 1730, p. 895.

* The Hebrew מַשְׁכֵּיחַ, Lev. xxvi., Numb.

xxxiii. 52, Prov. xxv. 11. ('image of stone,' 'pictures,' E. V.; λίθος σκοπός, σκοπιαί, LXX.), has been interpreted by Spencer ('de Legibus,' vol. i.), Delrius ('Disquis. Magic.' lib. iv. c. 2, p. 468), Douglas, and others, of these divining balls. See for a long and learned disquisition on the point, Douglas' 'Nenia Britannica,' p. 14, § 9. Such crystal balls, set in precious metals, were found in the tomb of King Childeric at Tournay, as well as in a large number of the Keatish (Jutish) barrows opened by Douglas and Faussett.

pagan neighbours in Sussex, whose conversion, due to the same great Christian pioneer, only preceded that of Wight by a few years.* Before he started on his enterprise, Ceadwalla, as it were to bribe the powerful God of the Christians to favour his arms, had vowed that, if successful, he would devote a fourth part of the land and spoil to Christ. The ubiquitous Wilfrid, who in consequence of 'the sad scenes of sacerdotal jealousy and strife which made his course almost a constant feud, and himself an object of unpopularity, even of persecution,'† has hardly secured the place he merits as one of the most enterprising and successful of missionaries, was at hand to register the youthful warrior's vow. On the success of his arms in Wight, Wilfrid—of whom Fuller appositely remarks that 'his *παράργα* were better than his *ἔργα*, his casual and occasional better than his intentional performances,'‡ —eager to renew the spiritual victories vouchsafed him by God among the barbarians on the shores of the Baltic, and, still more recently, among the savage population of Sussex, claimed the promised fourth part as God's heritage. The claim was allowed. Three hundred families were spared from massacre, and tradition points to the site of Brading Church as the scene of the admission of the heathen Jutes into the Christian faith. Scarcely had the foundations of a Christian church in Wight been laid, when Wilfrid was recalled to Northumbria, and he was compelled to entrust the carrying on the work to other hands.

The history of this interesting epoch would be incomplete were we to omit the affecting episode of the two young princes, sons or brothers of Arwald, the Jutish king, who, having escaped the slaughter of their kindred, were discovered in their hiding-place of Stoneham, 'Ad Lapidem,' near Southampton, and doomed to death by Ceadwalla, but were spared for a little space at the intercession of Cynibehrt, Abbot of Redbridge, that he might teach and baptize

them before they had to die; and who, in the words of Bede, who tells the tale with beautiful simplicity,* 'joyfully underwent a temporal death, by which they did not doubt that they should pass to an eternal life of the soul,' and found a place in the martyrology of the Roman Church, which keeps the 21st of August as the anniversary of 'Frates Regis Arvaldi MM.

The position of the Isle of Wight, so open to hostile descent by sea, and so convenient as a base of operations on the mainland, rendered it from very early times a second Cythera, and we can well believe that some Chilon of the day has before now wished it sunk in the sea.† Indeed the history of the island, from the eighth to the sixteenth century, is little more than that of successive piratical invasions, ravages by fire and sword, and hostile occupations, and of the measures adopted for the defence of its coasts. But incessant as were their descents, culminating in the terrible devastations of 1001, when fire and sword swept over the whole island, the Danes made no permanent settlement in Wight. Local nomenclature, that invaluable handmaid to history, is here our guide; and the entire absence of Danish elements in the names of places—the *by*s, and *holms*, and *thorps*—which are so abundant in the East of England, proves beyond question that the Danes came for booty, not for tillage, and looked on the island as a sojourning-place, not as a home.

The establishment of the strong rule of the Conqueror opened a new and happier æra for the harassed island. The feudal system being introduced, the Lordship of this exposed and dangerous outpost was committed to the famous seneschal, William FitzOsbern, the Duke's nearest personal friend, the prime mover in the conquest of England, who, by his vigorous counsels, had fixed the wavering resolve of William on the receipt of the news of the Confessor's death; and who had proved his chief agent, together with Odo of Bayeux, in the reduction of the conquered country, where the very name of 'the great oppressor,' so dear to the Normans, struck terror into the hearts of the English.‡

We know not whether FitzOsbern ever set

* Jeremy Taylor, to whom no historical or classical illustration, however incongruous, ever came amiss, from 'the Ephesian matron' of Petronius to 'Veneatapadius Ragium, king of Narsinga,' records Ceadwalla's conquest of the Isle of Wight among the triumphs of prayer (Jeremy Taylor's works, Heber's edition, vol. iii. p. 91). We fear that the facts dispel the illusion.

† Milman, 'Latin Christianity,' vol. ii. p. 90.

‡ Wilfrid was one of great parts and greater passions . . . as nightingales sing sweetest the farthest from the nests, so this man was most diligent in his services when at the greatest distance from his home.—Fuller, 'Ch. Hist.,' cent. vii. § 97, 98.

* Bede, 'Hist. Eccl.,' lib. iv. c. 16.

† Herod. vii. 235: ἐστὶ δὲ . . . νῆσος ἐπικειμένη τῇ οὐνοῦ ἐστὶ Κύθηρα, τὴν Χίλων, ἀνὴρ παρ' ἡμῖν σοφώτατος γενόμενος, κέρδος μῆζον ἐσθ' εἶναι Σπαρτιῆσιν κατὰ τῆς θαλάσσης καταδεύοντάς μᾶλλον ἢ ὑπερέχειν.

‡ Freeman, 'Norman Conquest,' vol. iii. p. 324. 'Hunc Normannis carissimum Anglis maximo terrori esse sciebat.'—Will Pict. 149. 'Primus et maximus oppressor Anglorum.'—Orderic.

foot in his island fief. A chartulary of Carisbrooke Priory indeed ascribes to him the *conquest* of the island, but this may safely be regarded as a blunder. A district impoverished of men and means by a century or two of Danish ravages, was not likely to be in a position to think of withstanding its Norman lord. He erected a small priory at Carisbrooke, dependent on the Abbey of Lire (de Lyra), in the diocese of Evreux, of which he had been the founder, as well as of Corneilles, in which, still Norman at heart, he was buried by his own desire. The lordship passed to his second son Roger, and on the defeat of his conspiracy escheated to the Crown.

The island was visited by William himself twice towards the close of his reign. It was here, in 1082, that his unlooked-for appearance dispersed the ambitious dreams of his half-brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, as he was gathering the forces with which he was about to start for Rome, in the hope, encouraged by the utterances of soothsayers, of being chosen successor of Hildebrand when he should vacate the Papal throne. In the 'Aula Regia' of the island, while the assembled barons shrunk in religious dread from executing their master's command by 'laying hands on a consecrated bishop, William—the subtle mind of Lanfranc, it is said, suggesting the distinction'—himself arrested him as Earl of Kent; under which title, the remonstrances of the Bishop of Bayeux being unheeded, he was hurried off to Normandy, and kept prisoner in the castle of Rouen* till William's decease. The second visit was in 1087, on his last voyage from England to Normandy, not many months before his death. The lordship of the Isle of Wight, escheated to the Crown on the rebellion of the younger FitzOsbern, was in the early part of his reign granted by Henry I. to Richard de Redvers (de Riciparis), Earl of Devon, one of the five barons who had adhered unwaveringly to him during his struggle with his brother Robert. It remained in his lineal descendants through a long series of De Redvers and De Vernons, until the reign of Edward I., when Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Albemarle and Lady of Wight, who had outlived all her children and near kinsmen, sold it on her death-bed, at Stockwell, near London, in 1293, to the King for six thousand marks.

The Lords of the Isle of Wight ruled almost as petty sovereigns within their lordship. An examination of the 'Pleas of Court' and other similar authorities, proves

that they enjoyed privileges of feudal service usually restricted to the Crown. Never were these rights more strenuously asserted than when, just as they were about to expire for ever, the lion-hearted Isabella de Fortibus was called upon to substantiate her claim before the King's Justices Itinerant to that 'which belonged to the crown of my Lord the king,' A.D. 1275. 'The heart,' writes Mr. Hillier, 'is touched with the picture of the lone woman, widowed and childless, struggling, the last of her race, to preserve in her own keeping the brightest part of the inheritance of her fathers.' We read with real satisfaction the sentence of the Justices, confirming Isabella in all her ancestral rights, which she enjoyed until her death undisturbed, except by the priors and monks of the various religious houses in the island, between whom and the Countess there was a perpetual feud.

Liabie as the Isle of Wight was to inroad at all times, hostilities between England and France gave the signal for the commencement of predatory descents, which for three centuries hung over the unfortunate island in a cloud of perpetual menace, ever and anon bursting in a storm of devastation. The reigns of the Plantagenet Edwards, though fertile in alarms, do not record any serious invasion. The French were continually hovering about its coasts, and from time to time we hear of their landing and inflicting some damage. But the vigorous system of defence organized by Edward I., immediately on his becoming possessed of the lordship of the island, joined to the natural prowess of its men — 'the island,' according to Camden, being 'not so well fortified by its rocks and castles as by its inhabitants, who are naturally warlike and courageous'—effectually prevented their making any lodgment there. When in 1340 the French had landed at St. Helen's Point in some force, and were making their way into the interior, they were attacked by a hastily-raised body of the Islanders, headed by the Captain of the Isle, Sir Theobald Russell, of Yaverland—the ancestor of the noble house of Bedford—and were driven back to their ships with great loss, Russell himself falling in the moment of victory. Thirty years later, at the commencement of the feeble reign of Richard II., the French power was in the ascendant, and the island suffered grievously. The whole of the Southern coast of England was insulted and plundered by the French fleet, which completely mastered the Isle of Wight, plundering and burning the towns of Newport, Francheville (Newtown), and Yarmouth, and desolating the whole country. Carisbrooke alone held out against the in-

* Freeman, 'Norman Conquest,' vol. iv. p. 683.

vaders, who here received a decisive check from the loss of their commander, and of a large body of men surprised in an ambuscade which compelled them to retire, after exacting a thousand marks from the pillaged islanders, the greater part of whom left the island for the mainland.*

The title of 'Lord of the Island'† sank in a sea of blood—the best blood of the Isle of Wight. The last who enjoyed it, Sir Edward Woodville, the brother of Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of Edward IV., was the leader of an ill-judged and disastrous attempt to strengthen the cause of the Duke of Brittany against Charles VIII. of France, with a force raised in his island lordship. A body of 400 yeomen, led by forty gentlemen of the isle, picturesquely accoutred in white coats with broad red crosses, set sail from St. Helen's, and having joined the Duke's forces, engaged the King's army under La Tremouille at St. Aubin's July 20, 1488. La Tremouille gained a complete victory. Woodville's whole force, against whom the enemy's strength was chiefly directed, was cut to pieces. Only one boy, it is said, escaped, to carry the disastrous news to his native isle. It was long before the Isle of Wight recovered from this overwhelming blow. It had lost the flower of its manhood and youth, the heads to plan and the sinews to work; and there was scarcely a family, either of the gentry or commonalty, which had not personal reasons to deplore Woodville's chivalrous but foolhardy expedition.‡ So critical was the condition of the isle, that it engaged the attention of Parliament, by which an Act was passed the next year, prohibiting any one to hold lands, &c., of a higher annual value than ten marks, in order that the island, which is described in the preamble of the Act as 'of late decayed of people, desolate and not inhabited, the towns and villages let down, the fields dyked and made pasture for beasts,' so that by reason of the scantiness of the population 'the isle cannot be defend-

ed, but lieth open and ready to the hands of the King's enemies, as well of our ancient enemies of the realm of France and of other parties,'—might be again well inhabited and able to defend itself from invasion.

The disastrous issue of Woodville's expedition might have been expected to have completely crushed the impoverished island. But so great was the innate vigour of its population, that it soon recovered from the calamity, and in 1545 was able to take an energetic part in repelling the great French Armada, fitted out by Francis I. under the command of D'Annebault, for the invasion of England, whose first object was to obtain possession of the Isle of Wight, the occupation of which 'would be the prelude of an attack on Portsmouth, the destruction of the fleet, and the crippling of the naval power.*' The whole tale has been told by the graphic pen of Mr. Froude, and we refer our readers to his 'History' for the narrative of the various unsuccessful attempts of the French to make themselves masters of the island; their landings at different points of the coast—Sea View, St. Helen's, Shanklin—and the undaunted spirit with which the islanders drove them back; their complete rout on Bembridge Down; and the fate of the heroic Chevalier D'Eulx and his watering party cut off by an ambuscade in Shanklin Chine.

In every projected invasion of England the occupation of the Isle of Wight formed part of the invader's plan. When the next great Armada, vaingloriously christened 'the Invincible,' set sail with the Papal blessing from the coasts of Spain, the first object of Medina Sidonia was to seize and fortify the Isle of Wight, as a basis of operations.† Elizabeth's Government was fully aware of the importance of the position, and issued orders for the garrisoning and protection of the island, ably carried out by the then Governor, the Queen's cousin, the energetic Sir George Carey. The whole population became an army: watches were posted on all the heights, with beacons ready to be fired on the first sight of the Spanish fleet: the neighbouring counties on the mainland were charged with the supply of men to aid in the defence of the island, and boats to convey them.‡ No precaution was omitted.

* 'Rolls of Parliament,' 2 Ric. II. A.D. 1378.

† The Catalogue of the Lords of the Isle contains the names of Edmund, duke of York; the "good duke Humphrey" of Gloucester; Richard, duke of York, father of Edward IV.; Edmund, duke of Somerset, and his son Henry, duke of Somerset; Lord Rivers, and his son Lord Scales.

‡ Henry VII. felt himself so seriously compromised by this expedition, that he addressed a letter to Charles VIII. exonerating himself from all complicity in it. We have Charles's reply ('State Papers, vol. vi. p. 9), accepting Henry's assurance that 'l'alée [the going] dudict feu de Scalles et de noz subgetz quil avoit menez avecques luy en Bretaigne estoit sans nostre sceu et conge, et a nostre tres grant desplaisance.'

* Froude, 'Hist. of England,' vol. iv. p. 417 sq.

† Motley, 'United Netherlands,' vol. ii. p. 468. Strada, 'De Bello Belgico,' p. 534.

‡ The island was distributed for purposes of defence into districts called 'centons.' There were ten such in 1538, each commanded by a leading land-holder as 'centoneer,' having under him a 'vintoneer,' or lieutenant, and besides his troop of from 100 to 200 men, a number of 'hob-

The issue of the expedition is familiar to us all. No foreign soldier even attempted to set foot on the island, beneath whose chalk cliffs some of the severest encounters took place between the light English craft and the huge unwieldy Spanish galleons.

Although the Isle of Wight may look back proudly to the part played by her sons in this crisis of the nation's history, her internal condition was at that time far from prosperous. She was slowly emerging from a condition of the deepest depression under the stern but vigorous rule of Sir George Carey, who had succeeded the daring and unscrupulous Sir Edward Horsey, Leicester's confidant in his intrigue or secret marriage with Lady Douglas Sheffield, whose services as a privateer in the Channel, and with the Earl of Warwick at the disastrous siege of Havre, had been rewarded with the governorship of the Isle of Wight.* Indeed the first years of Elizabeth's reign were a gloomy period for the nation at large, and few parts of England presented a more disastrous aspect than the Isle of Wight. The returns of the commission organized by the vigorous mind of Cecil still exist in the Public Record Office for three centons of the island, and the picture is a melancholy one.

The whole island was depopulated and impoverished beyond conception. Newport, its capital, had been 'a great deal more than it is.' Whole streets and villages of artificers and others are described as 'void, and no sign of any housing.' In one parish, that of Arreton, twenty-three tenements were uninhabited. Yarmouth was reduced to a handful of houses, 'not past a dozen,' while in Newtown, which bore marks of having once been 'twice as good as Newport,' scarcely a single good house was standing.

The report of the state of religion † was

blers, watchmen mounted on 'hobbies,' or small horses, to ride from place to place and give notice of the enemy's approach. See 'Lansdowne MSS.,' 40, xxiv. A.; 'Bibl. Reg. MSS.,' 18 D. iii.

* Sir Edward was the 'Ned Horsey, the ruffling cavalier of Arundel's,' of the picturesque narrative of the plot against Mary, in March 1550, disinterred by Mr. Froude from the Record Office. One part of this scheme was the betraying of the Isle of Wight and Hurst Castle to the French, by the governor, Uvedale, Froude, 'Hist.,' vol. vi. pp. 434, 438.

† When Archbishop Parker made a primary visitation of his diocese, some of the beneficed clergy were mechanics, others Romish priests disguised. Many churches were closed. A sermon was not to be heard in some places within a distance of twenty miles. To read, or at least so to read as to be intelligible and impressive, was a rare accomplishment. Even in London many churches were closed for want of ministers, and in the country it was not easy to provide a minister competent to baptize infants and inter

not brighter. Of eleven parishes included in the return, there were but five in which 'service as by law appointed' was celebrated. At Yarmouth the benefice was unable to find a priest. At Binstead and Whippingham the parsons were non-resident, and the churches were served by a French curate. At Wootton a layman read the Epistle and Gospel, with the procession (the Litany) on Sundays and holidays. The saddest tale is that of St. Helen's. The encroachments of the sea had undermined the foundations of the church, which had fallen into such complete ruin that 'one might look in at one end and out at the other,' while there had been 'never a curate and little service' for many years past, so that 'the parishioners had been fain to bury their corpses themselves.' 'And yet,' adds the indignant commissioner, 'they pay nevertheless their tithes.' The position of St. Helen's, in close proximity to one of the chief naval roads of the South of England, where seamen of the Catholic nations were in the habit of touching for water and fresh provisions, rendered its ruined state a matter of national concernment. 'Foreign sailors,' writes Mr. George Oglander, who makes the presentment, 'seeing the shameful using of the same, think that all other churches within the realm be like used, and so have both spoken and done shameful acts in our derision, and what they have said and made report of in their own country God knoweth. It is a gazing stock to all foreign nations.'

Of the internal condition of the island in the early part of the seventeenth century we have a graphic picture in the MS. memoirs of Sir John Oglander. This worthy knight, a loyalist to the backbone, was the representative of a family which first came into the island with Richard de Redvers* and set led at Nunwell, near Brading, which they have held in uninterrupted descent to the present day. On two visits paid to the island by Charles I., first as Prince in 1618, and afterwards as King to inspect the Scotch troops on their way to the Isle of Rhé, he was received

the dead.'—Marsden, 'Early Puritans,' p. 100. See also Neale's 'Puritans,' vol. . c. iv. vi.; Strype's 'Parker,' p. 224.

* The cradle of this family was the Castle of Orglandes, in the parish of Valognes, in the Department of La Manche. The Marquis of Orglandes, the chief of the French branch, was Member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1825. Peter de Oglander, chaplain to Richard de Redvers, became Dean of Christchurch Twynham, converted by his lord from a college of secular canons into an Augustinian priory. While we write we notice with regret the death without issue of the last Oglander of Nunwell.

by Sir John. This transient intercourse led to momentous results. His personal knowledge of Oglander, together with his reputation for loyalty, and an exaggerated confidence in his influence in the island, weighed much with Charles I., in choosing the Isle of Wight as a refuge after his escape from Hampton Court, and he was the last subject whom the unhappy monarch, still enjoying the semblance of freedom, honoured with a visit, Thursday, November 19, 1647. Oglander's loyalty cost him dear. He was torn from his beloved island by the Committee of Parliament, kept a prisoner in London for many years, and was eventually obliged to pay a large sum of money to obtain his discharge.

In the 'Memoirs' to which we have referred, the worthy knight never wearies of descanting on the happy condition of the island in his youth, before 'peace and law had beggared them all;' when the hateful race of attorneys 'that of late hath made this their habitation and so by sutes undone the country,' was unknown; when 'money was as plenty in yeomen's purses as it is now in the best of gentry,' who, 'full of money, and out of debt,' dreamed away a calm and incurious existence,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot;'

seldom or never going out of the island, 'making their wills when they went to London, thinking it like an East India voyage, supposing no trouble like to *travaile*, content to entrust their letters, when they had any, to a coneyman who came from London to buy rabbits.* He draws a pleasing picture of the accomplished Lord Southampton, so reasonably identified with 'the onlie begetter' of Shakspeare's Sonnets, when Governor, gathering the island gentry about him at his Manor House of Standen, and spreading around him the refining influence of his high character. Then, he wails, 'this island, full of knights and gentry beyond compare, was the Paradise of England, and now' (A.D. 1647, the period of Charles' incarceration) 'it is just like the other parts

of the kingdom; a melancholy, deserted, sad place—no company, no resort, no neighbourly doings one of another. You may truly say *tempora mutantur*.'

We have now arrived at the period when the Isle of Wight assumes its chief interest in the popular mind in connection with the flight and imprisonment of Charles I. But the story is too familiar to justify repetition, and if told in any detail it would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits. The events of the next twelve months are a familiar portion of English history. The unfortunate monarch's gradually restricted liberty; the growing disrespect and inattention to his personal comfort; the hateful bigotry which refused him the ministrations of his own chaplains and forced on him the services of bitter polemics; the abortive schemes of deliverance, and attempts at escape; his daily life in what Andrew Marvel styles 'Carisbrooke's narrow' case; the literary pursuits with which he occupied the weary hours of confinement; the mimic court held by the 'grey disrowned monarch' at the Grammar-school house at Newport, during the discussion of the proposed treaty; his rude seizure by Major Ralph in the name of the army; his hurried night-journey across the island to Worsley's Tower, and thence to the gloomy fortress of Hurst, December 1st, 1648,—all have been often narrated, but never with such fulness of detail as by the late Mr. George Hillier in his interesting little work, 'Charles the First in the Isle of Wight.'

It is not our purpose to narrate the captivity of the Princess Elizabeth and her brother, the promising young Prince Henry, who, with brutal disregard to their feelings, were removed by order of Parliament to a place full to them of melancholy memories. Within a month, Elizabeth, constitutionally a sickly child, deformed in person, and crushed by a premature load of agony too great for her susceptible nature, had rejoined her beloved father. Her body lay in state for sixteen days, and was honourably interred in Newport Church, in a manner befitting her royal parentage, the mayor and aldermen attending in their robes and insignia of office. An exquisitely beautiful recumbent statue of the Princess, by Baron Marochetti, was erected by Queen Victoria in 1856 'as a token of respect for her virtues and of sympathy for her misfortunes.' Her little brother, the Duke of Gloucester, remained two years longer in the castle—which must have been a dreary abode to him, deprived of the company of his 'sweet sister Pa-

* Hares were not introduced into the island till the sixteenth century, when Sir Edward Horsey, the governor, promised the gift of a lamb in exchange for every live hare. Foxes are a far more recent introduction, dating from the present century, when the animal, previously unknown, was brought in by 'a person more fanciful than kind to his country,' as Bishop Wilson says of the introducer of magpies into the Isle of Man, for the sake of hunting. It was a strange old boast of the Isle of Wight that 'there was neither fox, lawyer, nor friar in it.'

tience'—until he received Cromwell's permission to leave England, March 1653.

With these events the history of the Isle of Wight virtually closes. Charles II. paid it more than one visit (once against his will, being forced to land at Puckaster by a violent gale); and honoured Yarmouth with his presence, as the guest, at his newly-erected red brick mansion (now the Bugle Inn), of Sir Robert Holmes, an Irish soldier of fortune, who, after some years of service under foreign Powers, exchanged the land for the sea, and became a naval commander of more celebrity than honourable fame; and who, for his questionable achievements, hardly to be distinguished from piracy, had been rewarded by his not over-scrupulous royal master with the governorship of the island. At the time of the Revolution of 1688, great fears of a landing of the Dutch fleet were entertained, and hasty orders were issued to maintain a strict watch and secure the defences of the island. But the island annals present nothing of any public interest until our own times, when we have seen it selected by our Queen for her marine residence;* and have watched the creation at Osborne of a true English home of culture and refinement, the centre of the purest domestic affections. In other generations it will be regarded as, perhaps the chief glory of this island, that it was the loved home of the Prince Consort, and of the purest and most devoted to duty of all British sovereigns—unsurpassed as Wife, Mother, and Queen.

The Parliamentary history of the Isle of Wight opens a curious page in our representative annals. Up to the passing of the Reform Bill it contributed no fewer than six members to the House of Commons—half the number returned by the whole of Yorkshire, as many as Middlesex including London—two for each of the boroughs of Newport, Newtown, and Yarmouth. The whole number of nominal electors fell short of a hundred, the seats being really at

the disposal of one or two of the leading families of the island. When in 1295 Edward I. convened the Parliament which is considered by Hume* 'the real and true epoch of the House of Commons,' Yarmouth and Newport each sent a burgess.† But the right slept for three centuries, none being returned till 1585. At this time Elizabeth, who felt all a Tudor's hatred of Parliamentary interference, had adopted the policy of her brother and sister, and made a large increase to the numbers of the House of Commons. The insignificance of Yarmouth and Newtown afford a proof of the truth of Hallam's statement‡ that 'a very large proportion' of these new accessions were 'petty boroughs evidently under the influence of the Crown or peerage.' Anything like an independent exercise of the franchise was unknown from the very first. The right of appointing one of their members was at once made over by the burgesses of Newport to the energetic 'Captain of the Isle,' Sir George Carey, as a token of gratitude for the restoration of their privileges. At Yarmouth both the representatives were named by him. A letter of his to the Corporation, September 10th, 1601, is printed by Albin,§ desiring that they should 'assemble themselves together, and with their united consent send up unto him (as they heretofore had done, their Writt with a Blank, wherein he might inscribe the names of such persons as he shall think the fittest to discharge that Deutie on their Behoofe.'

Carey's successor in the governorship, Henry Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, took good care to maintain the prerogatives of his office. We have some interesting autograph letters lying before us which throw a curious light on the history of elections at this period. One directed to the burgesses of Yarmouth, expresses the surprise and indignation of his Lordship at their having ventured to promise a vacant seat without consulting his wishes, and 'by waie of prevention and cunning provided rather to make excuse than to satisfy his reasonable requeste.' 'Your forehand promise,' writes the indignant earl, 'I shall find meanes to preuent, and shall have occasion to note your little loue and respecte to me, your countryman and frend.' Such a menace was not without its effect. At the next election Lord Southampton's son,

* The old name of Osborne, according to Worsley, was Austerborne. It anciently belonged to the old island family of Bowerman, whence it passed by marriage to the family of Arney, and by purchase in 1549 to the Lovibonds, and from them to the Manns. Sir J. Oglander writes, 'Osborne was built by Thomas Lyvibone, and sold by his sonne to Captain Mann, and hath been the ruin of the family. Some buyldes and some destroyeth.' The heiress of the Manns married a Blachford, of Fordingbridge. The mansion at first occupied by her Majesty, but since entirely pulled down, was erected by R. Pope Blachford, Esq., towards the close of the last century. The estate was purchased by the Queen of Lady Isabella Blachford.

* 'Hist. of England,' vol. ii. p. 281, c. xiii.

† 'Rolls of Parliament.'

‡ Hallam, 'Constit. Hist.,' i. 264-5.

§ Albin, 'History of the Isle of Wight,' p. 354.

Thomas Wriothesley,* made application to his 'very louing frendes' for one of the seats, stating that, though his Lordship declined to dispose of more than one of the burgess-ships, yet he would 'take it as a great respect done unto him' if the town would 'willingly doe him the favour' to name his son for the second. As a matter of course the Governor's son was returned, and sat for the borough until his father's death removed him to the Upper House.

The plea that has been not unjustly urged for these 'pocket boroughs' that, however contrary to the theory of popular representation, they proved sometimes practically beneficial in opening the door to rising young statesmen who might otherwise have found it difficult to obtain admission to the House of Commons, was exemplified in the Isle of Wight. It was thus that Canning was first brought into Parliament by Pitt in 1793, as member for Newtown. And the Duke of Wellington, then 'General Sir Arthur Wellesley,' entered the English House of Commons in 1808 as the representative of Newport, his colleague being 'Henry, Lord Palmerston.' Other names of note illustrate the election rolls of the Isle of Wight boroughs. The noble and pure-hearted Falkland sat for Newport, and Philip, Lord Lisle, the gallant brother of Algonon Sidney, for Yarmouth, in the Long Parliament. The Duke of Marlborough, when plain John Churchill, and the quondam tailor's boy of Niton—brave old Sir Thomas Hopson, the hero of Vigo Bay—appear among the representatives of Newtown.

The ceremony of election in the Isle of Wight boroughs was a very simple and agreeable one. Of course a dinner constituted its main feature. At such periods the dilapidated Court-house at Newtown—the proceedings at Yarmouth were substantially the same—was the scene of unwonted festivity. At twelve o'clock the burgesses assembled for an oyster luncheon, for which the lessee of the river was bound to find the materials. Before this repast was well digested, at about 3 P.M. the company sat down to a plentiful cold dinner, at the close of which the chairman drew from his pocket a card bearing the names of the two new members. These he read aloud, and at once proposed their health as their new rep-

resentatives; a toast which was usually drunk 'with the utmost enthusiasm.'

We have already spoken of the first introduction of Christianity into the island by Wilfrid. The Norman Conquest found the island divided into parishes, and churches built; and the new settlers, friends of civilization and the Church, erected others.

The ancient island parishes, though now mostly subdivided, seem for the most part to have been laid out, like the rapes of Sussex, by drawing a straight line, or stretching a rope, from sea to sea. They formed long narrow strips, with the church and village in the centre. The parish of Newchurch, divided across its middle by the steep chalk backbone of the island, including the populous towns of Ryde at one extremity and Ventnor at the other, survived in unbroken unity to our own day, and has only recently assumed a more manageable form.

Nonconformity found here a congenial home. Foreign Protestants made it their resort, and seafaring men of all nations passed there, which, says Neale,* 'occasioned the ceremonies not to be so strictly observed as in other places, their trade and commerce requiring a latitude.' This looseness of observance was very offensive to the strict disciplinarianism of Archbishop Parker: 'a Parker indeed,' in Fuller's words, 'careful to keep the fence and shut the gates of discipline against all such night stealers as would invade the same;' and one of the last public acts in which he was employed (1575) was a visitation of the Isle of Wight, which he carried out with such extreme severity, ejecting the ministers who refused conformity and closing their churches, that the inhabitants made complaint to his bitter enemy the Earl of Leicester, who had established himself the champion of the Puritans. His representations had so much influence over Elizabeth's vain and capricious mind—irritated by a sense of the disapprobation of her infatuated conduct towards her favourite, which the Archbishop had been unable entirely to conceal—that she issued, immediate order for the reversal of Parker's injunctions, and when he next appeared at Court by royal command, behaved to him with such outrageous rudeness, that the aged prelate left the Court stung to the quick, with a resolve that he would never visit it again.

The churches of the Isle of Wight, though often eminently picturesque, both in position and outline, are not remarkable for architectural beauty. In fact it was too re-

* Wriothesley's signature to this letter, 'Thomas Risley,' deserves notice as a curious example of phonetic spelling, and a proof of the lax unsettled orthography of surnames in the sixteenth century.

* 'Puritans,' vol. i. p. 225.

mote to be reached by more than the fringe of the wave of architectural progress; while a constant dread of the hostile descents of the French and their frequent ravages kept the inhabitants in too depressed a condition to have either the means or the heart for the erection of costly buildings. They are usually long, low buildings, without clerestory, and very often without chancel-arch, frequently consisting of two equal aisles or bodies, with no constructional mark to distinguish them, or to define the site of the parochial altar. The best example of this arrangement is the Church of Godshill, one of the largest and finest in the Island. The towers are mostly low and square; but that of Carisbrooke is a good work of the Perpendicular period, recalling in its outline the plainer Somersetshire examples. The same model has been followed at Godshill, Chale, and Gatcombe; but, picturesque as they are, even these cannot be called good works of art. Fragments of Norman work linger here and there. The best example is the tiny church of Yaverland—the loved of landscape painters, as it groups with the gables of the Jacobean manor-house beneath its shadowing elms—where the south door and chancel-arch are good specimens of the barbaric richness of the style. Wootton, Northwood, and Shalfleet, also have Norman doors, and the last-named church the huge stump of an ill-used Norman tower. The best architectural works in the island, at Calbourne, Shalfleet, and Arreton, belong to the Early English period. The later styles present nothing which needs comment, though there is hardly one of the island churches which is not worth turning aside to see. Most of them are charmingly placed, very frequently, as at Godshill, Newchurch, and Motteston, crowning an almost precipitous eminence, and are picturesque with the picturesqueness of a building which has grown into its present form by gradual additions, fused by time into one harmonious whole. The Church of St. Lawrence, in the Undercliff, has a wide celebrity, from its diminutive size. Its claim, however, to be the smallest church in England was, even before the enlargement, contested by some of the churches of the Lake District, and cannot now, small as it is, be sustained.*

The churchyard of Brading furnishes one of the most beautiful pieces of memorial poetry in the language, rendered familiar by Dr. Calcott's musical setting, commencing—

* Before its enlargement, the dimensions of St. Lawrence Church were 20 feet long by 12 feet broad, and 6 feet high to the eaves.

'Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear.'

It is to the memory of a Mrs. Berry, and is ascribed to the Rev. John Gill, some time curate of Newchurch. In the churchyard of Carisbrooke may still be read a yet more famous epitaph, which thirty years ago gave rise to the case of *Breeks v. Woolfrey*,* in the Court of Arches, and procured the decision, by the highest Ecclesiastical Court, that prayers for the dead are not expressly prohibited by the authoritative documents of the Church of England.

From the churches the transition is natural to the clergy who served them: and here, though we find some names of note, and a few which the English Churchman will ever regard with reverence and love, the list is but meagre. Brighthorn Rectory is honourably distinguished as having given to the English Church three prelates who will not easily be forgotten—the saintly Ken, whose favourite walk is still pointed out in the lovely parsonage garden; that highly-gifted prelate, from the shock of whose death, felt almost as a personal sorrow in every part of the country, England is hardly yet recovering, beyond dispute the greatest Bishop the English Church has seen for a century and a half—the late Bishop of Winchester; and the present Bishop of Salisbury. Brighthorn, also, during his son's residence here as rector, was a favourite home of the eloquent and philanthropic Wilberforce in that 'calm old age on which he entered with the elasticity of youth and the simplicity of childhood, climbing with delight to the top of the chalk downs, or walking long on the unfrequented shore.'† Brading, of which he was curate, and Arreton are inseparably connected with Legh Richmond's popular narratives—'The Young Cottager' and 'The Dairyman's Daughter.' The large-hearted Dean of Chichester, Dr. Hook, who, as Vicar of Leeds, first taught the Church of England how to deal effectively with the huge populations massed together in our great manufacturing towns, commenced his clerical life as curate of Whippingham, of which his uncle, Dean Hook of Worcester, was

* The epitaph in question ran as follows: 'Spes mea Christus. Pray for the soul of J. Woolfrey. "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." 2 Mac. xii. 46. J. W. obiit 5 Jan. 1833. Æt. 50.' The judgment was delivered by the late Sir Herbert Jenner. The inscription on Bishop Barrow's monument near the entrance of the Cathedral of St. Asaph, 'O vos transeuntes in domum Domini in communis orationis, orate pro conservo vestro ut inveniat misericordiam in die Domini,' is a familiar example of the same primitive practice.

† 'Life' by his sons.

rector. In the old churchyard of Bonchurch, studded with purple violets, beneath a monument realizing his own 'Shadow of the Cross,' within sight of the rock-strewn slope of Eastend, the scene of the 'Old Man's Home,' reposes William Adams, who, though not strictly belonging to their body, may be permitted to rank among the clergy of the island, which will always be affectionately associated with his name. By his side lies the brilliant but unhappy John Sterling, better known for his biographers Julius Hare and Thomas Carlyle, than for anything he himself achieved, who died at Ventnor in 1844, asking almost with the last breath for the old Bible he so often used in the cottages at his Hurstmonceaux Curacy. To go back a few years we must not forget that Wood, the mathematician, who, coming up to college so poor that the story goes he was fain to work his problems by the light of the stair-lamp, achieved the high position of Master of St. John's and Dean of Ely, died Rector of Freshwater, as was also the father of Dr. Robert Hooke, the able but whimsical and penurious Gresham Professor of whom old Aubrey has so many amusing tales to tell. A cousin of Izaak Walton became Rector of Wootton in 1767. He was a man of kindred spirit with his celebrated namesake, and his memory is still cherished as of one of considerable theological attainments, polished manners, and a kind humble heart; manifesting primitive piety, and a heavenly mind;* passing his time among his books, in cultivating choice flowers, and in friendly intercourse with his parishioners and near neighbours. Carisbrooke reckons among its vicars Alexander Ross, a Scotch schoolmaster, chaplain to Charles I., † one of those laborious wri-

ters who compile huge tomes *de omni scibili*, unrelieved by a single scintillation of genius and only rescued from oblivion by his name forming a tag to one of Butler's triple rhymes:—

'There was an ancient sage philosopher,
'Who had read Alexander Ross over.'—*Hudibras*.

His chief literary achievement was the continuation of Raleigh's 'History of the World,' Mezentius-like attaching a lifeless corpse to a living body.* Calbourne was the benefice with which, just before his death, Edward VI. rewarded Nicholas Udall, the Eton Master—the 'plagosus Orbilius' of poor Thomas Tusser†—for his share in the translation of the 'Paraphrases' of Erasmus, which had not undeservedly gained him a stall‡ at Windsor the year before. May we hope Udall proved more merciful to the Isle of Wight parishioners than to his Eton scholars.

The Isle of Wight has not been fertile in native celebrities. Cole, the Provost of Eton and Dean of St. Paul's, the 'Vicar of Bray' of his day, changing his faith with every change of those in authority, the preacher of the sermon when Cranmer was burnt, was a native of Godshill. The two Jameses, uncle and nephew, once well-known as scholars, controversial divines, bibliophiles, and antiquarians, were born at Newport. The elder, Dr. Thomas James, assisted Sir Thomas Bodley materially in the formation of the library at Oxford that immortalizes his name, of which he was the first keeper, and, in 1605, drew up the first ca-

extorted from Charles I. by the Provost and Fellows of Queen's College, Oxford, as the price of the gift of their college plate in his necessities. Dates disprove the whole story. These advowsons were given to the college by the King on the intercession of Henrietta Maria, who, as Queen Consort, was official patroness of the college, Nov. 8, 1636. The so-called 'loan' of the plate took place six years afterwards, Jan. 5, 1642.

* Ross was also the author of *Πανόρθεα*, 'A View of all Religions,' 'Virgilius Evangelizans,' and a host more of long since forgotten works.

† From Paulus I went, to Eaton sent,

To learne straight waies, the Latin phraies,
When fiftie three stripes given to me

At once I had.

For fault but small or none at all

It came to pass thus beat I was.

See Udall see the mercie of thee

To mee poore lad !'

—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie*.

‡ The "Paraphrase" and Notes of Erasmus, in my judgment, was the most important book even of his day. We must remember that it was almost legally adopted by the Church of England.—Milman, 'Latin Christianity,' vol. vi. p. 624.

* His father was chaplain to Bishop Morley, of Winchester, by whom he was appointed Rector of Brighthelm. When the son became Rector of Wootton, the family came over to inspect the church and rectory. The roads being quite impassable for a carriage, the waggon employed on the glebe farm was put in requisition for the transit, the old rector sitting in his arm-chair, the ladies reclining, like Jane Austen's mother on her journey to her new home, on beds and sacks: the young rector riding on horseback. At this period early service at 4 A.M. during the harvest month was attended by the farmers and their labourers. The Waltons, in common with the clergy generally of their day, farmed their own glebe, the unmarried farm-servants living in the parsonage with the household. A gay posy was *en règle* for the Sunday costume of the parson, which when service began was laid on the reading desk.

† It is a common calumny, reported again and again till it has gained currency and belief, that the living of Carisbrooke, together with those of Niton, Whitwell, Godshill, and others, was

talogue.* His nephew Robert did like service to Selden in illustrating the Arundel Marbles, and to Sir Robert Cotton in the arrangement of his famous MS. library. Newport at the same time furnished Elizabeth with three of her most trusted servants—'one,' as she used to say, 'for her soul, one for her body, and one for her goods,' all sons of tradesmen—Dr. Edes, Dean of Worcester, her Chaplain; Dr. James, her Physician in Ordinary; and Sir Thomas Fleming, her Solicitor. They owed their promotion to the influence of Ursula, Lady Walsingham, the widow of Richard Worsley. Sir Thomas Fleming, whose base sycophancy, and the readiness with which he lent himself as a tool of the Crown in its illegal exactions, raised him to the high place of Lord Chief Justice of England, was the son of a mercer. Fleming is chiefly, and that infamously, notorious for his judgment in the great case of Impositions, fully as important in the opinion of the late Lord Campbell as 'Hampden's case of Ship-money, though not so celebrated, from having been long acquiesced in to the destruction of public liberty,' by which it was laid down that the king might impose whatever duties he pleased on imports. James I., on hearing of this judgment, declared that he was 'a judge to his heart's content.†

The most truly great name in the annals of the Isle of Wight is that of the regenerator of public-school education in England, who first taught schoolmasters to look upon their pupils as moral and spiritual beings with characters to be moulded and souls to be trained, Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, who was born, June 13th, 1795, at Slatwoods in East Cowes, where his father was Collector of Customs. Dean Stanley records in his biography that shoots of a great willow-tree, still remaining here, were transplanted by Arnold to his successive homes at Laleham, Rugby, and Fox How.‡

* Camden, speaking of him in his lifetime, calls him 'a learned man and true lover of books wholly dedicated to learning; who is now laboriously searching the libraries of England, and proposeth that for the public good which will be for the great benefit of England.'

† Fleming purchased the monastic properties of Carisbrooke and Quarr on easy terms. Sir J. Oglander records with one of his characteristic groans:—'Sir H. Fleming bought Quarr for nothing. So you may see that great abbey of Quarr founded by Baldwin Ryvers, is come now to the posterities of a merchant of Newport. O tempora! O mores!'

‡ 'Slatwoods,' writes Dr. Arnold to his sister, Mrs. Buckland, 'was deeply interesting. I thought of what Fox How might be to my children forty years hence. But Fox How cannot be to them what Slatwoods is to me—the

The Isle of Wight has also given to England one of the chief female educators of our day, Miss Elizabeth Sewell, whose writings have exercised so beneficial an influence over the minds and hearts of the young, not here only, but in America and wherever the English language is known.

Although the island cannot claim him as a native, it has been so long the chosen home of the Laureate, that it will ever be inseparably connected with the name of Tennyson. Farrington, 'where,' to quote his own words,

'Far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown,
All round a careless ordered garden,
Close to the ridge of a noble down';

and

'Groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blasts of winter, stand;
And further, on the hoary channel,
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand;—

nestles among its noble trees—not pines only—in a daffodil bestrewn park, beneath the shelter of the huge chalk down that towers between it and Freshwater Bay. The whole south-eastern coast of the island lies here stretched out to the eye, with its wide sweeping bays and projecting headlands, ending in the grand embattled face of St. Catherine's Down crowned by its little mediæval lighthouse.

The only independent monastic foundation in the Isle of Wight was that erected at Quarr by Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon and Exeter, the second Lord of Wight of that stock, in 1132, among the oak coppices that fringe the undulating shores of the Solent to the north-west of Ryde. The site of the new abbey derived its name from the quarries of freshwater limestone, the excellence of which as a building stone had been discovered in very early times, and which, by the Conqueror's grant, confirmed by the Red King (with an amusing stipulation telling of the Norman love of the chase, limiting digging for stones to spots where the thicket was low enough for the horns of a passing stag to be seen), had furnished materials to Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester, for the erection of his cathedral, and subsequently to Stigand when he transferred his see from Selsea to Chichester. Quarr was a Cistercian abbey, 'the daughter of Savigny,' and one of the earliest of that name in England.

The church of Quarr was the burial-place of its founder and the various members of the family. Hither, too, when her strangely

only home of my childhood.'—Arnold's 'Life and Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 46.

chequered life ended, were brought the remains of the Princess Cecily, the third daughter of Edward IV.—‘a lady not so fortunate as fair,’ writes Hall—from her manorhouse of East Standen on St. George’s Down, where, after the death of her first husband, Lord Wells, and the failure of the attempts to wed her to the heir of the Scottish Crown, she lived ‘not in great wealth’ with her second husband, Sir John Kyme of the Lincolnshire family of that name, whom, says Fuller, she married ‘rather for comfort than credit.’ But neither noble nor royal memories availed to save the abbey from destruction. The work of demolition begun by its first purchaser, one Mills, a tradesman of Southampton, was carried on by Sir Thomas Fleming, and has been completed almost in our own day. The fragments of the buildings now remaining are too scanty and too much mutilated to afford any sufficient clue to the style or arrangements of the fabric.

A few cells of the great Norman abbeys—Alien Priories, as they came to be called when Normans and Englishmen were no longer subjects of the same ruler—were dotted over the island. Diminutive little establishments these, supporting a prior and one or two monks, who tilled the lands and transmitted the profits of their farming to their Lord Abbot beyond seas. Carisbrooke was the chief of these miniature foundations, assigned by Fitz Osbern to his Abbey of Lire. Appuldurcombe, founded by Isabella de Fortibus as a cell of Montebourg, passed by marriage with Anne Leigh the heiress of the lessee, herself once attached to the Court as lady-in-waiting,* to Henry VIII.’s boyish friend, page to his brother Prince Arthur, James Worsley. Sir James’s son Richard erected a large gabled house on the site of the priory, at which, in 1538, he received his father’s friend, Henry VIII., accompanied by Lord Cromwell. This house was replaced by the present stately Corinthian mansion, standing in the midst of a park laid out by ‘Capability Brown,’ in the early part of the last century, which, after becoming the shrine of the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities forming the celebrated ‘Museum Worsleianum,’ gathered by Sir Richard during his voyages in the Mediterranean and the Levant, has passed into other hands and only escaped demolition by being converted into a college.

* Lady Anne Worsley was one of the last pilgrims to the shrine of St. Iago at Compostella, once so fashionable a resort for English ladies. She carried with her a large train of female companions, old and young, some of whom Sir J. Oglander had seen and conversed with.

Carisbrooke Castle was from the earliest times the stronghold of Wight. Very few of the military ruins of England surpass it in picturesque beauty and architectural interest. Its situation is striking, crowning a round-headed outlier of chalk, looking out over the broad, well-watered valley of Buecombe (Beaucombe). The shattered walls of the keep, perfect in their circumference, rise to a still greater elevation, being constructed on one of those huge conical mounds, dating from primæval times, which formed the ‘arx’ or ‘acropolis’ of our ancient fortresses; the *burh* of the earliest settlers. The finest feature of the exterior is the noble entrance gateway, erected by Edward IV.’s brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, and bearing his arms on its face. The Governor’s Lodgings—the residence of Charles I. during the early months of his captivity, and the scene of his first abortive attempt at escape, and in which his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, died—preserve, amid later additions and tasteless alterations, the shell of the Hall of Baldwin de Redvers, and the little chapel of Isabella de Fortibus, converted by Lord Cutts into a grand staircase. The Elizabethan apartments to the left of the entrance, to which Charles was removed for greater security, have fallen into complete ruin. The window usually shown as that by which the King attempted to escape, owes its celebrity to the invention of local guides. But it is much more picturesque than the true one, and answers the purpose of visitors and showmen just as well. Baldwin de Redvers’ famous well, with its donkey working, turnspit-like, in a large wooden wheel, is too characteristic a feature of Carisbrooke Castle, and too universally famous, to be altogether passed over.* The tilt-yard where Charles, and afterwards his children, whiled away their weary hours at bowls, and the stone-faced outworks, constructed on the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, by Giambelli,† ‘a subtle Mantuan,’ the author of the successful plan for destroying Parma’s bridge at Antwerp with fireships, are rich in historical memories.

Few objects are more pleasing to the eye, as one wanders through the Isle of Wight, than the noble old greystone gabled manor-

* Our readers will remember how the brothers Smith, when describing Yamen’s fall, borrow a simile from this celebrated well :—

‘And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock,

Like a pebble in Carisbrooke well.’

—*Rejected Addresses*.

† Motley’s ‘History of the United Netherlands,’ vol. i. p. 190; vol. ii. p. 486.

houses, now almost without exception degraded to the rank of farm-houses. One of the most picturesque of these, both in outline and position, is that of Motteston. This was the abode of the ancient family of Cheke, from which sprang Sir John Cheke, immortalized by Milton as the tutor of Edward VI.,* and the reviver of Greek learning at the University of Cambridge. Sir John's sister, Mary Cheke, became the wife of his pupil, Cecil Lord Burghley.

A little beyond Motteston, to the west, is the manor-house of Brook, preserving some traces of its antiquity amidst the splendid additions made to it by its present owner, who here received the liberator of Italy—Garibaldi—on his visit to England in 1864. In 1499 its then owner, Dame Joanna Bowerman, entertained Henry VII., who was so much pleased with his entertainment that he presented his hostess with his drinking horn, and made her a grant of a fat buck from his forest of Parkhurst yearly.

Old beliefs and superstitions, though fast passing away, still linger on among the country folks. Older people have well-credited stories of fairies to tell, though the jealous little people are no longer to be seen in their former haunts, having fled before the intrusion of strangers. The Isle of Wight fairies, unlike their kinsfolk in the New Forest, were all beneficent. Instead of misleading travellers, drawing them into bogs and quagmires and making themselves merry over their mishaps, the 'little ladies' were wont to show benighted wanderers on the Downs the right way home, open gates for them, and perform other kindly services. They were often seen in their bright-coloured glistening attire, dancing on the smooth turf of the hill-side, or among the ruins of Quarr, one of their most favourite haunts, to music of the most entrancing sweetness. They were not an idle people, but with their own hands hollowed out their subterranean halls—one such used to be pointed out in a high bank overshadowed with ancient thorns, on the side of Arretton Down—by the aid of tiny spades and shovels. If any of these miniature tools were broken they were left outside to be mended by the farm-servant, who never failed to find on the spot next morning a heap of delicious little cakes made by fairy-hands, as pay-

ment for his service. Sometimes when they had any larger work of excavation on hand they would borrow the farmers' tools, never omitting to pay the hire of them in elfin confectionery. The New Forest fairy, Lawrence, who is still believed to hold lazy folks by his benumbing spell, does not seem to have crossed the water. Instead of the Hampshire proverb 'Lawrence has got him,' the local saying in the Isle of Wight with regard to any one suffering from a fit of idleness is, 'He has got the Isle of Wight fever.' Laziness is thus regarded as the physical result of the enervating climate, and the natural takes the place of the supernatural.

Of course every ancient manor-house had its ghost. The most terrible was that of the suicide, Sir Tristram Dillington, at Knighton. His shadowy form has been seen by persons yet alive wandering over the deserted terraced gardens of his demolished mansion, holding his head in his hand. The spirit of a new-born child, its long white clothes swaying in the night-wind, has scared many a belated pedestrian at the stile leading into Marvell Copse. Another ghost was in the habit of presenting itself at house-doors as a mendicant soliciting alms, revealing himself in paralysing power to those who sent him away unrelieved. Many a sturdy tramp has secured immediate and liberal attention to his demands by the fear that if refused he would assume a ghostly form of terror, and so stiffen the joints of the hardhearted one that they could never be bent again. Portraits often stepped out of their frames and walked about the house at dead of night. At Wootton Parsonage the ghost of Dr. Thomas Lisle, a former rector, descended from the grand old family of the De Insulas, rustled down the staircase in his sweeping silk gown and cassock at twelve o'clock. The uneasy spirit of the 'wicked Queen Eleanor,' whom tradition connects with the island, used to be seen wandering with wringing hands through the oak wood that bore her name—'Queen Eleanor's Grove'—near Quarr. Tales of hidden treasure also still cling to the abbey ruins. It is barely fifty years since search was made for 'a gold coffin' believed to be buried there. Gold, indeed, did reward the searchers; but it was only the golden treasures of some long-departed fair one, whose nameless stone coffin was violated, and her remains dispersed.

The name of the village of Godshill preserves the still current tradition that the parish church, one of the first founded in the island, was to have been built in the valley, but that unseen hands—believed to

* 'Thou soul of Sir John Cheke,
Who taughtest Cambridge and King Edward Greek.' —Milton, Sonnet xi.

Edward VI., according to Fuller, used to say of his tutors: 'Randolph, the German, spoke honestly; Sir John Cheke talked merrily; Dr. Coxe solidly; and Sir Anthony Cooke weigh-

be those of angels—every night undid the work of the previous day, and carried the stones to the summit of the green knoll, where, conspicuous for miles around, the sacred edifice now stands.

Old customs and ceremonies still linger. At Shrovetide parties of boys and girls go about 'a-shroving,' that is, begging for something to eat and drink, or some small dole in money at the various houses they visit, chanting the rude refrain:—

'I be come a-shroving, a-shroving,
A bit of bread or a bit of cheese, or a bit of
good fat bacon;
A pancake or a truffle cheese, or a bit of your
own baking;
I'd rather have than not at all, a bit of your
own baking,' &c.

If the house-door remains shut to their request, they leave it with a volley of stones and clods.

At Yarmouth, on New Year's Day, the children used to parade the town singing a snatch of old world verse, so pretty as to be worth preserving:—

'Wassail, wassail to your town,
The cup is white, and the ale is brown;
The cup is made of the ash tree,
And so is the ale of good barley.
Little maid, little maid, turn the pin,
Open the door and let me in;
God be here, and God be there,
We wish you all a happy new year.'

Old women go about a-gooding on St. Thomas's Day, and at Christmas 'the Mummers' present themselves at the door, decked out with tawdry finery and tinsel. The rude drama they act is, in the main, the same found in most parts of England, grossly interpolated with modern allusions, representing a fight between St. George and the Moslem.

Some of the old customs at funerals were long preserved here, and perhaps have not yet died out. Sprigs of rosemary, as at the funeral in Hogarth's 'Harlot's Progress,' were handed round to the mourners before the corpse left the dwelling. Each carried one, and at the conclusion of the service dropped them on the coffin in the grave. Cakes flavoured with spice and rosemary were handed round with the sprigs, and the day succeeding the funeral half a-dozen wrapped in white linen were left at the clergyman's house. Weddings were frequently celebrated on Sunday mornings before service. When the ceremony was over, the happy pair separated, and the division of the sexes in church being still maintained, the bride quietly stepped across to her usual seat on the women's side, the bridegroom taking his own among the men. We question whether after so engrossing a ceremony

the newly-married pair could have given much account of the sermon.

In consequence of the badness of the roads, wheel-carriages formerly scarcely existed in the island. Everybody who travelled at all travelled on horseback; 'Madam,' the rector's wife, sitting behind the well-bewigged divine on the pillion, with as much composure as 'Gammer' from the farm with her basket of butter and eggs. A single one-horse chaise at Newport was, a century since, the only vehicle for hire in the whole island. The driver walked at his horse's head, leading his animal by a leather-strap. When any of the Newport tradesmen's wives had occasion to make use of this vehicle, it was always—so true to nature is Cowper's Mrs. Gilpin—to avoid observation and ill-natured comment, driven a little way out of the town for the parties to get in. When, in 1758,* an enterprising landlord of the 'Bugle' set up a post-chaise, the wise men of the town shook their heads at so great an extravagance, portending his speedy ruin.

And now to turn to the provincialisms of the island. A number of fine old words, familiar to us in Shakespeare and other earlier poets, survive in the common speech of the people, though, alas! not so frequent as they once were. The boys still 'miche' (play truant), and set up 'gally-crows' in the field to 'gally' (scare away) the birds, and talk of the jay and magpie as 'prankit' (variegated). The labourer takes his 'dew-bit' (the first light breakfast), puts on his 'stroggs' (leggings), and repairs to the 'barton' (strawyard), to look after the 'mud calves' (weaned calves), and after he has 'tighted the heft of his zull' (fastened the handle of his plough), climbs the 'shute' (steep ascent, *chute* Fr.) at the top of the 'butt' (a small enclosed meadow), and having 'lopped' (scrambled) over the fence, begins to grub up the 'mores' (roots) in the 'shamble' (rough neglected ground), between the 'lynch' (a long narrow coppice) and the 'slink' (a slip of a field). When he begins to feel 'lere' (empty), he sits under the 'lewth' (shelter) of the 'rew' (strip of wood) and eats his 'nammet' (noon-meal), while the 'wosbirds' (wasps) are buzzing about him; and his lank 'scaithy' (filching) whelp watches anxiously for his share of the meal. One who is hard of hearing is as 'dunch as a plock' (deaf as a block); cows

* 'This was the year in which the first private carriage was set up in Manchester by some especially luxurious individual, none having been previously kept by any person in business there.'—Smile's 'Engineers,' vol. i. p. 342.

when dry are 'azew'; a bundle swinging lightly at the end of a stick is said to 'bone'; a small farm is a 'bargain'; the churchyard is almost invariably the 'litten' in the country districts; 'a dūver' is a sandy flat by the sea-side; meat is said to 'plim' when it swells in cooking; a pitcher is a 'pill'; the wick of a candle is 'a windlet'; an apple 'turnover' is a 'stuckling'; sufferers under a shivering fit of the ague, 'jow-er'; a weakly child is spoken of as 'tew' or 'tewly.'

Some words suffer metathesis in the ordinary Isle of Wight speech. A man speaks of being 'wotshed' instead of wetshod; great becomes 'girt'; pretty, 'pirty'; and the dusk of evening is hardly recognizable under the form 'duks.'

Of the chief centres of population, Newport is the only one which, in spite of its name, can boast of any antiquity. Compared, indeed, with the hoar antiquity of Carisbrooke and Brading, the 'Novus burgus' of Richard de Redvers is a thing of yesterday. But it can claim seven centuries of existence, and may therefore look down with justifiable pride on the modern creations of fashion and pleasure that are rivalling or surpassing it in population. Founded by the first lord of the De Redvers stock in the reign of Henry I., and built, like Exeter, Lewes, and so many of our ancient towns, just where the river ceases to be tidal, Newport, the 'new haven' of the Castle of Carisbrooke, received its first charter from his great grandson and namesake, Richard, and obtained continually increasing privileges from its subsequent lords. It is a neat, quiet, little town, laid out by its founder in four chief streets intersecting in the centre, with back streets running parallel to them behind, affording each 'place,' or building lot, the convenience of a double entrance. Except the Grammar School, with its sad memories of Charles I., and the abortive negotiations between him and his Parliament; and the richly decorated new church, of which the chief ornament is the chaste recumbent statue of the Princess Elizabeth; and a feeble classical Town-hall, the work of Nash, Newport has no public buildings that deserve a moment's attention. Nor are its historical memories such as to compensate for the want of architectural attractiveness. Beyond its cruel devastation by the French late in the fourteenth century, the reminiscences of Charles I., and an attempted rising in his favour by Capt. Burley in 1647, Newport offers nothing worth record.

Ryde, the second town in the island in dignity, the first in population, was in very early times a place of importance as one of

the chief points of communication with the mainland. Its name, related to the Celtic Rhyd, a ford, a crossing (an element we find in Augustoritum, Camboritum, &c.), indicates its character. But it was a mere place of passage, with a few fishermen's huts on the beach and a small group of houses on the top of the hill above, and even as late as 1665 its population scarcely exceeded 200.* Within the present century the two villages of Upper and Lower Ryde were still separated by cornfields; and wheat-crops were reaped where the shops of Union street display their brilliant and tempting wares. Bitter enmity existed between the neighbours, breaking out as occasion offered into open hostilities, when a party would sally forth from the lower to do battle with sticks and stones with the lads of the upper town, or the upper would send down a detachment to take reprisals on their 'longshore enemies.'

We are indebted to the satirical pen of Fielding, who was unwillingly detained here on his voyage to Lisbon, for a picture of Ryde in 1759. Our readers may be glad to be reminded of the life-like pictures drawn by the great novelist of Mrs. Francis, his extortionate and shrewish landlady, and her stolid complaisant husband, who 'wished not for anything, thought not of anything, —indeed, scarce did anything, or said anything,'—replying to all Fielding's remonstrances with, 'I don't know anything about it, Sir; I leaves all that to my wife:' of her tumble-down tenement, the best inn that Ryde then afforded, 'built with the materials of a wreck, sunk down with age on one side, and in the form of a ship with gunwales,'—of her bills, with their daily increasing tariff, 'a pennyworth of fire rated to-day at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen pence,'—'two dishes dressed for two shillings on Saturday, and half-a-crown charged for the cooking of one on Sunday;'—of her indignant retort to Fielding's remonstrance—'Candles! why, yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for candles? I am sure I pay for mine;' and of her closing lamentation at the smallness of her bill, after every charge which a landlady's ingenuity could invent or a landlady's conscience allow had been introduced,—'she didn't know that she had omitted anything, *but it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.*'

If the members of the Yacht Squadron, whose trim craft give so much life and animation to its waters, and whose annual Regatta collects so much of the wealth and fashion of the land, or the gay crowds who

* The population of Ryde at the last Census amounted to 11,234.

through the pier in every variety of fashionable costume, were to have a view of Ryde as it appeared to Fielding, they would not easily recognize their favourite resort. The 'impassable gulf of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming,' no friendly pier yet crossing its treacherous surface, rendered Ryde 'for near one-half of the twenty-four hours inaccessible by friend or foe.' Until the present pier was opened in 1815 the way of approach was that commemorated by Marryat in his 'Poor Jack;' when 'the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground.' Amusing tales are still told of inconvenient accidents occasioned by jibbing or unruly horses, or the loss of the 'cart pins,' which involved the precipitation of the whole freight backwards into the ooze and slime.

Cowes, which was an earlier yachting centre, and still claims official precedence of Ryde in this respect, cannot go back, as a town, beyond the latter part of the sixteenth century. The two forts, seen and described by Leland, very soon after their erection by Henry VIII. from the materials of Beaulieu Abbey,—

'The two great Cows that in loud 'thunder roar,
'This on the eastern, that on the western shore,'

gave the name to the locality, which has been transferred to the little town that gradually, after the erection of the Custom-house for the Island in 1575, clustered round the western Cow or fort. Its convenience as a port and harbour and landing-place was soon recognized, and its growth in prosperity, though not rapid, has been solid and steady. Of late years the residence of Her Majesty and the Royal Family at Osborne has supplied an additional stimulus to the commercial activity of West Cowes, and of her younger sister on the eastern bank. Cowes is a very attractive place when seen from the water. The houses climb up a steep wooded hill rising from the water, crowned by a stately church and a number of handsome villas. But the favourable impression is hardly maintained on landing. Henry VIII.'s block-house has become the Yacht Club-house.

Returning to the eastern side of the island, the decayed corporate town of Brading, with its grey spire-crowned church; its half-timbered houses, crumbling town-hall, bull-ring and stocks, seems to belong to a bygone age. It will always possess an interest from its connection with Wilfrid, the Evangelist of the island; but there is not

much to make us linger, and we pass on after casting a glance over the broad tidal-basin, Brading Haven, into which the silver Yar, after forcing its way through the chalk downs, expands before it joins the sea, and reflecting how greatly the prospect would have lost in beauty if Sir Hugh Myddleton's engineering operations for draining the haven, and converting it into corn-fields and pastures, had not been allowed to become abortive through the want of decision and energy on the part of its promoters.

While Brading has been sinking, her daughters of Sandown and Shanklin have been rising, and the once tiny villages—Sandown, indeed, was no more than a cluster of fishermen's cottages with a humble wayside inn—have assumed the aspect and importance of considerable towns.

The bright, cheerful, little town of Sandown, with its fine expanse of dry level sand, peopled in the summer and autumn months with tribes of happy children who, like those who frolicked on the shores of the Ægean three thousand years ago,

'In wanton play with hands and feet o'erthrow
The mound of sand which late in play they
raised,'—

Iliad, xv. 424, 425.—Lord Derby's Translation.

is inseparably connected with the memory of John Wilkes, of the 'North Briton,' who may be said to have discovered the place, and who by the erection of his 'Villakin' in 1788, which he never tired of praising and adorning, first showed it to be a possible residence for a gentleman. Wilkes's letters to his daughter are full of amusing descriptions of the place and his neighbours, his difficulty in obtaining provisions, his love for the feathered tribes, the kindness of the gentry of the vicinity in supplying his wants, his visits to them and theirs to him. One Sunday, he tells his 'dear Polly,' going over to church at Shanklin, he met Garrick and his charming wife, who took him back with them to Mr. Fitzmaurice's seat at Knighton, at which they were staying. Here he found Sir Richard Worsley and some of his Neapolitan acquaintances. Sir Richard engaged him to visit him at Appuldurcombe on the Monday, where he entertained 'the whole Knighton set' at a grand breakfast, 'Mrs. Garrick, as usual, the most captivating of the whole circle.' Wilkes numbered the Hills of St. Boniface, the Bassettas, the Oglanders, and all the leading island gentry among his associates; and we gather from this correspondence a very pleasing idea of the genial and refined hospitality which prevailed among them. The fort at Sandown, erected by Henry VIII.

once washed away by the sea, and only saved from the same fate a second time by very expensive engineering works, not long since boasting of a well-salaried governor, has been finally pulled down in our own day, and a new fort erected of granite cased with iron, as one member of the formidable and costly line of coast defences, by which it is fondly hoped the Isle of Wight has been rendered impregnable.

Lovely as Shanklin is, and must ever remain with its chine, its cliffs, and its woods, in spite of the worst that enterprising house-builders have done and are doing to vulgarise it, it must not detain us. We may, however, remark in passing that Shanklin was one of the strongholds of Jacobitism in the Isle of Wight. The old summer-house in the Manor House garden is still pointed out in which meetings of the adherents of the exiled royal family used to be held, and at which, with the old Squire of Shanklin at their head, the island gentlemen would drink the health of Charles Edward on bended knee.* In later years, before it had become so crowded a resort, Shanklin was a very favourite place for Oxford reading parties. Bishops Hampden and Hinds passed the long vacation of 1812 here, 'occupied,' writes the former, 'with our books the greater part of every day, and having no recreation beyond a *tête-à-tête* walk along the sea-shore: never even making an excursion into other parts of the attractive scenery of the island.' They had been preceded by their friend, Archbishop Whately, who read here for his Oriel Fellowship.

We must, however unwillingly, leap over the exquisite scenery between Shanklin and Ventnor: Luccombe with its bowl-shaped chine and rude fishermen's huts, full of charms to the landscape-painter; the romantic ruin of the East-end Landslip, created within living memory by the subsidence of the inferior strata; Bonchurch, the portal

* A century ago, in the days of the old squire, Shanklin is described as a Utopia of friendship and mutual good will. 'The inhabitants,' writes Hassell, 'are like one large family. Ill nature is not known among them. Obliging in the extreme, they seem to be the happiest when their visitants are best pleased.' Nor was Shanklin peculiar in this respect. The quiet villages of the island, where the gentry had lived for generations in the midst of their humbler friends and dependants, knowing everybody and manifesting a kindly interest in all, formed much such parochial Goshens as the gentle Mary Leadbeater describes Ballitore before the Irish Insurrection. 'When the temporary absence of a neighbour caused a shade of gloom, and his return a ray of sunshine; when the sickness or misfortune of one was felt by sympathy through the whole body.'—*Leadbeater Papers and Correspondence*.

of the Undercliff, with its cliff walls and rugged, isolated rocks, and sheltered nooks, and picturesque residences, 'in the very style a poet would have imagined and a painter designed';* still, in Dr. Arnold's words, 'the most beautiful place on the sea-coast on this side Genoa'†—and devote a few closing words to Ventnor—the Metropolis of the Undercliff. Forty years since this now large and flourishing town was the tiniest of fishing hamlets. A group of low-thatched cottages on the shore of the Cove, a picturesque mill hanging on the steep cliff above, down which the mill-stream dashed in a pretty cascade; a low-roofed wayside inn, the thatch of which a tall man could easily reach; and a humble dwelling or two hard by, formed the whole of Ventnor. And such it might have remained had not the late distinguished physician, Sir James Clark, discovered the curative power of its genial climate in pulmonary disease, and recommended it as a winter resort for invalids. Consumptive patients resorted to Ventnor in crowds. Its praises as the 'English Madeira' were said and sung by grateful visitors, and the place speedily sprang into eminence and celebrity as one of the best of the health-resorts of Southern England. And if the fashion has in some measure turned, and Bournemouth and other younger rivals are rivalling, or even surpassing Ventnor in public estimation, the logic of facts will ever continue to argue very strongly in favour of it as a residence for the invalid who seeks to escape the cold blasts of our northern winter, and the still more perilous alternations of our treacherous spring, without the fatigue of foreign travel, and the numberless miseries inseparable from a winter passed where English comforts are unknown. The Registrar-General's returns prove that Ventnor almost bears the palm of all English health-resorts. Its microscopic mortality, notwithstanding the large number of consumptive patients carried there in the final stages of their insidious disease simply to die, is a triumphant proof of the remarkable salubrity of this favoured locality. While on this subject, we must not omit to call attention to the most recent development of sanitary agencies, whose beneficent object is to place the benefits of the genial climate of the Undercliff within the reach of a class which without such help must be permanently shut out from them. We refer to the National Consumption Hospital erected on the cottage or detached block system in

* Sterling.

† 'Arnold's Life and Correspondence,' vol. ii. p. 45.

one of the most beautiful and sheltered spots in the Undercliff, of which the first stone was laid two years since by the Princess Louise on behalf of her Royal mother, who from the first has manifested a warm interest in its success, and which is entering on a career of extensive usefulness destined long to perpetuate the name of its energetic originator, Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall.

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- ART. II.—1. *Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilisation.* By Edward Burnet Tylor. London, 1865.
2. *Primitive Culture.* By the Same. London, 1871.
3. *Primitive Society.* By the Same, in the 'Contemporary Review' for April and June 1873.
4. *Prehistoric Times.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart. 2nd edition. London, 1869.
5. *The Origin of Civilisation and the Primitive Condition of Man.* By the Same. London, 1870.

THAT the proper study of mankind is Man seems to be a proposition the truth of which is being now forced upon us with peculiar intensity. In spite of the expulsion of the 'microcosm' by astronomy from the centre of the material universe, he is at present acquiring yet fresh claims to be considered the one key whereby may be unlocked the mysteries of the 'macrocosm.' With the dispelling of that dream in which the little planet Tellus appeared the great solid nucleus of encircling crystal spheres existing only for its sake, began the vigorous prosecution of the physical sciences—the investigation of nature *external to man*. This investigation having reached a stage rendering possible the exposition of all non-human phenomena as the multifold co-ordinated and harmonised manifestations of one great process—a *theory of evolution*—it remains to test the universal adequacy of that theory by its application to the phenomena presented to us by Man in his highest existing condition and as the wild tenant of the forest—the *Homo sylvaticus*. If all the phenomena which human life presents are capable of being brought under the laws which regulate inferior organisms, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the amount of support which would thereby be given to the universality of that theory. Moreover, it is plain that in such a case all those who deem the theory of evolution sufficient to

account for the origin of all other animals, must logically admit it as sufficient to account for his origin also.

At present there are two very distinct views as to the origin of the animal population of this planet.

I. The first of these views—the monistic hypothesis—asserts that one uniform law has presided over the whole, since all such creatures are distinguished from one another by differences which are differences of degree only, and not of kind.

II. The other of these views—the dualistic hypothesis—asserts that man (whatever may have been the case with brute animals) must have originated in some special manner, since the difference between him and brutes is a difference of *kind*, and not one merely of degree—he embodying a distinct principle not present in brute animals.

A supporter of the monistic hypothesis must maintain that man at his first appearance was literally in the lowest and most brutal stage of his existence, whence he has gradually ascended to his present condition by a process of progressive development attended with only exceptional and relatively insignificant processes of retrogression and degradation. He will consequently not only maintain that races have existed without articulate speech, or any equivalent symbolic system, without perceptions of 'right' and 'wrong,' and without religious conceptions, but also that the first men were actually so destitute. He may or may not expect to find specimens of this lowest condition of mankind still surviving at the present day, but he will surely anticipate that archaeological, historical, and ethnological research must reveal facts pointing plainly towards such an early condition. He will also anticipate that these sciences will bring to our knowledge tribes in an intellectual stage which is less remote from that presumed early condition than from a choice assemblage of men living now—say, the members of our own 'Royal Society.'

A supporter of the dualistic hypothesis must, on the other hand, maintain that man at the very first moment of his existence was at once essentially man, and separated, at his very origin, from the highest brutes by as impassable a gulf as that which anywhere exists between them to-day. He will consequently not only maintain that no race will anywhere be found without a mode of rational expression, moral perceptions, and religious conceptions (however rudimentary or atrophied), but also that the first men possessed all these. He will be confident that no scientific researches will bring to our knowledge any human races devoid of reason, or

(what is its necessary concomitant in a "rational animal") the power of expressing internal *thoughts*, as distinguished from mere *feelings*, by external sensible signs. He will also expect to find in all races of men indications of religious conceptions and of an apprehension of right and wrong, however curiously or perversely these abstract conceptions may be concretely embodied. Finally, he will be confident that no race will be found less remote intellectually from the highest existing men than from a state of brutal irrationality. The actual first origin of man must for ever remain a problem insoluble by unaided reason—a matter incapable of direct investigation, and, revelation apart, only to be investigated by conjecture and analogy. This being so, we must be content to study existing races of men, and thence arrive at the best conclusions we may, with the aid to be derived from history, archæology, and geology.

The questions, then, to which attention should be directed with a view to determining whether the balance of evidence favours the monistic or the dualistic hypothesis, are the following; and to answer these, the savage, *Homo sylvaticus*, must serve as our test. 1. Can any direct evidence be found of races of man, past or present, existing in a brutal or irrational condition? 2. Does available evidence clearly point to the past existence of such a condition? 3. Are races anywhere to be found in a condition which is less remote from mere animal existence than from the highest human development of which we have as yet experience?

Should unmistakable evidence of the sort be forthcoming, then the existence of an essential difference, a difference of kind, between human and brutal nature, could no longer be maintained. It would also follow that if other animals have arisen by a merely natural process of development, reason could oppose no barrier to the belief that the origin of man, in the totality of his nature, was also due to such a merely natural process. If, on the other hand, no such direct evidence is forthcoming, and none even pointing clearly in the indicated direction; if, also, no races can be found in a condition nearer to irrational brutality than to the highest refinement; then it must be admitted that we have no scientific ground for asserting that man is of one nature with the brutes, or that it is an *a priori* probability that his origin was the same as theirs.

More than this, in the absence of such evidence it may fairly be inferred that there is an *a priori* probability against this community of nature and origin. It may be so inferred, because it seems likely that if all

men were once irrational animals, some tribe of the kind would have survived in some remote part of the world to this day, especially as, on the theory of evolution, they must have been well fitted to maintain themselves under the conditions existing in their own region.

Man is generally admitted to be, as to antiquity, at the most but a tertiary mammal; but Australia presents us with a fauna in some respects triassic. Some eminent authorities, however, assert that miocene man still exists, and that we behold him in the Esquimaux. It may naturally be a matter of some regret that this cannot be proved, since, if the Esquimaux are indeed miocene men surviving to this day, an investigation of their mental condition would almost suffice to solve the problem decisively one way or the other. It would suffice to solve it since we might fairly argue from the progress made between the miocene period and to-day, to that which might be supposed to have taken place between the beginning of the tertiary period and the miocene.

If, however, ethnology and archæology fail to furnish due evidence, and thus show themselves manifestly incompetent to solve the question, then the cause must be transferred to the tribunal of Philosophy for decisive judgment. In that case, if philosophy (including psychology) shows us, as we are convinced it does, that there is a difference of kind between the lowest races of men and the highest species of brutes, pointing to a difference of essential principle, and, therefore, of origin, then ethnology and archæology (in the case of their supposed failure as to the evidence referred to) become important auxiliaries, and will powerfully aid to reinforce such conclusion. They will, by their eloquent silence, supply us with additional grounds for maintaining that the progress of physical science will but more and more clearly bring out the difference existing between all merely animal natures and that of the rational animal man.

The works of the authors whose names head this review are most valuable for our purpose. They are most valuable, in the first place, on account of the industry, patience, ability, and candour with which they have amassed, digested, and laid before their readers all the most important facts which either archæology or ethnology has afforded, tending to throw light upon the lower stages of human existence. Secondly, however, they are of especial value because their authors belong to that school which adopts the monistic view as to man's origin—that is to say, the school of Lamarck, Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer. We may, there-

fore, confidently rely upon any statements or admissions made by Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock which tell *against* the monistic hypothesis; while we may fairly assume, from the eminent qualities these authors possess, that when they fail to bring forward data *favourable* to that view it is because no such data in reality exist.

We may now proceed to examine their testimony, and we think the following order of subjects may be convenient: 1, Speech; 2, Morals; 3, Religion; 4, Progress; 5, Community of Nature; 6, Results.

I. As to *Speech*, Sir John Lubbock at once admits:* 'Although it has been at various times stated that certain savages are entirely without language, none of these accounts appear to be well authenticated.' The recklessness with which assertions are made about savage tribes is, as we shall shortly see, so great, that no account ought to be fully received without a knowledge of the bias of the relater and a careful criticism of his statements. As to 'speech,' such is the amount of ambiguity and confusion which commonly accompanies the use of the word that some preliminary explanations and definitions are absolutely requisite. The essence of language is mental—an intellectual activity called the *verbum mentale*; but actual 'speech' itself is the outward expression of thoughts (rational conceptions) by articulate sounds—the *verbum oris*. Now we may have (1) animal sounds that are neither rational nor articulate; (2) sounds that are articulate but not rational; (3) sounds that are rational but not articulate; (4) sounds that are both rational and articulate; (5) gestures which do not answer to rational conceptions; and (6) gestures which do answer to such conceptions, and are, therefore, external but non-oral manifestations of the *verbum mentale*.

The sounds emitted by brutes, which denote merely emotions and bodily sensations, belong to the first category. Mere articulate sounds, without concomitant intellectual activity such as those emitted by trained parrots or jackdaws (and which, of course, are not 'speech'), belong to the second category. The third category comprises inarticulate ejaculations which express assent to or dissent from given propositions. The fourth category is that of true speech. Gestures, which are merely the manifestations of emotions and feelings, are not the equivalents of speech, and belong to the fifth category. But gestures without sound may be rational external manifestations of internal thoughts, and, therefore, the real equivalents

of words. Such are many of the gestures of deaf-mutes incapable of articulating words which constitute a true gesture-language. All such belong to the sixth category. Thus it is plainly conceivable that a brute might manifest its feelings and emotions not only by gestures, but also by articulate sounds, without for all that possessing even the germ of real language. Similarly a paralysed man might have essentially the power of speech (the *verbum mentale*), though accidentally hindered from externally manifesting that inner power by means of the *verbum oris*. Normally the external and internal powers exist inseparably. Once that the intellectual activity exists, it seeks external expression by symbols, verbal, manual or what not—the voice or gesture-language. Some form of symbolic expression is, therefore, the necessary consequence of the possession by an animal of the faculty of reason.* On the other hand, it is impossible that rational speech can for a moment exist without the co-existence with it of that internal, intellectual activity of which it is the outward expression.

Few recent intellectual phenomena are more astounding than the ignorance of these elementary yet fundamental distinctions and principles, exhibited by conspicuous advocates of the monistic hypothesis. Mr. Darwin, for example, does not exhibit the faintest indication of having grasped them, yet a clear perception of them, and a direct and detailed examination of his facts with regard to them, was a *sine quâ non* for attempting, with a chance of success, the solution of the mystery as to the descent of man. We actually heard Professor Vogt at Norwich (at the British Association Meeting of 1868), in discussing certain cases of aphasia, declare before the whole physiological section, 'Je ne comprends pas la parole dans un homme qui ne parle pas'—a declaration which manifestly showed that he was not qualified to form, still less so to express, any opinion whatever on the subject. Again, Professor Oscar Schmidt, in trying to account for the natural origin of man, quotes,† with approbation, Geiger's words: 'Die Sprache hat die Vernunft geschaffen: vor ihr war der Mensch vernunftlos'—not seeing that he might as well attempt to ac-

* Mr. Tylor ('Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 68) says that though deaf-mutes prove that man may have thought without speech, yet not without 'any physical expression,' rather 'the reverse.' But no sound philosopher ever dreamed of maintaining the absurdity Mr. Tylor here opposes.

† 'Die Anwendung der Descendenzlehre auf den Menschen,' Leipzig, 1873, p. 30.

* 'Origin of Civilisation,' p. 275.

count for the 'convexities' of a sigmoid line by its 'concavities.' The 'concavities' could as easily exist before the 'convexities' as the existence of the *verbum oris* could antedate that of the *verbum mentale*.* It is almost enough to make one despair of progress when one finds such real 'nonsense' solemnly propounded to a learned audience, and when such amazing ignorance shows itself in men who are looked up to as *teachers*!

It is then *rational* language—the external manifestation, whether by sound or gesture, of general conceptions—which has to be considered. It has to be ascertained whether or not its existence is, as far as the evidence goes, universal amongst mankind; also whether the lowest forms of speech discoverable are so much below the highest forms as to appear transitional steps from irrational cries, and, consequently, whether there is any positive evidence for the origin of speech by any process of evolution. It is not emotional expressions or the manifestations of sensible impressions which we have to consider, but the enunciations of distinct judgments as to 'the what,' 'the how,' and 'the why,' whether by sound or by gesture.

In the first place, perhaps, it may be well to consider those speechless human beings now existing—the deaf-mutes. As to these Mr. Tylor tells us :—

'Even in a low state of education, the deaf-mute seems to conceive general ideas, for when he invents a sign for anything he applies it to all other things of the same class, and he can also form abstract ideas in a certain way, or at least, he knows that there is a quality in which snow and milk agree, and he can go on adding other white things, such as the moon and white-wash, to his list. He can form a proposition, for he can make us understand, and we can make him understand, that "this man is old, that man is young." Nor does he seem incapable of reasoning in something like a syllogism, even when he has no means of communicating but the gesture-language; and certainly as soon as he has learnt to read that "all men are mortal, John is a man, therefore John is mortal," he will show by every means of illustration in his power, that he fully comprehends the argument.†

The intellectual activity of their minds is

* It is, we suppose, to an obscure, not-thought-out perception of this inseparability, that we must attribute the singular contradiction given to himself by Mr. Darwin in his 'Descent of Man.' In one place (vol. i. p. 54) he attributes the faculty of speech in man to his having acquired a higher intellectual nature, while in another place (vol. ii. p. 391) he ascribes man's intellectual nature to his having acquired the faculty of speech.

† 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 66.

indeed evidenced by the peculiar construction of their sentences. Mr. Tylor tells us (p. 25) : 'Their usual construction is not "black horse," but "horse black;" not "bring a black hat," but "hat black bring;" not "I am hungry, give me bread," but "hungry me bread give."'* Thus we see how thoroughly mistaken Professor Huxley was when he asserted ('Man's Place in Nature,' p. 102, note) : 'A man born dumb, notwithstanding his great cerebral mass and his inheritance of strong intellectual instincts, would be capable of *few higher intellectual manifestations than an orang or a chimpanzee*, if he were confined to the society of his dumb associates.' Quite contrary to this, there can be no doubt but that a society of dumb men would soon elaborate a gesture-language of great complexity.

Passing now to savage men, Mr. Tylor makes some excellent remarks on, and brings forward a good example of, that reckless and unjust depreciation of native tribes of which travellers are so apt to be guilty, and of which we shall find other examples when we come to the subject of religion. A Mr. Mercer having said of the Veddah tribes of Ceylon that their communications have little resemblance to distinct sounds or systematised language, Mr. Tylor observes (p. 78) :—

'Mr. Mercer seems to have adopted the common view of foreigners about the Veddahs, but it has happened here, as in many other accounts of savage tribes, that closer acquaintance has shown them to have been wrongly accused. Mr. Bailey, who has had good opportunities of studying them, . . . contradicts their supposed deficiency in language with the remark, "I never knew one of them at a loss for words sufficiently intelligible to convey his meaning, not to his fellows only, but to the Singhalese of the neighbourhood, who are all more or less acquainted with the Veddah patois."'

Again, as to another well-known traveller he remarks (p. 79) :—

'It is extremely likely that Madame Pfeiffer's savages suffered the penalty of being set down as wanting in language, for no worse fault than using a combination of words and signs in order to make what they meant as clear as possible to her comprehension.'

As to the universality of the *verbum mentale* in man he observes (p. 80) :—

'As the gesture-language is substantially the same among savage tribes all over the world, and also among children who cannot speak, so the picture-writings of savages are not only similar to one another, but are like what children make untaught even in civilised countries.

* This spontaneous tendency may be pleaded in mitigation of De Candolle's strictures on Latin construction as unnatural.

Like the universal language of gestures, the art of picture-writing tends to prove that the mind of the uncultured man works in much the same way at all times and everywhere. . . . *Man* is essentially what the derivation of his name among our Aryan race imports, not "the speaker," but he who thinks, he who *means*.'

In other words, he is a *rational animal*. Mr. Tylor reinforces these remarks elsewhere* by saying :—

'It always happens, in the study of the lower races, that the more means we have of understanding their thoughts, the more sense and reason do we find in them.'

A great deal has been sometimes made of the alleged inability of some savages to count more than five, or even three, and this fact is occasionally advanced as pointing to a transition from the psychical powers of brutes to the intelligence of man. We shall return to this hereafter, but some fitting remarks by Mr. Tylor may be here appropriately quoted :—

'Of course, it no more follows among savages than among ourselves, that because a man counts on his fingers his language must be wanting in words to express the number he wishes to reckon. For example, it was noticed that when natives of Kamskatka were set to count, they would reckon all their fingers and then all their toes, getting up to 20, and then would ask, "What are we to do next?" Yet it was found on examination that numbers up to 100 existed in their language.'

Concerning the origin of existing articulate words, Mr. Tylor distinctly repudiates the 'bow-wow hypothesis' as insufficient. For instance, with respect to the family of words represented by the Sanskrit *vad*, to go, the Latin *vado*, he says (*Ibid.* p. 195): 'To this root there seems no sufficient ground for assigning an imitative origin, the traces of which it has at any rate lost if it ever had them.' Again, as to early words he says (*Ibid.* p. 207): 'It is obvious that the leading principle of their formation is not to adopt words distinguished by the expressive character of their sound, but to choose somehow a *fixed word* to answer a *given purpose*.' As to the arbitrary way in which articulate words are used to express sounds and the little real resemblance existing between them, he tells us (*Ibid.* p. 182): 'The Australian imitation of a spear or bullet striking is given as *toop*; to the Zulu when a calabash is beaten it says *boo*.' He concludes (*Ibid.* p. 208):—

'I do not think that the evidence here adduced justifies the setting up of what is called the Interjectional and Imitative theory as a complete

solution of the problem of original language. Valid as this theory proves itself within limits, it would be incautious to accept a hypothesis which can, perhaps, satisfactorily account for a twentieth of the crude forms in any language as a certain and absolute explanation of the nineteen-twentieths whose origin remains doubtful. . . . Too narrow a theory of the application of sound to sense may fail to include the varied devices which the languages of different regions turn to account. It is thus with the distinction in meaning of a word by its musical accent, and the distinction of distance by graduated vowels. These are ingenious and intelligible [intellectual ?] contrivances, but they hardly seem directly emotional or imitative in origin.'

Thus it seems not only that neither Sir John Lubbock nor Mr. Tylor is able to bring forward any evidence of a speechless condition of man, but that they are constrained to admit that all available evidence points in the opposite direction, and that it shows speech to be universal amongst existing races. Even those abnormal and unfortunate beings the deaf-mutes are seen to be intellectually endowed with language, so that they infinitely more resemble a man than is gagged than they do an irrational animal. The essential community intellectually existing between them and us is shown by our occasional use of what Mr. Tylor calls* 'picture words,' where 'a substantive is treated as the root or crude form of a verb,' as, e.g., 'to *butter* bread, to *cudgel* a man, to *oil* machinery, to *pepper* a dish.'

Turning now to the other question we had to consider, namely, the relation of the lowest forms of speech to the highest, Mr. Tylor may again be cited with advantage. He expresses himself† thus: 'We come back to the fact, so full of suggestion, that the languages of the world represent substantially the same intellectual art, the higher nations indeed gaining more expressive power than the lowest tribes, yet doing this not by introducing new and more effective central principles, but by mere addition and improvement in detail.' Speaking of the native proverbs of Fernando Po, he tells us,‡ 'There are hundreds at about as high an intellectual level as those of Europe,' and he cites examples. We have said that we mean by language, not emotional expressions, but the enunciations of judgments concerning 'the *what*,' 'the *how*,' and 'the *why*.' Mr. Tylor's verdict as to the result of the application of this test to the expres-

* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 63.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 216.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 80.

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 322.

sions of savages is sufficiently distinct. He says:*

'Man's craving to know the *causes* at work in each event he witnesses, the reasons *why* each state of things he surveys is such as it is and no other, is no product of high civilisation, but a characteristic of his race down to its *lowest stage*. Among rude savages it is already an intellectual appetite whose satisfaction claims many of the moments not engrossed by war or sport, food or sleep.'

This decisive judgment may yet be reinforced by some admissions made by Mr. Darwin himself:†

'The Fuegians rank amongst the lowest barbarians; but I was continually struck with surprise how closely the three natives on board H.M.S. "Beagle," who had lived some years in England and could talk a little English, resembled us in disposition, and in most of our mental qualities.'

Again:—‡

'The American aborigines, negroes, and Europeans, differ as much from each other in mind as any three races that can be named; yet I was incessantly struck, whilst living with the Fuegians on board the "Beagle," with the many little traits of character, showing how similar their minds were to ours; and so it was with a full-blooded negro with whom I happened once to be intimate.'

It would be easy, but superfluous, to add to these testimonies. They are amply sufficient to show that, in the opinion of those most capable of acquiring and most certain to acquire information tending to confirm the monistic hypothesis, not only are there no evidences of men in a nascent state as to the power of speech, but that all available evidence shows that in the essentials of language all existing races of men are mentally one. This, indeed, is manifest and undeniable. No tribe exists which cannot count two, cannot say 'I,' 'woman,' 'death,' 'food,' &c. In other words, there is no tribe which does not express general conceptions and abstract ideas by articulate sounds. But the differences between vocal sounds capable of such expression are but differences of *degree*, while the difference between all such utterances and vocal utterances which but express sensations and emotions is a difference of *kind*. Therefore we are compelled to conclude that the most imperfect languages offer us no indication of a transition from irrational cries, being separated from the latter by an indefinitely wide barrier, while they differ from the highest speech, but by a greater

simplicity, which indeed is sometimes more apparent than real, as we shall see more plainly hereafter. This being the case, it necessarily follows that we have no positive evidence whatever for the origin of speech by any process of evolution. As to the *possibility* of its origin by such a process from the cries of brutes, the sciences we are here occupied with, ethnology and archæology, can of course tell us nothing. The reply to that question is given by philosophy and psychology.

II. We now come to the second branch of our inquiry, that concerning *Morals*—concerning the universality or non-universality amongst mankind of a power of apprehending 'right' or 'wrong.' And here again it is necessary to distinguish and define what is meant by this human mental power, because ambiguity and misunderstanding as to this matter are at least as common as in the matter of language. By this power is *not* meant merely a feeling of sympathy, a deference to the desires of others, or some emotional excitement tending to produce materially kind and benevolent actions. Still less is meant the volitional impulse which in all cases directly produces such actions, since this may or may not be 'moral,' according to the circumstances of each case. What *is* meant is an intellectual activity evinced by the expression of definite judgments passed upon certain modes of action abstractedly considered. The existence of kindly social customs cannot be taken as necessarily proving the existence of such intellectual activity in the absence of some intimation by word or gesture of a moral apprehension. Similarly no amount of gross or atrocious habits in any given tribe can be taken to prove its entire absence. The liking or disliking (and therefore the frequent practice or neglect) of certain actions is one thing; the act of judging that such actions, whether pleasant or unpleasant, are 'right' or 'wrong' is an altogether different thing.

A man may, for instance, judge that he *ought* to renounce a tender friendship without its becoming less delightful to him to continue it. Another may perceive that he has acted *rightly* in foregoing a pecuniary advantage though mentally suffering acute distress from the consequences of his just act. Again, differences of judgment as to the goodness or badness of particular concrete actions have nothing to do with the point we have to consider. Thus the most revolting act that can well be cited, that of the deliberate murder of aged parents, monstrous as the act in itself is, may really be one of filial piety if, as is asserted, the savage perpetrators do it at the wish of such parents

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 332. The italics are ours.

† 'Voyage of the "Beagle,"' vol. i. p. 34.

‡ Ibid. p. 232.

themselves, and from a conviction that thereby they not only save them from suffering in this world, but also confer upon them prolonged happiness in the next. Hence we must judge of the moral or non-moral condition of savage tribes by their own declarations when these can be obtained, or by expressive actions as far as possible the equivalent of such declarations. We have already seen the essential community of intellectual nature existing amongst all living races as regards the faculty of speech. From the existence of this community of nature, we may fairly conclude that deliberate articulate judgments of lower races have substantially the same meaning as in our own, whatever may be the concrete actions which occasion the expression of such abstract judgments.

We are all familiar with the constantly employed expressions denoting moral judgments amongst ourselves, and those of us who reflect upon the subject are generally aware that in asserting that anything is 'right,' they mean to make a judgment altogether distinct from one asserting the same thing to be pleasurable or advantageous. Even some men who, like the late John Stuart Mill, assert that the principle regulating our actions should be the production of the greatest amount of pleasure to all sentient beings, must assert that there is either no obligation at all to accept this principle itself, or that such obligation is a 'moral' one. The distinction being then generally and practically recognised as existing amongst ourselves, we have to examine the following points:—Whether, even according to the admission of the authors whose works we are considering, there is any evidence that moral perceptions are wanting in any savage tribes? Whether any races exist in a condition, which may be considered as a transitional state between our own and the amoral condition of beasts? Whether any peoples have their moral perceptions so perverted—so remote from those of the highest races—as to result in the formation of abstract judgments directly contradicting the abstract moral judgments of such highest races? And here again we must be greatly on our guard against the involuntary misrepresentations and the hasty and careless misinterpretations of unskilled observers and inaccurate narrators. Sir John Lubbock himself observes: * 'We all know how difficult it is to judge an individual, and it must be much more so to judge a nation. In fact, whether any given writer praises or

blames a particular race, depends at least as much on the character of the writer as on that of the people.' Again, we must be careful not to apply to savage tribes standards applicable only to higher races. The essence of morality being the conformity of acts to an ethical ideal, neither the worst nor more than the best moral development, whatever be the concrete acts, can coexist with an undeveloped intellectual condition. If any tribes are intellectually in a puerile condition, puerile also must be their moral state. Here we may again quote Sir John Lubbock with approval. He says (p. 340):

'The lowest moral and the lowest intellectual condition are not only, in my opinion, not inseparable, they are not even compatible. . . . The lower races of men may be, and are, vicious; but allowances must be made for them. On the contrary (*corruptio optimi pessima est*), the higher the mental power, the more splendid the intellectual endowment, the deeper is the moral degradation of him who wastes the one and abuses the other.'

Now one of the clearest ethical judgments is that as to 'justice' and 'injustice,' and by common consent the native Australians are admitted to be at about the lowest level of existing social development, while as we have seen the Esquimaux are deemed by some to be surviving specimens of the (up to the present time hypothetical) 'miocene men.'

Concerning the first of these races, the Australians, Sir John Lubbock tells us:—

'The amount of legal revenge, if I may so call it, is often strictly regulated, even where we should least expect to find such limitations. Thus, in Australia crimes may be compounded for by the criminal appearing and submitting himself to the ordeal of having spears thrown at him by all such persons as conceive themselves to have been aggrieved, or by permitting spears to be thrust through certain parts of his body; such as through the thigh, or the calf of the leg, or under the arm. The part which is to be pierced by a spear is fixed for all common crimes, and a native who has incurred this penalty sometimes quietly holds out his leg for the injured party to thrust his spear through! So strictly is the amount of punishment limited, that if, in inflicting such spear-wounds, a man, either through carelessness or from any other cause, exceeded the recognised limits—if, for instance, he wounded the femoral artery—he would in his turn become liable to punishment.'—*Origin of Civilisation*, p. 318.

The next is a yet stronger example of savage refinement, furnished us by Sir John Lubbock:—

'Among the Greenlanders, should a seal escape with a hunter's javelin in it, and be killed by another man afterwards, it belongs to the

* 'Origin of Civilisation,' p. 259.

former. But if the seal is struck with the harpoon and bladder, and the string breaks, the hunter loses his right. If a man finds a seal dead with a harpoon in it, he keeps the seal but returns the harpoon. . . . Any man who finds a piece of drift-wood can appropriate it by placing a stone on it, as a sign that some one has taken possession of it. No other Greenlander will then touch it.'—*Ibid.* p. 305.

But perhaps the recently extinct Tasmanians were at a lower level than the Australians. If so, Mr. Tylor shows us by a legend which he relates,* that they had a strong appreciation of even *male* conjugal fidelity. The inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are, if possible, more wretched savages than the Australians, yet it is very interesting to note that even with respect to these no less hostile a witness than Mr. Darwin himself informs us,† that when a certain Mr. Bynoe shot some very young ducklings as specimens, a Fuegian declared in the most solemn manner, 'Oh, Mr. Bynoe, much rain, snow, blow much.' And as to this declaration, Mr. Darwin tells us that the anticipated bad weather 'was evidently a retributive punishment for wasting human food,' *i.e.* for a transgression of the aborted moral code recognised by the Fuegian in question.

That the language of savage tribes is capable of expressing moral conceptions will probably be contested by no one. Similarly no one will probably deny that when a savage emphatically calls 'bad' an act of treachery done to himself by one to whom he has been kind, his mind recognises, at least in a rudimentary way, an element of *ingratitude* in such an action. But in fact, that identity of intellectual nature, fundamentally considered, which we have found to exist in all men as the necessary accompaniment of language, at once establishes a very strong *a priori* probability in favour of a similar universality as to the power of apprehending good and evil. The *onus probandi* lies clearly with those who deny it, and yet not only are Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock unable to bring forward facts capable of establishing the existence of a non-moral race of men, but they bring forward instances and announce conclusions of an opposite character. Mr. Tylor observes:—

'Glancing down the moral scale amongst mankind at large, we find *no* tribe standing at or near zero. The asserted existence of savages so low as to have no moral standard is *too groundless to be discussed*. Every human tribe has its general views as to what conduct is right and what wrong, and each generation

hands the standard on to the next. Even in the details of those moral standards, wide as their differences are, there is a yet wider agreement throughout the human race. . . . No known tribe, however low and ferocious, has ever admitted that men may kill one another indiscriminately. . . . The Sioux Indians, among themselves, hold manslaughter, unless by way of blood revenge, to be a crime, and the Dayaks also punish murder.'—*Contemporary Review*, April 1873, pp. 702, 714.

In another place,* Mr. Tylor, after showing different early conditions of the tenure of property and the occasional estimation of the tribe as the social unit, &c., adds: 'Their various grades of culture had each according to its lights its standard of right and wrong, and they are to be judged on the criterion whether they did well or ill according to this standard.' There being thus no question as to the non-existence of any non-moral race of men, can we find evidence of any transitional stage? But the difference between moral and non-moral existence is a difference of *kind*, and therefore 'transitions' are here no more possible than between articulate sound-giving animals which have not reason and articulate sound-giving animals who have it.

It may be replied, however, that Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tylor at least believe in the natural and gradual development of man from the non-moral to the moral mode of existence, and that therefore the facts cited cannot have the force here attributed to them. To this it must be answered that the faculty of accumulating many facts, or that of arranging and presenting them in a perspicuous and persuasive manner, by no means necessarily carries with it a faculty of understanding what those facts really teach. That such an assertion of intellectual deficiency may not repose upon the mere *ipse dixit* of the present writer, it may be well to quote the judgment of one who is himself a master in those archæological subjects in which Sir John Lubbock is such a proficient, while he is also a most distinguished biologist and a man of universal culture. Professor Rolleston upon this subject remarks† as follows:—

'It is strange, indeed, that Sir John Lubbock *does not see* how his method of accounting for the genesis of the notions of right and wrong, like that of all other utilitarians, *actually presupposes their existence!* How could the old men "praise" or "condemn" except by reference to some pre-existing standard of right and wrong? How could the parties injured by the violation of a compact "naturally

* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 328.

† 'Voyage of the "Beagle,"' vol. i. p. 215.

* 'Contemporary Review,' June 1873, p. 72.

† The italics are not Professor Rolleston's.

condemn" it except by a tacit or articulate reference to some "naturally implanted," or, at all events, to some already existing, standard of virtue and vice? Language, which in matters of this kind faithfully reproduces the existence of feelings, and even to some extent the history of our race, will not lend itself to the support of their theories, and gives the Dialectician for once a real victory over the Natural Historian. . . . We must also express our surprise that Sir John Lubbock should not have drawn attention to the difficulty which in early stages of our history must have beset the collection of those "experiences of utility," of which Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks as the foundation of our so-called moral intuitions; and, secondly, to the exceeding unfitness of the "nervous organisation," which Mr. Huxley calls "the thoughtless brains," of a savage, to act as a storehouse for such experiences when obtained. For, firstly, the wicked often remain in a state of great prosperity for periods commensurate with the lifetime of an entire population of civilised, not to speak of the notoriously shorter-lived savage men; and a lifelong experience would neutralise the results, not merely of tradition, but of hereditary transmission. And, secondly, as Sir John Lubbock himself tells us (p. 70), with reference to the practice of infanticide, the "distinction between the sexes implies an amount of forethought and prudence which the lower races of men do not possess." We commend this estimate of the faculties and capacities of our ancestors to the careful consideration of those philosophers who suppose them to have been capable of processes of stock-taking, which must, *ex hypothesi*, have enabled them to anticipate the epigram, "Honesty is the best policy."—*The Academy*, Nov. 15, 1870.

We have thus Professor Rolleston with us when we assert that it is impossible to account for the natural development of a moral power of judgment, without, in fact, presupposing its actual existence—since such judgment cannot exist without an ethical standard, and such standard cannot exist without an ethical judgment.

The third question, then, now alone remains: namely, whether the moral perceptions of any people are so perverted as to directly contradict our own abstract moral judgments. In the words of Mr. Lecky:—"It is not to be expected, it is not to be maintained, that men in all ages should have agreed about the application of their moral principles. All that is contended for is that these principles are themselves the same . . . in fact, that, however these principles might be applied, still humanity was recognised as a virtue, and cruelty as a vice."† But if opponents have been unable

to bring instances to show the existence of a non-moral race, still less can they prove the existence of one the moral principles of which are *inverted*. Let thieving be here and there encouraged and taught, yet dishonesty is nowhere erected into a principle, but is reprobated in the very maxim 'honour amongst thieves.' Frightful cruelty towards prisoners was practised by the North American Indians, but it was towards *prisoners*, and cruelty was never inculcated as an ideal to be always aimed at so that remorse of conscience should be felt by any man who happened to have let slip a possible opportunity of cruelty towards any one. As another writer has well expressed it*:—"Many men doubtless in various times and places have thought it right to do many an act which we know to be unjust; still they have never thought it right *because* unjust; they have never thought it right for the sake of any virtuousness which they have supposed to reside in injustice; but because of the virtuousness of *beneficence*, or *gratitude*, or the like. Similarly many men think an act wrong, because they think it unjust; but they never think it wrong because they think it *just*."

We may then safely conclude that there exists no evidence whatever yet discovered for the existence of races either non-moral or with a really inverted morality, or for the evolution of a 'moral state' from a pre-existing brutal and 'amoral' condition of mankind. The question as to the *possibility* of such a process of evolution is a philosophical question, and cannot of course be solved by the sciences of the writers reviewed—namely, ethnology and archæology. Nevertheless, we have indirectly and by the way found strong reasons to believe it impossible; but for an exhaustive treatment of the question there is here no space, and this is not the place. To have ascertained that no positive evidence whatever is yet forthcoming has been sufficient for our present purpose.

III. In proceeding to the third branch of our inquiry, that concerning *Religion*—concerning the universality, or non-universality, of religious conceptions—it is once more necessary to commence with definitions and distinctions. It is obvious that it cannot here be meant to assert that men have, almost universally, a positive religious belief, since so vast a number of those we know

* 'Morals,' vol. i. p. 104.

† Mr. Lecky (*op. cit.* p. 105) gives some interesting quotations from Helvetius, 'De l'Esprit,'

vol. ii. p. 13, to show how practices which are at first glaringly immoral, come, when fully understood, to appear relatively moral, and a positive improvement upon other customs they have displaced.

* 'Dublin Review,' January 1872, p. 65.

familiarly have none. It is evident that we cannot be surprised at finding generally diffused in some other nations, irreligious or non-religious phenomena analogous to those we may meet with in our own. Neither can it be meant that a distinct religious system is to be found in every nation or tribe, since it would manifestly be very probable that the descendants of some isolated irreligious parents should have grown up devoid of religion altogether. What is meant by the universality of religious conceptions is the general diffusion amongst all considerable races of men: first, of a power to apprehend the existence of a good supernatural Being possessed of knowledge and will, and rewarding men in another world in accordance with their conduct in this; secondly, of a tendency to believe in the actual existence of superhuman powers and beings, and also in an existence beyond the grave—however shadowy, distorted, or aborted such conceptions may seem to us to be.

We have then to consider our authors' teachings as to the following questions:—First, whether any people are now in a state as unconscious of the preternatural and as unconcerned with regard to a future life, as are the brutes? Secondly, whether any races exist which may be deemed to be in a transitional condition from brutish, non-religiosity, or with religious conceptions so essentially divergent from our own as to be different in *kind*, and, therefore, incapable of transition either from or to the highest religious condition? But if in the former inquiries it was necessary for us to be upon our guard against the misapprehensions and misinterpretations of travellers, it is still more necessary for us to be so here. The necessity is so great because both theological and anti-theological prejudices are more likely than are any others to warp the judgment and influence the appreciations of even well-meaning observers. As to the theological prejudice, however, we can effectually guard against that by building upon the facts and inferences offered to us by the authors we are reviewing. Whatever may be their most conspicuous merits, or their shortcomings, theological prejudice will not be a vice we shall have to guard against in them. Admissions made by them, favourable to theology, may be accepted without apprehension upon that score.

As regards the influence of bias in this matter we cite some remarks of Mr. Tylor himself which are well worthy of consideration (the italics are ours):—

‘While observers who have had fair oppor-

tunities of studying the religions of savages have thus sometimes done scant justice to the facts before their eyes, the hasty denials of others who have judged without even facts can carry no great weight. A sixteenth century traveller gave an account of the natives of Florida which is typical of such: “Touching the religion of this people which we have found, for want of their language we could not understand neither by signs nor gesture that they had any religion or law at all. . . . We suppose that they have no religion at all, and that they live at their own liberty.” Better knowledge of these Floridians nevertheless showed that they had a religion, and better knowledge has reversed many another hasty assertion to the same effect; as when writers used to declare that the natives of Madagascar had no idea of a future state, and no word for soul or spirit, or when Dampier inquired after the religion of the natives of Timor, and was told that they had none; or when Sir Thomas Roe landed in Saldanha Bay, on his way to the court of the Great Mogul, and remarked of the Hottentots that “they have left off their custom of stealing, but know no God or religion.” Among the numerous accounts collected by Sir John Lubbock as *evidence* bearing on the absence or low development of religion among low races, some may be selected as lying *open to criticism* from this point of view. Thus, the statement that the Samoan Islanders had no religion cannot stand in the face of the elaborate description by the Rev. G. Turner of the Samoan religion itself; and the assertion that the Tapinombas of Brazil had no religion, is one not to be received without some more positive proof, for the religious doctrines and practices of the Tapi race have been recorded by Lery, De Laet, and other writers. Even with much time and care and knowledge of language, it is not always easy to elicit from savages the details of their theology. They rather try to hide from the prying and contemptuous foreigner their worship of gods who seem to shrink, like their worshippers, before the white man and his mightier Deity. And thus, even where no positive proof of religious development among any particular tribe has reached us, we should distrust its denial by observers whose acquaintance with the tribe in question has not been intimate as well as kindly. Assertions of this sort are made *very carelessly*. Thus, it is said of the Andaman Islanders that they have not the rudest elements of a religious faith; Dr. Monat states this explicitly; yet it appears that the natives did not even display to the foreigners the rude music which they actually possessed, so that they could scarcely have been expected to be communicative as to their theology, if they had any. In our time, the most striking negation of the religion of savage tribes is that published by Sir Samuel Baker, in a paper read in 1866 before the Ethnological Society of London, as follows: “The most northern tribes of the White Nile are the Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuehr, Kytch, Bohr, Aliab, and Shir. A general description will suffice for the whole, excepting the Kytch. Without any exception, they are

without a belief in a supreme being, neither have they any form of worship or idolatry; nor is the darkness of their minds enlightened by even a ray of superstition." Had this distinguished explorer spoken only of the Latukas, or of other tribes hardly known to ethnographers except through his own intercourse with them, his denial of any religious consciousness to them would have been at least entitled to stand as the best procurable account, until more intimate communication should prove or disprove it. But in speaking thus of comparatively well-known tribes, such as the Dinkas, Shillooks, and Nuehr, Sir S. Baker ignores the existence of published evidence, such as describes the sacrifices of the Dinkas, their belief in good and evil spirits (adjok and djyok), their good deity and heaven-dwelling creator, Dendid, as likewise Nêar, the deity of the Nuehr, and the Shillooks' creator, who is described as visiting, like other spirits, a sacred wood or tree. Kaufmann, Boun, Bollet, Lejean, and other observers, had thus placed on record details of the religion of these White Nile tribes, years before Sir Samuel Baker's rash denial that they had any religion at all.—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 381.

Again Mr. Tylor quotes as surprisingly inconsistent,—

* 'Mr. Moffat's declaration as to the Bechuanas, that "man's immortality was never heard of among that people," he having remarked in the sentence next before, that the word for the shades or manes of the dead is "liriti." In South America, again, Don Felix de Azara comments on the positive falsity of the ecclesiastics' assertion that the native tribes have a religion. He simply declares that they have none; nevertheless, in the course of his work he mentions such facts as that the Payaguas bury arms and clothing with their dead, and have some notions of a future life, and that the Guanas believe in a being who rewards good and punishes evil. In fact, this author's reckless denial of religion and law to the lower races of this region justifies D'Orbigny's sharp criticism * that "this is indeed what he says of all the nations he describes, while actually proving the contrary of his thesis by the very facts he alleges in its support."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 379.

Once more, as to the easy way in which the real meaning of words may escape the reporters of such expressions, Mr. Tylor judiciously observes:—

'Prudent ethnographers must often doubt accounts of such, for this reason, that the savage who declares that the dead live no more, may merely mean to say that *they are dead*. When the East African is asked what becomes of his buried ancestors, the "old people," he can reply that "they are ended," yet at the same time he fully admits that their ghosts survive.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 18.

Mr. Tylor's own belief (expressed, of course, in terms conformable to his own view of evolution) as to the religion of the lower races is thus declared: * 'Genuine savage faiths do, in fact, bring to our view what seem to be rudimentary forms of ideas which underlie dualistic theological schemes among higher nations. It is certain that even amongst rude savage hordes native thought has already turned toward the deep problem of good and evil.' He thus admits an essentially and distinctly ethical element into the theology of even 'genuine' savages. But our author has yet more decided views as to the universality of religious conceptions. Concerning the existence of savages without religion, he says† (speaking from his point of view as a supporter of the monistic hypothesis): 'Though the theoretical niche is ready and convenient, the actual statue to fill it is not forthcoming. The case is, in some degree, similar to that of the tribes asserted to exist without language or without the use of fire: nothing in the nature of things [?] seems to forbid the possibility of such existence, but, as a matter of fact, the tribes are not found.'

As we have said, the native Australians have much pretension to the post of lowest of existing races, and we often hear a great deal as to their non-religious condition; nevertheless Mr. Tylor quotes‡ the Rev. W. Ridley to the effect that 'whenever he has conversed with the Aborigines, he found them to have quite definite traditions concerning supernatural beings, as Baime, whose voice they hear in thunder and who made all things.' Moreover this testimony is reinforced by that of Stanbridge ('T. Eth. Soc.' vol. i. p. 301), who is quoted as asserting that so far from the Australians having no religion, 'they declare that Jupiter, whom they call "foot of day" (Ginabong-Beary), was a chief among the old Spirits, that ancient race who were translated to heaven before man came on earth.' But not only do we thus meet with distinct conceptions of the supernatural where their existence has been denied, but some of the external manifestations of these conceptions are by no means to be despised. Thus in a prayer used by the Khonds of Orissa we find § the following words: 'We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it us.' Mr. Tylor adds: 'Such are types of prayer in the lower levels of culture!'

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 288.

† *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 378.

‡ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 378.

§ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 385.

* 'L'Homme Américain,' vol. ii. p. 318.

But the universal tendency of even the most degraded tribes to practices which clearly show their belief in preternatural agencies is too notorious to admit of serious discussion, while the wide-spread, and probably all but universal, practice of some kind of funereal rites speaks plainly of as wide a notion that the dead in some sense yet live. As to the power possessed by even the lowest races of apprehending strictly religious conceptions, the annals of the Christian Propaganda prove it abundantly. The Australians, however, are generally believed to be the most hopeless subjects of missionary effort, and yet Western Australia* demonstrates the utter groundlessness of this persuasion. We may conclude, then, that no existing race is generally devoid of conceptions regarding the preternatural, or entirely unconcerned about future existence, whether their own or that of their friends or enemies.

It remains, then, to inquire whether any existing races may be fairly considered as in a transitional state from a non-religious condition like that of beasts? or whether the religious conceptions of any race are so different in kind from our own as to render it impossible for them to be the degraded remnants of former religious belief of a higher character? As to the first of these questions, it may be observed that the difference between a nature capable of religious conceptions and one not so capable is a difference of *kind*, and therefore 'transitions' are just as possible or as impossible here, as in the previous matters of morality and speech. This is a question the decision of which, again, rests with philosophy. Nevertheless it may be here observed that obviously no combinations of merely sensible perceptions could give rise to the conception of beings of a preternatural nature and with preternatural powers. It is a question not of a vague fear, but of conceptions of beings with superhuman attributes. As to the second question—that concerning the nature of religious conceptions in the most distinct races—it may be safely affirmed, on our author's own authority, that the differences are often much more superficial and the agreements much more profound than is very often, if not generally, supposed. The extreme want of flexibility of so many minds is the cause of this difficulty of perceiving how often the same essential idea underlies different external modes of representation. The personifications of stars, rivers, clouds, &c., are, when viewed under a

certain aspect, to some tribes not only the natural expression of their religious conceptions, but probably even the nearest approach to truth now possible to them apart from revelation. As to their conceptions Mr. Tylor remarks:† 'They rest upon a broad philosophy of nature, early and crude indeed, but thoughtful, consistent, and quite really and seriously meant.' As to the *crudity* of these modes of expressing a belief in the general action of superhuman causation, it may be remarked that after all the error was trifling compared with that of modern Materialists—*i.e.*, the modern crude conception that because the phenomena of nature are not produced by a human personality they are produced by *none*! Mr. Tylor himself says,‡ as to the real resemblance between apparently very different religious developments, 'Bâime, the creator, whose voice the rude Australians hear in the rolling thunder, will sit enthroned by the side of *Olympian Zeus himself*.'

We have heard much as to the notion entertained by some barbarians† that a distinction of ranks extends into the next world, and that the future state depends upon the social condition of the departed. But similar notions may exist amongst civilised people, as was evidenced by the often-quoted French lady of the *ancien régime*, who exclaimed, on learning the death of a profligate noble, 'God will think twice before he damns a man of the Marquis's quality.' Indeed it may be said that a belief in the continuance after death of the conditions of this life is at the present time spreading widely amongst thousands who accept the teachings of Spiritualism as a new gospel. But how often may not the highest significance lie hidden and latent under a term which is apparently but sensuous in its meaning? The loftiest terms in use amongst us even now, whether in Science, Religion, or Philosophy, are, when ultimately analysed, but sensuous symbols, such being the necessary materials of our whole language; but this by no means prevents our attaching to such subjects very different *ideas*. Who, when speaking of the spirit of Shakespeare, thinks of the pulmonary exhalation which that term primitively denoted. Mr. Tylor objects§ to the expression 'an offering made by fire of a sweet savour before the Lord,' as being barbarous; but what words could have been used to express spiritual acceptability which would *not* have had a primarily sensuous meaning? Yet

* See 'Mémoires historiques sur l'Australie,' par Mgr. Rudesino Salvado, 1854.

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 258.

† Ibid, vol. i. p. 248. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 78.

§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 350.

granted that many races have no higher conceptions as to the preternatural than belief in demons, dread of witchcraft, and belief in ghosts, is that any reason why such races should not be descended from remote ancestors with a much higher creed? Such, indeed, does appear to be the belief of Sir John Lubbock, who says: * 'Religion appeals so strongly to the hopes and fears of men, it takes so deep a hold on most minds, in its higher forms it is so great a consolation in times of sorrow and sickness, that I can hardly think any nation would ever abandon it altogether.' Again, in reply to the Duke of Argyll, who had objected existing phenomena, Sir John observes:† 'If the Duke means to say that men who are highly civilised, habitually or frequently lose and scornfully disavow religion, I can only say that I should adopt such an opinion with difficulty and regret.' The latter of these passages takes away any weight which might attach to the former, for it is difficult to believe that the passage last quoted can have been seriously meant by its author when we reflect that he must be acquainted with the views of Buchner, Vogt, and Strauss. It is one of the calamities of our time and country that unbelievers, instead of, as in France, honestly avowing their sentiments, disguise them by studious reticence—as Mr. Darwin disguised at first his views as to the bestiality of man, and as the late Mr. Mill silently allowed himself to be represented to the public as a believer in God. When we consider how energetically Atheism manifested itself recently in Paris, its passionate development in Spain with the vigorous atheistic declarations of its late Colonial Minister, when anyone at all acquainted with the Continent must know that it counts its enthusiastic disciples by tens of thousands, it is surely nothing less than solemn trifling‡ to speak of 'difficulty' in recognising patent facts.

We have, then, but to look about us to see how very easily such a corruption as that supposed might have taken place, even in nations as highly developed as our own.

* 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 331.

† Ibid, p. 348.

‡ At p. 256 Sir John also says:—'If we consider the various aspects of Christianity as understood by different nations, we can hardly fail to perceive that the dignity, and therefore the truth, of their religious beliefs, is in direct relation to the knowledge of science and of the great physical laws by which our universe is governed.' Were this true, Vogt, Buchner, Darwin, and Strauss would exemplify the *highest* religious belief. But, in truth, what can be more preposterous than to assert or imply that physical science has to do with the *government* of the universe?

We have but to imagine the emigration of a few such families, and the extinction of religion in their progeny would be inevitable; and in order that a belief in ghosts and in evil spirits might coexist with such religious ignorance, we need but suppose some spiritualists to be amongst the emigrants in question.

But a difficulty is put forward as to the rite of sacrifice. This practice is represented as having originated in the gross notion of actually feeding the gods with flesh, or at least in the spirit of such flesh serving as food to the spiritual beings to whom it was offered, and not in the modern notion of sacrifice. Mr. Tylor says: * 'The mere fact of sacrifice to deities, from the lowest to the highest levels of culture, consisting of the extent of nine-tenths or more of gifts of food for sacred banquets, tells forcibly against the originality of the abnegation theory.' But we ask, Why so? If food in the earliest period was *the* thing to sacrifice which constituted the greatest self-denial easily practised, then, on natural grounds only, we might conclude that such a practice would arise, and that the habit, being once formed, continued and became widely diffused. But, elsewhere, indeed, he concedes a great deal, and admits† that 'we do not find it easy to analyse the impression which a gift makes on our own feelings, and to separate the actual value of the object from the sense of gratification in the giver's good-will or respect, and thus we may well scruple to define closely how uncultured men work out this very same distinction in their dealings with their deities.' This is excellent, and how distinctly a real and unmistakably expressed ethical conception really accompanies such practices in some tribes he himself shows us in another passage. In a Zulu prayer given by him,‡ we find: 'If you ask food of me which *you* have given me, is it not *proper* that I should give it to you?' As he truly says:§ 'The Phœnicians sacrificed the dearest children to propitiate the angry gods,' &c. But, in fact, early sacrifice contained, at the least, implicitly, potentially, vaguely, and in germ, all that which later became actually developed and distinctly expressed. It is not possible for Mr. Tylor, or for anyone else, to prove that it did *not* do so, and that it inevitably *must have done* so we may securely judge from the *outcome* which has since resulted.

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 360.

† Ibid. vol. ii. p. 357. ‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 333.

§ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 361.

We may fairly, then, conclude that there is no evidence of the existence of any race devoid of religious conceptions altogether, or possessing such conceptions so fundamentally different from those existing to-day, that it is impossible to regard them as instances of degradation. The *possibility* of such states is a question for philosophy, but their *actual* non-existence may be taken as established from the failure of all efforts to prove them, and from the admissions herein quoted. Before leaving the subject, we may cite an amusing parody of certain recent attempts to explain almost all early history and legend by myths of dawn and sunrise. Mr. Tylor says,* with respect to the 'Song of Sixpence':—'Obviously, the four-and-twenty blackbirds are the four-and-twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth covered with the overarching sky: how true a touch of nature it is, that when the pie is opened, that is, when day breaks, the birds begin to sing. The king is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danae. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. The particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise.' Mr. Tylor similarly explains the life and death of Julius Cæsar.

IV. We may now proceed to our fourth inquiry, that concerning 'Progress,' or the question whether, on the whole, progress has prevailed among savage races, or whether they have not in the main degenerated? As to this matter, both our authors are strongly of opinion that no extensive or predominant retrogression has taken place. Nevertheless, certain facts stated by them, and certain opinions expressed, seem to indicate at least the possibility of a more extensive process of degeneration than they are inclined to allow. Social progress is an exceedingly complex phenomenon, the result of many factors; and even existing instances of partial retrogression, as in Spain, are palpable enough, while no one will probably contest the inferiority, in many respects, of the Greece of our day to that which listened to the voice of Aristotle or Plato.

Mr. Tylor contrasts very favourably with the late Mr. Buckle in his appreciation of this complexity, and in his perception of the importance of moral as well as of intel-

lectual improvement, and of the absurdity of those who make sure that every revolutionary change must be an improvement. He says:—

'Even granting that intellectual, moral, and political life may, on a broad view, be seen to progress together, it is obvious that they are far from advancing with equal steps. It may be taken as a man's rule of duty in the world, that he shall strive to know as well as he can find out, and do as well as he knows how. But the parting asunder of these two great principles, that separation of intelligence from virtue which accounts for so much of the wrongdoing of mankind, is continually seen to happen in the great movements of civilisation. As one conspicuous instance of what all history stands to prove, if we study the early ages of Christianity, we may see men with minds pervaded by the new religion of duty, holiness, and love, yet at the same time actually falling away in intellectual life, thus at once vigorously grasping one-half of civilisation, and contemptuously casting off the other.'—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 25.

This aspect of the question has an important bearing upon our mode of regarding the earliest families of man. It is plain that a high moral standard might have existed with a most rudimentary state of art and the scantiest appliances of material civilisation. After speaking of Mr. Alfred Wallace and of Lieut. Bruijn Kops, Mr. Tylor says: 'Ethnographers who seek in modern savages types of the remotely ancient human race at large, are bound by such examples to consider the rude life of primæval man under favourable conditions to have been, in its measure, a good and happy life.'

It is difficult for us, surrounded by the abundant aids afforded by international communication, to realise the different effects which would probably result from an absence of such assistance and stimulus. This is perceived by Mr. Tylor, who remarks: * 'In striking a balance between the effects of forward and backward movements in civilisation, it must be borne in mind how powerfully the diffusion of culture acts in preserving the results of progress from the attacks of degeneration.' Therefore, at an early period, when there was little diffusion and no intercommunication between groups which had become isolated, degeneration might very easily have taken place, and these isolated groups may have become the parents of tribes now widely spread. Indeed, our author adds,—

'Degeneration probably operates even more actively in the lower than in the higher cul-

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 287.

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 39.

ture. Barbarous nations and savage hordes, with their less knowledge and scantier appliances, would seem peculiarly exposed to degrading influences.'

After giving an instance from West Africa, he continues:—

'In South-East Africa, also, a comparatively high barbaric culture, which we especially associate with the old descriptions of the kingdom of Monomotapa, seems to have fallen away, and the remarkable ruins of buildings of hewn stone fitted without mortar indicate a former civilisation above that of the native population.'

But actual degradation is a fact which is directly attested, and which the ruins of Central America demonstrate. Our author quotes Father Charlevoix to the effect that the Iroquois, having had their villages burnt,

'have not taken the trouble to restore them to their old condition. . . . The degradation of the Cheyenne Indians is matter of history, and "Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle came upon an outlying fragment of the Shushway race, without horses or dogs, sheltering themselves under rude temporary slants of bark or matting, falling year by year into lower misery."—*Primitive Culture*, vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

Thus we may be certain that some savages have been degraded from a higher level, and this establishes an *a priori* probability that all have been so. Such degradation would not, however, be inconsistent with the existence of a considerable amount of progress in some places side by side with a wider degradation. The New Zealanders show evidence of a possible degradation through changed conditions, as they doubtless at one time inhabited a more favoured clime. They show* this by their use of the well-known Polynesian word 'niu' (cocoanut) for different kinds of divination, thus keeping 'up a trace of the time when their ancestors in the tropical islands had them and divined by them.'

How soon the use even of stone implements may be forgotten is proved by Erman in Kamskatka,† who got there a fluted prism of obsidian; 'but though one would have thought that the comparatively recent use of stone instruments in the country would have been still fresh in the memory of the people, the natives who dug it up had no idea what it was.' Again: 'The Fuegians‡ have for centuries used a higher method' of making fire than have the Patagonians. This looks very much like the

survival of a higher culture as to this practice in the midst of a widespread degeneracy. Such an explanation is strengthened by the following remark* about the Fuegians: 'This art of striking fire instead of laboriously producing it with the drill, is not, indeed, the only thing in which the culture of this race stands above that of their northern neighbours,' their canoes also being of superior quality. Mr. Tylor thinks that the South Australians may have learnt their art of making polished instruments of green jade from 'some Malay or Polynesian source,' instead of its having survived the wreck of a higher culture, as the fire-making art of the Fuegians has probably so done. But this is a mere possibility, and experience shows us how often such arts are *not* learnt even when we know for certain that the opportunity of learning them has been offered. Thus our author himself remarks,† that the North Americans never learnt the art of metal work, &c. from the Europeans of the tenth century. That the belief in a persistence of social conditions after death, before referred to, may be a degradation, is shown by the spread of modern 'spiritualism,' which has widely propagated that belief amongst people whose ancestral creed taught a very different doctrine.

A curious proof of degradation of one or another kind is exemplified by the ceremonial purifications practised by the Kafirs. Respecting these Mr. Tylor remarks:‡ 'It is to be noticed that these ceremonial practices have come to mean something distinct from mere cleanliness. Kafirs who will purify themselves from ceremonial uncleanness by washing, are not in the habit of washing themselves or their vessels for ordinary purposes, and the dogs and the cockroaches divide between them the duty of cleaning out the milk-baskets.' Therefore here one of two things must be conceded. We have either a case of degradation and degeneration from earlier cleanliness, or else there must have been an original spiritual meaning in certain primitive washings pointing to a higher religious condition than that at present existing amongst those who practise the ceremonies in question. Again, the legend of the World Tortoise§ may be but a degradation, and have meant, as Mr. Tylor suggests, to express the hemispherical Heavens overarching the flat expanded plain of Earth.

Sir John Lubbock presents to us data

* 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 73.

† 'Researches into the Early History of Man-kind,' p. 207.

‡ Ibid. pp. 245-6.

* Ibid. p. 259.

† Ibid. p. 205. §

‡ 'Primitive Culture,' vol. ii. p. 393.

§ 'Researches into the Early History of Man-kind,' p. 333.

which, in fact, also speak of degradation in a more northern part of Africa, namely, amongst the Christians of Abyssinia. He quotes* Bruce as saying that there is 'no such thing as marriage in Abyssinia, unless that which is contracted by mutual consent, without other form, subsisting only till dissolved by dissent of one or other, and to be renewed or repeated as often as it is agreeable to both parties, who, when they please, live together again as man and wife, after having been divorced, had children by others, or whether they have been married, or had children with others or not. I remember to have once been at Koscam in presence of the Itege (the Queen), when, in the circle, there was a woman of great quality, and seven men who had all been her husbands, none of whom was the happy spouse at that time.'† Sir John significantly couples with this quotation another to the effect that, for all this, 'there is no country in the world where there are so many churches.'‡ Now when Christianity was first accepted by these Christians their practice must have been very different, and, therefore, we have here an unquestionable case of Christian degeneracy parallel to, and carried further than, the analogous degeneracy of Portugal and its transatlantic offspring Brazil. It is curious, also, that in these cases, more or less religious isolation has been the prelude to degeneracy.

There is, then, much reason to think that degeneracy may have been both great in degree and wide-spread in its effects, so as to account by degradation for the existing state of all the various tribes of savages which discovery has made known to us. But the maintenance of this position is by no means necessary to justify the religious belief of even the most orthodox Christians. Orthodoxy does not by any means necessarily conflict with such views as those put forward by Messrs. Tylor and Lubbock. All traces now, or to be hereafter, discovered of ancient man, may indicate *ascent* and progress, and all existing savages may be *ascending* from still lower levels, and yet the first man may, notwithstanding, have been all that theology asserts that he was. Nay more, his progeny may none the less have preserved for a considerable period a high degree of direct, simple, moral elevation in an age of stone, and yet have been the ancestors of races who fell below the level of any savages now existing on the earth. In theology Adam stands in a cate-

gory of his own. According to it he was actually all that it became him as man to be, having the full and perfect use of reason in the first moment of his existence. But it is impossible to argue from Adam even to his immediate descendants, as the difference between their states is a difference not of degree but of kind. According to the strictest theology, part even of Adam's knowledge was acquired, not infused, and, therefore, took time and depended upon the occurrence of opportunities. His descendants were naturally in a state of mere ignorance, to be removed only by education either by way of what is technically called *disciplina* or else by *inventio*. Now as regards their degenerate descendants, the *Homines sylvatici*, these were, by the hypothesis, in a position which deprived them of the first of these influences, and circumstances might well have rendered their power of *inventio* inoperative and practically futile. Thus some might have remained stationary, or have continued to retrograde till discovered by civilised man, while others more favourably circumstanced might have again spontaneously advanced by their own *inventio* and been found by discoverers in a positively ascending and improving condition. Nothing, therefore, which ethnology or archæology can demonstrate can conflict with Christian doctrine, since the question as to the mental condition of Adam is one utterly beyond the reach of any physical science, while any facts which science can prove concerning *Homo sylvaticus* will be welcomed by theologians as tending to throw light upon the condition of his descendants, as to which question there is complete freedom of opinion.

It is physical science, not theology, which inclines us to assign a greater scope to degeneration than that assigned to it by the authors we are reviewing. As has been said, instances of degeneration are before our eyes to-day in Europe. Even the periodical literature of our own country is continually giving vent to opinions which have but to spread predominantly to render our degradation certain.

One of the greatest achievements of the last two thousand years has been the successful promulgation of the doctrine that *purity of intention*, and not success, is that which is really deserving of esteem. Yet the essentially cruel heartlessness of Paganism is having its intellectual justification prepared for it in the midst of our beneficent, humanitarian activities. To show this the more clearly we may quote the words of one who, in so many ways, contrasts favourably with other members of that

* 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 57.

† Bruce's 'Travels,' vol. iv. p. 487.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. p. 1.

school of thought which he has not as yet explicitly repudiated. The exigencies of his present philosophical position have betrayed even Mr. Herbert Spencer into speaking* of the 'Worthy' and the 'Unworthy' as synonymous with the 'well' and the 'ill-to-do,' and he does not guard himself from being understood to call the poor and the unsuccessful, as such, by the opprobrious epithet 'good-for-nothings.† Another triumph of the same Christian period has been the establishment of at least a pure theory of the sexual relations and the protection of the weaker sex against the selfishness of male concupiscence. Now, however, marriage is the constant subject of attack, and unrestrained licentiousness *theoretically* justified. Mr. George Darwin proposes‡ that divorce should be made consequent on insanity, and coolly remarks that, should the patient recover, he would suffer in no other respect than does *anyone* that is forced by ill-health to *retire from any career he has begun* [!]; 'although, of course, the necessary isolation of the parent from the children *would be a peculiarly bitter blow*.' Elsewhere§ he speaks in an approving strain of the most oppressive laws, and of the encouragement of vice in order to check population. There is no hideous sexual criminality of Pagan days that might not be defended on the principles advocated by the school to which this writer belongs. This repulsive phenomenon affords a fresh demonstration of what France of the Regency and Pagan Rome long ago demonstrated; namely, how easily the most profound moral corruption can co-exist with the most varied appliances of a complex civilisation. The peasants of the Tyrol, on the other hand, serve equally well to demonstrate how pure and lofty a morality and how really refined a mental civilisation may co-exist with very great simplicity in the adjuncts and instruments of social life. We have but to develop this idea somewhat further to see a family of the Stone age, clothed in a few skins, ignorant of the sciences, and innocent of all but the rudest art, yet possessed of a moral integrity but very exceptionally present amidst the population of the greatest cities of modern days. Mr. Tylor tells|| us that the wild Veddahs of Ceylon, though extremely barbarous as to their dwellings, clothing, and use of the fire-drill, 'are most truthful and honest,'

and 'their monogamy and conjugal fidelity contrast strongly with the opposite habits of the more civilised Singhalese.' Sir John Lubbock has collected the following particulars as to the social state of the Esquimaux, a people so peculiarly interesting to us in this inquiry because by some deemed to be the last survivors of an ancient miocene race:—

'Captain Parry gives us the following pictures of an Esquimaux hut. "In the few opportunities we had of putting their hospitality to the test we had every reason to be pleased with them. Both as to food and accommodation, the best they had were always at our service; and their attention, both in kind and degree, was everything that hospitality and even good breeding could dictate. The kindly offices of drying and mending our clothes, cooking our provisions, and thawing snow for our drink, were performed by the women with an obliging cheerfulness which we shall not easily forget, and which demanded its due share of our admiration and esteem. While thus their guest I have passed an evening not only with comfort but with extreme gratification; for with the women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp, one might well forget for the time that an Esquimaux hut was the scene of this domestic comfort and tranquillity; and I can safely affirm, with Cartwright, that, while thus lodged beneath their roof, I know no people whom I would more confidently trust, as respects either my person or my property, than the Esquimaux." Dr. Rae, * who had ample means of judging, tells us that the Eastern Esquimaux are sober, steady, and faithful, . . . provident of their own property and careful of that of others when under their charge. . . . Socially they are lively, cheerful, and chatty people, fond of associating with each other and with strangers, with whom they soon become on friendly terms, if kindly treated. . . . In their domestic relations they are exemplary. The man is an obedient son, a good husband, and a kind father. . . . The children when young are docile. . . . The girls have their dolls, in making dresses and shoes for which they amuse and employ themselves. The boys have miniature bows, arrows, and spears. . . . When grown up they are dutiful to their parents. . . . Orphan children are readily adopted and well cared for until they are able to provide for themselves. He concludes by saying: "The more I saw of the Esquimaux the higher was the opinion I formed of them."'

—*The Origin of Civilisation*, p. 343.

V. The quotations just given bring us directly to the explicit consideration of our fifth inquiry, the answer to which has been already so much anticipated—that, namely, respecting the existence of a community of

* 'Contemporary Review,' August 1873, p. 343.

† Ibid. p. 339.

‡ Ibid. p. 418, 'On Beneficial Restrictions to Liberty of Marriage.'

§ Ibid. pp. 424-5.

|| 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 45.

* 'Trans. Eth. Soc. 1866,' p. 138.

nature amongst all the most diverse races of mankind. Here again we must carefully bear in mind the inaccuracy and the tendency to exaggeration so common with travellers, as well as their liability to be intentionally deceived. Thus Mr. Oldfield showed to some New Hollanders a drawing of one of their own people, which they asserted to be intended to represent not a man but a ship or a kangaroo, or other very different object. As to this story Sir John Lubbock shrewdly remarks * : 'It is not, however, quite clear to me that they were not poking fun at Mr. Oldfield.' A similar explanation is probably available in some other cases also. The absence of certain arts or customs in a given area at a given early period, by no means necessarily implies that they had not previously existed. The necessity of this caution is shown by the following remark † of Sir John Lubbock concerning the pictorial art: 'It is somewhat remarkable that while even in the Stone period we find very fair drawings of animals, yet in the latest part of the Stone age, and throughout that of Bronze, they are almost entirely wanting, and the ornamentation is confined to various combinations of straight and curved lines and geometrical patterns.' In the two preceding pages the same author relates to us different curious modes of salutation; but all such curious customs prove the essential similarity and rationality of man, and form no approximation to a brutal condition, in which 'salutation' is unknown. Sir John Lubbock gives ‡ the following as an instance of remarkable superstition: 'The natives near Sydney made it an invariable rule never to whistle when beneath a particular cliff, because on one occasion a rock fell from it and crushed some natives who were whistling underneath it.' It is not clear, however, that this was not rather a case of prudence, which many Europeans would be inclined to imitate. Sir John Lubbock also quotes with approval from Mr. Sproat the opinion that the difference between the savage and the cultivated mind is merely between the more or less aroused condition of the one and the same mind. The quotation is made § in reference to the Ahts of North-Western America: 'The native mind, to an educated man, seems generally to be asleep; and, if you suddenly ask a novel question, you have to repeat it while the mind of the savage is awakening, and to speak with emphasis until he has quite got your meaning.'

The low arithmetical power possessed by

many tribes has been much spoken of; but, in fact, what is really remarkable is, that this power, however low, really exists in all. If any tribe could be found without the conception 'number' at all, and therefore unable to count two, that would indeed show the existence of an essential diversity; but no one has attempted to assert that such a tribe has been discovered. Those who have examined the remains of our own ancestors of the Bronze period—their elaborate ornaments, their ceremonial weapons—can hardly have avoided arriving at the conclusion that the difference between them and the Englishmen of to-day can have been but trifling in the extreme. An absurdly exaggerated idea of the special importance of our own social condition and of the value of the merely material appliances of civilisation can alone induce an opposite conclusion. It is an analogous superficiality which also tends to break down the barrier between man and brute by what Mr. Herbert Spencer calls 'inverted anthropomorphism;' and with respect to which some good remarks* are made by Mr. Tylor, who tells us:—

'Uncivilised man deliberately assigns to apes an amount of human quality which to modern naturalists is simply ridiculous. Everyone has heard the story of the negroes declaring that apes can speak, but judiciously hold their tongues lest they should be made to work; but it is not generally known that this is found as serious matter of belief in several distant regions—West Africa, Madagascar, South America, &c.—where monkeys or apes are found. . . . On the other hand, popular opinion has under-estimated the man as much as it has over-estimated the monkey. We know how sailors and emigrants can look on savages as senseless, ape-like brutes, and how some writers on anthropology have contrived to make out of the moderate intellectual difference between an Englishman and a negro something equivalent to the immense interval between a negro and a gorilla. Thus we can have no difficulty in understanding how savages may seem mere apes to the eyes of men who hunt them like wild beasts in the forests, who can only hear in their language a sort of irrational gurgling and barking, and who fail totally to appreciate the real culture which better acquaintance always shows among the rudest tribes of man.'

Again, he adds † :—

'The sense of an absolute psychical distinction between man and beast, so prevalent in the civilised world, is hardly to be found among the lower races.'

Thus the view, so popular to-day, as to the community of nature between man and

* 'Prehistoric Times,' p. 428.

† 'The Origin of Civilisation,' p. 25.

‡ Ibid. p. 188. § Ibid. p. 5.

* 'Primitive Culture,' pp. 342-3.

† Op. cit. vol. i. p. 423.

brutes, is really a reversion towards savage thought. As to man, considered without reference to lower animals, Mr. Tylor declares himself very decidedly in favour of the substantial community of nature existing in the most divergent human races. He pronounces* as follows: 'The state of things amongst the lower tribes which presents itself to the student, is a *substantial similarity* in knowledge, arts, and customs, running through the whole world. Not that the whole culture of all tribes is alike—far from it; but if any art or custom belonging to a low tribe is selected at random, it is twenty to one that something substantially like it may be found in at least one place thousands of miles off, though it very frequently happens that there are large portions of the earth's surface lying between, where it has not been observed. Indeed there are few things in cookery, clothing, arms, vessels, boots, ornaments, found in one place, that cannot be matched more or less nearly somewhere else.' Respecting the alleged ignorance of fire in some races, he observes:† 'It is likely that the American explorers may have misinterpreted the surprise of the natives at seeing cigars smoked, and fire produced from flint and steel, as well as the eating of raw fish and the absence of signs of cooking in the dwellings.' Wilkes, in the 'Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition' (1838-42), has given 'ignorance of fire' as an interpretation of such observed phenomena, and yet, as Mr. Tylor remarks, 'curiously enough, within the very work particulars are given which show that fire was in reality a *familiar thing in the island!*' It is probable that the same error has occurred in other instances.

Our author even thinks‡ that the Fijians have themselves *invented* an eating fork, and he reminds us§ how our practices of stopping teeth with gold and dressing fish *en papillote* have been anticipated by the ancient Egyptians on the one hand, and by the Australians (by means of bark) on the other.

But it would be difficult to cite stronger testimony than that given by Mr. Tylor to the community of nature in different races under the most diverse physical conditions, judging from unity of products, gesture, language, customs, &c., although 'we might reasonably expect that men of like minds, when placed under widely different circumstances of country, climate, vegetable and

animal life, and so forth, should develop very various phenomena of civilisation.*

Although Mr. Tylor ventures† 'to judge in a rough way of an early condition of man, which from our [his] point of view is to be regarded as a primitive condition, whatever yet earlier state may in reality have lain behind it,' he fully admits that, as far as research carries us, the same human characteristics come again and again before us on every hand. He concludes with the following emphatic tribute to the essential unity of man in all ages, all climes, and all conditions:‡—

'The historian and the ethnographer must be called upon to show the hereditary standing of each opinion and practice, and their inquiry must go back as far as antiquity or savagery can show a vestige, for there seems no human thought so primitive as to have lost its bearing on our own thought, nor so ancient as to have broken its connection with our own life.'

With these declarations we may well rest contented, and conclude—from the absence of opposing evidence, as well as from such admissions on the part of a witness whose bias is in an opposite direction—that one common fundamental human nature is present in all the tribes and races of men (however contrasted in external appearance) which are scattered over the whole surface of the habitable globe.

VI. We are now in a position to draw our conclusions from the foregoing data, and state the results which the teachings of Mr. Tylor and Sir John Lubbock seem to force upon us. The works referred to and quoted have been, as we said, selected for review because their authors are not only most justly esteemed for their information and capability, not only because they are representative men in ethnology and archaeology, but also because their bias is *favourable* to the monistic view of evolution, and their evidences, and admissions made by them which tell against that view, can be more safely relied on. We have considered facts brought forward by one or other of them, and judgments expressed on those facts with regard to speech, morality, religion, progress, and community of nature in the most diverse tribes of mankind, with a view to discovering (1) whether any evidence can be adduced of man's existence in a brutal or irrational condition; (2) whether the evidence points in the direction of such a condition in the past; and (3) whether any men now exist less remote from

* 'Researches into the Early History of Mankind,' p. 169.

† Op. cit. p. 231.

‡ Op. cit. p. 175.

§ Op. cit. p. 173.

* Op. cit. p. 362.

† 'Primitive Culture,' vol. i. p. 19.

‡ Op. cit. vol. i. p. 409.

beasts than from the highest individuals of mankind? We have found, as regards *Language*, not only an essential agreement amongst all men, but that even the merely dumb prove by their gestures that they are possessed of the really important part of the faculty (the *verbum mentale*), though accidentally deprived of the power of giving it verbal expression (the *verbum oris*). As to *Morals*, we have found that not only are all races possessed of moral perception, but even that their fundamental moral principles are not in contradiction with our own.

Concerning *Religion*, we have seen that religious conceptions appear to exist universally amongst all races of mankind, though often curiously aborted or distorted, and often tending to extreme degradation after periods during which a higher level had been maintained. Respecting *Community of Nature*, we have been able to quote from Mr. Tylor assertions of the most unequivocal character. Finally, as to *Progress*, we have found cause to believe that '*Retrogression*' may have been much greater and more extensive than our authors are disposed to admit; but that however that may be, and even if their views on this subject are correct, as to existing races, such views, if established, would not constitute one iota of proof that the Christian doctrines as to man, his origin and nature, are erroneous.

From the absence of any positive proof as to a brutal condition of mankind, and from the absence of even any transitional stage, a presumption, at the least, arises that no such transition ever took place. This absence, also (there being at the same time so much positive evidence of essential community of nature amongst all men), clearly throws the *onus probandi* on those who assert the fact of such transition in the past. At the least they must betake themselves to philosophy, which is alone able to decide as to the abstract possibility or impossibility of such a process, and show by it that the asserted transition is not only possible but also probable; and both demonstrations, we are confident, are beyond their power.

It seems, then, that in the sciences we are considering, namely, ethnology and archæology, the most recent researches of the most trustworthy investigators show that the expectations of the supporters of the dualistic hypothesis are fulfilled, while those of the favourers of the monistic view are disappointed.

The final result therefore is that ethnology and archæology, though incapable of deciding as to the possibility of applying the monistic view of evolution to man, yet, as far as they go, *oppose* that application. Thus

the study of man past and present, by the last-mentioned sciences, when used as a test of the adequacy of the THEORY OF EVOLUTION, tends to show (though the ultimate decision, of course, rests with philosophy) that it is inadequate, and that another factor must be introduced of which it declines to take any account—the action, namely, of a DIVINE MIND as the direct and immediate originator and cause of the existence of its created image, the mind of man.

Such being the result of the inquiry we have undertaken, the assertors of man's dignity are clearly under no slight obligations to Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Tylor for their patient, candid, and laborious toil. But if such is the case with regard to these writers, how much greater must be the obligation due to that author who has so profoundly influenced them, and whose suggestive writings have produced so great an effect on nineteenth-century Biology.

A deep debt of gratitude will indeed be one day due to Mr. Darwin—one difficult to over-estimate. This sentiment, however, will be mainly due to him for the indirect result of his labours. It will be due to him for his having, in fact, become the occasion of the *reductio ad absurdum* of that system which he set out to maintain—namely, the origin of man by natural selection, and the sufficiency of mechanical causes to account for the harmony, variety, beauty, and sweetness of that teeming world of life, of which man is the actual and, we believe, ordained observer, historian, and master.

But the study of savage life has taught us much.

Our poor obscurely thinking, roughly speaking, childish acting, impulsive cousin of the wilds, the *Homo sylvaticus*, is not a useless tenant of his woods and plains, his rocks and rivers. His humble testimony is of the highest value in supporting the claims of his most civilised brothers to a higher than a merely brutal origin.

The religion of Abraham and Chrysostom, the intellect of Aristotle and Newton, the art of Raphael, of Shakespeare, of Mozart, have their claims to be no mere bestial developments, supported by that testimony. Through it these faculties are plainly seen to be different in *kind* from complex entanglements of merely animal instincts, and sensible impressions. The claims of man as we know him at his noblest, to be of a fundamentally different nature from the beasts which perish, become reinforced and reinvigorated in our eyes, when we find the very same moral, intellectual, and artistic nature (though disguised, obscured, and often profoundly misunderstood) present

even in the rude, uncultured soul of the lowest of our race, the poor savage—*Homo sylvaticus*.

ART. III.—*The Book of Carlaverock*. 2 vols., large quarto. Edinburgh, 1873 (not published).

COLLECTIONS of family papers have of late years much increased in both size and numbers. Even where no one of the name has risen to historical importance there are chests full of documents and letters that are lavishly poured forth. At present it not unfrequently happens that the records of a single not always very eminent house take up as many printed pages as would have been deemed sufficient thirty years ago to instruct a young student in the whole history of England or almost of Europe.

We are far, however, from complaining of this abundance. Even when a man was not himself distinguished, he may have had companionship or common action with those who were. By such means a thousand little traits of character may come unexpectedly to light. Still oftener there may, nay, there must, be reference to the domestic economies, the modes of living and the manners and customs of past times. Thus, when family papers are selected with care and edited with judgment—as was eminently the case, for example, with the ‘Caldwell Collection,’ comprised in three quarto volumes, and printed for the Maitland Club in 1854—they scarcely ever fail to yield fruit of price to the historian.

In the collection now before us are contained the records of the Maxwell family, belonging to Lord Herries, the present head of that ancient house, and confided by him to Mr. William Fraser for arrangement and annotation. The result has been a truly splendid work. These are two quarto volumes of the largest size, almost, indeed, rising to the dignity—as they certainly exceed the usual weight—of folios. The one volume is of 604 pages, the other of 590:—

‘Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.’

No expense, we may add, has been spared in the beautiful types, in the facsimiles of ancient autographs, and the engravings of family portraits or family seats. The book is not for sale; and the impression, we observe, has been limited to 150 copies, so that we should consider it beyond our sphere, and printed only for private circula-

tion, had not Lord Herries made it *publici juris* by presenting a copy in July last year to the Library of the British Museum.

Mr. Fraser, as editor of this collection, seems to us to have done his part with—we may say at least—perspicuity and candour. We have only to complain that, in the first half, at all events, of the eighteenth century, to which in these volumes our attention has been exclusively directed, he has made himself but very slightly acquainted with the other writers of the time. From this cause, as we conceive, he has left in obscurity some points which a wider reading would have enabled him to clear. To give only one instance—for we should take no pleasure in any long list of minute omissions—Mr. Fraser, in Lady Traquair’s letter of January 1724, has failed to see, or certainly, at least, has failed to explain, that the ‘Sir John’ therein mentioned was one of the cant names for the Chevalier de St. George, or the Pretender, as we used to call him. Nor has he observed that the document there discussed is a letter of that Prince, dated August 20, 1723, and printed by Mr. Fraser in one of his preceding pages.

Of the many personages who in these volumes are presented to us, there is only one that we shall here produce. We desire to give our readers some account of that lady who saved her husband’s life from the extremest peril, by the rare combination of high courage and inventive skill, a determined constancy of purpose, and a prompt versatility of means.

Lady Winifred Herbert was the fifth and youngest daughter of the Marquis of Powis; himself descended from the second son of the first Herbert Earl of Pembroke. The exact year of her birth is nowhere to be found recorded. The Marquis, her father, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and, as may be supposed, a warm adherent of James the Second. He followed that Prince in his exile, held the post of Lord Chamberlain in his melancholy Court, and received from him further the patent of Duke, which was never acknowledged in England. He died in 1697, but his wife and daughter continued to reside at St. Germain’s under the protection of the Queen, Mary of Modena.

William fifth Earl of Nithsdale had been left a minor by his father’s untimely death, but was brought up by his surviving parent in the same principles of devoted attachment to the house of Stuart and to the Church of Rome. On attaining his majority he repaired to St. Germain’s, and did homage to the Prince, whom he continued to regard as his rightful King. A more tender motive arose to detain him. He fell in love

with Lady Winifred Herbert, who proved no inexorable beauty. They were married in the spring of 1699, and he bore away his bride to his house and fair gardens of Terregles. Since her noble exploit in the Tower these gardens have been examined with interest for any trace of the departed heroine. But, as Mr. Fraser informs us, they have been greatly changed since her time. Only 'some old beech hedges and a broad green terrace still remain much the same as then.'

We may take occasion to observe of the new-married pair that there was some diversity in the spelling of their name. English writers have most commonly inserted an *i*, and made it Nithisdale; but the Earl and Countess themselves signed Nithsdail.

The Countess bore her lord five children, three of whom, however, died in early childhood. At the insurrection of 1715 they had but two surviving,—a son, William Lord Maxwell, and an infant daughter, Lady Anne. And here in ordinary course might close the record of her life, but for the shining events of 1715, which called forth her energies both to act and to endure.

It need scarcely be related even to the least literary of our readers how, in 1715, the standard of the Chevalier—'James the Third,' as his adherents called him—was raised, by Lord Mar in the Highlands and by Mr. Forster and Lord Derwentwater in Northumberland. Lord Kenmure gave the like example to the Scottish Peers of the southern counties, setting out to join Forster with a small band of retainers. Considering the principles of Lord Nithsdale in Church and State, his course could not be doubtful. He, too, at the head of a few horsemen, appeared in Forster's camp, and shared the subsequent fortunes of that little army. To Lord Kenmure, who was a Protestant, was assigned the chief command of the Scottish levies. But, as Mr. Fraser tells us, 'the Earl of Nithsdale, from his position, and from the devotion of his family to the House of Stuart, would have been placed at the head of the insurrection in the north of Scotland had he not been a Roman Catholic.' But though Mr. Fraser has printed 'north,' he, beyond all doubt, means 'south.' There was never any question as to either Kenmure's or Nithsdale's command beyond the Forth.

We need not relate in any detail the well-known fate of these hasty levies. They found themselves encompassed at Preston by a regular force under General Wills, and were compelled to surrender without obtaining any better terms than the promise to await the orders of the Government and

protect them from any immediate slaughter by the soldiery. It was only a short respite that most of the chiefs then obtained. They were at once sent off as prisoners to London. The painful circumstances of their entry are described as follows in the journal of Lady Cowper, the wife of the Lord Chancellor:—

'December 5, 1715.—This week the prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came in with their arms tied, and their horses, whose bridles were taken off, led each by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, carrying a warming-pan before them, and saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. The chief of my father's family was amongst them. He is above seventy years old. A desperate fortune had drove him from home, in hopes to have repaired it. I did not see them come into town, nor let any of my children do so. I thought it would be an insulting of the relatives I had here, though almost everybody went to see them.'

The captive Peers being thus brought to London were sent for safe custody to the Tower, while preparations for their trial by the House of Lords were making in Westminster Hall. Here again we may borrow from Lady Cowper's journal:—

'February 9, 1716.—The day of the trials. My Lord was named High Steward by the King, to his vexation and mine; but it could not be helped, and so we must submit, though we both heartily wished it had been Lord Nottingham. . . . I was told it was customary to make fine liveries upon this occasion, but I had them all plain. I think it very wrong to make a parade upon so dismal an occasion as that of putting to death one's fellow-creatures, nor could I go to the trial to see them receive their sentences, having a relation among them—Lord Widdrington. The Prince was there, and came home much touched with compassion. What a pity it is that such cruelties should be necessary!'

But were they necessary? Certainly not, according to the temper of present times; while in 1716, on the contrary, far from exceeding, they seem rather to have fallen short of the popular expectation and demands.

The trials were quickly despatched. None of the prisoners could deny that they had risen in arms against the King. It only remained for them to plead 'Guilty,' and throw themselves on the Royal mercy. They were condemned to death as traitors; and the execution of Lord Nithsdale, with that of others, was appointed to take place upon Tower Hill on Wednesday the 24th of the month.

While Forster's insurrection lasted Lady

Nithsdale remained with her children at Terregles. But on learning her Lord's surrender and his imprisonment in London, she resolved at once to join him. Leaving her infant daughter in the charge of her sister-in-law, the Countess of Traquair, and burying the family papers in a nook of the gardens, she set out, attended only by her faithful maid, who had been with her ever since her marriage, a Welshwoman, Cecilia Evans by name. A journey from Scotland in mid-winter was then no such easy task. She made her way on horseback across the Border, and then from Newcastle to York. There she found a place in the coach for herself alone, and was forced to hire a horse for Evans. Nor did her troubles end there, as she writes from Stamford, on Christmas Day, to Lady Traquair,—

'The ill-weather, ways, and other accidents, has made the coach not get further than Grentum (Grantham); and the snow is so deep it is impossible it should stir without some change of weather; upon which I have again hired horses, and shall go the rest of the journey on horseback to London, though the snow is so deep that our horses yesterday were in several places almost buried in it. . . . To-morrow I shall set forward again. I must confess such a journey, I believe, was scarce ever made, considering the weather, by a woman. But an earnest desire compasses a great deal with God's help. If I meet my dear Lord well, and am so happy as to be able to serve him, I shall think all my trouble well repaid.'

The writer adds: 'I think myself most fortunate in having complied with your kind desire of leaving my little girl with you. Had I her with me, she would have been in her grave by this time, with the excessive cold.' It was indeed a season of most unusual rigour. The Thames was fast bound in ice, and many wayfarers throughout England were, it is said, found frozen to death.

The Countess reached London in safety, but, on her arrival, was thrown by the hardships of the journey into 'a violent sickness,' which confined her for some days to her bed. All this time she was anxiously pleading for admittance to her Lord in the Tower, which at last, though with some difficulty and under some restrictions, she obtained. As she writes: 'Now and then by favour I get a sight of him.' There are some hurried notes from her at this period to Lady Traquair. But her proceedings are more fully to be traced in a letter which some years afterwards she addressed to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, the Abbess of an English Convent at Bruges. It thus com-

mences: 'Dear sister, my Lord's escape is such an old story now, that I have almost forgot it; but since you desire the account, to whom I have too many obligations to refuse it, I will endeavour to call it to mind, and be as exact in the relation as I can possible.' And so the narrative proceeds.

This most interesting letter had remained unknown for many years. It was not till 1792 that it was published by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, in the first volume of their 'Transactions.' But it came from a faulty, or, rather we may call it, a *touched-up* copy, putting 'the King,' for example, where Lady Nithsdale had written 'the Elector,' and often interspersing the phrase 'His Majesty,' which she would never have applied to George the First. In the same spirit a few trifling inaccuracies of grammar and language are corrected.

Sometimes, also, it might be desired to soften some roughness of tone. Thus, for example, the published letter makes the Countess say, in reference to the joint petition which it was intended to lay before the House of Lords, 'We were, however, disappointed, for the Duke of St. Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, failed in his word.' But what Lady Nithsdale really wrote was this: 'Being disappointed because the Duke of —, I forget which of the bastard Dukes.'

In all these cases the motive of the finishing touches seems perfectly clear. But there are some other changes that really seem made only for the love of change. Is the phrase, as Lady Nithsdale wrote, 'I took the resolution to endeavour his escape,' improved by making it, 'I formed the resolution to attempt his escape'? Or, again, when the Countess describes how, when at St. James's Palace, she presented the separate petition to George the First, he turned from her while she clung to the skirts of his coat, and in that manner was dragged along the passage on her knees until she fell back fainting, and the petition dropped to the ground in the 'struggle'—Lady Nithsdale calls it—then why alter it to 'scuffle'?

The original, meanwhile, in Lady Nithsdale's own handwriting, was still preserved at Bruges. It was brought from thence so recently as 1828, as a present from the English nuns, and is now among Lord Herries's papers. As Mr. Fraser informs us, it consists of eleven closely-written pages of paper quarto size. At the foot of the last leaf a small piece has been cut out, which is thought to have contained the signature of the writer, and to have been abstracted by some one of the autograph-collectors—an evil-minded race, alas! to whom, in many

cases, the eighth commandment appears to be quite unknown.

This letter is not dated. The omission might seem to be sufficiently supplied by a copy in the library at Terregles, which, as Mr. Fraser assures us, is 'finely bound in morocco,' and which bears the date 'Royal Palais de Rome, April 16, 1718.' This date is accordingly accepted by Mr. Fraser. We must confess, however, that we see very strong objections to it, which, though derived from Mr. Fraser's volumes, have not, it appears, occurred to Mr. Fraser himself.

In the first place, although Lord Nithsdale was at Rome in April 1718, Lady Nithsdale certainly was not. This may be shown beyond dispute from the correspondence now before us. In 1717 Lady Nithsdale had gone to a place she calls 'Flesh,' that is, La Flèche, in Anjou. There she received a visit from her nephew, Lord Linton, eldest son of the Earl of Traquair. We find her writing to her sister-in-law on the 1st of September, 1717, 'I hope you have heard something from my nephew, L., who came to take his leave of me on Friday last, to begin his journey into Italie, and was to leave Angiers yesterday in order to it.' On the 1st of January, 1718, we find her writing again: 'My husband was very well the last letter I had from him. . . . I hope very soon to hear of your son's being happily arrived at his journey's end.' And on the 1st of May following: 'In one of the 10th of March from my husband, he expected his nephew the next day.' On the 22nd of June Lord Linton writes himself from Rome as follows: 'I am glad to hear that the good lady I saw at La Flèche is well, though I have not as yet received any letter from her; yet I did not fail to deliver the commission she gave me for her husband.' It is quite clear from these extracts that Lady Nithsdale was not in the Eternal City during any part of the period mentioned; and that the date of 'Rome, April 16, 1718,' assigned to her letter is entirely erroneous.

There is another circumstance which leads us to think that the real date was several years later. Lady Nithsdale mentions in this letter—as we shall presently see—a servant of the name of Mitchell, who followed Lord Nithsdale abroad, and who, she adds, 'is now very well placed with our young Master.' The allusion is, of course, to the exiled Royal Family. But 'the Chevalier de St. George,' or, as we used to call him, 'the Old Pretender,' was in 1718 about thirty years of age. He had no especial claim to this distinguishing epithet as 'our young Master;' and is constantly mentioned in this correspondence as 'our Master,'

without any epithet at all. It is probable, therefore, that the allusion is rather to his son Charles Edward, who was born in December 1720, and who from his early boyhood appears, according to the custom of princes, to have had a small household assigned him. It may also perhaps be thought that a longer interval would better accord with that failure of recollection on some points, which in her opening sentence Lady Nithsdale mentions.

Passing from this point of chronology, in which we cannot help thinking that the editor might have shown a little more critical care, we have further to complain of a slight injustice that he does to, we admit, not a very great historian. In one of his notes to the first volume, he remarks: 'It is certainly necessary here to notice that Smollett was so ignorant of this fact, that, in his "History of England," he says that the Earl of Nithsdale made his escape in woman's apparel, furnished or conveyed to him by his own mother.' No doubt that Smollett did commit the error here described. But if Mr. Fraser had been more widely conversant with the other writers of that or the next ensuing period, he would have known that such was then the common impression or belief. As the agent in Lord Nithsdale's escape, his wife is not mentioned, but his mother instead, by Boyer, John Wesley, and, above all, Tindall in his valuable 'History of England.' So far as we can see, it was not till the publication of Lady Nithsdale's own narrative that the true facts of the transaction were established. It seems a little hard, therefore, to single out Smollett for especial blame, when he did no more than repeat the current and accepted story of his time.

Full of interest as is Lady Nithsdale's letter, we do not propose to give any further extracts from it in this place, since it has several times already, though with verbal variations, appeared in print. It may be found, for instance, in the Appendix to the second volume of Lord Mahon's 'History of England.' Moreover, it is a little confused in its arrangement. Thus the delivery of her petition to the King, which should stand first of the events in order of time, stands by retrospect the last in her relation. But we will endeavour, with Mr. Fraser's aid, to deduce from it a narrative of her Lord's escape which shall be more concise and equally clear.

Lord Nithsdale was confined in the house of Colonel D'Oyly, Lieutenant Deputy of the Tower, in a small room which looked out on Water Lane, the ramparts, and the wharf, and was 60 feet

from the ground. The way from the room was through the Council Chamber and the passages and stairs of Colonel D'Oyly's house. The door of his room was guarded by one sentinel, that floor by two, the passages and stairs by several, and the outer gate by two. Escape under such circumstances seemed to be impossible, and, as Lady Nithsdale notes, it was one of her main difficulties, when the moment came to persuade her Lord to acquiesce in an attempt which, as he believed, would end in nothing but ignominious failure.

The Countess still placed some reliance on the proceedings that impended in the House of Lords. There on the 22nd of February, only two days before that fixed for the execution, a petition was presented, praying the House to intercede with the King in favour of the Peers under sentence of death. Lady Nithsdale herself stood in the lobby, with many other ladies of rank, imploring the compassion of each Peer as he passed. A motion to the same effect as the petition was made in the House, and, notwithstanding the resistance of the Government, it was carried through the unexpected aid of Lord Nottingham and by a majority of five. But there was added to it a proviso limiting the intercession with the King to such of the condemned Lords as should deserve his mercy. The meaning was that those only should be recommended for pardon who would give information against others who had engaged, although less openly, in the same unprosperous cause. This extinguished all Lady Nithsdale's hopes. She well knew, as she says, that her Lord would never purchase life on such terms. 'Nor,' adds the high-minded woman, 'would I have desired it.'

The axe, as we have seen, was appointed to do its bloody work on the next day but one, and there was no time to lose if Lady Nithsdale sought to carry out the project she had secretly formed of effecting her Lord's escape in woman's clothes. No sooner was the debate concluded than she hastened from the House of Peers to the Tower, where, putting on a face of joy, she went up to the guards at each station and told them that she brought good news. 'No more fear for the prisoners,' she cried, 'since now their petition has passed.' Nor, in saying this, was she without an object. She rightly judged that the soldiers believing that the prisoners were on the point of being pardoned would become, of course, less vigilant. Moreover, at each station she drew some money from her pocket, and gave it to the guards, bidding them

drink 'the King's health and the Peers.' But she was careful, as she says, to be sparing in what she gave; enough to put the guards in good humour, and not enough to raise their suspicions as though their connivance was desired.

All this time she had never acquainted the Earl with her design. This plainly appears from a letter which Lord Herries has published, dated on this very day, the 22nd. It is addressed by Lord Nithsdale to his brother-in-law, the Earl of Traquair, and bids an affectionate farewell to him and to his sister, speaking of himself as fully expecting and calmly resigned to death.

The next morning, the last before the intended execution, was spent by Lady Nithsdale in the needful preparations, and, above all, in securing the assistance of one Mrs. Morgan, a friend of her faithful Evans. When she was ready to go, she sent for Mrs. Mills, at whose house she was lodging, and said: 'Finding now there is no further room for hope of my Lord's pardon, nor longer time than this night, I am resolved to endeavour his escape. I have provided all that is requisite for it; and I hope you will not refuse to come along with me to the end that he may pass for you. Nay, more, I must beg you will come immediately, because we are full late.' Lady Nithsdale had, with excellent judgment, delayed this appeal to the last possible moment: so that her landlady might be put to an immediate decision on the spur of pity, and have no leisure to think of the danger she was herself incurring by any share in the escape of a man convicted of treason. Mrs. Mills having in this surprise assented, Lady Nithsdale bade Mrs. Morgan, who was tall and slender—her height not unlike Lord Nithsdale's—to put under her own riding-hood another which Lady Nithsdale had provided, and after this all three stepped into the coach, which was ready at the door. As they drove to the Tower, Lady Nithsdale has noted that she never ceased to talk with her two companions, so as to leave them no time to reflect.

On arriving at their destination the Countess found that, as usual, she was allowed to take in but one person at a time. She first took Mrs. Morgan, and while they went up stairs spoke, so as to be overheard, of the necessity that, besides the Lords' vote, she should present a separate petition of her own. Within the prisoner's chamber she bade Mrs. Morgan take out and leave the riding-hood that she had brought beneath her clothes, and then conducted her out again, saying as she went, 'Pray do

me the kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I shall be too late with my petition.'

Having thus dismissed Mrs. Morgan, the Countess next brought in Mrs. Mills. As they passed she bade Mrs. Mills hold her handkerchief to her face, as though in tears, designing that the Earl should go forth in the same manner, and thus conceal, in part at least, his face from the guards. When alone with him in his chamber, they proceeded as they best could to disguise him. He had a long beard, which there was not time to shave, but the Countess daubed it over with some white paint that she had provided. In like manner she put some red paint on his cheeks and some yellow on his eyebrows, which were black and thick, while Mrs. Mills's were *blonde* and slight; and she had also ready some ringlets of the same coloured hair. Next she made Mrs. Mills take off the riding-hood in which she came and put on instead that which Mrs. Morgan had brought. Finally they proceeded to equip Lord Nithsdale in female attire by the aid of the riding-hood which the guards had just before seen on Mrs. Mills—by the aid also of all Lady Nithsdale's petticoats but one.

Matters being so far matured, Lady Nithsdale opened the door and led out the real Mrs. Mills, saying aloud, in a tone of great concern, 'Dear Mrs. Catherine, I must beg you to go in all haste and look for my woman, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgot the petition I am to give, which should I miss is irreparable, having but this one night; let her make all the haste she can possible, for I shall be upon thorns till she comes.'

In the ante-room there were then eight or nine persons, the wives and daughters of the guards; they all seemed to feel for the Countess, and quickly made way for her companion. The sentry at the outer door in like manner opened it with alacrity, and thus Mrs. Mills went out. Lady Nithsdale then returning to her Lord, put a finishing touch to his disguise, and waited patiently until it was nearly dark, and she was afraid that candles would be brought. This she determined was the best time to go; so she led forth by the hand the pretended Mrs. Mills, who, as though weeping, held up a handkerchief to her eyes, while Lady Nithsdale, with every expression of grief, loudly lamented herself that her maid Evans had been so neglectful, and had ruined her by her long delay. 'So, dear Mrs. Betty,' she added, 'run and bring her with you, for God's sake; you know my lodgings, and if ever

you made haste in your life, do it now, for I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards, not a little mollified by Lady Nithsdale's gifts the day before, and fully persuaded that a reprieve was at hand, had not taken much heed of the ladies whom they saw pass to and fro; nor exactly reckoned their number. They opened the door, without the least suspicion, to Lady Nithsdale and the false Mrs. Mills, and both accordingly went out. But no sooner past the door than Lady Nithsdale slipped behind her Lord on the way down stairs, and made him precede her, lest the guards, on looking back, should observe his gait, as far different from a lady's. All the time that they walked down she continued to call to him aloud in a tone of great distress, entreating him to make all possible haste, for the sake of her petition; and at the foot of the last stairs she found, as agreed, her trusty Evans, into whose hands she put him.

It had further been settled by Lady Nithsdale that Mr. Mills should wait for them in the open space before the Tower. Mr. Mills had come accordingly, but was so thoroughly convinced of the hopeless nature of the enterprise, that on seeing Mrs. Evans and the false Mrs. Mills approach him, he grew quite dazed, and, in his confusion, instead of helping them, ran home. Evans, however, retained her presence of mind. She took her precious charge, in the first place, to some friends on whom she could rely, and thence proceeding alone to Mr. Mills's house, learnt from him which was the hiding-place he had provided. To this they now conducted the Earl. It was a house just before the Court of Guards, and belonged to a poor woman who had but one tiny room, up a small pair of stairs, and containing one poor little bed.

Meanwhile Lady Nithsdale, after seeing her husband pass the gates in his disguise, had returned to the chamber, lately his, up stairs. There, so as to be heard outside, she affected to speak to him, and to answer as if he had spoken to her, imitating his voice as nearly as she could, and walking up and down, as though they had walked and talked together. This she continued to do until she thought he had time to get out of his enemies' reach. 'I then began to think,' she adds, 'it was fit for me to get out of it also.' Then opening the door to depart, she went half out, and holding it in her hand so that those without might hear, she took what seemed to be a solemn leave of her Lord for that night, complaining again of Evans's delay, and saying there

was no remedy but to go herself in search of her. She promised that if the Tower were still open after she had done, she would see him again that night; but that otherwise, as soon as ever it was opened in the morning, she would certainly be with him, and hoped to bring him good news. Before shutting the door she drew to the inside a little string that lifted up a wooden latch, so that it could only be opened by those within, and she then shut the door with a flap, so that it might be securely closed. This being done, she took her departure. As she passed by she told the Earl's *valet de chambre*, who knew nothing of the plan of escape, that my Lord would not have candles till he called for them, for that he would finish some prayers first.

On leaving the Tower Lady Nithsdale observed several hackney-coaches waiting in the open space, and taking one, she drove first to her own lodgings. There she dismissed the coach for fear of being traced, and went on in a sedan-chair to the house of Anne Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of the ill-fated Monmouth. The Duchess had promised to be ready to go with her to present, even almost at the last moment, her single petition; and Lady Nithsdale now left a message at her door, with her 'most humble service,' to say that her Grace need not give herself any further trouble, it being now thought fit to give a general petition in the name of all.

From the Duchess of Buccleuch's Lady Nithsdale, again changing her conveyance, and calling a second sedan-chair, went on to the Duchess of Montrose's. The Duke was on the Government side, but the Duchess was her own personal friend. Lady Nithsdale, being shown into a room upstairs, the Duchess hastened to join her. Then, as Lady Nithsdale writes, 'as my heart was very light, I smiled when she came into the chamber and ran to her in great joy. She really started when she saw me, and since owned that she thought my head was turned with trouble, till I told her my good fortune.'

The Duchess, on hearing what had passed, cordially took part in the joy of her friend, and declared that she would go at once to Court and see how the news of the escape was received. She went accordingly, and next time she saw Lady Nithsdale told her that 'the Elector'—for so she termed him—had, in her own phrase, 'stormed terribly,' and said he was betrayed, for he was sure it could not have been done without connivance; and he sent immediately two of his suite to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were well guarded. On the opposite side it was related that his Majesty—perhaps

at a later and calmer moment—made a far more good-natured remark. He is rumoured to have said on Lord Nithsdale's escape, 'It was the best thing that a man in his situation could do.' Indeed, according to one account, Lord Nithsdale's name was included in a list to be sent out that very evening of the Peers to be reprieved. In fact, only two—Lord Derwentwater and Kenmure—were executed the next day.

Lady Nithsdale paid no more visits that evening. From the Duchess's house she went straight to her husband's hiding-place. There in that single narrow room upstairs they remained closely shut up, making as little stir as possible, and relying for their sustenance on some bread and wine which Mrs. Mills brought them in her pocket. Thus they continued for some days, until there arose a favourable opportunity for Lord Nithsdale to leave the Kingdom. A servant of the Venetian Ambassador, Mitchell by name, was ordered to go down to Dover in his Excellency's coach-and-six, and bring back his Excellency's brother. By the contrivance of Mitchell, and without the Ambassador's knowledge, the Earl slipped on a liver coat and travelled as one in the Ambassador's train to Dover, where hiring a small vessel, he crossed without suspicion, and, taking Mitchell with him, landed safe at Calais. Lady Nithsdale, for whom no search was made, remained for the time in London.

In concluding the narrative of this remarkable escape, we think that even the most cursory reader cannot fail to notice its close resemblance to that other escape of Count Lavalette from the *conciergerie* prison at Paris on the evening of the 20th December, 1815. The Countess having changed dresses with her husband in his prison chamber, he passed out in woman's attire, leaning on his daughter's arm and holding a handkerchief to his face, as though in an agony of tears. Yet great as is the likeness between the two cases, it arose from coincidence, and not at all from imitation. The detailed account of the whole affair, as given by Count Lavalette in the second volume of his 'Memoirs,' clearly shows that they had never heard of Lady Nithsdale, and knew nothing of any similar attempt in England.

The heroine of this later deliverance was a niece of the Empress Josephine; her maiden name Emilie de Beauharnais. Her letters since her marriage, several of which we have seen, are signed Beauharnais-Lavalette. She had been in childbirth only a few weeks before the 20th of December, her nerves were still unstrung, and her strength was not yet restored. There was also a great difficulty in the way of the disguise which

she had planned; she was tall and slender in person, while Count Lavalette was short and stout. But muffled up as he was, the difference failed to be perceived by the officers on duty, and his escape from the prison was successfully accomplished.

It is well known, and we need not repeat, how the generous spirit of Sir Robert Wilson, with two others of our countrymen, effected a few days afterwards his further escape from France to Belgium. The husband was safe, but hard—hard indeed—was the fate of the wife. She had to remain behind in the prison chamber, there to sustain, on the discovery of the escape, the first fury of the exasperated jailers, all-trembling for their places. During six weeks she was kept in close captivity, all access of friends or domestics, or even of her daughter, denied her. Weak in health as she had been from the first, it is no wonder that her mind would not bear the strain that was put upon it. Her reason became obscured, and soon after she was set free from prison she had to be removed to a *Maison de Santé*. When, after six years of exile, her husband obtained his pardon and was able to return to France, she did not know him again.

The mental malady of Madame Lavalette hung upon her for full twelve years. At the end of that time her reason was, partially at least, restored, and she could go back to her husband's house. But she continued subject to a settled melancholy and could only lead a life of strict retirement. Her husband died in 1830, while she survived till June 1855.

Reverting to Lady Nithsdale, we may observe that while the publication of her narrative in 1792 made clear all the circumstances of her Lord's escape, nothing further was known of his or her further fortunes beyond the dates of their respective deaths in Italy. It is therefore with pleasure that, in the correspondence now before us, we find numerous letters from the Countess subsequent to the great act and exploit of her life on the 23rd of February, 1716. To these letters, as well as to some others by which they are illustrated, we shall now apply ourselves, hoping that our readers may feel some part at least of the interest that we do in the life of this high-minded lady.

Lord Nithsdale, on landing at Calais, had gone straight to Paris. There, in the course of the spring, he received a pressing invitation from the Prince, whom he constantly regarded as his rightful King. One phrase of that letter is cited by his nephew Lord Linton: 'As long as I have a crust of bread in the world assure yourself you shall always have a share of it.' The Earl accordingly

set out for Italy, there to do homage, and remain for at least a few weeks' visit. The Countess, on her part, finding no pursuit made for her in London, ventured, a little later, to ride back to Scotland with her faithful Evans, desiring to arrange her family affairs. For several weeks she lived without molestation, and took a fond—it proved to be a final—farewell of her own Terregles. When again in London she was advised that she was in great risk of arrest, and would do wisely to leave England. Embarking accordingly, she landed on the coast of Flanders, where she was detained some time by a miscarriage and dangerous illness. Only half-recovered, she set out again to join, first her sister at Bruges, and next, in October, her husband at Lille. Alas! that reunion did not bring her all the happiness that she had fondly hoped. Her letter from Lille to Lady Traquair has not been preserved, but a later one from Paris gives a full account of her proceedings and plans: it is dated February 29, 1717.

'I could not resolve to leave this place, dearest sister, without giving you an account of the situation of your brother's affairs and mine. I suppose you have received mine from Lille, so you are acquainted with the reasons of our quitting that place, and consequently have only to tell you that I immediately went to my old mistress [Mary of Modena, Queen Dowager of England], who, though she received me very kindly, yet there was great complaints of poverty, and no likelihood of my getting into her service again. My first attempt was to endeavour to get a recommendation from her to her son to take my husband into his service; but all in vain, it being alleged that as matters now stand with him, he could not augment his family. . . . My next business was to see what I could get to live on, that we might take our resolutions where to go accordingly. But all that I could get was 100 livres a month to maintain me in everything—meat, drink, fire, candle, washing, clothes, lodging, servants' wages; in fine, all manner of necessaries. My husband has 200 livres a month, but considering his way of managing, it was impossible to live upon it. . . . For, let me do what I will, he cannot be brought to submit to live according to what he has; and when I endeavoured to persuade him to keep in compass, he attributed my advice to my grudging him everything, which stopped my mouth, since I am very sure that I would not [grudge] my heart's blood if it could do him any service. . . . It was neither in gaming, company, nor much drinking, that it was spent, but in having the nicest of meat and wine; and all the service I could do was to see he was not cheated in the buying it. I had a little, after our meeting at Lille, endeavoured to persuade him to go back to his Master, upon the notice he received that 50 livres a month was taken off of his pension; but that I did not dare persist

in, for he seemed to imagine that I had a mind to be rid of him, which one would have thought could scarce come into his mind.

'And now, he finding, what I had often warned him, that we could get no more, some of his friends has persuaded him to follow his Master, he having sent him notice where he was going, and that he might come after him if he pleased; and I, having no hopes of getting anything out of England, am forced to go to the place where my son is, to endeavour to live, the child and me, upon what I told you. All my satisfaction is, that at least my husband has twice as much to maintain himself and man as I have; so I hope when he sees there is no resource, as, indeed now there is not, having sold all, even to the necessary little plate I took so much pains to bring over, he will live accordingly, which will be some comfort to me, though I have the mortification to be from him, which, after we met again, I hoped never to have separated; but God's will be done, and I submit to this cross, as well as many others I have had in the world, though I must confess living from a husband I love so well is a very great one. . . . He was to be at Lions last Tuesday, and I cannot hear from him till I am arrived at La Flesch, for I go from hence to-morrow morning at seven o'clock. . . . Pray burn this as soon as you have read it, and keep the contents to yourself.'

Lady Nithsdale, it will be noticed, speaks of having no hopes of anything from England. Her meaning here is best elucidated by the following passage from her long letter to Lady Lucy Herbert, which refers to the scene at Court, when she was dragged along the passage by the skirts of George the First:—

'My being so rudely treated had made a noise, and gave no good reputation to the Duke of Hanover; for several said, what had they brought themselves to? For the Kings of England was never used to refuse a petition from the poorest woman's hand; and to use a person of my quality in such a manner as he had done was a piece of unheard-of brutality. These talks made the Elector have a particular dislike to me, which he showed afterwards; for when all the ladies whose Lords had been concerned in this business put in claims for their jointures, mine was given in amongst the rest; but he said I was not, nor did deserve, the same privilege, so I was excepted, and he would never hear speak in my favour.'

We give the passage as Lady Nithsdale wrote it, not desiring to emulate, even at a humble distance, the very great politeness of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. But we may observe that these words of the Countess, like many others from her pen, are most strongly coloured by political resentment. Ungenerous as was, beyond all doubt, the exception made of Lady Nithsdale in the matter of the Peeresses' jointures, there is

no ground to regard it otherwise than as a Ministerial measure—not a tittle of evidence to derive it personally from the King. We may add that, judging from the records of this reign, we do not believe that George the First, whatever may have been his other failings, was capable of the petty spite which is here imputed to him.

In her letter from Paris Lady Nithsdale mentions that she was going to La Flèche, on purpose to be with her son, who, we may conclude, was receiving his education at the great Jesuit College there established. From La Flèche she continued her correspondence with Lady Traquair; and, for fear of its being intercepted, commonly signed herself 'W. Joanes,' or sometimes 'W. Johnstone,' while she addressed her sister Countess as 'Mrs. Young.'

Writing on the 10th of June, 1717, after reverting to the recovery from an illness of her nephew Lord Linton, then in France, she gives the last news of her husband:—

'Now that I have given you an account of what is nearest to you, I must let you know that your friend and mine is well, at least was so the last time I was so happy as to hear from him. He has had another great preservation, being six days in so great a danger at sea that all the seamen left off working, and left themselves to the mercy of the waves; and was at last cast into Antibes, from whence they coasted it to Lighorn. However, he is now safe with his Master, and both of them in good health. I hope these two narrow escapes in so short a time is not for nothing, and that God reserves him for some great good.'

Lord Nithsdale, however, was not well pleased with Italy. He did not receive from the Chevalier the cordial welcome to which, with good reason, he deemed himself entitled; and was exposed to divers mortifications at that melancholy little Court, then established at Urbino. Nor was he at all edified by his nearer view of the Pope's government in ecclesiastical or in civil affairs. Here are his own words to Lady Nithsdale as she transcribes them: 'Be assured there is nothing in this damnable country that can tend to the good either of one's soul or body.'

We must say that we give Lord Herries great credit for his candour in allowing the passage to be printed without change or comment, since we dare say that no very zealous Roman Catholic could read it without something of an *Abi Satanas!* feeling.

Lady Nithsdale herself may have disliked still more what follows, as she reports it to Lady Traquair:—

'The remainder of his letter did not much please me, it running all upon the incoave-

niences of living where he was, and a full and fixed resolution of leaving his Master. . . . However, as I sent him word, I hoped God Almighty reserved his reward for a better place, and that after the favour he had received in his two late preservations, he ought also to accept the trials from the same hand, with some other little motives for the doing it, whose reflections I hoped might render it more easy as well as meritorious. But he answered it in so great a banter upon my virtue and resignation, that I believe that it will be the last time that I shall venture to inspire him with any such thoughts, not doubting that he makes better use of them than I do. But it proceeded from my good will alone. However, in what regards his temporal good, I shall not be so far wanting in my duty as not to tell him my thoughts, with a reference to his better judgment; after which I have performed my part, and shall submit, as I ever have done, to what he thinks fit.'

Lady Nithsdale, therefore, in her next ensuing letter, takes her stand on temporal grounds:—

'You may be sure, my dear Lord, that having you with me, or near me, would be the greatest natural satisfaction I could have in this world; but I should be a very ill wife if, to procure it myself, I would let you run into those inconveniences you would do if you followed the method you propose of leaving your Master. . . . So, if you have any regard for your honour and family, leave off any such thoughts; for from that time your Master will have a pretence to do nothing for you, whereas if ever he comes to be in a condition [and with you near him] he cannot avoid it. . . . But what would go nearer my heart, if it were possible, chameleon-like, to live on air, is that it would ruin your reputation; and that all your enemies, or rather enviers, who think others' pretensions a diminution of theirs, might make it their business to say that it was not desire of serving your Master that made you do what you did, but because you could not live at home on what you had.'

Writing from Scotland, Lady Traquair argued strongly in the same sense as Lady Nithsdale, and the Earl yielded in some degree to their joint representations. It induced him at least to pause and think again before the final step was taken. Besides, there was now a strong rumour of the Chevalier's intended marriage, which would afford an opening for good places in the new and larger household to be formed.

Meanwhile Lady Nithsdale was enduring some of the sharpest privations of poverty. But for a little timely aid from the kind-hearted Lady Traquair she would have wanted all through the winter both warmth and light. Thus she writes in reply:—

'May God Almighty reward you in this and the next world for your goodness to us and ours! . . . My nephew paid me the sum you

ordered, and never thing came more providentially, for I had tugged on in summer with much ado; but did not know in the world what to do for the addition of wood and candle, which it will enable me to get. But I fear I must soon think of repaying it again, since I took it up from a gentleman, who took my bill for it on the goldsmith you bid me take it from. . . . Had I not had so pressing a need of it, I would not have taken it, your son having lent your brother 200 livres.'

Another calamity was now close impending on this ill-fated lady. On the 7th of May, 1718, died at St. Germain's her former mistress and her constant friend, the Queen Dowager of England. It was a grievous blow to the whole melancholy train of exiles. Father James Carnegy, a Roman Catholic priest, writes thus from Paris:—

'The desolation amongst the followers of her son, her servants, and other poor dependants, amongst whom she used to divide all her pension, is inexpressible. It is said the Regent will assist the most indigent of them; but nothing is yet certain. It is feared whatever he do to others, he dare not help the King's followers.'

Lady Nithsdale herself writes as follows from Paris on the 28th of June, and still to Lady Traquair:—

'My husband is now fully resolved not to leave his Master; for when he went to take his leave of him, his Master was pleased to tell him that he had so few about him, that he would not part with him; that he should probably be married before winter, and then he desired to have me in his family, and so desired him to leave off the thoughts of a journey for two or three months, which you may be sure he agreed to.'

Full of these hopes, Lord Nithsdale desired that the Countess should join him in Italy as soon as possible, since as he observes in these matters it is 'first come, first served.' He could send her no funds for the journey, but bade her apply to Lord and Lady Traquair, which Lady Nithsdale, mindful of their many obligations, was most unwilling to do. However, in the same letter of the 28th of June, she proceeds to say:—

'Though he bid me lose no time in writing to you about borrowing money, I would not do it, because, though he did not know it, my dear Mistress, who was, underhand, the occasion of furthering my promotion, and who, though it must never be known, was resolved I should be about her daughter-in-law, had promised me to give me notice when it was fit for me to go, and would have given me what was requisite to carry me; and writ to me four days before her illness what she would have me write to her son in order to it, which I did the first post, and sent it inclosed in a letter to her. But,

alas! it arrived the day she died, some hours after her death. Imagine, you, whether her loss is not a great one to me. I may truly say I have lost a kind mother, for she was truly that to me whilst I had her. I would not write to you, being sensible that you have already done a great deal; so that nothing but unavoidable necessity could make me mention any such thing. But, alas! I am so far from being able to comply with my husband's desire now, that I know not how scarce to keep myself from starving, with the small credit I have here, being reduced to the greatest of straits.'

The kindness of Lord and Lady Traquair, as shown on many former occasions, was not denied her on this. A small sum in addition was paid her by order of the Chevalier. There was also as it chanced one of her sisters then at Paris—Lady Anne Herbert by birth, and married to Francis Smith, Lord Carrington—'a person,' writes Lady Nithsdale, 'that one would have thought should have helped me in this juncture. But so far from it that I have not got a sixpence, but a promise to keep my little girl who stays with her. But I oblige myself to pay what masters she has, without which she would have lost all the learning I have done my endeavours to give her, notwithstanding all my strait.'

By the aid of the Traquair subsidy and that from her so-called Royal 'Master,' Lady Nithsdale was enabled to join her husband at Urbino, and, after a brief interval, proceed with him in the Chevalier's train to Rome. From Rome there soon went forth another melancholy letter to Lady Traquair:—

'January 3, 1719.—Dearest sister, I have still deferred writing to you since I came to this place, hoping to have some agreeable news to make a letter welcome that had so far to go; but we still are in the same situation, and live upon hopes; and, indeed, without hope, hearts would break; but I can say no more. . . . I found him [my Lord] still the same man as to spending, not being able to conform himself to what he has, which really troubles me. And to the end that he might not make me the pretence, which he ever did, I do not touch a penny of what he has, but leave it to him to maintain him and his man, which is all he has, and live upon what is allowed me. . . . Now as to other things: the great expectations I had some reason to have conceived from my husband's letters when he sent for me hither, are far from answered. I am kept at as great a distance from my Master as can well be, and as much industry used to let me have none of his ear as they can; and though he is going to a house that his family can scarce fill, I could not obtain to be admitted under his roof. But that and many other things must be looked over; at least we shall have bread by being near him, and I have the happiness once again to be with my dear husband that I love above my life.'

The real fact as explaining the cold reception of Lord and Lady Nithsdale appears to be that the Chevalier was at this time greatly under the dominion of two unworthy favourites,—Colonel the Hon. John Hay, a son of Lord Kinnoul, and his wife Marjory, a daughter of Lord Stormont. Some years later James named John Hay his Secretary of State, with high rank in his titular peerage as Earl of Inverness. Both the wife and husband are described as follows in Lockhart of Carnwath's 'Memoirs': 'The lady was a mere coquette, tolerably handsome, but withal prodigiously vain and arrogant. Her lord was a cunning, false, avaricious creature of very ordinary parts, cultivated by no sort of literature, and altogether void of experience in business.' It was now the object of this well-matched pair to confirm and maintain their influence by keeping away as much as possible all persons who would not declare themselves their followers and their dependants.

Within a few weeks, however, of Lord and Lady Nithsdale's arrival at Rome, James himself was suddenly called away from it. He was summoned to Spain, there to sanction and direct the expedition against Great Britain, which the Prime Minister Cardinal Alberoni had been preparing. It is well known how soon and how signally that project was baffled by the winds and tempests: and with how much of disappointment the Chevalier had to return to Italy.

In this journey to Spain James appears to have been attended by Lord Nithsdale, while the Countess remained at Rome. There she witnessed the arrival of James's bride, the Princess Clementina Sobieski, whom she describes (May 17, 1719) as follows:—

'This, dearest sister, is barely to acquaint you that yesternight arrived here our young Mistress. I and my companion went out a post to meet her, and, indeed, she is one of the charmingest, obliging, and well-bred young ladies that ever was seen. Our Master cannot but be extremely happy in her, and all those who has the good fortune to have any dependence on her. To add to it, she is very pretty: has good eyes, a fine skin, well shaped for her height; but is not tall, but may be so as yet, for she is but seventeen, and looks even younger. She has chosen a retired place in the town in our Master's absence.'

It had been hoped by Lord and Lady Nithsdale that on the return of James to Italy there would be expressed to them some disapproval of the mortifications to which they had almost daily been exposed. But it did not prove so. Lady Nithsdale writes, October 10, 1719:—

'The first of August our young Mistress went to meet her husband, who could not come hither by reason of the great heats, in which time it is thought dangerous to come into this town; so she went to a small place six or seven posts from hence, a very good air, but so small a place that she took but one person with her, which was Mrs. Hay. The straitness of the place was the reason given for my companion's and my stay behind; but there is some reason to believe that our Master did not care for to have more about him than what he has there. He has not permitted anybody to go to him but those he sends for, which has been but few persons, and such only as those who addressed themselves to Mrs. Hay's brother or husband. . . . As before mentioned, our Master and Mistress comes hither, and are, probably speaking, to stay this winter, though the master of this town [the Pope] does not much approve of it. Where we shall go after God knows. His company he used to have about him is much diminished; many are gone, and more is a-going daily. My companion is a-going to her husband, and I fear neither he nor she intend to return; so that I am the only one now left of my station, and shall in all appearance be yet more trampled on than were both in our Master's absence. At his return we hoped for some redress, but now we have reason to believe we are to expect none, for everything is approved that was done in his absence, which has made many one withdraw; and I wish that may be the greatest ill that follows from the retirement of some. My husband would fain have been of the number, and have had me, but I told him my pleasure did not draw me hither, nor the slights and troubles I daily meet should make me go, but be overlooked by me for the same end that brought me, which was the good of my children and family; so I intend to act as if I saw nothing but what pleased me, and expect God Almighty's time for an alteration.'

In this same letter Lady Nithsdale laments to her sister-in-law her husband's want of forethought and consideration in borrowing, or, as she calls it, 'taking up' money where he finds it practicable, and, above all, in drawing bills on Lord or Lady Traquair without their consent and approval first obtained. She grieves at this money being

'all taken up and spent already, which,' she adds, 'is but too true; so that if his Master does not pay it, as I very much fear he will not, his reputation is quite lost. . . . All my comfort is that I have no share in this misfortune, for he has never been the man that has offered me one farthing of all the money he has taken up, and as yet all is spent, but how, is a riddle to me, for what he spends at home is but 30 pence a day in his eating. He has but one suit of clothes since, and now he must have one for winter. For my part I continue in mourning as yet for want of wherewithal to buy clothes, and I brought my mourning with me that has served ever since I came, and was neither with my Master's or

husband's money bought. But now I have nobody to address myself to but my Master for wherewithal to buy any.

'I know, between you and I, but that I need not tell my Master, that he [my Lord] blames me and his daughter for what he is obliged to take up; whereas I have not had one single penny, and as for our daughter, whose masters I must pay, or she forget all the little I have been at the expense of before, and have done it hitherto, I have neither paid out of his nor my own pension, which is too small to do it, but that I had 30 pistoles from the Pope for her, which has done it. But now they are at an end, and I know not what to do. For as to my sister I suppose she will not see her starve or go naked, but for more I cannot rely on.'

Thus wearily and heavily the months dragged along at Rome. In March 1720, however, there came a gleam of joy when Lady Nithsdale found herself able to announce that the Princess gave hopes of an heir. Even this brief gleam was clouded over by signal mortifications. James would allow at this juncture no intimate access of any lady to his consort, except only Mrs. Hay,—

'who is one as you know,' Lady Nithsdale writes, 'that has never had any children; . . . and though I have had occasion to be better versed in these things, having been so long married and had so many children, yet they prefer one who has had no experience of that kind, and my Mistress has not so much as ever let me know how she was in any kind. And when she was indisposed, which she has been frequently since her being with child was spoke of, and that I was there constantly three times a day to see how she did, I never was thought fit to be admitted into the secret, but it was told me by herself and others that it was nothing but a cold, though I knew in what condition she was.'

In spite of these unpromising signs, Lady Nithsdale ventured at this juncture, 'humbly begging,' to know whether she 'might have any hopes of having care of the young Lord or Lady when it pleased God to send it.' She was not precisely refused—that is, there was no other person preferred. But the Chevalier answered that 'having taken a resolution to take no servants while I am abroad, I will make neither governess nor under-governess. My wife has but little to do, and will look to it herself.'

Great was the delight of the whole mournful company of exiles when, on the last day of the year, the Princess gave birth to a son, Charles Edward, the hero of 'The Forty-five.' Henceforth the letters of Lady Nithsdale teem with accounts of his teething and weaning, and other incidents of childhood. Scarcely less were they rejoiced when, four years afterwards, there

came a second son, Henry, afterwards Cardinal York.

But during this time the circumstances of the Nithsdales by no means improved. They were constantly reduced to dismal straits. Thus, on the occasion of Prince Charles's birth, when some gala dresses were required, Lady Nithsdale writes :—

'I have had the happiness to have one handsome suit procured me by the means of a Cardinal, who got it from the Pope, but that is between you and I, for I was forbid to let it be known. I have bought two others, the one as good as that, the other more for bad weather, being obliged to walk on foot to my Master's several times in the day, so that I am much out of pocket, but shall in time get free, I hope, without taking a farthing from my husband for it. The reason why I thought myself obliged to provide myself so well, was that my Master might not think that because I was disappointed of what I had some reason to expect I did not care how I went; and also that if I had not he might have taken the pretence that he was ashamed I should be seen with his wife because I had not decent clothes.'

Still more grievous was it, for Lady Nithsdale at least, when dire necessity compelled them to draw bills on Lord Traquair, and trust to his generosity for their acceptance. In 1722 there went out a bill of a larger amount than usual, namely 150*l.*, and for this Lord Nithsdale desired that his sister should sell a little household furniture which his wife had left in her care, and apply the proceeds in its discharge.

'But,' as Lady Nithsdale writes, 'it will not answer our end if the money be not paid twenty days after the receipt of the bill; so I beg you by all that is dear to you to have compassion of us; for if this fails, if we were a-starving nobody would let us have a sixpence. We have pawned all our credit to hinder our being molested till this can be answered and have had no small difficulty in getting it done, and are quite out of the power of doing it longer.'

Lord Nithsdale, on his part, adds, in another letter, 'this, if not answered, will infallibly ruin me.'

Neither in this instance, nor in any other, so far as we are made aware of it, did Lord Traquair fail in the expected aid. But it must be owned that Lord Nithsdale made him a strange return. This was in 1723. Either to enhance his own importance, or for some other object, he intimated to the Chevalier that some property, belonging of right to himself, was unfairly detained by his brother-in-law. Hereupon James, desiring to do an act of justice at the same time with an act of kindness, wrote as follows to one of his agents in Scotland :—

'The Earl of Nidsdale tells me he has private means of his own in the Earl of Traquair's hands, from whom he has never yet got any account of them; and as you know the just regard I have, particularly for the first, I would have you get Mr. Carnegie to take a proper method of letting Traquair know that I should take it kindly if he would settle these affairs with his kinsman here to his satisfaction, which I am persuaded he will do when he knows it will be agreeable to me.'

Even the most placable of men must here have been roused to resentment. Here, in complete reversal of the real facts, was Lord Traquair, a steady adherent of the exiled Prince, held up to that Prince, whose good opinion he was of course anxious to secure, as the spoiler of that kinsman whom he had so constantly befriended. No wonder if we find Lady Traquair writing to her brother as follows (January 1724) :—

'It is but within these few days that my husband was in a condition that he could know the contents of your letter, or what Sir John [the King] writ of your affairs. I do not pretend to write to you what his sentiments were upon knowing this most unexpected and unaccountable piece of news. He was not a little grieved that matters had been so misrepresented as if he had effects of yours in his hands, and were so unjust to so near a relation as not to transmit your own to you, though you be straitened and suffer in such a cause. This is indeed, dear brother, a very strange office from you to my husband, after so many services done by him to you and your family. I must say it is very unkind and a sad return for all the favours my husband has done you before and since you went last abroad; for he having no effects of yours save a little household furniture of no use to us and what I could not get disposed of, has honoured your bills, supplied your wants without scrape of pen from you; besides the considerable sum you owed him formerly, he even under God has preserved your family which without his money credit, and his son's assiduous attendance and application, must, humanly speaking, have sunk. He might reasonably have expected other returns from you than complaints to one we value so infinitely as we do Sir John, as if my husband had wronged you and detained your own when your sufferings justly call for the greatest consideration.'

This affair, however little to the credit of Lord Nithsdale, produced no breach between the sisters: 'I having been always kept ignorant of his affairs,' writes Lady Nithsdale, in a previous letter (March 22, 1723). And subsequently (March 7, 1725), adverting to this very incident, she says to Lady Traquair :—

'As to what you imagined to be the reason of my not writing you wronged me very much in the matter, for what happens between your

brother and you yourselves are best able to judge. I am only sorry that he should do anything that gives you reason to take ill, and if it lay in my power I am sure he would not. As for my part I am so sensible of all your kindnesses and favours to my son and family that I never think I can sufficiently acknowledge them, or return you my grateful thanks.'

But although there might be no absolute breach of friendship, there was certainly a decline of correspondence. From this period the letters, as we find them, of Lady Nithsdale to her sister-in-law are few and far between. The latest of all, after six years' interval, bears date January 29, 1739, and in this she excuses herself that 'my great troubles, and illnesses occasioned by them, has hindered me from writing hitherto.'

In this period of years, however, there had been several events to cheer her. Lord Maxwell, her sole surviving son, after much litigation in the Court of Session and the House of Lords, was admitted by the latter tribunal to the benefit of an early entail which Lord Nithsdale had made, so that at his father's death he would, notwithstanding his father's forfeiture, succeed to Terregles and the family estates. Practically he succeeded to them—in part, at least—even sooner, since the life-interest of his father was purchased from the Government in his behalf.

Pass we to the daughter, Lady Anne, who had come to join her parents in Italy. There she chanced to meet Lord Bellew, an Irish nobleman upon his travels. He conceived for her a strong attachment, apparently on but slight acquaintance. As he writes himself to Lord Nithsdale (April 27, 1731):—

'I propose to be entirely happy in the possession of a lady, who has so fine a character with all those that know her. But it is not only hearsay on which I ground my happiness, having had the honour and pleasure to see Lady Anne, though, perchance, not the good fortune to be remembered by her.'

The offer of his hand, which this letter conveyed, was by the young lady accepted, and the marriage took place at Lucca in the course of the same year.

Another marriage, at nearly the same period, must have been still more interesting to Lord and Lady Nithsdale. Lord Maxwell, now a resident in Scotland, had become attached to his cousin Lady Catherine Stuart, daughter of Lord and Lady Traquair. Considering the old connection, and the constant friendship between the two families, and their agreement both in religion and in politics, to say nothing of the benefits conferred by the one Earl upon the other, it might

have been supposed that the prospect of this alliance would have given Lord Nithsdale especial pleasure. But such was by no means the case. We may perceive the contrary from the following sentence of Lady Nithsdale, writing to Lady Traquair (October 2, 1731): 'Dear sister, I have this considerable while been expecting every post the good news of the conclusion of my son's happy marriage with Lady Catherine; a happiness he has long coveted, and I as long been endeavouring to procure him his father's consent to.' The marriage, however, did take place in the course of the same year. It appears to have been a happy one, as Lady Nithsdale, by anticipation, called it. No sons were born from it, and only one daughter, through whom the line of Maxwell was continued.

Lord Nithsdale did not live to witness the last enterprise on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. He died at Rome in March 1744. After his decease his widow was induced, though not without difficulty, to accept an annuity of 200*l.* a year from her son, who then came into full possession of the family estates. Of this annuity she resolved to apply one-half to the discharge of her husband's debts, which would in that manner be paid off at the end of three years.

Lady Nithsdale herself survived till the spring of 1749. Nothing further is known of her declining years. We conjecture, however, that she had grown very infirm, since her signature, of which some specimens are given at this period, is tremulous and indistinct to a most uncommon degree.

Both Lord and Lady Nithsdale died at Rome, and, in all probability, were buried there. When the late Mr. Marmaduke Maxwell, of Terregles, came to that city in the year 1870—so the editor of these volumes informs us—he made inquiries for any monument or grave of these two ancestors; but, after much research, was unable to find the least trace of any such.

Here then ends our narrative of the life of Winifred Herbert, as she was by birth, the worthy descendant of that first Earl of Pembroke of the last creation, the chief of the English forces at the battle of St. Quentin and the Lord President of Wales. In her was nobly sustained the spirit of that ancient race. Nor in our own century has that spirit declined. When we look to what they have done, or may probably yet do, in the present age—to the past of Sidney Herbert—to the future of Lord Carnarvon—to the future also perhaps of that son of Sidney Herbert, who, young as he is, has already wielded his pen with considerable power, though not always quite discreet—

ly, and who has been so recently named Under-Secretary of State in that very War Department where his father gained and deserved such high distinction—we cannot but feel how much of sap and growth is left in the ancestral stem, and how amply it might take for its motto *REVIRESCIT*.

ART. IV.—1. *Lyra Elegantiarum; a Collection of some of the best Specimens of Vers de Société, &c.* Edited by Frederick Locker. London, 1867.

2. *Ballads.* By W. M. Thackeray. London, 1856.

3. *London Lyrics.* By Frederick Locker. Sixth Edition. London, 1873.

4. *Verses and Translations.* By C. S. C. Second Edition. Cambridge, 1862.

5. *Fly-leaves.* By C. S. C. Cambridge, 1872.

6. *Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société.* By Austin Dobson. London, 1873.

THE writer of *vers de société* (for which we have no corresponding term in the English language) stands in the same relation to the audience of the *salon* and the club as the ballad-writer to that of the alehouse and the street. The one circle is more cultivated than the other, but the poet must equally reflect its tone, think its thoughts, and speak its language. Not a few of the brightest specimens of this poetry are of anonymous authorship. Many of its best writers whose names have been recorded were not professional poets, but courtiers, statesmen, divines, soldiers, wits, or 'men about town,' who combined with their intimate knowledge and quick observation of the world a sufficient facility in the production of easy sparkling verse to win the ear of their circle. Whenever, as has often been the case in our literary history, a poet of high genius or graceful accomplishment has cultivated this branch of the art, he has not failed to enrich it with his own peculiar charm. But as Isaac D'Israeli has pointed out in his essay on the subject, the possession of genius is 'not always sufficient to impart that grace of amenity' which is essentially characteristic of verse 'consecrated to the amusement of society. Compositions of this kind, effusions of the heart and pictures of the imagination, produced in the convivial, the amatory, and the pensive hour,' demand, as he goes on to show, rather the skill of a man of the world than a man of letters. 'The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse

with the world as with the studies of taste, one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature.*

Mr. Locker, in his admirable preface to the volume that heads our list, has expanded a similar view with copious illustration. He is careful to remark that while in this species of verse 'a boudoir decorum is or ought always to be preserved, where sentiment never surges into passion, and where humour never overflows into boisterous merriment,' it 'need by no means be confined to topics of artificial life, but subjects of the most exalted and of the most trivial character may be treated with equal success,' provided the conditions of the art be duly observed. What those conditions are he proceeds to show. His definition of them is straiter than Isaac D'Israeli's, and somewhat too exacting, for it would be easy to prove that many of the poems admitted into his collection do not unreservedly comply with them. A certain 'conversational' tone, as he notes, generally pertains to the best *vers de société*. The qualities essential to the successful conduct of conversation will accordingly be observed in them,—*savoir-faire*, sprightliness, brevity, or neatness of expression. Humour, the salt of well-bred conversation, is one of their commonest characteristics; and egotism, a *souçon* of which is never grudged to an agreeable talker, frequently lends them flavour and piquancy. But these are not indispensable ingredients. Such verse is as often purely sentimental, and may at times be tinged, although not too strongly, with the emotion of which sentiment is but the mental *simulacrum*. No precise definition, indeed, is possible of a poetry so volatile, a wind-sown seed of fancy, for which circumstance serves as soil, and opportunity as sun, and that varies with the nature of its subject, the disposition of its writer, and still more the temper of its age.

This brings us to what we deem the special feature that distinguishes it from other branches of the art, its representative value as a reflection of history. To this aspect of the subject, upon which we doubt if sufficient stress has yet been laid, the following observations must mainly be devoted. The remark already made respecting the living interest of the poetry of society applies with equal force to its historical interest. Since the days of Horace and Martial it has owed this less to the genius and culture of its authors, great as they have often been, than to the abstract merit of its faithfulness as a contem-

* 'Literary Miscellanies' (Edition of 1863), p. 308.

porary mirror and chronograph of manners. We use the word manners here in its largest sense, as the external index of the moral and intellectual, religious and political standards accepted at a given epoch. How strongly imprinted upon the face of a literature are the characteristics of the national life whence it has sprung; how closely interwoven with its fabric are the beliefs and habits, the aspirations and tendencies, which have acquired for the people that produced it their particular place in history, has been demonstrated by such critics as M. Taine from abundant resources upon an extensive scale. The same thesis, however, may admit of illustration within the limits of a province so restricted as that of *vers de société*; and in the volume which we have selected as a textbook, the materials have been so skilfully brought together, that the task of assortment for this purpose is comparatively easy. The development of our national character during the last three centuries, the changes which the canons of literary taste, the standards of social morality, the relations of the sexes, and the equilibrium of political forces, have severally undergone in the interval, may here be traced with the least possible fatigue by the light of the most fascinating of studies.

If the lines of Skelton ('Merry Margaret'), with which the 'Lyra Elegantiarum' fitly opens, quaint with insular mannerism and racy of Chaucer's English, mark the stagnant condition of our literature since the impulse imparted to that master's genius by the dawning of the Renaissance in Italy, the accompanying lines of Surrey ('The means to attain happy Life') and of Wyatt ('The one he would love') owe their thoughtful calm and grave sweetness to the influence of that revival at its noontide, and a closer study of those Italian models which were still the criterion of literary art in Europe. The luxuriant verdure into which our poetry burgeoned under its radiance, in an atmosphere purified by the Reformation of religion, is favourably illustrated in the specimen-lyrics here given of the Elizabethan era. Of the manifold elements which then contributed to the abounding wealth of national life, not a few are thus represented. The courtesy and constancy of which Sidney was the foremost type are as manifest in his love-songs ('The Serenade' and 'A Ditty') as in the career which closed so gallantly at Zutphen. Raleigh's philosophical 'Description of Love,' and 'Nymph's reply to the passionate Shepherd,' remind us that the brilliant courtier and adventurous voyager was at the same time the historian of the world. The verses attributed to Shake-

spere, to which the latter poem is a reply, 'My flocks feed not,' and Breton's charming madrigal, 'In the merry month of May,' introduce us into the fictitious Arcadia created by Spenser and Sidney, which, however graceful in its origin as an idyllic reflection of the chivalric revival, subsequently degenerated into so poor a sham. There is a truer ring, an unaffected smack of the soil, in such poems as Robert Greene's 'Happy as a Shepherd' and 'Content,' wherein the healthy ideal of a country life, for which Englishmen have ever cherished an avowed or a secret yearning, is depicted in admired contrast with the delights of a palace. There is scarcely a period in our literature when the lips of courtiers and statesmen, wits and worldlings, have not, in some form or other, echoed the sentiment of these lines:—

'The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare;
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss.
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.'

The rough strength and unspoilt grace which were so kindly tempered in Ben Jonson by the addition of classical culture, make themselves felt in such lyrics as 'To Celia' and 'Charis,' more than one counterpart to which the Editor might have extracted from 'The Forest' and 'Underwoods.' The conceits of Carew, on the other hand ('Ask me no more,' &c.), seem to betray his infection with the false taste which the 'Euphuës' of Lyly has the discredit of introducing into Elizabethan English. The contemporary poems of Sir Robert Ayton are admirable examples of that purer style which had arisen with Surrey, and was to culminate with Milton. Their burden of woman's inconstancy and man's self-respecting dignity ('I loved thee once,' and 'I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair') is a favourite theme with the poets of this period, and marks a reaction against the exaggerated ideal of womanhood, which, among other incidents of the Neo-chivalry, Spenser, Sidney, and their fellows had loyally striven to restore. George Wither's 'Shall I wasting in despair?' which breathes of the writer's ante-Puritan days, is the best-known embodiment of this reactionary spirit. It is but a mild prelude to the tone of jovial recklessness and *de haut en bas* gallantry running through the lyrics of Sir John Suckling. No more characteristic *vers de société* than his 'Careless Lover,' 'Why so pale?' 'Out upon it, I have loved,' 'The Siege,' and 'Love and Debt,' are to be found in the language. The opening

verse of the latter, with its pious aspiration—

'That I were fairly out of debt
As I am out of love,'

echoes the living voice of the roistering cavalier, as light-hearted in the day of prosperity as he was free-handed. The loyal devotion of which that type was capable in the crisis of adversity imparts the glow of inspiration to the exquisite poems of Lovelace. His 'Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,' and 'To Althæa from prison,' familiar as a household word in every line, are instinct with that charm of emotional nobleness of which the thousandth repetition never makes us weary.

More completely representative of the Cavalier poets is Herrick, of whose delicious lyrics this volume affords many examples. Alike in his chivalrous loyalty, avowed the most openly when Fortune was the least favourable to his cause, his outbursts of devotional feeling, his lapses into the grossest sensualism, his robust English instincts, his refined classic culture, his absorption in the pursuit of individual pleasure and blindness to the signs of national distress, he aptly exemplifies a party whose aspect of moral and intellectual paradox is its distinguishing note in history. Of the disastrous defeat which, owing to this instability, his party suffered at the hands of the earnest, strait-laced Puritans, 'men of one idea,' Herrick bore his full share. Had his political sympathies been less pronounced than they were, such an amorous bacchanalian priest would never have been allowed to hold the cure of souls at Dean Prior while a 'painful preacher of the Word' could be found to take his place. To the pressure of poverty consequent upon his supersession and exile in London, we owe the publication of his 'Noble Numbers,' a collection exclusively sacred, in 1647, and his 'Hesperides,' a collection miscellaneously profane, in 1648. It is significant of the writer's character that the former opens with his prayer for the Divine forgiveness of the very

'unbaptized rhymes
Writ in my wild unhallowed times,'

which in the following year he permitted himself to include within the latter. 'Unbaptized,' in the strictest sense of the word, many of these verses assuredly are. The poet in his distress seems to have raked together every scrap that he had written, and mingled the freshest tokens of his inspiration with the sickliest and the foulest records of his bad taste, without any attempt at assortment. Whatever drawback

be allowed for the inconsistency of the poet and the inequality of his verse, the 'Hesperides' will still be cherished among our most precious lyrical treasures. Herrick is eminent among those poets of society whose art has a special charm irrespective of its representative or historical interest. That quality which is universally recognised as grace, undefinable but unmistakable as an aroma, seldom deserts him even when his theme is the coarsest. In choice simplicity of language and orderly freedom of versification few of our highest poets have equalled him. These merits are most observable in the poems that approach nearest to classic models; as, for example, the idyll of 'Corinna's going a-maying,' and the elegiac verses 'To Perilla,'* but his least studied effusions bear marks of the same training. Take, for instance, these lines 'To Dianeme':—

'Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives,—yours yet free:
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty's gone.'

In his erotics, which form nine-tenths of the 'Hesperides,' tender feeling and delicate fancy are too often tainted with an impurity that it is difficult to eliminate, but there are a few like the following, which contain not a word that could be wished away:—

'THE BRACELET.

'Why I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist,
For what other reason is't,
But to show thee how, in part,
Thou my pretty captive art?—
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,—
Snap the thread, and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me:
I am bound, and fast bound, so
That from thee I cannot go:
If I could, I would not so!'

Although as a painter of manners Herrick has left no single sketch so complete as Suckling's famous 'Ballad on a Wedding,' his profuse allusions to contemporary customs, games, articles of dress, furniture, and

* The description of morning-dew in the former,

'Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair . . .
The childhood of the day hath kept
Against you come some orient pearls unwept;
and the phrase applied to death in the latter,
'The cool and silent shades of sleep,'
may serve as illustrations of his exquisite diction.

viands, afford ample materials from which a picture of his times may be constructed. The lewdness that had been fatal to him under the Commonwealth was no doubt the ground of his popularity under the Restoration; a popularity to which no consideration of the obligations involved in his calling can be supposed to have offered any hindrance. His poetry thus acquires an historical significance greater than would otherwise belong to it.

The excess of the carnal over the spiritual element in the prevalent conception of love, may explain the degeneration of feeling into sentiment, and of fancy into ornament, that characterises the erotic poetry of the Restoration. Sedley, Rochester, and Etheridge scarcely pretend to passion, and are content to display their skill in concealing its absence under the glitter of verbal smartness. One unique example, Waller's charming poem on a girdle, redeems the cycle of contemporary love-verse from a wholesale charge of insincerity:—

'That which her slender waist confined
Shall now thy joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

'It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move!

'A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.'

Lord Dorset's 'Phillis, for shame!' has also an echo of truth in its tone of grave remonstrance with a half-hearted mistress, while his spirited lyric, 'To all you Ladies now on Land,' written on the eve of a naval engagement with the Dutch, affords a rare glimpse of the healthy English temper which not all the corruption of Court-life and the decadence of statesmanly honour under the later Stuarts had been able to vitiate. Of the greatest poets of the age we find but scanty record in the 'Lyra.' Milton is wholly absent. Dryden is only represented by two frigid pieces of sentiment and one fine fragment, 'Fortune,' which scarcely belongs to the category of *vers de société*. Cowley, however, appears to better advantage in his graceful poem, 'A Wish,' wherein the ideal of rural contentment, so dear to the national imagination, reappears under conditions as little favourable as possible to its birth and culture.

The influence that has left most trace upon the social poetry of the next generation is that of the sovereignty which France imposed upon our morals and taste at the very

time when we had dethroned her from the empire of land and sea. The prevalence of a cynical, selfish view of life, of a practical contempt veiled under a theoretical reverence for virtue, the superiority of wit to truth, of manner to matter, are salient features in the lighter literature of the time. The frivolity and caprice of fashion which Addison and Steele unweariedly commemorated in easy and graceful prose, as if the scope of human activity contained no other theme of equal interest, were immortalised by Prior and Pope in airy and sparkling verse. Foreign words and phrases, appropriate to their subject, then openly intruded into the language of Chaucer and Shakespeare, and have left an impression of affectation and sickliness upon a literature otherwise manly and sound. We shall be understood as referring only to its intellectual characteristics; sound, in a moral sense, being the last epithet that could justly be applied to such a writer as Prior. He represents but too faithfully the standard of contemporary society. The duplicity of eminent statesmen and officials, the tolerance extended in the highest circles to the grosser vices, and the lewdness accepted as indispensable to the attractions of fiction and the drama, form a dark background to the glories which science and philosophy, strategy and policy, have shed upon our 'Augustan' age. The shadow falls upon the career and is reflected in the verse of Prior. Shifty and brilliant in public, licentious and urbane in private life, he wrote as he lived. Wit and worldly wisdom, the Epicurean's creed and the sensualist's experience, are embodied in lyrics worthy of Horace, and epigrams only excelled by Pope. 'Dear Chloe,' 'The Merchant to secure his treasure,' and 'The Secretary,' are of course included in the 'Lyra;' but we wonder at the omission of a poem so characteristic of the writer's elegant insincerity as the lines addressed to a lady who broke off an argument which she had commenced with him. The following are amongst its best verses:—

'In the dispute whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

'You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

* * * * *
'Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd;
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.
* * * * *

'Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight :
She drops her arms, to gain the field :
Secures her conquest by her flight :
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.'

The admirable burlesque of Boileau's 'Ode on the Taking of Namur' might well have been added to the political poems in Mr. Locker's collection, and the select epigrams which illustrate the philosophy of 'Carpe diem' include none happier than this paraphrase of the kindred axiom, 'Quid sit futurum cras fuge querere :—

For what to-morrow shall disclose
May spoil what you to-night propose ;
England may change or Chloe stray :
Love and life are for to-day.'

Prior's miscellaneous poems, the outcome of a rapid and shrewd observation incessantly at work during a vicissitous career as man of letters, diplomatist, placeman, and pensioner, contain many a lifelike sketch of the phenomena and characters of his time ; of the vices in which passion ran riot, and the follies in which *ennui* sought distraction ; of the empty braggarts who set up for wits, and the painted hags who posed as beauties. If his satires upon the aristocratic world portray its worst side and excite our disgust, his familiar epistles incidentally disclose another side which deserves our admiration. The relation between men of rank and men of genius, heretofore one of ostentatious protection on the part of the patron and obsequious dependence on that of the client, could scarcely have been in a healthier condition than when Prior, Pope, and Swift associated with Oxford and Bolingbroke, Addison and Steele with Halifax and Somers ; when mental equality effaced social inequality, and an honourable interchange was effected between intelligent sympathy and well-judging generosity on the one side, and self-respectful friendship and uncovetous gratitude on the other.

The miscellaneous poems of Pope are so familiarly known that there is no need to dwell upon their abundant illustrations of contemporary manners. Though properly excluded from the 'Lyra' by their length and elaboration, the 'Rape of the Lock' and some of the satires are *vers de société* of the highest order. The impression which they leave differs little from that conveyed by the poems of Prior as to the moral unsoundness underlying the intellectual brilliance of the age ; a condition to which the idiosyncrasy of the poet, after the light recently thrown upon it by Mr. Elwin, must be admitted to afford a parallel. In the verse of Pope, however, as in that of Prior and the less polished but not

less vigorous verse of Swift, there are distinct signs of healthier influences being at work. The standard of mental and moral culture which men demanded of women, and women were willing to attain, must have risen considerably above that of the previous generation,* before a writer so conversant with the world as Pope would have expected a female audience for his second 'Essay,' or a wit like Swift have dreamed of addressing his mistress in the strain of the birthday-lines 'To Stella.' Gross on the one hand and fulsome on the other as the tone of 'Augustan' literature often is when its theme is womanhood, the height to which some of its best writers show themselves capable of rising marks a sensible approach towards that ideal of sexual relations—

'Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities'—

which it has been the proud boast of our own day to realize more approximately.

Indications of the effect produced by the great constitutional crisis through which the nation had recently passed, of a diffusion of sympathy due to the unanimity with which liberty had been welcomed, and the need of maintaining it against a common foe, of a relaxation of the barriers between social grades, are perceptible in such poems as Swift's 'Hamilton's Bawn' and 'Mrs. Harris's Petition.' His representation of the footing upon which masters stood with their servants, Prior's portraiture in 'Down Hall' of the good fellowship subsisting between townsmen and rustics, and Addison's sketch in 'Sir Roger de Coverley' of the squire's relations with his tenants, point, each in a different direction, to the prevalence of a national good-humour. How 'slow to move,' on the other hand, the English temperament has always been in obliterating class-distinctions and removing admitted anomalies, the two poems just named illustrate with equal clearness. The social status of the clergy, as Macaulay from ample materials describes it to have been in the reign of Charles II.,† cannot have sensibly improved at a time when Swift represents a chaplain in a noble family as destined for marriage with the housemaid, a captain of cavalry as taking precedence of a Dean at dinner and setting the table in a roar by ridicule of his cloth.

As the eighteenth century advances the fervour of political feeling became prominent in its *vers de société*. Lady Mary Wortley Montague's defence of Sir Robert Walpole ('Such were the lively Eyes'), and Garrick's

* Compare Macaulay's 'History of England' (New Edition), i. pp. 192-3.

† 'Hist. Eng.' (New Edition), i. p. 160.

'Advice to the Marquis of Rockingham,' may pair with Sir C. Hanbury Williams' bitter diatribes upon Pulteney, as average specimens of their class, the fault of both the praise and the blame being that they are too obviously personal to be historically trustworthy. The blind violence of party-spirit in this age, and the difficulty that a statesman had to meet in obtaining a fair trial or a candid estimate of his policy, are excellently portrayed in the following stanzas from the pen of a neutral bystander whose name has not been handed down to us :—

'Know, minister! whate'er you plan,—
Whate'er your politics, great man,
You must expect detraction;
Though of clean hand and honest heart,
Your greatness must expect to smart
Beneath the rod of faction.

'Like blockheads eager in dispute,
The mob, that many-headed brute,
All bark and bawl together;
For continental measures some,
And some cry, keep your troops at home,
And some are pleased with neither.

'Lo, a militia guards the land!
Thousands applaud your saving hand,
And hail you their protector;
While thousands censure and defame,
And brand you with the hideous name
Of state-quack and projector. . . .

'Corruption's influence you despise;—
These lift your glory to the skies,
Those pluck your glory down:
So strangely different is the note
Of scoundrels that have right to vote,
And scoundrels that have none.'

The prevalence of drinking-songs among Georgian lyrics has an obviously political connection. With 'a Pretender Charles Stuart over the water, and a Patriot Jack Wilkes at home, no sturdy Constitutionalist wanted an excuse or lost an opportunity of celebrating 'Church and King' in toast and chorus. There is an echo of their hearty English voices in such a rough carol as the following :—

'Then him let's commend
That is true to his friend
And the Church and the Senate would settle;
Who delights not in blood,
But draws when he should,
• And bravely stands brunt to the battle.

'Who rails not at Kings,
Nor at politick things,
Nor treason will speak when he's mellow,
But takes a full glass
To his country's success,—
This, this is an honest brave fellow.'

The national prejudice against the Scotch, which was inflamed by the Jacobite rebellions and envenomed by the administration

of Lord Bute, lends a spice of malice to Goldsmith's kindly satire in 'The Retaliation' and 'The Haunch of Venison,' and even ruffles the urbane temper of Lord Chesterfield in 'Lord Islay's Garden.' Its manifestation among less restrained writers, such as the author of the lines on the construction of the Adelphi Terrace, is all but malignant :—

'Four Scotchmen, by the name of Adams,
Who keep their coaches for their madams,
Quoth John, in sulky mood, to Thomas,
Have stole the very river from us.

'O Scotland! long it has been said
Thy teeth are sharp for English bread;
What! seize our bread and water too,
And use us worse than jailers do!
'Tis true 'tis hard! 'tis hard 'tis true!

'Ye friends of George and friends of James,
Envy us not our river Thames:
The Princess, fond of raw-boned faces,
May give you all our posts and places;
Take all—to gratify your pride,
But dip your oatmeal in the Clyde.'

That heartiness in love as well as hate, the frank, homely simplicity which are among the pleasantest traits of the eighteenth-century John Bull, as we recognise him in the novels of Fielding and Smollett, find genial expression in the verse of — Collins. It is strange enough that the author of such capital verse as 'The Golden Farmer,' 'Good old Things,' and 'To-morrow,' should, after the lapse of a century, be so little known that one can only distinguish him from his greater contemporary by leaving a blank for his Christian name.* Here again the rural ideal shows itself, and in the most natural form, affording the strongest contrast to the unreality of artifice and sentiment to which Shenstone and his fellows had reduced 'Arcadian' poetry. In skilful hands, however, this verse, insipid as it is when its theme is love, and maudlin when devoted to elegiacs upon furred and feathered pets, does not want certain compensating graces of style and rhythm. An example offers in Gray's lines 'On the Death of a favourite Cat,' the elegant humour of which Horace Walpole closely approaches in his 'Entail,' a fable of a butterfly. Sentiment passes into the region of feeling with Cowper, upon whose tender heart, and keen though clouded intelligence, the contemporary revival of religion was efficacious alike for good and evil.

If the atmospheric clearance effected by the great revolutionary storm wherein the eighteenth century closed had less marked

* A contemporary namesake, Mr. Mortimer Collins, has identified him with John Collins, a Birmingham bookseller, journalist, and actor.

an influence upon *vers de société* than any other province of poetry, it was doubtless because the class which comprehended their principal writers was the first to resist the political and social changes thus inaugurated. But the process of resistance itself evoked an outburst of energy which has left its precipitate in the most spirited satire perhaps ever written in English. The drollery of invention, the deftness of wit, which Frere and Canning infused into the 'Anti-Jacobin,' must have gone far, one would think, to assuage the smart of the wounds inflicted by their shafts. 'The needy Knife-grinder,' 'The Student of Göttingen,' and 'The Loves of the Triangles,' have, for three-quarters of a century at all events, been the common property of lovers of laughter to whatever party belonging. The two first-named and other specimens of Canning's vein of comedy find a worthy place in Mr. Locker's miscellany, but are too well known to justify extraction. Though wit and humour were the literary weapons which the Tory champions found fittest for political warfare, the conflict both to them and their opponents was none the less one of grim earnest. The inevitable effect of this earnestness on both parties was a relinquishment of conventionality and affectation, a return to nature and simplicity. The poets who drew their original inspiration from Liberal ideas—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Southey, and Landor—were the first to indicate the healthy change; but once manifested, its spread was contagious, nor in those who experienced it did any reactionary current ever induce a relapse. The Tory Scott is as clearly under its influence as the Republican Shelley, and its sway over a poet so unspiritual as Moore is potent enough to colour his sentiment with an emotional tinge. The sham Arcadia has vanished, and men and women, no longer masking as nymphs and swains, are clothed and in their right mind. The literary properties which had endured so long a tenure of favour are utterly discredited, and, except in the province of burlesque, it might be difficult to find a poem of the present century that contains an invocation to the Muse or a reference to Cupid's dart. The languid, frigid tones of the eighteenth-century lover are exchanged for accents so suffused with tender feeling as Landor's, or so charged with fervid passion as those of Byron. Compare any love-poem of the three preceding generations with the following of Landor's, and the difference in kind is at once apparent:—

'Ianthé! you are called to cross the sea!
A path forbidden me!

Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds
Upon the mountain-heads,
How often we have watcht him laying down
His brow, and dropt our own
Against each other's, and how faint and short
And sliding the support!
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,
Ianthé! nor will rest
But in the very thought that swells with pain.
O bid me hope again!
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)
Not Heaven itself can do;
One of the golden days that we have past;
And let it be my last!
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,
Fragile and incomplete,

'Proud word you never spake, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume, you will say,
"This man loved me!"—then rise and trip
away.'

Perhaps no poet of the revolutionised *ré-gime* displays its characteristics more clearly than Landor. He brought, indeed, the courtly manners and graceful scholarship of the previous generation to clothe the thoughts and feelings of his own; but his fine perception enabled him to discard all that was out of keeping, and his thorough saturation with the modern spirit is always apparent, however antique may be the form adopted.

The chief poets of the century were usually occupied with enterprises of greater pith than the composition of *vers de société*, and their names rarely figure in Mr. Locker's catalogue; but the impulse that first animated them has extended to their lightest efforts, and Coleridge's 'Something childish' and Wordsworth's 'Dear Child of Nature' bear the date of their production on their face as manifestly as 'The Ancient Mariner' or 'Tintern Abbey.' The *vers de société* of their minor contemporaries are stamped with the same impression. Charles Lamb's quaint tenderness is well represented by his 'Hester,' and Leigh Hunt's playful archness by his rondo, 'Jenny kissed me.' Peacock's 'Love and Age,' which we regret not having space to extract, is another exquisite example of the modern infusion of feeling into a theme on which a writer of the previous century would have been merely rhapsodical. What traces of the old school of sentiment are still left appear in the smooth grace of Rogers and the faded prettiness of William Spencer, while the unrefined humour which accompanied it finds its last representative in Captain Morris, in whose lyrics the 'man about town' of the Regency lounges and swaggers to the life.

In that brighter vein of humour which is little affected by social changes, and sparkles freely under all conditions in impromptu and epigram, few professional jesters have attained more distinction than one of the gravest of functionaries, Lord Chancellor Erskine. Among the best of his recorded verses is that composed while listening to the tedious argument of a counsel which detained him on the woosack until past the hour when he was engaged to a turtle dinner in the City. Being observed busily writing, he was supposed to be taking a note of the cause, but Lord Holland, who caught sight of his note-book, found that it contained the following :—

'Oh that thy cursed balderdash
Were swiftly changed to callipash!
Thy bands so stiff and snug toupees
Corrected were to callipae;
That since I can nor dine nor sup,
I might arise and eat thee up!'

The energy of the poetic reformation sensibly abated with the growth of the century, and a period of conventionality ensued, which was marked by a copious increase of 'boudoir' literature, as flimsy in texture as it was showy in pattern. In the hands of one gifted writer, however, whose capacity for higher effort was perhaps thwarted in its development by a premature death, this tawdry literature attained a temporary lustre. The sententiousness of Crabbe, the romanticism of Scott, and the sentiment of Byron, seem to have been Præd's literary nurture; but he brought wit, observation, scholarship, and experience to assimilate and modify them. His early sketches remind us of the first, his legends of the second, his lyrics of the third; but in each there are features which do not belong to the original, and distinguish the artist from the imitator. In the style which he subsequently perfected, antithetical in construction and pointed in phrasing, pungent in satire or playful in raillery, always clear and exquisitely versified, he has probably never had a superior. No observer of the outer side of life has painted more finished pictures than his of a London drawing-room—the manners and customs of well-bred English men and women between 1825 and 1835. Of a society which had outlived its appetite for vice without acquiring a healthy taste, which still maintained the institutions of the duel and the gaming-house, which had worshipped Brummell and was ready to worship D'Orsay, which had originated the exclusiveness and still upheld the tyranny of

Almack's, in which such a creation as 'Pelham' could be set up as a typical gentleman, in which the mediævalism of Scott was more admired than his characterisation, and the introspection of Byron than his passion—of such a society Præd was a fitly representative poet. The licentious tone which had prevailed during the Regency having died out of its own excess, left behind it a prevailing taint of unearnestness which found expression in mere frivolity. Infected with the fashionable taste, yet half-ashamed of it, Præd laughs gently in his sleeve at the follies which he gravely affects to chronicle. His 'Good-night to the Season' (which, to our surprise, Mr. Lockyer does not extract) and 'Our Ball' are masterpieces in this mock-serious vein. 'A Letter of Advice' from a young lady to her friend on the choice of a husband, is less veiled in its satire. How humorously the sham-romantic ideals of friendship and love, destined to extinction in a *mariage de convenance*, are ridiculed in these verses :—

'O think of our favourite cottage,
And think of our dear "Lalla Rookh!"
How we shared with the milkmaids their pot-
tage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips falter'd
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same;—is yours alter'd?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

'We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love,—
The richest of treasures below.—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

'If he wears a top boot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Præd's skill in pasquinade found ample scope for its exercise in the arena of politics. His sympathies, after his twenty-ninth year, were avowedly enlisted on the side of the Tories in their resistance to the march of innovation, and his winged arrows of wit were gallantly, if unavailingly, employed in their service. The only specimen of his political verse given in the 'Lyra' is the piece addressed to the Speaker on seeing him asleep in the (Reformed) House of Commons. The two last stanzas are the best :—

'Sleep, Mr. Speaker! Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon:

* Lord Campbell's 'Lives of the Lord Chancellors,' vol. vi. p. 659.

Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteenpence.
Statesmen will howl, and patriots bray—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may!

'Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker; sleep while you may!']

The conflict of parties to which these verses refer inspired the worthiest ambitions and absorbed the best energies that society was then putting forth. Wit and humour know no political monopoly, and Praed was doubtless the first to admire the spirited sallies of satire that issued from the Liberal camp, during the agitations which preceded the enactments of Catholic Emancipation and Reform. Moore's 'King Crack and his Idols,' Macaulay's 'Cambridge Election Ballad,' and Peacock's 'Fate of a Broom' have an ingenuity in their caricature and an absence of malice about their hearty invective that bespeak the writers' training in the school of the 'Anti-Jacobin' swordsmen.

The *bourgeois* tone inevitably attending the influx of a democratic wave makes its presence felt in the *vers de société* of James Smith, Barham, and Hood, where puns and slang are too often substituted for wit. To Hood's poetic gifts, however, the extracts given in the 'Lyra' do scanty justice. He had a true grace and fancy, of which they afford no indication. The extracts given from Barham do him more than justice, since they convey no idea of the coarseness which was a decided drawback to his fun. A trace of this mars one's enjoyment of some of Thackeray's genuinely humorous pieces. Its worst example is 'The White Squall,' which describes a passage across the Channel in language as unrefined as it is graphic, but the touch of tenderness in the closing verse redeems it:—

'And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me.'

It is noticeable how much less pronounced Thackeray's cynical tone is in his verses than in the province of fiction wherein his chief laurels have been won. The interfusion of pathos and humour above exemplified is often skilfully contrived, especially in the 'Ballad of Bouillabaisse' and 'The cane-bottomed Chair.' Of his purely tender mood, 'At the Church-gate,' the reverie of

a lover who sees his lady enter the minster, is a delicate example. A more familiar chord is struck in 'Vanitas Vanitatum':—

'O vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are! . . .

'Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it,—

'Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.'

The only other representative poet of society belonging to our own time whose name occurs in Mr. Locker's volume is Arthur Clough, of whom 'Spectator ab extra' is a fairly characteristic lyric. It affords a glimpse of that deep-searching scepticism which now threatens to penetrate the most cherished of our social institutions, a tone of that deep-seated earnestness veiled in irony by which more than one contemporary teacher has won the public ear.

Such are a few of the side-lights of history which a rapid run through the pages of the 'Lyra Elegantiarum' admits of our discerning. Mr. Locker does not include any living poets in his list, nor could he have done so without heading it with his own name. Though far from being a mere poet of society, he has devoted himself so steadily to the rôle of its lyrist, and as yet maintained his pre-eminence against all subsequent competitors, that no survey of the subject would be complete without some notice of his distinguishing traits. To estimate them fairly involves a consideration of the prevailing tone of contemporary society.

The observation long ago made upon us that we 'take our pleasures sadly, after the manner of the nation,' may have been intended as a reproach, but we have no reason to be ashamed of it. It is assuredly as true of us now as it ever was. The moods of frivolity in which we occasionally indulge seem to be borrowed from the Continent, and are as transient as other imported fashions. The shadow of the end and 'the burden of the mystery' are for ever recurring to our minds, not to extinguish our mirth, but to control its manifestations, and suggest the reflections which it is only madness to ignore. That the tendency to dwell upon the serious aspect of life has been for some years past upon the increase, we think there can be no doubt. The growing appetite for scientific, metaphysical, and theological speculation, no longer confined to

the learned, but shared by all the educated classes; the interest now taken in political, educational, and sanitary questions by the sex hitherto indifferent to study, and satisfied with supremacy in accomplishments; the grave, even sombre cast of the poetry in the first or second rank which has been most widely read, 'The Idylls of the King,' 'The Ring and the Book,' 'Aurora Leigh,' 'The Spanish Gipsy,' 'The Earthly Paradise,' 'Atalanta in Calydon;' the perpetual contrast of tragedy with comedy offered in the pages of our most popular novelists—George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, Mr. Trollope, Mr. W. Collins—and the tendency which the greatest of them display to the manufacture of 'novels with a purpose;' the successful cultivation of high art by such painters as Mr. Watts, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Holman Hunt, and Mr. Poynter; the long popularity of the 'domestic drama,' and the reaction which the degradation of farce into burlesque has created in favour of classical comedy: all these are signs in the same direction. Not, indeed, that the moralist, *pur et simple*, has a better chance of obtaining an audience in this than in a less serious age. We want our pills, and are even anxious to take them, but it is indispensable that they should be silvered.

A writer who, like Mr. Locker, comes forward in a jester's motley, but continually betrays the preacher's cassock beneath it, and is gifted with a vein of pathos that dominates without depressing his sense of humour, may fitly appeal to the sympathy of a society thus predisposed. The six editions of his 'London Lyrics,' a number reached by no other volume of *vers de société* in our time, attest that he has thus appealed with success. Of such of his poems as are purely pathetic, we do not propose to speak. 'Implora pace,' 'Her quiet Resting-place,' and some others, are expressions of personal feeling that no one would think of classing in the category to which the majority of his lyrics belong. The characteristic aroma of the latter cannot better be described than in the writer's own words:—

'The wisely-gay, as years advance,
Are gaily wise. Whate'er befall
We'll laugh at folly, whether seen
Beneath a chimney or a steeple,—
At yours, at mine; our own, I mean,
As well as that of other people.

'I'm fond of fun, the mental dew
Where wit and truth and ruth are blent. . .

'I've laughed to hide the tear I shed;
As when the Jester's bosom swells,
And mournfully he shakes his head,
We hear the jingle of his bells.'

A cheerful philosopher, persuaded that

the destiny of the world is in better hands than his own, yet interested in all that concerns it, he devotes to its advantage, by way either of sympathy or satire, the resources of a genuine poetic faculty. The gifts which make up his credentials have been singly possessed by one or other of his predecessors, some of whom have added qualifications that he lacks, but none, we think, have equalled him in combining so much of what is excellent with so little an admixture of what is inferior. The writers of whom he most frequently reminds us are Herrick, Prior, Praed, and Thackeray. By the first he is surpassed in delicacy of fancy and lyrical skill, but he has equal tenderness and simplicity, and excels in humour and refinement. The humour both of Prior and Thackeray is more genial, but it is less refined than Mr. Locker's: Praed's wit is unapproached by him, but he adds the pathos which both Prior and Praed want, and the music and finish of which Thackeray has little. In irony, whether playful or earnest, we do not know his superior, the satirists who usually employ it being too apt to be either cynical or ponderous. The best-known example of his peculiar manner is the poem on a Skull, but the same blending of a sardonic with an emotional vein characterises 'The Skeleton in the Cupboard,' from which we extract one or two verses:—

'We all have secrets: you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming
spouse's;

We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses. . . .

'Your neighbour Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich and brave as Hector,—
Poor Gay steels twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

'Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
So hoarding is his ruling passion;—
Some gloomy souls anticipate
A waistcoat, straiter than the fashion!

'Childless she pines, that lonely wife,
And secret tears are bitter shedding;—
Hector may tremble all his life,
And die,—but not of that he's dreading.

'Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;
They shriek, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.

'We toil, we groan:—the cry for love
Mounts upward from the seething city,
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.'

His dexterity in making the jester's privilege a cloak for the moralist is shown in the poem of 'Beggars,' which analyses in a parable the selfishness that lurks under the

shelter of science; a similar service being rendered to the irrationalists in the piece called 'An old Buffer.' Of his playful-pathetic mood, 'To my Grandmother' is one of the most charming examples:—

'This relative of mine,
Was she seventy and nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she look'd at seventeen,
As a bride.

'Beneath a summer tree
Her maiden reverie
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste:
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

'With her bridal-wreath, bouquet,
Lace, farthingale, and gay
Falbala,—
Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

'Her lips are sweet as love;
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come." . . .

'That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst. . . .

'Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropt away
One by one:
But if she heaved a sigh,
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

'In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy she was borne
Where the weary and the worn
Are at rest.'

'Gerty's Glove' and 'Geraldine and I' are favourable specimens of the dainty grace which he can throw into a love-lyric; 'The Bear-pit' and 'My First-born,' of the genuine fun which he can extract from the ordinary incidents of life. Clearness and simplicity of language, polish and fluency of versification, are qualities that belong to his poems generally. He usually adopts a tone of kindly banter that diffuses itself in *nuances* of expression, and avoids epigram as too harsh a medium, but now and then knots his lash and leaves a mark not easily to be effaced. For such a quatrain and couplet as the following it is scarcely hazardous to predict proverbiality:—

'They eat and drink and scheme and plod
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God
And more of Mrs. Grundy.'
'The Cockney met in Middlesex or Surrey
Is often cold and always in a hurry.'

Bringing the powers which these poems illustrate to bear upon the themes most likely to interest London society, the scenes and figures most familiar to its denizens, the love-histories transacted in their midst, the pleasures they most eagerly pursue, the sorrows they are too prone to neglect, Mr. Locker has condensed within one little volume what is not only accepted by his contemporaries, but we doubt not will be regarded by future historians, as a vivid and varied picture of Victorian life and manners. This position we think is secured to it by its evident freedom from caricature, a merit so seldom belonging to the observations of an every-day humourist. The sympathy between class and class, which is one of the healthiest symptoms of our time, is legibly reflected in his verse. The purity of tone that marks it may be primarily a personal trait; but we are convinced that this, also, represents the dominant spirit of English society, notwithstanding the temporary notoriety of that small section which batters upon the literature of diseased or lawless lust.

Among contemporary writers of *vers de société*, although their name is legion, we are acquainted with but two whose claims to compare with Mr. Locker admit of discussion. Priority of appearance, and the respect due to his exquisite scholarship, entitle Mr. C. J. Calverley to the first consideration. If, however, the view we have taken be correct as to the qualifications which modern society demands from its representative poet, he is *ipso facto* disqualified for the office. As a mere humourist, it would be difficult to find his match; but he has chosen to be no more. We say chosen, because out of two volumes of verse, a single poem, 'Dover to Munich,' contains a few stanzas that evince the writer's capacity for treating a serious theme with reverence and grace. With this exception, his original poems are confined to a series of burlesques and parodies. Some of the latter are infinitely droll, especially the imitation of Mr. Browning's mannerism in 'Cock and Bull,' and that which travesties Mr. Swinburne's sham-antique ballads to the burden of 'Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese.' A spice of intentional ridicule such as is here infused seems always requisite to make parody piquant. For lack of this, other of Mr. Calverley's clever echoes are comparatively weak, no element inhering in the subject which could avail to render it ab-

surd, even if the writer intended so to make it. The mock-heroic stanzas on 'Beer' and 'The Schoolmaster abroad' strike us as the best of his burlesques. Beyond incidental illustrations of undergraduate life, and the superficial traits of London humour that meet a passer's eye, these volumes contribute nothing to the poetry of modern manners. Regretting that Mr. Calverley is not animated by a worthier ambition, we must needs take him at his own valuation; and if he is content to do no more than amuse our idle hours, it would be ungrateful to deny that his verses have a *raison d'être*.

Mr. Austin Dobson evidently aspires to a higher place, and his recent volume of collected poems is one of unusual promise. Although his manner has obviously been coloured by the study of Mr. Locker, he is far from being merely an imitator, and in the faculty of pictorial expression he even excels his master. The following extract from a poem illustrating the condition of France under Louis Quinze is in his best style:—

'For these were yet the days of halcyon weather,
A marten's summer, when the nation swam,
Aimless and easy as a wayward feather,
Down the full tide of jest and epigram;—
A careless time, when France's bluest blood
Beat to the tune of, "After us the flood!"'

Occasional phrases, such as describe the engraving

'In shadowy sanguine stipple-traced
By Bartolozzi,'

and the signs of a coquette's old age in

'The coming of the crow's feet
And the backward turn of beaux' feet,'

are very happily rendered. Where the writer chiefly fails as an artist is in over-elaboration. His portraits of 'A Gentleman and a Gentlewoman of the Old School,' for example, would be more lifelike if the strokes were fewer and stronger. Now and then, too, his ornaments are strangely out of keeping, as when he describes the sad gentle face of an aged lady surmounted by

'a coif whose crest
Like Hector's horse-plume towered.' (!)

His most successful effort in portraiture, we think, is 'Avice,' where the handling throughout is extremely delicate. Here are two verses:—

'When you enter in a room,
It is stirred
With the wayward, flashing flight
Of a bird;
And you speak—and bring with you
Leaf and sun-ray, bud and blue,
And the wind-breath, and the dew,
At a word. . . .

'You have just their eager, quick
"Airs de tête,"
All their flush and fever-heat
When elate;
Every bird-like nod and beck,
And a bird's own curve of neck
When she gives a little peck
To her mate.'

Some power of humorous characterisation is shown in 'Tu Quoque, a Conservatory Idyll,' modelled after the duologue of Horace and Lydia, and 'An Autumn Idyll,' an adaptation of Theocritus. Both evince skill in preserving the antique form while fitting it to modern usages, yet avoiding the vulgarity which is the opprobrium of 'classical burlesque.'

As a poet of society Mr. Dobson's gifts differ little in kind from Mr. Locker's, but they are not employed with equal judgment. 'The Virtuoso,' for example, an ironic study of æsthetic heartlessness, is so direct in its application as to verge on caricature, and loses much of the force which a satirist, like Mr. Locker would have thrown into the form of suggestion. Playfulness and pathos, again, though Mr. Dobson has both at command, are not so subtly blended in 'Pot-pourri' or 'A Gage d'Amour' as in his predecessor's 'Pilgrims of Pall Mall,' and 'My Grandmother.' In point of technical skill, the younger writer has much to learn. The light tripping metres, which both are fond of using, will not bear the weight of such heavy words as Mr. Dobson sometimes thrusts upon them.

The general impression produced by these 'Vignettes' is very favourable to the writer's mental attitude. Their keen and sprightly criticism of men and manners is unspoiled by flippancy, their healthy appreciation of life's purest pleasures is tempered by kindly concern for the lot of those who miss them. With a few exceptions, his observations strike us as made from a distance rather than on the spot, by one who has felt more than he has seen, and read more than he has thought. The aspect of modern life which such a spectator seizes is necessarily limited, but, as far as Mr. Dobson's field of vision extends, the report is trustworthy and encouraging.

The *primâ facie* reflection suggested by an historic retrospect like the foregoing may probably be, how little either the optimist or the pessimist can find in it that makes in favour of his creed. To the lyrics of society, whether one or three centuries ago, human nature seems to have presented the same motley spectacle that it presents to-day. Although from Herrick and Prior to Mr. Locker and Mr. Dobson they have, with rare exceptions, been 'laudatores temporis acti,'

they have been at no loss to discern analogies between that past and their own time. The same motives have always been in operation, the same virtues honourable, the same vices detestable. The equilibrium has frequently shifted, and the moral standard which one age has striven to realize another has been content to idealize, but the standard itself has not appreciably altered. While, on the one hand, it is evident that each age chronicles the conquest of some vicious habit, the reclamation of some province from barbarism, and that the tide-mark once scored is ineffaceable, it is evident on the other hand, that evil tendencies are prone to recur after a period of apparent extinction, and that an ebb of puritanism is inevitably succeeded by a flow of libertinism. That the balance of such advance and recession is equal may not unreasonably be the impression first produced. A second consideration, however, is sufficient to correct it. However little the types of humanity have changed since Horace and Martial painted them, it is certain that the painters would not recognise the world to which their sitters belonged, a world of refined gentlemen and ladies who no longer delighted in seeing gladiators hack each other to death, and runaway slaves torn by lions. If they discerned some resemblance to the habits with which they were familiar among the fashionable congregation at a Ritualistic service, the crowd at a poll-booth, and the audience at a theatre, they would marvel at the interest which one distinguished assembly took in organizing a famine-fund, another in the composition of a school-board, a third in canvassing for an orphanage or an almshouse. If Herrick and Prior, in their turn, were transported to the London they had known, they would find its manners materially altered, the sanctity of marriage more respected, the representations of the stage more decorous, the evening meal no longer an orgy. Even Præd would find something to welcome in the abolition of Crockford's, and admit that the decision of a police-magistrate at Bow street adjusted a quarrel at once more equitably and more economically than a pistol-shot at Wormwood Scrubba. Whatever else has been lost, these are unquestionable gains. The Hydra, how often soever we behead it, will infallibly put forth new heads, but they will not be the same as the old. The lover of his kind, who is disheartened by the survey of the past and of the present, should find comfort in this outlook for the future, inexorably as the logic of events may convince him that the term of human perfectibility can never be fixed more definitely than "ad Græcas Kalendas."

ART. V.—*The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D., &c. Two vols. London, 1874.

WITH the publication of these two volumes Mr. Motley has brought to a close a series of most meritorious intellectual labours. 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' 'The History of the United Netherlands from 1584 to 1609,' 'The Life and Death of John of Barneveld,' form a fine and continuous story, of which the writer and the nation celebrated by him have equal reason to be proud; a narrative which will remain a prominent ornament of American genius, while it has permanently enriched English literature on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. We congratulate warmly the indefatigable man of letters from beyond the seas, who has ransacked the archives of the Hague, Brussels, and London, who has come to rank as the greatest authority concerning one of the chief episodes in the history of European peoples, who has compiled from original documents, and, as it may fairly be said in view of the general public, for the first time, an important and entertaining and very instructive chapter in universal history.

A citizen of the United States and an experienced diplomatist, Mr. Motley was by sympathy and training alike fitted to be the historian of 'the United Provinces.' The zest and thoroughness with which he identifies himself with the spirit of the Netherlands give a genuine and solid value to his compositions; they are a constant stimulus to his industry and love of research; they spur him on, as he rummages among State-papers or deciphers the unprinted letters, 'in handwriting perhaps the worst that ever existed' (vol. i. p. ix.), from which, as he tells us, he had to win the materials for his last book. Again, his own life as a servant of the State has implanted in him tastes which otherwise might not have had encouragement from him. By nature he is fondest of swift political and military action. A statesman by profession, he has dared to dedicate nearly 800 pages to the last nine years of John of Barneveld's life; and neither for ourselves as critics, nor on the part of his larger audience, are we in the least, on this account, disposed to grumble at him.

American historians turn generally with a strong appetite to the history of Spain, and next in order to those old Spanish territories in the Low Countries where they find so

early the name of 'the Republic.' So Washington Irving, Prescott, Ticknor, and quite recently, beside Mr. Motley, Mr. Kirk, the historian of the prelude to Mr. Motley's period, the biographer of Charles the Bold. At the opening of the history of the New Western World, the Burgundian-Habsburg dynasty occupied a place not very unlike that occupied by the Roman Cæsars when the history of Western Europe began. This has been felt by American historians, as a rule; it has been felt, for instance, by both Mr. Prescott and Mr. Motley. It has affected, with characteristic difference, the imagination of each of these two writers. It gave a lofty and dignified charm to Mr. Prescott's style and historical fancy. Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Diocletian, all seemed to enter as indirect memories into Mr. Prescott's view of Charles V. Mr. Motley's clever sketch of Charles V. is, on the other hand, a burlesque; and from his grotesque caricature of Philip II. few of the combined vices of Tiberius, Claudius, and Domitian are absent. He at times flings about his pen as if it were the brush of some angry Dutch painter turning from studies of coarse village interiors and herds of cattle, stung by his country's wrongs to portray and to gibbet the beast and savage under the purple and the crown. For, with Mr. Motley, every physical and mental trait, in almost everyone who has the unhappiness to wield sovereign power, becomes monstrous and deformed. There never was a dwarf Laurin or a sprite Rübezah, an elf-king or gnome-king, so despicable or distorted as Philip of Spain in Mr. Motley's pages, or, for the matter of that, as James of England and Scotland. For an out-and-out enthusiast for democratic institutions, at all times and in all places, commend us to Mr. Motley. We would venture, in a whisper, to remind him that both the Hague and Brussels, not to speak of London, are seats of monarchies, and that, notwithstanding, or rather because of, all their past, with a portion of which he is so well acquainted, the Dutch, Belgians, and English—poor, benighted beings that they are—must be said to be on the whole well contented to have it so. A European reader would be irritated, if he were not still more amused, at the perpetual cry of 'Democracy for ever.' We cannot resist the temptation which invites an Englishman, a little restive under Mr. Motley's lash, to extract a passage, which with very slight alterations—not very warily Mr. Motley himself inserts the allusion which suggests them—might surely describe not only the Europe of Rudolf II. and Ferdinand II.

'The Holy Empire, which so ingeniously combined the worst characteristics of despotism and republicanism, kept all Germany and half Europe in the turmoil of a perpetual presidential election. A theatre where trivial personages and graceless actors performed a tragedy of mingled folly, intrigue, and crime, and where earnestness and vigour were destined to be constantly baffled, now offered the principal stage for the entertainment and excitement of Christendom.'—Vol. i. p. 11.

With regard to English foreign policy during the times of which he has written, we give up argument with Mr. Motley, for if we commenced upon this topic, we know not when we should end. Quite briefly we do not agree with his estimate of James the First and his policy, much less do we agree with his estimate of Elizabeth; we should be prepared, were there any necessity, to defend at length English policy toward the Netherlands—that it was tardy, cautious, now and then even foolish and mistaken, we admit; we also assert, that it was generally and ultimately successful and beneficent; were there need of proof, we should refer to the history of Holland and England—always remembering who were then the foes of both countries—in, amongst others, the concluding years of the seventeenth century. Sometimes we have felt surprise and mortification that America, possessing such promising historical scholars, should have turned her back so entirely on English history—we do not forget some most admirable chapters on English history in Mr. Kirk's book—but with some of Mr. Motley's observations in our mind, we confess, for the moment, to feeling every inclination to be gratefully acquiescent in the decrees which have ruled in this particular heretofore under the merciful Fates.

To pass on. Mr. Motley's rough, sturdy, but highly picturesque English is remarkably adapted to his subject. Here and there, indeed, one might quarrel with a faintly 'Batavian' phrase or term. Such a word as 'disreputation' (i. p. 320, and ii. p. 241) grates rather on the ear. The following is a more than Batavian, is a Siamese sentence:—

'The consummate soldier, the unrivalled statesman, each superior in his sphere to any contemporary rival, each supplementing the other, and making up together, could they have been harmonised, a double head such as no political organism then existing could boast, were now in hopeless antagonism to each other.'—Vol. ii. pp. 151-2.

We cannot make out whether Mr. Motley means us to see a superhuman or a ludicrous exhibition of crime and podagra,

when, in one long sentence, he writes of an arch-offender, 'Epernon, the true murderer of Henry,' that he '*trampled on courts of justice and councils of ministers*,' that he '*smothered for ever the process of Ravallac*,' and that he '*strode triumphantly over friends and enemies throughout France, although so crippled by the gout that he could scarcely walk up stairs*.' (Vol. i. p. 230.)

But ordinarily Mr. Motley's style, if not free from blemishes, is very effective. Indeed we could not easily mention another historian who possesses so fully the art of bringing the actors and localities of the Past back into reality and into the very presence of his readers. And these last two volumes have all the excellence in this respect of their predecessors. The account, to cite one instance, of Henry IV. of France is most brilliant, and at the same time we think neither unjust nor unsound. Mr. Motley shines particularly when he has to deal with startling contradictions and exaggerations in character. We are not sure that the mystery of Henry's death is not darkened beyond what history demands by Mr. Motley, who strikes us as too credulous of the wild reports that flew about close to the event. But, as a whole, the picture is full of truth as of colour. And with what illustrious historians is Mr. Motley here competing! In his elaborate likeness of Henry, he has drawn that complex creature in every mood and in all lights. How masterly is, also, this little vignette, sketched in a couple of strokes!

'Strange combination of the hero, the warrior, the voluptuary, the sage, and the school-boy—it would be difficult to find in the whole range of history a more human, a more attractive, a more provoking, a less venerable character.'—Vol. i. pp. 221-2.

The principal fault of Mr. Motley's Dutch histories, with which we are impressed more than ever now that the succession of them is finished, and we have re-read them as a set of works extending over the sixteenth century—it implies more praise to him as a Dutch, than detraction from him as a European, historian—lies in the position which he gives to the story he has chosen to relate. He writes of the Low Countries as though in them was the centre of interest of the sixteenth century, as if not only in the history of military affairs, but everywhere, in Politics and Thought, the Low Countries were right in the foreground, starting and proclaiming the prospectus of independence. We demur to this, and will attempt to give the grounds of our demurrer.

We propose to make use of the present opportunity to review rapidly the situation and the perils of Christendom in the latter half of the sixteenth century. We shall try to trace the main springs to such lives as that of Barneveld. And we hope that our sketch will be of some service to readers of Mr. Motley's works, even though purposely we shall only rarely and incidentally touch upon the history of the Netherlands. We hope that we may enable them to connect the movement and the chiefs concerning whom he writes, with wider movements and heroes of even greater originality and more splendid parts. In this sort of survey, not easily to be compressed at all into the room at our disposal, the private and separate fortunes of any single individual can occupy our attention only in a subordinate degree. We must send our readers to Mr. Motley's last book for the history of John of Barneveld, which deserves their affectionate and studious perusal. A word or two we desire to devote to him, and this the more, since, for our objects, the epoch of his later life will not require such ample notice as the epoch to which the formation of the principles by which he was actuated belongs. John of Barneveld was one of the pupils, not one of the teachers, of the age, and yet the stubborn and rugged force of the Advocate of Holland will leave its distinct mark on the tide of public and universal revolutions.

Seldom have a prominent politician's life and character corresponded so nearly with the extent and bias of an accurately limited time and of a widely diffused sentiment. His chequered and protracted career touches at their extremities the limits of a momentous period. His birth took place a few months after the death of Martin Luther; he was executed a few months after the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War. His biography expands naturally into a history of the Netherlands for more than seventy years. His activity as a lawyer and a publicist accompanies through every stage the rebellion of the United Provinces, and their transformation into free and prosperous states. It is scarcely too much to say of his pen, that it summarised, that it often directed and overruled the conduct of diplomatic business throughout the several leading kingdoms of Western Europe, during days when glorious pages in English and French, as well as in Dutch, annals were being filled in. Under the eye of princes like Elizabeth Tudor, William the Silent, and Henri Quatre, there were assigned to no man such difficult negotiations and such dangerous missions as to him: nor did any man recommend him-

self for the fullest confidences by such noble proofs of sagacity and integrity. And there is no event which points more impressively the growing frowardness of impure motives, the lurking strength of jealousy and violence, the half-unconscious, the none the less wicked, usurpations of military and dynastic ambition than the trial or, to use the words employed long ago by Lord Macaulay, 'the judicial murder' of John of Barneveld. That grey and venerable head fell as a kind of signal of war. An end was made of truce and prudence, and to the contrivances and precautions of cabinets.

The scaffold which was erected for the 13th of May, 1619, on the Binnenhof at the Hague, claims to be commemorated beyond many a bloody field where thousands may have perished in a paltry cause. The words of a score of synods and councils, in defence of whose prolix decisions it would be vain to tempt philosopher or patriot to risk reputation and to sacrifice life, are outweighed by a few broken utterances, in which the staunch old steward of constitutional privilege, in the sight of the people he had served, and of the ministers of divine and human law who had doomed him to the block, summed up his account and bade farewell to the republic: 'Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally . . . Christ shall be my guide . . . Be quick about it. Be quick.' The 'quick' act of the executioner declared how much, at all events for a while, the laborious achievements of statesmanship were despised and discredited. With the work of Barneveld, much of that of Sully and of the Cecilis might be held to have been undone. Worse furies than those which their wisdom had managed to quell, or at least to restrain, were to be let loose. What were the campaigns in the Low Countries when compared with the devastation about to overwhelm Germany and the adjacent territories! Was not the fiery fame of Alva and his Spaniards to grow almost pale beside that of Tilly and Wallenstein, of Banner and Torstenson, of the Swedes and the Croats, and the whole huge mercenary rabble, without name and nearly without number, which for upwards of a quarter of a century renewed far and near in Central Europe the miseries of the dark ages, and the aspect of the great national migrations!

Charles V. ruled for thirty-six years. The year 1556 may be taken as historically the central year of the century; chronologically it divides it into two fairly equal halves. That is the date when—one year after his mother's death, one year after he had, with

tears flowing down his cheeks, his broken frame supported on the shoulder of young William of Orange, bidden farewell to the Netherlands, his favourite provinces, and then, warned by a comet, had ('Me mea fata vocant,' he exclaimed) hurried from Brussels—the last great Emperor entered the monastery of Juste. The words placed in his mouth in Count von Platen's poem, suit well the occasion:—

'Nacht ist's, und Stürme sausen für und für,
Hispanische Mönche, schliesst mir auf die Thür!

Bereitet mir, was euer Haus vermag,
Ein Ordenskleid und einen Sarkophag!

Nun bin ich vor dem Tod den Todten gleich,
Und fall' in Trümmern, wie das alte Reich.*

He had been outwitted by Maurice of Saxony; he had been foiled by the French before Metz; he had been forced to grant equal privileges with Catholic to Lutheran Electors, Princes, Estates; he had been humbled in the centre of his patrimonial and in the centre of his imperial power; he had trembled at Innsbruck, he had yielded at Augsburg; he had sent his son Philip beyond the seas, bridegroom to Aragonese Mary, now at last the Catholic Queen. In England he had hoped the days of Ferdinand and Isabella would renew themselves, his family-tree would strike root and flower again. 'Philip and Mary,' cried the herald at the wedding, 'King and Queen of England, France, Naples, Jerusalem, and Ireland.' But there was no blessing on that 'bloody' reign, there came no heir from the Spanish match. And if Charles looked to Rome, it was to see a new and vigorous Pope, as Cardinal Caraffa, the bitterest and unteconciled enemy of his house and policy: a new Pope, he was elected May 23rd, 1555: a vigorous Pope, though in his eightieth year, who remembered the free political atmosphere of Italy in the fifteenth century, and longed to breathe it again. 'Thou shalt go upon the lion and adder,' Paul IV. used to mutter to himself over the thick, black, brimstone-flavoured Neapolitan wine, of which he was fond, thinking of the Spaniards who had overrun the country where he and his beverage were native. Charles could carry the burden of affairs no longer, he would try no more to sustain the universal Church and to pacify the universal State. It was a toil be-

* 'Tis night, and the storm rages more and more,
Ye Spanish monks, open to me the door.

And, as you may afford, for me provide
A coffin, and your order's garb beside.

So, gathered to the dead while I suspire,
I fall to ruins like the old Empire.'

yond the strength of a man. Later, just before his death, he was heard to say, 'In manus tuas tradidi ecclesiam tuam.' Physical weakness had told on him, his personal sins oppressed him, he was troubled how to make his own peace with God. Caro was taken that the view from his rooms should be bounded by the walls of the convent garden, and that his sleeping-chamber should be placed so that he might follow the chapel music and the service of the mass. Yet heresy tracked him into his last asylum. There was no escape from it. And, as people liked to relate whether the story was quite true or not, the hopelessness of his task among men had come home to his mind most as he worked among mechanisms; he had found it impossible only to bring two clocks to tick in unison.

Charles V. might turn in despair from the world, but the hopes which had animated Catholicism and Spain at the dawn of the century were not extinguished. And Catholicism and Spain—though not always as represented by the House of Habsburg and the Papacy, were at the middle of the century far more closely allied than at the beginning. The year of Charles V.'s abdication is in the annals of Catholicism not most memorable on account of that event. The year 1556 is the year in which the greatest saint of Spain—not excepting St. Dominic, the most passionate and reverential worshipper of the mystical Church; not excepting St. Francis—passed away from earth, leaving a large field to his successors, and confident of their joyful harvesting. It is the year in which died Ignatius Loyola. The Order he founded has always retained something of the national character of the Spaniard of the sixteenth century. Loyola was born on a frontier, and nourished in the literature and scenery of battles. Then, when he began to be about thirty years old, for his conflict with the world and Satan is brought by his panegyrists into awful proximity with that of the Divine Being, whose name—is there not here the pride of Spain? is borne by the Society of Jesus, he was disabled, fighting against the French at the siege of Pamplona, from the further profession of carnal warfare. On his sick-bed, reading Amadis of Gaul and legends of the mendicant foundations, he imagined himself called according to the laws of a celestial chivalry to be the knight of the Blessed Virgin. The old wars with the Moors, the contrast in the familiar Spanish romances between Jerusalem and its king and his legions and the Soldan of Babylon, coloured still all his thought. In the spiritual Exercises there is, to this day, commended to the

Order 'the contemplation of the kingdom of Christ Jesus under the similitude of a terrestrial king calling out his subjects to the strife.' On the vigil of the Festival of the Annunciation and before the image of Mary he hung up his sword and took his palmer's staff into his hand; he went then to pray, to confess and to scourge himself, to fast, a week at a time, to Manresa, and, fitted at length for the journey, he passed on to Jerusalem. He was not allowed to stay there. He was not permitted on his return to Spain to preach without further acquaintance with theology. He travelled humbly to Paris; he was dull at grammar, but he had visions which explained the mysteries of the sacraments and the creeds. To return to Jerusalem was still the idea that governed his plans. From Paris he and a few friends went to Venice; a quaint thread they twine into the life of those capitals of luxury and pleasure. Insuperable difficulties came in the way of the voyage to Syria. The little band fared on to Rome, the object before it continuing to be to preach to Saracens and Indians. The Pope at the time was Paul III., who took no step of importance without observing the constellations and consulting his astrologers. One would like to know what said now the stars and the soothsayers. He sanctioned the new Order in the Bull, 'Regimini Militantis Ecclesie'; it was Spanish in its military organization, in its regimental obedience; the Company of Jesus, with Ignatius for first General, restricted for a short time to sixty souls, bound to do all the Pope's bidding, to go anywhere, to Turks, heathens, and heretics, at once, unconditionally, without discussion, without reward. What the Templars had been—with such modifications as were involved in the times—the Jesuits were to be. The verses in Solomon's Song, which the Temple had applied to itself, might be appropriated by the Company, would suit its distant wanderings, its wealth, the persecutions it inflicted and underwent, its watchfulness, its perpetual peril. 'Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant? Behold his bed, which is Solomon's: threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.' The Jesuit was to bend his head forward a little, to keep his eyes downcast, to have on his face a pleasant and calm look, and so forth. Should the Church define that what appears to the sight as white is black, he is to maintain the definition. In his Superior, the Soldier of Christ is to

recognise and to worship the Presence, as it were, of Christ. He is to have no will of his own, he is to be as a log of wood, as a corpee, as a stick, which the old man can turn how and whither he likes. At first, a Jesuit might not accept a bishopric; we have quite lately seen with what difficulty a member of the Order was persuaded to receive a cardinal's hat. But from its foundation the greatest names flocked into the society. Francis Borgia, who when Ignatius died stood over the seven Pyrenean provinces, who was afterwards the third General, had been a duke and a viceroy. When the next century opens, the Jesuits are, in all four continents, at the seats of political life. The Fathers are in Akbar's palace at Lahore, in the Imperial chamber at Peking, at the court of the Emperor of Ethiopia. One Jesuit founded 300 churches in Japan. Among the Indians of Paraguay the noblest and most enlightened philanthropy of the Order showed itself in the so-called 'Reductions,' a new experiment in the way of Christian republics. In Europe the Catholic nobility and gentry were schooled in Jesuit seminaries, and the confidential spiritual direction of Catholic monarchs was, nearly universally we may say, exercised by specially trained Jesuit casuists. That Spanish power, which had shot up so rapidly, what a real strength it had put forth! Out of that series of marriages, from Ferdinand and Isabella to Philip and Mary, what a network of domestic and political and also of hierarchical intrigue had spun itself! How it encumbered Europe and the known world! Castilian priests, who at the commencement of Isabella the Catholic's reign would have been checked by the Guadalquivir, might now roam from the Paraná to the Yantse-kiang.

And, though the popes were unwilling servants, they, from Clement VII.'s time onward till long after the sixteenth century had terminated, were at the mercy of Spain and had to attend to her mandates. The independence of Italy, for which Julius, Leo, Clement himself had striven, had come to an end. Southern Italy was altogether Spanish, and the whole peninsula was held by Spanish arms and Spanish agents. The most curious and instructive study in Italian politics is presented in the Council of Trent. The Pope first shrinks from it in terror of Spain, then, reassured and reliant on Spain and for Catholic and Spanish objects, carries it on and concludes it. The Council was a diplomatic training ground for all the nations which took part in it. The rough sketch for the Council was discussed by Charles V. and a Venetian cardinal, who had

lived amid the business of the republic and had written a book on the Venetian Constitution. The author of a careful essay on French diplomacy during the sixteenth century, M. Edouard Frémy, gives up, and in our opinion very rightly, his first chapter to an account of the behaviour of the French ambassadors at the later sittings of the Council. The narrative of the Council of Trent was a fine subject for political historians. It was written by a man who cared to unmask its treacherous diplomacy, by a Venetian, Sarpi. It was written again, as against Sarpi, by a Jesuit, Pallavicino. In an appendix to the last volume of his work on the Popes, Professor von Ranke has criticised Sarpi and his opponent. The German historian is, by much, the best living authority on the history of diplomacy: he calls Sarpi the second of modern Italian historians; the first rank he awards to Macchiavelli.

General Councils had been numerous in the preceding century, in which, in fact, they had gone far to supply the place of the papacy. The desire for another Council had been strongly felt under Leo; had very possibly been felt by Adrian, in many respects so exceptional a pope; that desire was urged anew upon Clement. Popes hated Councils. A Medicean pope was likely to have Councils in special hatred. Leo had taken pains to have it recorded that a pope was above a council. Clement might dread that, were he arraigned before such an assembly, his use of his own money at the time of his election, his use of the funds of the Church since that event, and especially the illegitimacy of his birth, might cost him his chair. At last in 1545 the Council came together. The leaders of the reforming party among the cardinals were there. But they were soon met by the disputants of the new order, the Spaniards Lainez and Salmeron, to whom the word of command had been given by Ignatius Loyola to oppose every change, every novelty. Thus the Jesuits entered into the arena of Theology and European Politics. From that moment to this they have prevented or prejudged General Councils. The persuasion of Loyola had already helped to determine the Pope to listen to Cardinals Caraffa and Burgos, to re-organize the Inquisition, and to establish its headquarters at Rome. We need not further accompany the Council of Trent through its scholastic windings, its verbose controversies, its pilgrimages from city to city; it is thenceforward in the hands of Pope and Order.

The history of the sixteenth century is, first and foremost, the history of statecraft. This maxim will be our best guide, while we

pick our way through the last fifty years of it. In some degree it is a history of great diplomatists on the Imperial and Papal thrones, and it is from those heights that a storm threatens which stirs panic and rouses energy. But it is ultimately a history of politicians with narrower and, as we might say, modern views, lovers of new institutions and constitutions. It is a marked era in the life of nations. Still more does its interest lie in its grand biographies, in which, as in representative statuary, are modelled beforehand, naked and defiant, the instincts and features of peoples. Statesmen never had harder work before them and never had such reason to mistrust themselves. A kind of authority, claiming to be parental, had been long disregarded, it might be, and disliked; but to dislike and disregard an infirm and inactive parent is quite a different thing from altogether disowning and denying him. For countries to develop slowly, to become stage by stage the homes of national dynasties and churches, the contradiction never becoming very perceptible between their traditions and inclinations, the feeling always being that a stimulus from within prompted each step, was a very different process from that into which countries were rapidly torn of conflict with powerful, pressing, foreign principles, which, moreover, often seemed to set them at variance with their own past and the piety of their ancestors. How far were these boldly aggressive movements, these revolts, justifiable? how far were they natural? How far was their universal spread simulated and artificial? how far was it the work of a few selfish and licentious leaders? Never were the imperfections of human nature seen more plainly, felt more keenly, than in that age. We alluded, a little while ago, to the influence of the Society of Jesus at courts. And that influence was in no small measure due to the pains and skill devoted, of set purpose, by the Order to the management of the confessional. In the combats of interest and opinion, conscience, where a man was honest, was constantly baffled; a person, from whom his position demanded that he should lead others, would be in continual want of a guide himself. The same needs existed, where the prescriptions of the Jesuits have never been, on any large scale, applied, where the hostility to Rome was strongest. Men in general were doubtful about their acts and about their motives, which they desired should be approved by God as well as by government. The very same causes, which in some countries threw such power into the hands of the Jesuits, in other countries produced a multiplication of sects, until

it looked probable that Christianity would soon have as many various subdivisions as there were Christian congregations. Whenever a man would undertake the control and cure of souls, there was sure to be no lack of souls anxious and wishful to be cared for. Many explained these symptoms in communities to mean the dissolution of the whole life of communities. They refused to believe that a Henry VIII. or a Gustavus Wasa could be a saviour of society. The real question to them, they said, was not at all a question of ecclesiastical doctrine or of royal supremacy. It involved the first rules of morality. And, though popes might sometimes be bad in morals, were not monarchs usually so? Would it do not to hold reserved the highest place, in the sight of all nations, for a potentate, who had once embodied and who might again embody Moral Greatness. What was happening? Lassitude was sapping the vital force of the people, luxury that of the courts. What prospect could be more doleful? One saw cities swayed by the filthiest and most blasphemous ravings of demagogues, and, in the country, peasants were rallying on behalf of the lowest of the older superstitions or on behalf of communistic heresies.

The lives which have been, in their example and result, most beneficent to humanity, have been at the last consumed by a sense of loneliness and failure; and it may be, that always after intense effort, whether on the part of a person or a combination of persons, a corresponding slackness of mental fibre is inevitable.

'*Post tenebras lux*' is the ancient motto of the town of Geneva, on which the dawn and the warmth of the sun break from behind the wall of the Alps and of eternal snow. In the heraldic bearings of the city meet the Eagle and the Keys, the symbols of Cæsar and of St. Peter. On the very geography of Geneva and on all her fortunes there is set the seal of an international vocation. Fable makes Geneva four centuries older than Rome, and the eldest daughter of Troy. History connects the site with the opening event in Cæsar's Western campaigns. Here was the frontier of the Allobroges, the allies of the Romans, where Cæsar met and turned aside the unwieldy caravan of the Helvetians. In our own time, Geneva stands in a way of her own between the divergent interests of nations, of labour and capital, of ecclesiastical establishments; she offers a theatre for Alabama arbitrations, for social congresses, for the preaching of Père Hyacinthe. Throughout the Middle Ages and at the rise of modern history she took a very prominent part in the progress of com-

merce, and was the home of much literary and military activity. 'Clef et Boulevard de la Suisse,' the city has been styled. Geneva stood on the confines of three languages, of three political organisms, Italy, France, and the Empire. She had a close connection with the trade of Northern and Western Europe through Cologne, with that of the South and East through Florence and Venice; she was in closer neighbourhood and more intimate relations with, at about equal distances, Bern, Lyons, and Turin. And the mountain, the river, the lake—above all natural objects most suggestive to the mind of the traveller on the Continent in the nineteenth century, inviting and familiar as they have been to the typical philosopher, and historian, and poet, dear even to the satirist, of modern Europe—Mont Blanc, the Rhone, Lake Leman, the delight of the large intellects of Rousseau, Gibbon, Byron and Voltaire, enliven and define the landscape of Geneva.

In Carolingian times a count of Geneva had governed on behalf of the Roman Empire. In Swabian times, the Emperor had made the bishop of Geneva count. The bishop in his turn gave secular rule under himself to the Count of Savoy, who bore the title of 'Vidomne.' By degrees this title of vidomne passed—the count at Turin willing it so in order that his relations with Geneva might lose as much as possible the traces of their origin in a delegated authority—from the Count of Savoy to his local officer, the custodian of the island-fortress in the Rhone. We are led to remark how, in the early history of the House of Savoy, the design to reach and enclose Geneva was as warmly nursed and as persistently maintained as, in the later history of that House, the design to reach and to enclose Rome. Amadeus VIII. of Savoy, in the variety and incongruity of the distinctions he accumulated, claims celebrity as having surpassed all his successors. He became, one after the other, Count and Duke of Savoy, Pope of Rome and Bishop of Geneva (A.D. 1444); at intervals in his career he let his beard grow and lived a hermit at Ripaille. From the times of Amadeus VIII. the bishops of Geneva were mostly members of the ducal family. The ambitious house was increased and extended; at last Geneva was on all sides encompassed by the possessions of the Duke of Savoy. The line which separated the rights of the duke over Geneva from his rights over the territories beyond the city-property had become the slightest imaginable. But under the shadow of the Cathedral of St. Peter at Geneva had sprung up—the plant is a common one in mediæval

episcopal purlieus—a further Power, a determined democracy. So far back as 1387 a charter of liberties was granted, which made an important landmark on the road toward the full enjoyment by Geneva of the forms of a republic. Thus the city was one of most diverse population and opinions. It had a most complicated jurisdiction and police. Bishop, Vidomne, and Syndicate were bound by oath to uphold each other's privileges and administration. Then there was the action of the Chapter, of the Vidomne's lieutenant, of the various civic committees, from the General Council, the Smaller Council, the Council of Sixty, down to the numerous and restless clubs and confraternities—*abbayes et compagnies*—in which the youth of Geneva enrolled itself for the discussion of affairs and for drill and the practice of archery. A street of Geneva was called after the German, a market-hall after the French, merchants. In one part of the city rose a Franciscan, in another an unusually spacious Dominican convent ('le Grand Palais'). Pilgrims crowded to the shrine of St. Victor. A band of the hungry shaggy mountaineers from the Italian side of the Alps, who formed the garrison, might be seen to pass vociferating in their vile Piedmontese jargon on one side of the road, while on the other might stand a group of high-born cathedral dignitaries paying their respects to each other in Ciceronian Latin. Processions, manœuvres, fairs, festivals, traffic kept the town in an unintermittent bustle. There were as many as fifty notaries-public. The fondness of the Genevans for amusement and gaiety, in particular their patronage of allegorical and comic representations, became proverbial. But the joyous and prosperous city had its turbulent and bitter moods, and these recurred more and more often. It knew what it was to be under interdict and under martial law. The first decades of the sixteenth century were spent at Geneva in internal dissensions, quarrels between duke and bishop, bishop and citizens, duke and citizens. Some of the leading citizens had been admitted to the freedom of Freiburg and Bern. Three men of the popular party are famous above the rest: the versatile and eloquent François de Bonnard, who has sometimes been styled the Erasmus of the Genevan Reformation; Philibert Berthelier the favourite of the multitude, with a humorous and a melancholy vein in him, fond of music and conviviality, but amid the clatter of wine-cups imparting to the friend next him his prevision of a violent death,—Berthelier has been called the Egmont of the Genevan struggle for independence;

then Bezanson Hugues, the coolest and, as it strikes us, the noblest of the trio, whom, continuing the comparison between Geneva and the Netherlands, we would take leave to think of as a companion spirit to John of Barneveld.

It was in connection with a section of the inhabitants led by Berthelier, Bezanson Hugues, and Bohnivard, that a famous nickname of faction came into vogue at Geneva. The partisans of the Freiburg and Bern 'combourgeoisie' were called Huguenots, the adherents of Savoy Mamelukes. The word 'Eyguenot' may with most probability be derived from the German 'Eidgenoss,' the Swiss league being best known as the 'Eidgenossen,' 'the sworn comrades;' with less probability from the name of the ablest Geneva leader, Bezanson Hugues.*

Anyhow the term had a political before it had a religious meaning, and, whether it be the same with the French party-epithet or not, which is sometimes still a subject of dispute, this description of the term would still be true in both localities. Bezanson Hugues and Berthelier were much more political than ecclesiastical reformers; Bezanson Hugues remained in life and death a Catholic; even Bohnivard's revolt from the papal and monastic system had its root in and took its savour from literary rather than moral tendencies in his generation. Of the two implicated towns, Freiburg was strongly Catholic and Bern was Protestant. It was from Freiburg that, in the first instance, the citizens of Geneva had most support and sympathy; later, indeed, though not because Geneva freely willed or wished it so, Bern supplanted Freiburg. Geneva passed, without knowing well how and in what direction she was being moved, out of one relation into another. Very slowly and under the sheer compulsion of the Duke of Savoy's policy with which fell in after countless subterfuges and hesitations that of the bishop, Peter de la Baume, a policy bent on confounding and causing to be confounded the desire for local franchises with the taint of those reviled heresies which were known, like every other novelty, to have made some way in the place,—most slowly was Geneva as a city pressed into pronounced antagonism

to Catholic doctrine and the system of the Catholic Church. When the bishop had excommunicated Geneva; when the Archbishop of Vienne, who was metropolitan, and the Pope had confirmed the excommunication; when it was announced that the Duke of Savoy and the Bishop of Geneva in concert were levying troops and preparing to take the field against Geneva,—then, and not till then, did Genevan councillors begin to advise with a foreign missionary at whom hitherto they had looked askance, a protégé of Bern, which had given him introductions that had hitherto been of small service to him, 'the Welsh Luther,' the particular *bête noire* of Erasmus, William Farel;—not until then did Farel become a political personage at Geneva, though thenceforward a forward enough station was taken by him; not until then did the Protestant watchwords become those of Genevan patriotism. By the act of her enemies two courses only were at all open to Geneva. She must make her choice if she would have those enemies thrust back, kept at bay between two, the only possible allies. Bern or France! Alliance with France could have but one result—union with France. As it was, when, with the help of Bern, Geneva was safe from her old tyrants, she found Bernese statesmen—they had far and wide the reputation—not much less covetous than French, and she was put to no little trouble to preserve her autonomy. Had it not been for her professedly sincere and thorough Protestantism, for the thus assured guarantees of religious affinity and fellowship, Bern would have enforced, as she demanded, the most substantial pledges; she would have annexed the town she had rescued.

At the conclusion of a contest of about thirty years' duration, Geneva had shaken off the yoke of her bishop and of the Duke of Savoy. She had secured what men called her liberty; had she not sacrificed her character? 'A tottering republic, a wavering faith, a nascent church,' the sceptical and alarmist observer would have been able to see, as nowhere else, at Geneva, the picture traced for him vaguely in the whole condition of Europe, reproduced in a speaking and highly-finished miniature. The chiefs who had begun the movement had nearly all passed away, and their righteous and moderate enthusiasm was gone with them. In the place of old ecclesiastical foundations, of old patrician and civic authorities, what remained? In numbers the leading Genevan families had gone into exile with all the corporate and ceremonial, all the time-worn and time-honoured, furniture of the past. They had left a blank. The very soul of

* Kampschulte's 'Calvin,' p. 49. We have to acknowledge great obligations to this book. Not only the University of Bonn and the Old Catholic movement, but historical literature generally, suffered a great loss in the premature death of Professor Kampschulte. Only one of the three volumes he meant to write of Calvin, had been published when he died. This fragment is a very remarkable example of learning, a still more remarkable example of impartiality.

the city was extinct. How quickly did Geneva become the byword of Europe for the wildest scenes of debauchery, for as wild scenes of iconoclasm! The frenzied passion for excitement, change, and destruction had but to overleap another hedge or two, and it would have consummated political suicide. What were the materials for a future? Here a poor remnant of the old Genevan stock, the cringing and unworthy children of noble names, who had given up their old beliefs for the sake of having none, who had broken with Catholicism and its dignified official protectors, because they wanted to break with all religion and order; there an unreasoning, insurgent mob collected together by refugee revolutionary preachers, who, as soon as controversy and church-storming were over, lost all love for their untractable flocks, and found, day by day, their posts more untenable.

At this very darkest moment a work was to commence at Geneva, beside which every other previous and later enterprise originated within her walls sinks into insignificance. In July 1536, a poor French man of letters, travelling under an assumed name, tired with his journey, arrived, intending to rest for one night, at Geneva. He met a former companion, Louis du Tillet, who chanced to inform Farel that the author of the 'Institutes of the Christian Religion' was in the city. Farel had been for some time at his wits' end; he was through and through conscious of his incompetence as an organizer and legislator; he was full of fear lest, master of so many battle-fields, he should never succeed in making any use of victory. Here, the thought flashed on him at the instant, was in Geneva the very man Geneva required, the writer of a book which, published only a few months before, was on the lips of the entire learned and inquisitive world, which had become already the programme of Protestantism, or, as the Romanist historian Florimund de Raemund put it, 'the Koran, the Talmud of Heresy.' The man who had set forth the theory of Protestantism should bring into action the practice of Protestantism. From the bottom of his overtasked, perplexed, ardent, bold heart, Farel determined that Calvin should not leave the spot. He hastened to the stranger's lodgings, and in a few impetuous words forced upon him his plan. Calvin showed astonishment and annoyance. He was, he stated, a young, shy student; his tastes were for quiet, academic pursuits; he had found his place; and manifestly the first successes, the successes of the sole kind appropriate to his talent and mode of living, which had fallen to him, forbade in him the thought of re-

nouncing his chosen career. But the preacher, who had stood before the stoniest congregations and felt his own fires, who never turned from insult or blow and had shed his blood for his tenets, who had carried by assault church after church, the 'Conqueror of Geneva,' was not to be daunted when he had at last before him the person for whom he was in his conscience convinced he had through all his past actions been preparing the way. 'Thou pratest of thy studies: I tell thee in the name of Almighty God that His curse is upon thee shouldst thou dare to withdraw thyself from this work of the Lord, and hearken to the cry of thine own flesh before the call of Christ.' 'And I was frightened and shaken as if by God on high, and as though His hand had stopped me on the way,' says Calvin, recalling the interview and the marvellous power with which Farel had delivered himself of his message.

Though it is a very modern and, as commonly applied, a somewhat inapplicable phrase, yet we think that one of his recent French biographers has touched exactly Calvin's own thought, when he describes him as undertaking his labours with the intention of making Geneva the capital of an idea. To no one in those days or in ours were the disorders of the sixteenth century more abhorrent. His nicely poised and clear intelligence chafed and struggled and must break through and get to light, wherever the clouds of barbarism and ignorance had defiled the image and dulled the knowledge of truth, Divine and Immaculate. He hated, and with every instinct of a creative and masterful genius he bent his whole strength of character and intellect to wrestle with, chaos. Never was Geneva's motto truer of her than in Calvin's time, 'Post tenebras lux;' never was its legend of the implacable agonizing hostility between good and evil, light and darkness, the active Spirit of God and the shapeless, lifeless waters of a lower world, more finely illumined than in the life of Calvin. Calvin is one of those heroes of history who have lived by and acted by the guidance of abstract principles. The common weaknesses of men, such as beset even most great men, are not discernible in him. He is too severe, too cold; one misses in him not many of the more excellent, but many of the more amiable qualities of the race. The whole earth wore for him, one might say, the air of a strange land. He was never at home, in the domestic and tender sense which the word has, at Geneva or anywhere. How, it has been felt, if a Luther had lived at Geneva instead of a Calvin, would its scenery have been extolled

and recapitulated in his 'Table Talk'! At Geneva a Luther would never have let any other man but himself translate the Psalms of David. From Geneva a Luther would have preached sermons and sung hymns hardly more inspired by Scripture than by the sublimity of the mountain and the ripple of the lake. Glacier and avalanche, the silence and the sounds of the high Alps, the difficult pass through which he had come, the fragrant meadows in which he had reposed, a Luther would have celebrated in the ears of all the countries of the Reformation. Luther would have somewhere had a word to say, not altogether disparagingly, of that artist of the olden time whose altarpiece had been turned to the wall, who had put St. Peter, fisher of men, founder of the Church, patron of Geneva, out upon those particular waters to net his miraculous draught: 'On y reconnoît parfaitement les deux Monts Salève, le Môle et les Voyrons.' But to Calvin Geneva was always a foreign city. The records of the city have caught the chill of his presence; that foreigner, that Frenchman, 'iste Gallus,' so run the first entries respecting him. Not the beautiful and well-proportioned aspect, the ugly and disorganized aspect in external life in every province of it struck Calvin most. He came in time to love Geneva to a certain degree, as a sort of city of refuge. And at best Switzerland was to Calvin what the wilderness of Sinai was to Moses: not a promised land, though one hallowed especially in the interference of Providence. In sight of Mont Blanc Calvin re-issued, as peremptorily and as literally, the Divine Word as the Jewish law-giver had done, and he reasserted the doctrine of predestination and of a chosen people.

Of himself Calvin, in his voluminous writings, rarely speaks. It is at once an aristocratic haughtiness and a literary taste which restrain him, and also a feeling of the nothingness of personal incidents along the track of one in whom self has been destroyed and whom God speeds onward in a special mission. Nor need we dwell on his early youth. One coincidence we may notice, the more as it has escaped most of his biographers. At the Collège de Montaigu at Paris he studied dialectics under the same Spanish professor to whose instructions Ignatius Loyola was indebted for his introduction to letters. Until he was about eighteen, Calvin read grammar, philosophy, and theology; then, in accordance with a change in his father's intentions concerning him, law at Orleans and Bourges. After his father's death, while he continued his studies in jurisprudence, he gave special attention

to the ancient languages; it was at this period of his life that he made himself acquainted with Greek. With his Humanist training came religious doubt. Some years of deliberation followed, during which he thought rather of embracing the literary than either the ecclesiastical or the legal profession. A Reuchlin or an Erasmus was his model. He was again for twelve months at Paris, in the libraries and lecture-rooms. He was there when he published his first work, a commentary on Seneca's treatise on 'Clemency.' In this exercise, of which he took care to send a copy to Erasmus, Calvin's interest in philological inquiry and in the political questions of his day is the most marked feature; he is still keeping, in his occupations and in his own meditations, his religious scruples as much as he can out of sight and consideration. It is as a young classical scholar that he makes his *début*. But the effort to distract himself was too much for him. Very shortly after the publication of his book must have occurred his 'conversion,' of which none of the details can be said to be known. We have him immediately the chief of the Protestant learning in Paris. He composed for a friend, who was Rector of the University, a speech, which, delivered on All Saints' Day, roused the indignation of the Sorbonne and made it necessary both for orator and author to flee. From that time, 1533, to the time of his settlement at Geneva, he was wandering from place to place: Angoulême, Noyon, Nerac, Basle, writing now and then a tract or a preface, preparing and at last sending to press the first edition of the literary exploit of his life, the 'Institutio Religionis Christianæ.' 'In doctrine,' says Beza of Calvin, 'he was always the same, from the beginning to his last breath.' It is so. His whole system of theology was finished when he was six-and-twenty years old. And there is the same smoothness, sureness, want of flaw, in his style as in his mind. From the beginning his writing was as correct as his thought was accurate.

The appearance of the 'Institutes of the Christian Religion' is quite as much an incident in the history of French literature as is that of Christianity or of politics. It was probably first sketched in French, though first printed in Latin; here, however, we touch, and at once withdraw from, a most debateable and unsettled question. Of this there can be no doubt: the French volume, whether ready before or after the Latin, stamped Calvin as a first-rate classical writer in his mother tongue. And he was a French classic from the first moment that he wrote French. The prose of

the earliest editions is as perfect as any of Calvin's work. M. Nisard, himself an Academician and the author of the best known modern history of French literature, declares Calvin to have understood far better than the other great contemporary light of literary France, Rabelais, the genius and capacity of the French language, and, out of the magnificent roll of French theologians, to have expressed the truths of religion with a native eloquence never surpassed and never equalled unless by Bossuet. Calvin created, M. Nisard goes on to say, a particular branch of modern, and conspicuously of French, literary composition; he created a new language, that of polemics. He had passed from one French university to another just at the right moments of the sparkling effervescence of the French revival of letters; he had been in contact with the leading teachers in Roman law and ancient scholarship as well as in theology. The two former subjects had exerted over him a strong attraction and had moulded the forms of his mind; a legal and a literary acumen will sharpen and clarify every page of his theology. The political briskness of Francis I. had kindled him; he was on the scent of a new diplomacy. By education a Humanist of Humanists, in intellect a Frenchman of Frenchmen, in morals a Reformer of Reformers, such was Calvin when he took up his abode at Geneva. Now, as so often, Genevan policy is set to general policy. The foreign bishop, the foreign duke, have made way for 'iste Gallus,' 'maître Calvin.' 'The Aristotle of the Reformation,' as his friends called him, had dedicated his book, in a glowing piece of rhetoric, to the King of France, 'Christianæ Religionis Institutio . . . Prefatio ad Christianissimum Regem Franciæ.'

Let us note, moreover, even in this hasty view of him, how his French instincts were strengthened during his exile from Geneva in Germany, when the Libertines had for a while got the upper hand of him and driven him out. He wrote letters which are replete with information about the condition of Germany; he had dived deep into the muddle of German political and religious disputations: in his exposition and criticism some perspicuity and brevity can be imparted to them. The heavy and somnolent movements of German princes and divines offended the polished and sprightly Frenchman. The long and tedious digestive process, in which they mentally lounged and dozed, disgusted Calvin. If he mentioned the pressing subject of the day,—that of discipline, of self-government,—the answer from every German was the same, a deep-

drawn sigh. He looked in vain for anything like his ideal in Germany. His patience was exhausted, his fine sense of manners was wounded. 'Novi Germaniæ morem,' he wrote years after in good-humoured sarcasm. He had stored his memory with peccadilloes to be avoided, in that country of conscientious fogginess and organised procrastinations, where, as he complained, at assemblies which were to be decisive, the authoritative persons never arrived, nor was it expected of them; where the mode of concluding business was to adjourn it; where the object of coming together was to heap document on document, all formularies of concord and mediation between people who meant contentedly to go on for ever agreeing to differ.

In the first half of the sixteenth century the two political powers which overshadowed civilisation were the Imperial system, as administered by Charles V., and the Hierarchical system, as represented by such a ruler as Leo X. In the second half of the sixteenth century, Empire and Papacy, greatly modified as they had been, were still most dangerous engines of reaction, and Spain and Italy placed exquisitely trained, and by no means effete forces at their disposal. He who would understand the essence of the opposition they then aroused, and the nature of the issues at stake, the reasons why the sixteenth century draws to it throughout Europe, and where-soever European thought and speech prevail, such lively attention in the nineteenth, would, we take it, do well to examine and analyse very minutely the principles and policy of two societies, which, we should further advise, should be approached first in their literary character. We mean the Republic of Geneva, but chiefly the Genevan Academy; and the kingdom of England, but chiefly the Court of Queen Elizabeth. From English history we, for the present, must resolutely turn. English history proper is not the history either of Genevan ideas or of those with which Geneva was at war. But if not in England proper, in Scotland, in Ireland, in Wales, in almost all British colonies, those ideas have had, and, in many instances, continue to have, the mastery; and as under Mary Tudor there was a Spanish, so under the whole line of Stuart there was a Scotch period in the history of the kernel of the Anglo-Saxon race, in the history of England itself. The Academy of Geneva, surrounded by the life of the civic republic, from which idleness, frivolity, and luxury had been expelled, and not quite unhampered,

though far less hampered than one would suppose, by a grim and scrutinising church discipline, remained in its first youth down to 1605, the year of Theodore Beza's death. He was its earliest Rector, whom Calvin had recommended for it, whom he had preferred to himself. After Calvin's death, Beza took up the whole work of Calvin. The Academy got its original endowment from the legacy of his entire estate for its purposes by 'the prisoner of Chillon,' Bonniward, the survivor of so many changes at Geneva. It speedily became a centre of culture, letters, and education. Robert Stephens—Robert I., these printers rank in their calling as kings—spent the last eight years of his life at Geneva, printed there some of his best specimens, and died there. His son, Henry II., was a citizen of Geneva; was as much established in that city as in any other. His learning and his labours were universal, and his activity was ubiquitous. He was ever welcome and safe at Geneva. The Stephenses were the finest and most honoured scholars of their day; their fame is as classic as Calvin's. Conrad Badius was another great Genevan printer. Proud-est of his press and above everything anxious to produce editions free of errors, he had also a high reputation as a pulpit-divine and as a profound writer. M. Michelet counts as many as thirty printing establishments, working night and day, at Geneva, and supplying the colporteurs of Italy, France, England, and the Netherlands. For the Genevan public, the chronicles of the city were written in French; and works full of lessons of patriotism, such as Josephus and Livy, were translated into that language. Geneva had, Senebier tells us, sixty booksellers' shops. Isaac Casaubon lived for many years at Geneva. The learned of that age spent missionary lives; journeyed from place to place. Geneva was their house of call and harbour of safety. Joseph Justus Scaliger lectured for two years at Geneva, at the same time Francis Hottoman was lecturing there on law. Bonnefoy, the Oriental jurist, of whom Cujas said that he would be the only man fit to supply his own place, had a chair at Geneva. Scrimgeour, professor of philosophy and law, was a Scotchman. Chevalier, the first professor of Hebrew at Geneva, was born in Normandy; subsequently he taught Hebrew at Cambridge. Similarly Daneau taught for some time at Geneva, and then passed on to a chair at Leyden, and to a place in the political history of the Low Countries. To careful readers of Mr. Motley a brief notice of

Charles Perrot will commend itself, who was Rector of the Academy in 1570 and again in 1588. The qualities reported of him show a kind of scholar and thinker, whom one would not have suspected at Geneva. Foremost among these qualities was his deep veneration for the ancients. In the album of a favourite pupil—a certain *Uytendogaert*—he inscribed the words, 'Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.' It is also on record that a book by him was suppressed after his death, entitled 'De Extremis in Ecclesiâ vitandis.' Let us turn to one man's library table and catch a glimpse of the extent of the personal associations into which the student of Geneva, as he raised his eyes from his page, as he scattered the products of his brain abroad, entered. Beza dedicated the folio second edition of his new Testament, in Greek and Latin, to Queen Elizabeth of England, the octavo edition to the Prince of Condé and the French nobility; he presented a famous manuscript of the Gospels and Acts to the University of Cambridge; he left by will a Greek manuscript of the New Testament to Sully; when his hand began to fail, in order to prevent—though the effort turned out a vain one, for the volumes cannot be traced—the dispersal of a precious collection, he sold six hundred louis d'ors' worth of books to a house-pupil of his, a Moravian seigneur, George Sigismund of Zastrizl. With Mr. Motley's last pages in our minds, we may not forget how Barneveld in his extremity turned to the shade of Beza, the 'Pope of the Huguenots,' the Genevan psalmodist.

'After an hour he called for his *French Psalm Book*, and read in it for some time.'—Vol. ii., p. 374.

'The clergymen then re-entered and asked if he had been able to sleep. He answered, "No, but that he had been much consoled by many noble things which he had been reading in the *French Psalm Book*."—Vol. ii. p. 376.

"Will my lord please to prepare himself?"

"Very well, very well," said the prisoner.

"Shall we go at once?"

'But Walaeus suggested a prayer. Upon its conclusion, Barneveld gave his hand to the provost-marshal and to the two soldiers, bidding them adieu, and walked downstairs, attended by them, to the chamber of the judges. As soon as he appeared at the door, he was informed that there had been a misunderstanding, and he was requested to wait a little. He accordingly went upstairs again with perfect calmness, sat down in his chamber again, and read in his *French Psalm Book*.'—Vol. ii. p. 381.

Let us also remember, how to this Pro-

testant Rome exiles and fugitives gathered. There was an English church with English services at Geneva as early as 1555, an Italian church with Italian services in 1551, a little later a Spanish church with Spanish services. In the year 1558, we read that in one morning 279 persons became permanent residents at Geneva, namely, 50 Englishmen, 200 Frenchmen, 25 Italians, and 4 Spaniards.

But pre-eminently as a High School for the youth of Europe does Geneva claim attention and the lasting gratitude of civilization. As the chief lights of learning settled for a longer or shorter stay at Geneva, so too did future soldiers and statesmen from the leading aristocratic families of the Continent, in a remarkable degree from the more decentralized countries of Europe—as Poland, Bohemia, Moravia, the Netherlands, North Britain—travel to Geneva as the resort of classical culture and the cradle of a fresh and hopeful political life. Theodore Beza was at once the head of Calvinistic Geneva and of the science and literature of Protestant politics in Europe until the century had closed. He was the one Reformer who lived right through the sixteenth into the seventeenth century. In 1600 he preached, it was a pious but not a prophetic discourse, from the text, 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' Beza, like Calvin, was a Frenchman. He took a personal part in French politics. He was a man of high descent and of majestic visage, a poet, a courtier, a strict Calvinist about whom there was no outside appearance of the Puritan, a diplomatist at ease among cardinals and fine ladies, an adept at epigrams and complimentary verses. Throughout the religious strife in France he was appealed to and he gave counsel; at the conference of Poissy he and the Cardinal of Lorraine were matched against one another. Henry IV. after his apostasy still revered Beza; when he met him, embraced him, sought to please him, addressed him as 'Father.' Beza was the spiritual father and political guide of the Colignis, the Rohans, the D'Aubignés, the Sullys, pure and earnest Christian nobles, as virtuous as they were valiant, rushing on the field like a mountain torrent, over every obstacle, and—for a space, so long as they remembered Beza and the Fountain-head of their prowess—among the polluted and miry currents of royal and aristocratic French life, bright and unstained like a mountain torrent.

The narrative of the Religious Wars in France and of their connection with Geneva has an exact counterpart in Scotland. For

Katharine of Medici, there are the two Maries: Mary of Guise and 'the Queen of Scots.' For Admiral Coligni, there is the Regent Murray. For Calvin, there is—a sterner and, in planting an undying seed, a more successful Calvinist than Calvin—the most congenial and fervid disciple of the master, John Knox. For Beza, there is Andrew Melville, who had been for ten years of his life at Geneva and among the Huguenots. For Beza's pupil, Henry of Navarre, there is Melville's pupil, James of Scotland, on whom London acted as Paris on Henri Quatre, leading him away to Prelacy.

We observed above, that the Slavonian countries sent their young nobility, in considerable numbers, to Geneva. No nationality took a larger place in Beza's mind. Zastrizl bought, as we have seen, that it might remain together and be transplanted to his own country, the bulk of Beza's library. Charles of Zierotin excelled in his time among the younger scholars of Geneva; there he learnt to love Plato and Plutarch, to admire Beza as the greatest man of that age, to comprehend the world-wide significance of the struggle his own Hussite forefathers had begun. When he had finished his studies at Geneva, Zierotin visited the West. He saw England, where he became a bosom friend of Robert, Earl of Salisbury. A few years later he came all the way from his family castle to take part in one of Henry IV.'s campaigns. His after-career was devoted to the public service of his country, he became its leading statesman—Landeshauptmann of Moravia,—he remained an important personage in the politics of Eastern Europe until the very eve of the Thirty Years' War.

How much the Netherlands owe to the political model and teaching of Geneva our readers will have learnt, or can easily learn, from Mr. Motley's present work and from his previous writings.

More practical, and so more profitable, than a study of Athens in her prime, of Rome in the palmiest days of the Republic, was, in full sixteenth century, the study of Geneva herself. Nowhere had there been in State and Church such disunion, in moral character and in mental sinew such decrepitude, as at Geneva, when, as one might well deem, God's hand and the voice of Farel arrested Calvin. And on the very 'Slough of Despond' Calvin had planted a good and substantial city. All Europe took courage. What Luther had done for the individual, Calvin had done for the State. After Calvin's work, there could no longer be any doubt about the stability, the vitality,

of the political movement into which that work was linked; there could be no doubt that Christianity could exist without the Roman Papacy, and civilization without the Imperial system. A mass of political superstitions was exploded. And where were thews and muscles, where were military authority and rigour, where were religious zeal and discipline, where was rational and logical statesmanship to be found, if not among the Calvinists of the seventeenth century?

Every one, we suppose, is conscious of his proneness to think of periods of a hundred years, of centuries, as if these were something more than just conventional arrangements for chronological purposes, as if an integral change took place in universal human character at such an epoch as the year 1500 or 1600. We speak continually, say of the nineteenth century, as if there were some greater inherent distinction between the years 1799 and 1800 than between the years 1800 and 1801. However, it is a subject for thankfulness that on such a matter a little mental carelessness is not very misleading. For it is evident enough that, roughly stated, in a hundred years, in the course of about three generations, the general fashion of things does alter, the origin of leading maxims falls out of record, necessary re-adjustments have to be made, points of departure have to be recovered. Political memory is bounded much as domestic memory. Tradition has no real and healthy life when it ceases to be oral, when it reaches backward beyond the tales of a grandfather. It loses its hold as an instinct, as a nature, when it is not bred at home and current from the nursery, when it begins to depend upon the training of the schools and calculations grounded on the maturer experiences of him who allows it to weigh with him. Tradition will not do instead of faith; unless, at least, it falls from the lips of one to whom it is faith, not tradition. So it is that, when a hundred years have passed since Charles, Leo, Henry, Francis, trod the stage, the eye looks in vain for anything that resembles them. What strides diplomacy and national spirit have taken! It needs an effort to find predecessors for Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstiern, Richelieu, Turenne, John Pym, Oliver Cromwell. Not that there is a breach in the history; yet how independent is the century, how different the age, how new the field!

On the threshold of those other times we pause, our limits are reached, and the task we had set ourselves is—as we are well

aware, rather in the way of hint than of exposition—most imperfectly accomplished. And for the present we must part with Mr. Motley. He is a writer to whom the public is much indebted, and whom it will be always pleased to meet again. We can well understand Mr. Motley's eagerness at the turn to which his studies have brought him, and with his relish for heroic incident and example, to leave 'the narrow precincts of the Netherlands.'

In one of the most ancient and famous libraries in this country hang in a conspicuous position two paintings rich in historical, indeed in romantic, attractions. Of the first picture one would guess, had one no other index but the artist's labour, that the man presented in it had been of noble and interesting quality, apt to entertain high hopes and rash designs, though there has come a look into his face as of amazement at some suddenly unveiled prospect of power and renown; one would guess that he would be bold and dashing in onset, and that at the beginning of a fray others would readily appeal to him, but that he might be proved too pliable and irresolute as the cavalier, in command through desperate encounters, of a cause where brain and heart should show as sure and firm as stroke of sword or seat in saddle. The other likeness, though not so well authenticated, suits even more admirably the individual it is reported to represent. A lady stands holding a lance; she wears a soldier's slouched hat covered with heavy yellow plumes which flap over her face and mix with her hair; a black and a red feather, half hidden in the background, join to make up the proud imperial colours of the head-dress; a closely-fitting string of pearls is round her neck, her black robe has sleeves of slashed yellow silk, and a yellow scarf is pinned with a jewel over the right shoulder. The male figure is that of the fugitive from the battle on the White Hill of Prague, the female that of his wife. Granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, sister of Charles I. aunt of Charles II., her manner and physiognomy bear resemblance to each of these among her illustrious kindred, while they are eloquent besides of an originality and of adventures quite her own. It has by chance happened that the preceding pages were for the most part written in the shadow of these portraits. Thus we have been constantly reminded of the act which was to follow next in the drama of European history upon those we have been contemplating—of the conflict, some of the premonitory symptoms of which along the western borders of the Continent Mr. Motley, in the work before

us, has ably and carefully described. Most cordially do we wish the historian of the Dutch Republic good speed to his narrative of the Thirty Years' War. His practised and still active hand will, we trust, give new life and spirit to the scenes in which the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia* assumes among princesses an engaging and uncommon attitude, and it will find its grasp and cunning strained to their utmost effort, as it disentangles destinies not less troubled, but of far deeper import and more lasting influence than those of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, 'King for a Winter'—as Carlyle expands the metaphor—'built of mere frost, a snow-king altogether soluble again.'

ART. VI.—1. *Correspondence with Her Majesty's Missions abroad regarding Industrial Questions and Trades Unions.* 1867.—*Reports from Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents abroad respecting the Condition of the Industrial Classes.* 1870.—*Further Reports, &c.* 1871–72.

2. *On the History and Development of Gilda, and the Origin of Trade-Unions.* By Lujo Brentano, of Aschaffenburg, Bavaria, Doctor Juris utriusque et Philosophiæ. London, 1870.

3. *Zur Geschichte der Englischen Gewerksvereine.—Zur Kritik der Englischen Gewerksvereine.* Von Lujo Brentano, &c. Leipzig, 1871–72.

4. *Verhandlungen der Eisenacher Versammlung zur Besprechung der sozialen Frage, am 6. und 7. October 1872.* Leipzig, 1873.

5. *Das Deutsche Handwerk und die sociale Frage.* Von J. F. H. Dannenberg. Leipzig, 1872.

6. *Die Lehren des heutigen Socialismus und Communismus.* Von Heinrich von Sybel. Bonn, 1872.

7. *Le Mouvement socialiste et les Réunions publiques avant la Révolution du 4 Septembre 1870. Suivi de la Pacification des Rapports du Capital et du Travail.* Par M. G. de Molinari, Rédacteur du 'Journal des Débats.' Paris, 1872.

* We have tried to give an idea of a presumed portrait of her. She connects, we need scarcely remind our readers, the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, James I.'s daughter, George I.'s grandmother. Her mental charms were celebrated by Sir Henry Wotton in the well-known lines, beginning,

'You meaner beauties of the night.'

8. *L'Organisation du Travail, selon la Coutume des Ateliers et la Loi du Décalogue etc.—L'Organisation de la Famille selon le vrai Modèle signalé par l'Histoire de toutes les Races et de tous les Temps.—La Paix sociale etc. Réponse aux Questions qui se posent dans l'Occident depuis les désastres de 1871.* Par M. F. Le Play, etc. Paris, 1870–71.

9. *On Work and Wages.* By Thomas Brassey, M.P. Third Edition. London, 1872.

10. *Some Habits and Customs of the Working Classes.* By a Journeyman Engineer.—*Our New Masters.* By Thomas Wright [the Journeyman Engineer]. London, 1867–73.

11. *The Lock-out of the Agricultural Labourers.* (From our Special Reporter.) 'Times,' April–June, 1874.

WHETHER or no England maintains her old renown of teaching the nations how to live, she may, of late years, certainly claim to have taught the nations how to strike. Having bestowed on the world railways, the iron railway-horse, ocean-telegraphy, and the penny-postage, she crowns all by diffusing the doctrine and discipline of Trades Unions. When the French operatives, sent to London by Prince Napoleon's International Exhibition Commission in 1862, came in communication with English work-people, they acquainted themselves, for the first time, says M. de Molinari,* 'with the principal organizations of the Trades Unions, of which they had no previous notion, and immediately sought to use them for the realization of their Socialist scheme for arraying all the World's Labour against all the World's Capital.' Their efforts resulted in the formation of the since far-famed International Association, which held its first meetings in London in 1864. The main practical aim of that Association, as understood by the English Trades Unionists, with reference to the interests for which they were concerned, was to prevent the importation of foreign work-people on the occurrence of strikes. In the minds of its French, Belgian, and German associates its more important ulterior object was to place the powerful lever of the English machinery of Trades Unionism in the hands of the leaders of the Socialist Propaganda all over the world.

'England,' says M. de Molinari, 'has, since 1848, imported a considerable stock from the Continent of missionaries of Socialism; for example, the leaders of French and German Socialism, Louis Blanc, Karl Marx, &c. How does it happen then that English work-people,

* 'Le Mouvement socialiste,' p. 176.

for the most part, have remained refractory to teachings which fanaticised their Continental brethren? This is to be ascribed doubtless to the practical good sense which forms, we may say, the predominant characteristic trait of the English mind, and which has rendered England the classic land of economic progress.'

While we have no objection to accept whatever compliments may be paid to the English character, we should be disposed, for our own part, to ascribe the scission which soon showed itself between the English Unionists and the foreign Propagandists of Internationalism to the longer experience which the former had enjoyed of industrial freedom. Since the repeal of our old Combination Laws a period has elapsed longer than that which is usually assigned to a generation of man. Since Trades Unions ceased to be secret and illegal, their leaders have had abundant opportunity of learning by experience the practical limits of what is attainable by their agency. But French and German labour has, we may say, lived in fetters till yesterday. The French law prohibitive of all operative combinations was not repealed till 1864, and even afterwards the meetings of work-people, like all other meetings, remained subject to the law which restricted their numbers to twenty, unless with official sanction. In the States now composing the German Empire, the laws prohibiting combinations were not finally repealed till 1869. Labour, therefore, had no opportunity, till those recent dates, of learning what we may call its practical politics. The wildest schemes of social subversion found easy access to the imagination of multitudes whose practical wants and interests had no legal representatives, and with whom the most visionary projects might find the readier audience, as they were never put in any substantive shape, or submitted to any actual experiment. They were the natural offspring of a *régime* of absolute repression of operative free-agency. Even since that *régime* has ceased to exist in the leading commercial countries, operative politics may still continue for some time as exclusively and mistakenly labour-protectionist, as the politics of their betters, till within these thirty years, were exclusively and mistakenly profit-protectionist. But it may safely be predicted that they will not continue to exhibit the fanatical extravagance, which is the distinctive badge of the politics of classes without political experience. The prevailing Socialism in the French and German working classes will, it may be hoped, not long survive the relaxation of the fetters on free discussion and free agency, which left nothing but 'the realm of dream'

as a substitute for the world of realities.

It is curious to observe the different methods employed about the same time, under different *régimes*, to enlighten the popular masses on matters affecting their condition in our own and other countries. The British Government, between the years 1867 and 1872, took measures to inform itself and those most concerned of all the facts of the condition of the industrial classes in all the countries with which we hold diplomatic relations. The French Imperial Government, in 1868, suddenly flung open the flood-gates of popular discussion, which it had kept jealously closed for a score of years, and, instead of inviting the communication of knowledge from those who had it, let in upon its public an inundation of ignorance from those who could supply that in any quantity, with the unhappy fluency so often found in its company. Every hall disposable for public meetings in Paris was thronged by eager listeners (as afterwards during the two sieges) to the most rabid representatives of the most advanced Socialist schools. The *salles* of the 'Redoute,' the 'Marseillaise' at La Villette, and the 'Folie Belleville' resounded, in the passive presence of the then Imperial commissaries of police, with the old democratic-social rhapsodies of twenty years before, reproduced by a new generation of spouters of the same froth. 'Capital,' exclaimed one speaker, 'is accumulated shame.' 'Property,' said another, 'is not theft, as it has been styled by a well-known writer, it is assassination.' 'The workman who saves his earnings,' affirmed a third, 'is a traitor to his brethren.' (By the way, an Unionist delegate, not very long back, preached precisely the same doctrine to Mr. Gladstone.) The fruits gathered corresponded with the seeds sown by these opposite modes of promoting popular instruction in social economics. The English workpeople have been enabled by the 'People's Blue-books' to convince themselves that there is no Sluggard's Eldorado even under Republics, where the Communist ideal, proclaimed in the Paris reunions of five or six years back, is realised in this workday world—where absolute equality of condition is established 'without distinction of industrial energy, talent, or virtue—absolute equality of wages, without distinction of quantity or quality of work—the value of all products of labour being solely estimated by the time taken to produce them.*' Among the French workpeople an ignorant and fanatical Socialism,

* Molinari, 'Le Mouvement socialiste,' p. 14.

as might be expected, increased and multiplied from the seeds sown in the imperially licensed gatherings of 1868-70, and reached its full pitch, as our readers are already aware, in the Clubs Rouges of the siege, and the final saturnalia of anarchy under the Commune.

In all discussions of the varying phases of the Labour question, whether at home or abroad, we must start from the 'great fact' that the time-honoured policy of legal prohibition of labouring-men's combinations to sell to the best advantage the commodity, Labour, which they bring to market, has been deliberately and definitively abandoned by the three leading nations of Europe. England, France, and Germany have successively and solemnly renounced that policy. To produce this final and ultimate concurrence in so grave a decision, in the face of the manifest and manifold inconveniences, not to say social dangers, which have followed, and could not fail to follow, the emancipation of multitudes from long-worn fetters, there must have been felt moral and political necessities, such as to silence all scruples and misgivings. In future practical consideration of the Labour Question, whether at home or abroad, it is necessary to acquiesce in this foregone conclusion. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*

During the recent suspension of social vitality in France by war, petroleum, and martial law, Continental industrial movements have been pretty much confined to Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. Cousin German, it must certainly be confessed, is learning to *striken* with an alacrity rivaling that of the celebrated German Baron whom a Frenchman found jumping over chairs and tables '*pour apprendre à être fif.*' Strikes and lock-outs seem the order of the day in Fatherland, almost as much as in England. It may fairly be surmised that the French inflowing milliards have not been unconnected with this unwontedly lively posture of the relations between Labour and Capital. Germany has been infected with a fever of speculation by French gold, and the labouring class, which cannot take part in tempting speculations, has sufficiently shown that, at any rate, it can strike for advanced wages.

We have before us a very able publication on the present condition of the German artisan-class by Herr Dannenberg of Hamburg, who made his voice heard succinctly but distinctly in the first Assembly 'for the Discussion of the Social Question' held at Eisenach on the 6th and 7th of October, 1872, and variously composed of prominent representatives of all sorts of opinions and interests—except

of 'the Manchester school'—the one economic scapegoat which all seemed agreed in driving into the wilderness. Herr Dannenberg's views derive additional weight from the fact that they have been practically adopted in recent measures of the municipal government of that city. Herr Dannenberg traces the spread of Socialistic and Communistic doctrines—not to Trades Unionism, which he considers to have nothing in common with them—but to the dislocation of the whole pre-existing industrial economy, produced by the dissolution of the old Gild organization, which has not been replaced by a new. Man—working man especially—must, after all, have something to lean on. If he no longer finds the desiderated *point d'appui* in the old-established form of fixed customary relations with associates in trade and labour, he will be fain to catch at it in whatever new shape, and from whatever new quarter it is offered. This is a fruitful source of the ready receptiveness, especially of late years in Germany, of Socialistic and Communistic doctrines by a very large proportion of the working-classes.

If Trades Unionism has not generated Socialism, Trades Unionism, as well as Socialism, has been favoured by the collapse of the old Gild system. 'If,' says Herr Dannenberg, 'that collapse was expected to put an end to workmen's unions, a complete mistake was made, as is now indeed acknowledged on all sides. The old Gild of masters, journeymen, and apprentices has indeed ceased to exist, but in its place has arisen the separate journeymen's Gild—the Trades Union—which, in pursuit of its exclusive class interest, hostilely confronts the masters. The latter, as soon as they too have come to feel the disadvantage of isolation, bethink themselves in turn of forming *their* union against the journeymen. And thus, instead of one Gild, we have two Gilds, each of which has for its main object to maintain its force on a war-footing against the other. Those who fare worst between the belligerents are the third class, the apprentices, who completed the old organization, and for whose interest (that of training in the craft by which they are to live) nobody now cares at all.'

'The preference,' says Herr Dannenberg, 'which has hitherto been awarded to the German artisan in other countries, has been mainly founded on the more thorough training which the apprentice-worker has hitherto received in Germany. No one will pretend that the German has innate aptitudes for technical excellence superior to those possessed by the French or English workman; and if the German in Paris excelled the Frenchman in tailoring, shoemaking, musical, mathematical, and

surgical-instrument-making, &c., his superiority did not lie in the Frenchman's inferior aptitude for those branches, but in the fact that a regular apprenticeship system did not exist in France or England [?]. The relaxation therefore of that system in Germany must not only make itself felt in the internal industrial economy of our own country, but must have the most serious consequences as regards the estimation in which the German working-class has hitherto been held abroad.'

Herr Dannenberg justifies his all but exclusive attention to the condition of German *handicraftsmen* by the large numerical preponderance of that class over factory work-people, and by the fact that, in many branches, it is in the artisans' workshops that the factory work-people get their training. Very important branches—machinery, for instance, and coachmaking—recruit their working force almost exclusively from the handicrafts connected with those branches of manufacture. Whatever therefore affects artisan-labour directly concerns the majority, and indirectly the whole body of the work-people. Owing also to their greater degree of personal freedom and individual independence, almost all trades' movements originate in the class of handicraftsmen. Of the strikes so prevalent of late years in Germany, ten at least have arisen among handicraftsmen for one which has owed its origin to work-people employed in factories.

It is clear, however, that the factory system is advancing towards that ascendancy in Germany, which it has been gaining in England ever since the commencement of the present century. And it is appositely remarked by Mr. Morier, in the able paper contributed by him to the official 'Correspondence' of 1867, that the freedom of action exercised from the first in Germany by the employers of factory labour showed in strange contrast with the restrictions maintained, till within these few last years, on the employers of artisan labour. The mill-owners and manufacturing capitalists were the invading power, against which it was desired to defend the industrial position of the handicrafts. But, paradoxically enough, the factory capitalists, instead of being handicapped by legal restrictions in their wholesale competition with lesser producers, were left perfectly free to carry on any kind of work within the walls of their factories, whether in mass by ordinary millhands, or in detail by journeymen and apprentices; while, on the other hand, a very complete system of restriction was maintained in regard to all trades exercised by handicraftsmen as distinct from factory operatives. While, on the one hand, the master manufacturer could work in what manner and by

what hands he pleased, the master handicraftsman, who had served out his apprenticeship, worked his three years as journeyman, passed all his examinations, and paid all his fees, was confined in the choice of his workmen, and tied down to the statutes of his gild.

The latest development but one—or shall we say corruption?—of Labour Association is that which has been exhibited in the recent discords and extravagances of the motley fraternity claiming 'International' sway over the whole industrial world, while unable to preserve harmony or unity even in their own body. On one point at least the fragmentary and conflicting sections of that Association, which held their separate meetings in the course of last autumn at Geneva, remain unanimous—on the point, namely, that the common foe, with whom war *d'outrance* is now to be waged by Labour, is *Capital*; in other words, that the portion of wealth invested in all civilized countries in the employment of labour becomes, by the fact of such investment, Labour's enemy—an enemy against whom the most zealous and least instructed of these Labour champions proposed an instantaneous and effectual Social Revolution by an '*Universal Strike*! The practical absurdity of such a proposition struck even the less rabid Socialist sectaries who met at Geneva. But the theoretical absurdity on which it was based remains inscribed on their banners—War of Labour against Capital!—Emancipation of handwork from all subordination to headwork, and of the industry of the present from all connection with, and all obligation to the stored wealth of, the past.

We have above adverted to the cross-purposes pursued from the outset by the British and some of the Continental fellow-founders of the noted or notorious 'International Association.' What the former looked for from it was such a compact alliance with their comrades in the ranks of labour abroad as should secure concerted action on both parts in case of conflict with their employers. But the then leading spirits amongst the foreign Internationalists had much more vast, if much more vague, objects. Nothing was in their minds or mouths but 'Social Revolution.' Nothing short of a Revolutionary Dictatorship, to be placed in the hands of an Executive Council supreme over all the doings of their constituents, seemed to them the agency equal to effecting that Revolution and establishing the absolute political and social domination of Manual Labour. It was this *Intransigente* revolutionary programme of theirs—namely, complete subjection to a new Com-

mittee of Public Safety, with a view to complete emancipation from all other powers on earth—that produced the open schism in the Congress of the year before last at the Hague between the two parties—between the Industrialists proper and the Revolutionists proper—and has reproduced that schism at Geneva, in the ‘admired disorder’ of two assemblies, each claiming to be the sole legitimate representative of the original International Association.

It may be affirmed that neither International No. 1 nor International No. 2 at Geneva represented either the more eminent theoretical or practical characters of the Association, as it first came into existence. The men who had stamped those characters on the distinct sections of it (for bodies of that sort always split into sections) were conspicuous by their absence from either of the places of rendezvous of the Geneva Congresses of last autumn. It is now some years back since the first split took place between the followers of Marx and Proudhon at the Lausanne Congress. What they could have to quarrel about, in point of principle, may not be immediately obvious to outside observers. Had not Proudhon proclaimed ‘*La propriété c'est le vol,*’ and had Marx done anything more than follow out that principle logically to its Communistic consequences? But there are revolutionary rhetoricians, and Proudhon was eminently one of them, who have no idea whatever of having their revolutionary rhetoric taken at its word. Proudhon stood aghast in naïve consternation at the Revolution of 1848, as if his journal had been working for years at anything else than to bring about revolution. Like most men of vivid imagination and mobile temperament, Proudhon disliked, as Rousseau did, to find himself challenged to put his paradoxes in action.

We believe we may say that none of the intellectual leaders of what we should call the *revolutionary* labour movement among the working classes have belonged themselves to those classes, whether in the ranks of hand or head labour. It is true that the malcontent portions of the working-people throughout Europe lend their ears very readily to the sweeping generalities and sounding watchwords of their amateur agitators. This is always the case; the less the knowledge, the readier the reception of large and vague programmes. Ferdinand Lassalle, and Karl Marx, who survives him, are conspicuous examples in Germany, and the latter for many years past in England, of sterile but persistent agitation of practical interests on theoretical postulates. ‘Marx,’ says Professor von Sybel, in his

noticeable lecture now before us on the doctrines of the Socialism and Communism of the present day, ‘is, as Lassalle was, no Proletaire, but the son of a Jewish member of the bourgeois class; and, like Lassalle, is a zealous disciple of the Hegelian philosophy.’ The German democratic Socialists (whose above-mentioned leader, Ferdinand Lassalle, fell some years back in a duel arising from the *belli telerrima causa*, a woman-quarrel, in Switzerland) proceed on the assumption that 96 per cent. of the community are totally without capital (an assumption widely remote from the truth, as we need scarcely tell our readers); that the remaining 4 per cent. alone possess it, and that from the alleged all-possessing 4 per cent. Labour has never got, and will never get, its fair due. In the interest, therefore, of the overwhelming majority—the 96 per cent. against the 4 per cent.—the State must take upon itself the function of a leviathan capitalist, and the risk of subsidising, or supporting by its credit, Labour-Associations in all branches. Now, it cannot be imagined that the State has inherited or saved capital for any such purpose. What must be proposed, therefore, is that the State should take it from those who have saved or inherited it—take it from the fabled 4 per cent. and lend it to the Labour-Associations of the alleged utterly indigent 96 per cent. The *modus operandi* is expressed under such euphemisms as the State lending its *credit* to such Associations: But credit is the shadow, capital the substance. If the State pledges its credit for the Labour-Associations, there must come an hour of reckoning. That hour will come when the [State-dandled Associations *fail*. Then will the State be called upon to make good its promises to pay, in default of its *protégés*’ solvency; and the liquidation by the State of the bankrupt undertakings it had propped by its credit can only be effected by confiscating the capital of those who have been saving capital, while the State has been incurring reckless engagements for the non-saving class. In short, the Lassalle Democratic-Socialist ideal of government is that of a sort of national Overend and Gurney Company ‘*Unlimited,*’ carried on for the supposed special benefit of the Proletariat, with nothing but confiscation of private capital to fall back upon. Well and good! till progressive taxation, or some other Democratic-Social screwing-machine, shall have transferred private capital, to the last florin, into the public treasury. According to the Lassalle assumption, the 96 per cent. had no capital before—the 4 per cent. have none left them

now. What will the State then have to fall back upon, in continuing the course of its advances to fresh *protégés*? Its credit? That is gone with its (plundered and squandered) capital. Then comes the final smash of the Democratic-Social 'Overend and Gurney Unlimited'; then (too late) will be lamented the killing of the goose that had laid the golden eggs; then will the dream of universal wealth end in the wakening to universal poverty.

We might wade through a good many speeches of 'International' Congress oracles without finding much evidence of Socialist or semi-Socialist faculty for that 'collectivity of production' which is to supersede 'individualism' in the industry of the future. So many essentially different things are spoken of under the same name, that we must fix what is meant to be understood, in each case, by the name of collective or co-operative production, in order to form any judgment of the practicability or impracticability of what, in each case, may be proposed. There is no mistake about what is proposed by the Internationalists—namely, that the profits of production should accrue to the manual workers only; and that the capitalist employer is, the sooner the better, to be 'improved out of existence.' Well and good, if the manual workers are really the sole contributors to the production from which is derived the profit. But if the raw materials—the delicate and costly machinery—the money—the directing mind, even more essential—if all these are contributed by quite other persons than the manual workers, the contributors of these essential requisites must reap corresponding returns, or it is certain that their contributions will not be continued. It will then be seen what the manual workers can for do themselves, without the head workers, without the cash holders, without the advances of capital, without the aid of business talents and experience. Those who contribute these requisites to the work of production must be paid *their* wages. These wages are *profits*, and, it may be added, the workmen's wages, which are prepaid in anticipation of profits not yet realized, are, in reality, just as much a share in those profits as the residue left for capital and direction after that prepayment. It is an untenable position to say that workmen get no share of profits. They get in advance the share calculated to be due to their share in production. If the claim on their behalf is that their share of profits should increase with every rise which takes place in those of their employers, it may be said, firstly, that this is precisely what, in a rough way, is effected at present, since every prosperous pe-

riod of trade excites competition for labour amongst employers, and enables labourers to demand increased wages. But if wages are to rise in exact proportion to every rise, they ought to fall in exact proportion to every fall in profits. That is a position not so readily admitted by the champions of Labour-profits, whether Unionist or International.

'Workingmen, as a body,' says the 'Journeyman Engineer,' 'think too much of capital in the abstract, they are too much given to see in an employer a capitalist, and nothing more. They do not see that capital, as they chiefly come into relation with it, as engaged in productive industries, is practically a *tool*—as much a tool, though in a larger way, as a hammer or file. They make no allowance for *capitalistic skill*, do not understand that it is as palpably and specially a skill as is mechanical skill, and as fully entitled to remuneration. The number of instances in which working men who have had no particularly great skill in their trade, technically speaking, have risen to be masters and capitalists in it; and the fact that, of men who have started with equal advantages in respect to mere money capital, some, though working hard, have come to ruin, while others have made fortunes, would, it might be thought, be sufficient proof to make the existence and importance of such a skill self-evident; but it has not had that effect with working men, and that is the chief cause of their estimating the natural rights of capital as almost *nil* as compared with those of labour.'

The Trades Union delegates examined before the late Inquiry Commission expressed themselves unable to understand how the interests of employers and labourers could be the same; the former having for their object to make the most they can of their capital, and the latter to make the most they can of their labour. But how, if the same principles of action which promote the one end also promote the other? How, if labour performed with all the energy which the workman can throw into his work, and wages proportioned to the results achieved by that energy, are reciprocal conditions of the *permanent* power to command either good wages or good work? No doubt, if employers could excite equal energy in their workpeople by stinted as by liberal wages, or if workmen could permanently screw high wages from employers without giving good work in return, each might have hopes of acting successfully on the principle of giving the least possible to, and taking the most possible from, the other. But that is not the principle of permanent any more than of honest prosperity. It was a saying of the late Robert Stephenson, that 'men should

not try to eat each other up.' A noble saying—which may condone much mistaken opposition to the cutting of the Suez Canal.

Amongst the most interesting portions of Mr. Brassey's little volume on 'Work and Wages' are the detailed illustrations, chiefly from the railway-contracting experience of his late father, of the 'great fact' that the rate of wages furnishes no measure of the cost of production,—that the lowest paid labour, beginning with that of slaves, which is not paid at all, turns out in a large proportion of instances the dearest,—and the highest-paid the cheapest, when compared with the products obtained, or the results achieved. Half-pay labour can be no source of profit, if the employer gets less than half-work for half-pay.

It must, however, be evident that exceptionally high rates of wages can only be afforded when exceptional energy of labour can be thereby obtained. The late Mr. Brassey found it better economy to pay high wages to English than lower wages to Continental railway labourers; but if he had had to deal with a Navy Union, prescribing how many strokes of pickaxe or yards of excavation should be done per man per day, the comparative cheapness of English high-priced labour would have speedily disappeared. Or had the incessant impediments which would have been thrown in his way by such an Union driven him to substitute machinery (supposing such substitution practicable) for much of the high-priced manual labour before employed, no Union whatever could have carried the point, on the part of the work-people, that navvies should still be employed at the old wages, merely to watch the new machines doing their old work. Precisely similar pretensions, however, were put forth by the operative engineers at Oldham in 1851, who struck against Messrs. Platts' firm to enforce them, and struck unsuccessfully. Similar ill-success attended the more extended strike of 1852, which effected indeed precisely the reverse of what its authors intended—further economy, namely, of labour by further inventions and improvements of labour-saving machinery. In England as in America, the great stimulant to these has been scarcity of labour: in America produced by natural causes; in England by the artificial operations of Trades Unions and strikes. Mr. Nasmyth, in his evidence before the Trades Unions Commission, described very graphically how the long engineers' strike of 1852 made him anxious to develop to the utmost the use of labour-saving machinery.

'The great feature,' he said, 'of our modern

mechanical improvement has been the introduction of *self-acting tools*. All that a mechanic has to do, and which any lad is able to do, is, not to labour, but to watch the beautiful functions of the machine. All that class of men who depended upon mere dexterity are set aside altogether. I had four boys to one mechanic; by these mechanical contrivances I reduced the number of men in my employ—1500 hands—fully one-half. The result was that my profits were much increased.'

Professor Brentano—whose essay 'On the History and Development of Gilds and the Origin of Trades Unions,' originally written for the Early English Text Society, has since been published separately, and who has further brought out in German two volumes entitled respectively 'History' and 'Critique' (a very apologetic critique) 'of English Trades Unions'—comments as follows on the above frank statement of Mr. Nasmyth:—

'Surely the love of gain cannot more openly declare itself the prime motive of human action! Surely there is here lacking the slightest spark of consciousness of the gross wrong done to the whole commonweal by such modes of action.'

And yet this same writer admits, in another page of his 'Critique of Trades Unions' (p. 263), that—

'the defeat of the machine-makers in the struggle of 1852 was not to be regretted. But for such defeats the labourers would probably become not less tyrannical than the employers often are now. Under existing circumstances, lock-outs on the part of employers are, without doubt, often justifiable. In like manner, as strikes, they are often acts of necessity.'

It may be permitted to ask Professor Brentano how the strike of the skilled workmen in question could have been defeated, unless by the invention of machinery rendering their skill superfluous? Or how, after such inventions are once accomplished under such pressure, it can be expected that they should be straightway rendered profitless by taking back into employment the high-paid workmen whose importunate exactions first forced them into existence and application? What is claimed apparently by the one-sided apologists of Trades Unions is that, while the workmen hold themselves free to consult their supposed interests, without even affecting the slightest regard to those of their employers,* the employers should remain bound to provide employment for those very workmen whose secession had

* See the evidence of Messrs. Applegarth, Allan, and Connolly before the Trades Unions Commission.

led to mechanical improvements rendering their labour useless.

And now, after all, what is to be hoped or feared from Labour Movements and Labour Associations in the future? From Trades Unions, according to Mr. Brassey, who may be considered to speak with hereditary authority on these questions, there is not much either to be hoped or feared. Not much, that is to say, of any positive influence on the rate of remuneration which may in future accrue to labour. That will depend on the question whether, at any given time, employers or labourers happen to be the parties competing for labour or employment:—

‘Their organization and united action,’ says Mr. Brassey, speaking of the Unions, ‘may secure an advance of wages at an earlier date, but eventually the competition among employers would be equally beneficial to the working people. The advantage to the working classes of obtaining an advance at an earlier date is not, in my opinion, sufficient to compensate for the expense of perpetually maintaining, by heavy subscriptions, the Trades-Union organization, still less to compensate for the loss which is caused by unsuccessful strikes. . . . But the most protracted strikes in which the working men have been engaged have generally taken place, not for the purpose of securing an advance of wages, but for the purpose of resisting a fall. Resistance to a proposed reduction was the cause of the engineers’ strike in 1852; of the strike at Preston in 1853; of the strike in the iron trade in 1865; and of the strike of the colliers at Wigan in 1868. In each of these cases the masters had found it necessary, in consequence of the depressed state of trade, to reduce the rate of wages; but the men, ignoring the circumstances of the trade, and looking only at what they believed to be a degradation of their position as workmen, refused to accept the reduction. They, therefore, went out on strike; but, after a protracted struggle, were compelled to accept the original proposal of their employers.’

There is one advantage, and one advantage only, as it appears to us, derivable from Trades Unionism on an extended scale,—one, we fear, far too unambitious to satisfy those who aspire to take a lead among their working comrades in Labour politics—politics, by the way, into which faction may be expected to enter at least as much as into other politics: that is, the advantage of collecting and diffusing information amongst work-people in all branches as to the actual state of demand for their labour in each locality, and thus enabling, in the common interest of workmen and employers, a deficiency of labour in one place to be supplied promptly from a surplus in another. But

to confine themselves to this modest function of mere channels of information, in which the Unions, it must be acknowledged, sometimes do good service, would be to admit limits to their power which they do not think fit to recognise, and to strip themselves of a prestige in the eyes of their operative followers which they desire to retain.

It is nothing but the habitual want of combination amongst the employers that has sustained the prestige of the boundless power of combination amongst the employed. ‘The power of combination,’ says Mr. Brassey, ‘has been proved, by experience of its results, to be at least as much for the advantage of the masters as the workmen. The defeat of the shipwrights on the Thames in 1852, and more recently the failure of the iron-workers’ strike in Staffordshire, are conspicuous examples of the power which the masters acquire by combination among themselves.’ Except under stress of adverse commercial circumstances, or active Unionist aggression, there is no combination at all amongst employers, who regard each other less as partakers of common interests than as business rivals.

Amongst forms of Labour Association of the Future from which most is expected, Co-operation takes, by common consent, the first place.

It is essential, as we have already indicated, to make clear to ourselves what we precisely mean when we speak of Co-operation as some new moral and social discovery, which is to put an end to the alleged natural antagonism between Labour (receiving wages) and Capital. What has been meant by the word, by writers of some pretension to the title of economists, is a form of association of which the beneficent novelty consists in being composed exclusively of working men. The economic propounders of this panacea for all discords between Labour and Capital do, in fact, espouse the operative prejudices against Capital as a power hostile to Labour. And they have assumed from the success of the Rochdale Pioneers that industrial production on a large scale needs nothing for success but operative combination, and can afford to reject the aid of all Capital not actually saved by the working people, who are also to perform the whole of the labour required by the concerns of which they are at once shareholders and workmen. The fact that the Rochdale Pioneers themselves, when they set up manufacturing establishments on a large scale, threw this principle of exclusive operative dealing overboard, had no effect on our pseudo-philanthropic economists, except of provoking them to

stigmatize their former favourites as the scariots of Co-operation!

The real truth is that there is nothing of absolute novelty, and still less any promise of an universal panacea for the ills of industry, in the exceptional fact of the success of associations operative in their origin, but which have invariably recognised, when they came to employ labour themselves, precisely the same distinction recognised by all other employers between what is due to Capital and what is due to Labour. It may here be observed that work-people, taken generally, show little alacrity to avail themselves of the facilities afforded by benevolent employers to acquire shares in the concerns for which they work. Of 9770 shares in Messrs. Briggs's Co-operative Colliery, 'only 264,' says Mr. Brassey,* 'are held by the workmen.' It must, moreover, be added that the working minority, who have invested their savings in those shares, show themselves the most jealous vindicators of the right of shareholding Capital to preferential dividends over those conceded to non-shareholding Labour. The non-shareholding work-people, it is truly alleged by their shareholding comrades, do not contribute so much as *they* do to the support of the concern in which both are engaged, and, therefore, are not entitled to an equal beneficial interest in it. In this instance, as in every other of successful co-operative association, the *élite* of the work-people, who have invested therein their small capitals, have seen clearly, and asserted firmly, their rights as workmen-capitalists, as distinguished from those of workmen pure and simple. Those co-operative associations which have been most conspicuous as commercial successes count many more operative *employés* than co-operative partners. And such *employés* are simply paid wages for their labour like other work-people. Thereupon great outcry from amateur Labour-champions and sensation-economists—a sort of writers whose standing quarrel with the nature of things and the force of facts fits them admirably for helping to swell to a more respectable figure 'the beggarly account of empty benches' at a future International Congress.

Mr. Fawcett cites, as the latest instance of the co-operative principle applied to agriculture, Mr. Brand's offer to the labourers whom he employs on his farm, 'to allow them to invest in the farm any money which they may save, receiving the same interest as he obtains on his capital.† Nothing can be

more legitimate than profits thus earned by investment of savings. Nothing, however, can have less in common with Mr. Fawcett's fixed idea of profits in excess of wages as being somehow due to labour in all cases, without any such savings, or investment of savings at all. Workmen who do save, and who do invest their savings, are found, for the most part, amongst the strongest opponents of the co-operative principle in this its alleged purity.

Are we then to hope for no new forms of association between employers and work-people, comprising all grades of the industrial hierarchy, like the old Craft-Gilds, and affording opportunities for the operative contributors to industrial production to make their voice heard on all debateable points betwixt themselves and their employers? To this we may reply, in the first place, that the tendency of the age we live in is to get rid of old forms which have come to be regarded as fetters, rather than to institute new, and that the spirit of modern communities opposes itself to all organizations setting up an *imperium in imperio*, and laying down laws of their own which may haply come in collision with the law of the land. The simpler the forms in which masters and workmen can agree to meet each other the better—the important point is that they *should* meet each other on all occasions when matters of difference arise between them, and exchange words before they come to exchange blows. Employers who mean fairly by their work-people, and take pains to show it, seldom fail to find themselves met by work-people who mean fairly by their employers; and outside agitators are no match for those natural leaders of the army of industry who will but give themselves the trouble to take the lead. Messrs. Akroyd of Halifax, whose establishment is justly noted for the beneficent arrangements connected with it, stated, some years back, to the Social Science Association, that their firm made it a rule to receive with the utmost courtesy deputations of their work-people, bringing forward demands for a rise of wages, or redress of any real or supposed grievance, and to go into the subject, if necessary, at repeated meetings with them, till the matter of difference was, in almost all cases, arranged amicably. Mr. W. E. Forster gave in evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons, as the reason why his work-people never had struck against him, that he had always received them personally, and given careful attention to every cause of complaint they might have to bring before him. We suspect the right honourable ex-manufacturer,

* 'Work and Wages,' p. 256.

† 'Fortnightly Review,' February 1874.

in his late official position, found his Secularists considerably less amenable to reason than he had found his operatives.

'When I had the privilege of accompanying my lamented father,' writes Mr. Brassey, 'on visits of inspection to works under construction, I was ever deeply impressed by his genial manner towards his old followers. He used to recognise many of the old navvies, even some whom he had not met for years, and address them by their Christian names. He would never omit to shake hands cordially with old gangers and sub-contractors, and when he met them in the works he would generally pull up for a few minutes to talk over old times, and ask after mutual acquaintances who had been employed on former contracts. A small manifestation of kindness like this how little it costs; how much it is valued!'

The instances above cited may perhaps be considered as above the average of ordinary individual employers, and it may still be asked whether no provision can be made for new forms of association between men of the common stamp of intellectual and moral mediocrity, which may be assumed to be that of the general run of employers and work-people. This question may be considered as, to some extent, practically answered in those trades and places where voluntary Boards or Courts of Conciliation have been established, with which the names of Messrs. Mundella and Kettle are honourably connected, and which, so far as their operations have extended, seem to have really supplied means hitherto much desiderated for bringing workmen and employers in friendly personal contact, and facilitating the free and equal discussion of their relative rights and interests. We should for our own part regard as an advantage anything which would promote more of moral cohesion amongst employers, even apart from the advantage which we should expect to arise from more of frank communication with their work-people. The absence of combination amongst the masters for good purposes (and good purposes there are which such combination only could accomplish) goes some way to excuse the mistakes committed by the cumbrous and one-sided combinations of the work-people.* As matters now stand, it is impossible to affirm that the latter have any security that those permanent interests which masters and workmen have in common, will govern the conduct of all employers. If there is tyranny

in the treatment, or attempted treatment, by the Trades Unions of all inside and all outside their pale, there is anarchy in the relations of the employers towards their work-people and each other. Out of that anarchy proceed the efforts of an unscrupulous minority, making haste to be rich, to supplant their more conscientious business-rivals in home and foreign markets, ultimately throwing on the work-people the heaviest consequences of their reckless speculations, in the shape of stagnation of trade or fall of wages. 'A melancholy illustration,' says Mr. Brassey,* 'of the disturbance in the labour-market caused by the inflation and subsequent collapse of trade, has been lately exhibited on the banks of the Thames. The number of men employed at the principal ship-building yards on the Thames was in 1860, 11,830; in 1869, 20,880; and in 1870, 3190. Making every allowance for the faults committed by the men, the principal share of blame for the disasters of the panic must, in justice, be laid on some of their employers.'

Mr. Brassey, in citing the highly honourable example set by his father in refusing to send in an unduly low tender for the execution of some projected railway works, saying that if business could only be obtained by screwing down wages, he would rather be without it, adds: 'A similar feeling I believe to be generally entertained by employers.' We hope it may be said with equal foundation that a similar feeling is entertained by employers generally against such fraudulent practices as have recently been exposed in the Manchester trade, and the ultimate consequence of which, if they continue unchecked and prevalent, must be to dethrone this country from its once well-won position of manufacturing and commercial pre-eminence, so far as that position was won by manufacturing and commercial probity. Employers generally, we are heartily willing to believe, dislike and deprecate those practices. But they do not combine against them; they do not set up amongst themselves an authority which should excommunicate all who lapse into them from reputed membership of their body. There ought to be recognised trade jurisdictions on the employers' as well as on the workmen's side—whether endowed or not (and we do not see why not) with legal authority to enforce their decisions—under whose cognizance should come all deviations from honest modes of doing business, and who should be armed by their constituents (and, we repeat, we do not see

* The objects of the lately established 'National Federation of Associated Employers' seem to be simply self-defensive. We should have wished to see them self-regulative also.

* 'Work and Wages,' p. 241.

why not by the National Legislature) with adequate powers of condign animadversion on all such deviations. At this price only, we are disposed to believe, will employers generally acquire or recover due influence over those they employ. If an aristocracy of honour and honesty cannot be established, or re-established, in the former class, it will be idle to quarrel with a democracy equally destitute of those qualities in the latter.

It is painful to have to confess that hitherto the most prominent instances of organization of employed and employers working together to one end have been those where both have been working together against the public. In former times, when coal was the monopoly of a single district, the great coal owners of the North acted in regular and avowed combination for what was called 'limiting the vend,' i.e. abstaining from raising or shipping coal in such quantities as to lower its price in the London market below the figure at which they desired to keep it. In those times, the pitmen were employed on a system of yearly hiring, and continued in regular receipt of their wages, whether they worked or not. Their employers preferred paying them for not working at those seasons at which their policy of 'limiting the vend' came into play. Afterwards it suggested itself as an improvement on that policy to abolish annual hirings, so that the coal owners dispensed themselves from paying wages when they stopped work. But in these latter days, the pitmen have taken their turn of limiting labour, with the improvement, in *their* sense, of exacting increased wages for diminished work. The vend is now limited by the refusal of the pitmen either to do more work themselves or to suffer relays of labour to be brought in to supply their deficiency. And now, as in old times, the coal owners still find their account in starved markets, by finding themselves in receipt of scarcity prices for short supplies of a prime necessary of life. *Quousque tandem?* may be well asked, on the part of the much and long suffering public.*

The recent phenomena of Trades Unionism in the counties, are not without analogy, as marking an epoch of industrial transition, with the anarchical accompaniments of the abolition of the old German guilds and the old Russian serfdom. By the whole system of legislation and rural administration, which had been piled for centuries on the

basis of the Elizabethan Poor Law and of the Caroline Settlement Law, English agricultural labourers had been *ascripti glebe*,—barred all outlook and all outgoing beyond their parish. The forefathers, for long back, of the landlords and farmers of our days, by their parliamentary and parochial action, had enormously complicated the original scope and provisions of the old Poor Law of Elizabeth by imposing on parishes, partly in a spirit of mistaken charity, partly on the impulse of an equally mistaken self-interest, not only the duty laid on them by that statute, of providing employment and sustenance for those who used no trade whereby to get their living, but also the duty of eking out by parochial doles the wages of those who *did* get their living by farm or other labour.

'Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.'

Consequently, under the old Poor Law, as aggravated by the old Allowance System, it became the plain and palpable interest of the ratepayers of each parish to guard jealously against labouring immigrants from other parishes obtaining legal settlement within *theirs*, and thus obtaining legal claims to relief in case of destitution. Nay, it became their interest to thrust outside their boundaries—as regarded their habitations—even the labourers whose sources of livelihood lay within them, and to contrive, if possible, that those employed by themselves should receive their parish doles in aid of wages from others. Thus the agricultural labourer was, on the one hand, bound to the soil of his own parish, inasmuch as no other would let him migrate thither; and on the other hand, in very many cases, severed from the soil he tilled for fear he should become chargeable on that soil when he could till no longer. In very many cases, under the old Poor Law and Settlement Law, landlords and farmers were tacitly leagued to pull down rather than build cottages on their farms. It suited their interests—*quid* ratepayers—better that their labourers should live anywhere else than where they worked. Hence it has been a notorious fact that, in very numerous instances, agricultural labourers have had to find lodgings in the outskirts of towns, three or four or even five miles from the farms which employed their daily labour. There is no one cause to which the deficiency of labourers' cottages was so distinctly traceable as it was traceable to the ratepayers' interest against their erection and maintenance created by the old Poor Law and the old Settlement Law. The re-

* The present state and prospects of the coal and iron trade have made the recent period of inflation in both a matter of history. These vicissitudes, taken in connection with their causes, are full of warning for the future.

forms accomplished in these laws within our own times, especially the change, quite of late years, in the old Law of Settlement, have had an effect analogous to the abolition of serfdom in Russia, in emancipating agricultural labour in England from its parochial fetters, in conferring on it that freedom of movement, that *Freizügigkeit*, which the abolition of the time-honoured gild system has also quite lately conferred on the working classes in Germany. The English labourer no longer finds legal obstructions thrown in his way, when he adventures migration beyond the narrow bounds of his parish. He no longer finds, wherever he may seek for employment, the old feeling uppermost—not that his work might not at present be worth its wages, but that, at some future time, he might become chargeable when he was past work. If all the evil which that feeling, meeting them wherever they moved, inflicted on the English labouring class under the old Poor Law, were set against all the good parish doles have ever done them, he must be a bold man indeed who would affirm that the benefits outweighed the injuries.

The worst effect of the old *régime* of restriction and pauperism was that, while eking out wages with alms, it rendered work hardly worth wages. If the Dorsetshire peasant had sunk into the stolid recipient of 9s. a week, Canon Girdlestone might perhaps have found one reason for it in the fact that his labour might have really become worth no more. For the purpose of popular rhetoric, his case might be the best to select as that of the typical 'agricultural labourer;' but for the purpose of fair comparison and practical instruction, it would have been as well to contrast it with the condition of other districts, where better work commands better pay. The extended market for labour opened of late years by freer and more facile locomotion has been, of itself, producing without the aid either of ecclesiastical or unionist agitators, an equitable adjustment of wages to work in agriculture as in other employments.

Mr. James Caird, in a letter published in the 'Times' of the 3rd of January last, giving the results of extensive and long-exercised observation of the agricultural economy of the past, and anticipations, founded on those results, of the agricultural economy of the future, makes the following statement of the present, as compared with the past condition of the English agricultural labourer,—a statement which derives, from the long-continued attention which the author has devoted to the subject, an au-

thority very different from that of the stumpy oratory of agricultural agitators:—

'The condition of the English agricultural labourer has much improved within recent years—more so than is shown by the weekly rate of wages, for that in most parts of the country is considerably increased by what is earned by piece-work. It does not now compare unfavourably with the condition of other classes of labourers in towns, and his earnings probably give him as great a command of the necessities of life as those of the skilled workman or the lowest grade of public *employés*, who have to pay out of their salaries 8s. or 10s. a week for the humblest accommodation for themselves and their families. The country labourer in many counties in the South has his cottage and garden and garden allotment for 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. a week, from which, in addition to lodgings, he provides himself with vegetables and potatoes, articles which must be paid for at retail prices by the workman in town. I have before me the exact earnings during the past year of sixteen married labourers on a corn and sheep farm in Hampshire, where the wages are nominally 13s. a week, but where piece-work is encouraged and as much as possible practised. The average actually earned by each of these men under this mixed system of day and piece-work was a little over 16s. 6d. a week, or 26 per cent. more than the nominal wages. None of them earned alike, the difference arising from greater industry, capacity, or opportunity being very considerable, some averaging more than 20s. and some not exceeding 13s. 6d. These men have good cottages and gardens and garden allotments, for which they pay from 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d. a week. Their wives and a boy or girl at certain seasons contribute something to the common store. In this case they added on the average 4s. 2d. to the weekly earnings of each household, making the total 20s. 8d.; and this is no uncommon example at the present day, but is quite capable of being realised by industrious men where the system of piece-work is adopted—a plan at once advantageous to the labourer and economical and effective in its results to the employer.'

Referring to the past, as compared with the present, Mr. Caird states as follows:—

'Twenty-three years ago I concluded in your columns an inquiry into the agricultural condition of England. At that time I ascertained the rate of wages in the various counties, and compared it with the wages in the same counties when visited by Arthur Young in his tour eighty years before. I found a marked distinction between the wages in the Northern and Southern counties, in favour of the former, and exactly the opposite of Young's experience, the wages in 1770 having been lowest in the North. In 1850 the wages in the Northern counties were 80 per cent. higher than in the South, and that difference is fully maintained to the present time. It will be convenient to show here the wages of agricultural labourers in these three periods in the North and South:—

| | 1870. s. d. | 1850. s. d. | 1873. s. d. |
|--|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| Average weekly wages of Northern counties | 6 9 | 11 6 | 18 0 |
| Average weekly wages of Southern counties | 7 6 | 8 5 | 12 0 |

'There have been many changes since 1850, one of the latest and most satisfactory being an improvement in the prospects of the agricultural labourer in the Southern counties, partly the result of the freedom he acquired by the alteration of the Law of Settlement, one of the measures most urgently pressed as indicated by that inquiry.'

It would have added to the instructiveness of Mr. Caird's review if he had pointed attention to the fact that, in bygone times, it was in the Southern more than in the Northern counties that the landlords and farmers carried into operation the system of parish allowances in aid of wages, first introduced on a large scale, with parliamentary sanction, in the earlier years of the long war with France, and intended to compensate to married labourers with families the high prices of the necessaries of life which ruled in those years. It was intended, as a statesman of that day expressed it, to render a large family a blessing instead of a curse—by Act of Parliament. The blessing of large families was undoubtedly promoted in rural parishes by this measure; but as the merit of begetting them became the sole title to increase of agricultural wages, that merit became the sole merit cultivated by agricultural labourers.* Thence, mainly, the reversal of the previous relative condition of North and South. Agricultural improvements bore their legitimate fruits in the former region; while in the latter, the elevating effects they should have had on the labourers' condition were in great measure nullified by the deterioration in the quality of labour caused by the so-called Allowance System in aid of wages. Matters are mending southward as well as northward, since parliaments and justices of the peace have ceased to adjust wages—not to the comparative value of the recipients'

* The following striking illustration of the pestilent effects in East Anglia of the old Poor Law allowance system in aid of wages, is given by the 'Times' Special Reporter (May 16, 1874):—'The other man (one of two farm labourers talked to by the reporter) recollected times when half the labourers or more used to be on the parish at one time or other during the year; when men were hung for incendiary fires; and the single men used to be paid a shilling a week less wages than the married men, though they might be better workers. The natural result was a premium upon early improvident marriages, and the labourer with whom I talked shyly owned he had married, as many other young fellows did, chiefly with a view to the extra shilling.'

labour, but to the comparative fecundity of the recipients' wives. Matters will continue to mend, doubtless, in exact proportion as—labourers becoming more instructed—their labour shall become more efficient and more productive, and they shall attain a position to command better pay for better work. If it were the aim of the Unions to promote this increased energy of labour and its proportionate recompense, we should wish, for our part, God-speed to the Unions. But the aim of the Unions is not so single or simple as this. The very idea of wages as naturally corresponding, in a normal state of things, to the value of work done, is strange to them. What they affect power to obtain for their clients, from whom they levy weekly tribute, is an artificial rate of wages, screwed up by all sorts of Protectionist devices for lessening instead of increasing the efficiency of labour and the amount of its products. The old notion remains rooted in their minds, which was the notion of the whole mercantile world in the ages preceding Adam Smith, that one party to a commercial bargain can only acquire a gain by compelling the other party to that bargain to submit to a loss. This was universally believed of all commercial transactions between nation and nation. It is still believed by Trades Union leaders, and those who follow their lead, to be the general law of all transactions between employers and labourers. Increased wages can only come to agricultural labourers by setting up Union-machinery to screw the increase out of rents or profits. That they can and ought to be *earned* by better instructed and more efficient labour is an idea inconceivable to Trades Unionists generally, and apparently to one member at least of the Episcopal Bench. 'You are angry with me,' writes the Bishop of Manchester to Lady Stradbroke,* 'for saying that, if farmers cannot pay better wages, and at the same time make a reasonable profit on their capital, rents must come down. . . . I beg to ask your Ladyship, *what other source there is for better wages to the labourer but either from the profits of the farmer or the rent of the landlord?*' That there should be a source of better wages to the labourer in the acquired and exerted ability to give his employer better work for better pay, is an idea one is prepared to expect to find absent from the minds of the John Balls of the nineteenth as of the fourteenth century. In Bishop Fraser we can ascribe only to a slip of the pen the appearance of the like total want of perception of so plain a truth. An

* 'Times,' April 22, 1874.

apt instance of the manner in which increased wages may be earned more easily by effective labour than by Unionist agitation, is afforded in the following extract from a dialogue at which the 'Times' Special Reporter was present, between Mr. Henry Stanley, of Bury St. Edmunds, and his labourers. Mr. Stanley, who is honorary secretary of the West Suffolk Defence Association, farms 700 acres of his own land, which he purchased four or five years ago in very bad condition, and has since, by a liberal outlay of capital, doubled the number of labourers employed upon it, and introduced the use of the threshing machine and the steam plough. Mr. Stanley's labourers, under their recent Union inspiration, suddenly left him just on the eve of last harvest. They had asked to be taken back afterwards, and were taken back.

"We farmers," said Mr. Stanley to his men, "feel that we cannot, after employing so much capital to obtain a crop, have that crop put in danger, as mine was last year, for the want of labour to gather it. . . . You know how I was left last harvest. That shows what your Unions will do. How can you expect us farmers to bear such things? We get a fine crop on the ground, and our year's profits depend on getting it in quickly and well, and just at the moment you leave us. That's your Union." Men.—"Well, master, but we've a right to better ourselves, you know, and most on us made more last harvest than you offered us." Farmer (singling out the spokesman).—"Now, what did you make?" Man.—"I made 11*l.*, master." Farmer.—"How did you make it?" Man.—"I took the harvest at 12*s* an acre, and finished in a month and three days." Farmer.—"Well, haven't I, year after year, asked you all to work on that system"—*i.e.*, taking the harvest by the acre instead of contracting for the whole job—"and haven't you, year after year, said you would rather go on upon the old system, though I showed you by figures you could earn more money under the new one?" Men.—"Yes, that's true enough, master." Farmer.—"And then you leave me and do with a stranger what you wouldn't do with me?"*

The Protectionist delusion, propagated by the Trades' Union leaders, that increased wages are to be got by screwing them out of rents or profits, and not by increased productiveness of labour aided by capital, is likely to receive rude practical confutation in either of two conceivable events of the present struggle. If Capital is deterred from agricultural investment by perpetual agitation, agriculture, and the producers and consumers of agricultural produce, will alike suffer. If, on the other hand, the Unions are not destined to succeed in artificially

crippling labour; if agricultural improvement is to continue to advance, and agricultural wages to rise, those results will be due precisely to the triumph of the principle of Production over that of Protectionism. It is somewhat ominous of the first of the two alternatives above indicated, that during the last year, for the first time since the publication of the Agricultural Returns, the annual increase of new land reclaimed and brought into cultivation has received a check. 'The figures for the present year' (1873), says Mr. Caird, 'give an addition of 340,000 acres to the permanent pasture, and show a diminution of some 200,000 acres taken out of cultivation. This is coincident with the first serious alarm created by the Labourers' Union, and will of itself have displaced the labour of many thousand men.' On the other hand, the experienced and apprehended dictation of the Labourers' Unions has recently given an immense stimulus in agriculture, as formerly in other branches of industry, to the employment of labour-saving machinery.

So far then as matters have hitherto gone, Trades Unionism in agriculture, as in every other branch of industrial production affected by its action, has had for its main and most important effect the giving an immense impulse to invention, or to the application of inventions already made for economising human labour. The object of the Unions has been, by artificial regulation of labour, to obtain the highest wages for the greatest numbers possible. Their effect has been to reduce the numbers employed to the indispensable minimum, and to precipitate the substitution, wherever practicable, of machinery for hand labour. We have seen by Mr. Nasmyth's evidence before the Trades Unions Commission, to what an extent this has been done in that branch of skilled labour in which that gentleman raised himself from the ranks to well-earned eminence amongst the 'Captains of Industry.' We are now seeing to what an extent this is practicable, and is being effected in that branch of industry which has hitherto troubled itself less than any other to economise labour, or supply its scarcity by machinery. Necessity, the proverbial mother of Invention, is setting the farmers on finding substitutes for labour which Unionism is rendering unreliable, and Invention is rapidly answering the maternal call of Necessity. 'Until harvest,' the 'Times' Special Reporter is informed, 'the farmers will be able to tide over very well.' 'And what then?' I asked.

'My informant thought the farmers would be in no difficulty even then; and he is corroborated by other authorities. "The tinkers

* 'Times,' April 27, 1874.

and the tailors" will come from the towns. A few strong men are wanted to pitch the sheaves into the waggon. Little or no skill, however, is required nowadays. Scythe and sickle are now as much out of date as the barn flail. Tying-up is a simple process, and the reaping-machine does the rest. As I stated the other day, the implement-makers are using great efforts to perfect a machine which will follow the reaper and dispense with hand-tying, and this valuable labour-saving invention will be chiefly due to the lock-out. In other ways the lock-out will, for the time, be a fine thing for the implement-makers, for it will set farmers upon buying elevators and other labour-saving machines. Returning to the prospects of harvest, I find a general belief that sufficient labour will be forthcoming even without the men now locked-out. If not, these men will be glad enough to come back in order to earn harvest wages, and at such a time "no questions will be asked."

This agricultural agitation would have been almost worth encountering—if for nothing else—for the mere sake of exposure of the monstrous exaggerations which have hitherto had unquestioned currency as to the condition of the agricultural labourer. The cottagers of Cheveley or of the villages around Bury St. Edmunds will have little to thank their Unionist guides for, if they agitate them out of their quiet homes and gardens into the harder labours and sharper climate of Canada or the solitary squattings and 'magnificent distances' of Queensland. The 'Times' Special Reporter has done good service by setting before the public the unvarnished and unblackened picture of the agricultural labourer and his surroundings. With such exceptions as have been greedily seized upon by sympathetic stump-orators, of squalid and overcrowded cottages (for instance, in the villages of Burwell and Exning), it comes out clearly from the 'Times' Special Reports that the liberality of the landlords and the cessation, in late years, of the discouragements to the building and maintenance of cottages under the old Poor Law, are rendering unfit habitations for farm labourers an exceptional relic of the past, much rather than a general rule of the present.* The cottages on the Duke of

Rutland's property at Cheveley, those on Mr. Mackworth Praed's at Ousden, may be cited amongst numerous other instances of the modern march of improvement. 'The fact,' says the 'Times' Reporter, is 'alleged by farmers wherever I have gone, that women are now obtained with difficulty for any kind of agricultural labour. They stay at home and mind the house, and the reason must be that there is less need for them to add to the husband's earnings by field-work.' There is a trait which may contrast very advantageously with France or Germany, to say nothing of raw settlements across the Atlantic or at the Antipodes.

It does not follow—and we are glad to see that this is discerned by influential members of the farming and land-owning body themselves—from the antiquated and perverse persuasions which are in truth at the root of the larger part of Trades Unionist action and attempts at action, or from the precisely opposite results produced to those aimed at, that Trades Unionism can therefore be 'stamped out' by coercion in the counties any more than in the towns, or that labourers can be prevented by the mere authority of their employers from forming combinations deliberately allowed by law. As the irritation excited in the rural districts by the recent irruption of Unionism calms down, and the exaggerated fears and hopes from its aggressive and pretentious agency shrink within limits drawn by reason rather than imagination, employers and labourers may be content to take up their respective positions on grounds which do not compromise on either side that free agency which is the birthright of all orders of men in a free country. While, on the one hand, the farmers cannot be expected to accept the decisions of Union delegates on disputes about wages or any other matters, between themselves and their men—labourers, on the other hand, cannot be expected to forego the legal right of combination to support their own views of their own claims and interests. Lord Waveney has suggested arbitration by landowners between farmers and labourers in such cases—a suggestion which had been anticipated in action by Sir Edward Kerrison, and seemingly with success*—though, it must be admitted, parliamentary and magisterial precedents have proved that landlords have not always been infallible authorities on agricultural economy.†

* Mr. John Ball, ex-agricultural labourer and ex-Methodist preacher, expresses a dislike natural in grievance-traders, to seeing new cottages built. 'He saw that on many farms new cottages were being built, and he warned the men that if they went to live there they would forfeit their freedom and have to work for pretty much what the farmer chose to give them. . . . What was expected from them in a village was a deal of bowing and scraping. If they took off their hats to the village clergyman a long way off, he would say, "How do you do?" It was funny for one paid servant to expect this homage from another.'—'Times,' May 27, 1874.

* 'Times,' June 4, 1874.

† Burke in his 'Thoughts and Details on Scarcity' (1795) treated with contempt the assumption, which seems to have been a popular then as now, 'that the farmer oppresses the labourer, and that a gentleman called a justice of

After all, the Unionism of this generation is a rural apparition of less fatal portent than the rick-burning of the last; and the Balls and Arches, if not exactly *personæ græ* in agricultural high places, are preferable to such firebrands (without metaphor) as the 'Captain Swing' of 1830.

The greater or less contradiction and hostility of the politics and economics of Labour to those of Capital, Commerce, and the higher grades of cultivated intelligence, may be taken as the measure of less or more advanced political progress. There must be some point of coincidence between all honest interests in civilized and industrial communities; and the practical problem is to ascertain that point, and to take our stand on it. That there should be any separate political and economic creed of Labour shows that a right understanding has not yet been arrived at of the mutual dependence and mutually beneficial relations between those classes and orders, which form in all countries the natural social and industrial hierarchy.

Armed peace, as Europe has good reason for knowing, is the next worst thing, and the sure prelude, to war. Yet armed peace or rather truce, has become in these days the least hostile posture between Labour and Capital in the three most advanced nations—England, France, and Germany. It may be asked, as well with reference to the industrial as to the national system, Is that posture to be perpetual? And the answer depends on that which may be made to this other question: Is there really any natural antagonism, threatening to be perpetual, between Labour and Capital? Sam Johnson's admonition, 'My dear sir, clear your mind of cant,' might be altered in these days to 'My dear sir, clear your mind of abstractions.' Labour and Capital!—imposing aggregates—signifying, however, simply, in everyday life and work, hands to do or make, and means to pay for doing and making, whatever is wanted to be made or done. Unless it is asserted that all the moneyed and other capital is in hands which ought not to be allowed to hold it, and all the work in hands which ought not to be expected to do it, what can be the rational sense of 'natural antagonism' between those who are ready to give work for money and those who are ready to give money for work? The one party supplies exactly that

which the other wants. The terms of the commerce between Capital and Labour, as of all other commerce, are of course a matter for fair negotiation between seller and buyer. But what propriety is there in describing *negotiation* as *antagonism*? If you go into a shop, is there a natural antagonism between you and the shopman? If you go on 'Change, are all these men of merchandise in snug civil costume so many natural antagonists in internecine conflict? Why is the ordinary 'higgling of the market,' which meets us everywhere, to be spoken grandly of as 'natural antagonism,' when the parties to the bargain happen to be a mechanic or labourer on the one hand—on the other, an employer who finds pay for his work? If work equivalent to the pay is not performed, or pay equivalent to the work is not given, *there* doubtless is a source of natural antagonism. But where nothing else is on either side intended but a fair exchange of equivalents, the notion of natural antagonism is a mere maggot of malcontent brains. So far as that goes, the working 'hand,' and the employer or customer who demands his handiwork, stand on a footing of complete commercial equality and exchange of equivalents. If what is meant to be made a grievance (sensational-economists do make a grievance of it) is the degradation alleged to be involved in belonging to a manual labouring class at all, so much may be conceded to such complainants—that the manual labouring class does occupy the ground floor and not the first floor of the social fabric. If all are degraded who are not elevated above manual occupations, then a society must be dreamed of in which there shall be either no manual workers or all manual workers. To *such* 'Labour-emancipators' we can only say, Let us have your whole scheme before us. Let us know what social state you really aim at constituting. And meanwhile leave your iteration about natural antagonism between class and class. What you really object to seems to be that civilized modern society arranges itself into any classes at all.

It must not be imagined that the mere extravagance of such principles affords the slightest security that very serious collisions may not yet be impending between the champions and assailants of all that has hitherto constituted the social and industrial system of Europe. Madness with a method is never a force to be despised: the fanatic Anabaptists of the sixteenth century, and the fanatic Fifth-Monarchy men of the seventeenth, are not without politico-economic successors in the nineteenth in one essential dogma, put on record in the often-

the peace is the protector of the latter, and a control and restraint on the former.' 'The squires of Norfolk,' he wrote, '*had dined*, when they gave it as their opinion that the rate of wages might or ought to rise and fall with the market of provisions.'

cited Resolution ascribed to some armed secretaries of Cromwell's day—'Resolved, 1stly, That the Saints shall inherit the earth. Resolved, 2ndly, That we are the Saints.' For Saints read Socialists, and we have precisely the modern programme of the Republic Democratic and Social. It is not because such doctrines have no solid economic foundation that they may not find thousands prepared to embrace—even prepared to fight for them. All that multitudes want, when there are circumstances in their condition to make them discontented, are a few leading principles—the larger and the more sweeping the better—which, from the mouths and pens of ready speakers and writers, may supply reasons for their passions. And be it always remembered, that the sources of discontent are as often moral as material. Tocqueville has well remarked that it is not when public administration or public burthens are most oppressive that revolt against them is most likely to occur. It is when the yoke of authority and the burthens it imposes are in course of being lightened, that popular impatience is apt to run ahead of all practical and practicable reforms. When, so to speak, only the last feather remains on the camel's back, the cry waxes loudest that it is the last feather which breaks it.

Amidst the confusion of ideas, amidst the artificially fomented social antagonisms and moral corruption, too widely prevalent in old civilized communities, one almost doubts sometimes whether the best hope of humanity may not be, once more, to be turned out to grass. 'So often,' says Le Play, 'as corruption has invaded the civilized nations of the Old World, the pastoral populations have always been Nature's reserve-force for their reform and regeneration by conquest. They have performed that function, at recurring periods, for the Chinese empire, and are ready to resume it for the now dominant European races, if these should, at some future time, as in the last days of decadence of Imperial Rome, sink into a condition of which they can neither endure the evils, nor supply the remedies by any surviving virtue or energy of their own.*'

What has been, may be—all our railroads, telegraphs, daily newspapers, ironclads, steel cannons, and breech-loading rifles notwithstanding. Material forces and machinery avail nothing, when those moral and social forces, which first combined to create, and must still combine to work them, have been crippled and disorganized by that last ill of old nations, the War of Rich and Poor.

ART. VII.—1. *New Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun; its Annals during the past Twenty Years, recording the remarkable Progress of the Japanese in Western Civilization.* By Samuel Mossman. London, 1873.

2. *The History of Japan from the Earliest Period to the Present Time: Vol. I. to the Year 1864.* By Francis Ottewell Adams, F.R.G.S., H.B. Majesty's Secretary of Embassy at Berlin; formerly H.B. Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and Secretary of Legation at Yedo. London, 1874.

3. *The Legacy of Iyeyas (deified as Gongen Sama), a posthumous Manuscript in One Hundred Chapters.* Translated from Three Collated Copies in the Original by John Frederic Lowder, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Legal Adviser to the Board of Revenue and the Customs in Japan. London.

MR. MOSSMAN, though modestly disclaiming 'the high functions of a historian,' has endeavoured 'to lay before the reader a clear and succinct narrative of the most important occurrences in its recent annals, culled from the best authorities,' with a view not only to elucidate its present condition, but to throw light upon its past history. That this is a difficult undertaking may be readily believed, when we are told, that 'notwithstanding the numerous historical and descriptive accounts of Japan and the Japanese which have appeared from time to time, a comprehensive and authentic history of the country, its people, and institutions, has yet to be written in a European language; and for this to be undertaken by a foreigner competent to do justice, he must not only be a Japanese, but a Chinese, linguist, and have access to the national archives, written chiefly in the latter character.' We must agree therefore with Mr. Mossman 'that this is a task impossible for foreigners to accomplish—at least unaided by native scholars;' even if it were less true that 'hitherto the information gleaned from native sources concerning its history has been, for the most part, mythical, meagre, and unreliable.' He quotes a late Minister in Japan, who said that 'the incorrigible tendency of the Japanese to withhold from foreigners, or to disguise, the truth on all matters great and small; and consequently the absence of reliable elucidations of their character, institutions, and system of government, constitutes a great obstacle in getting at the facts;'—and the correctness of this opinion appears to be acknowledged by all who have ever had any dealings with the Japanese in their

* 'La Réforme sociale en France,' vol. ii. p. 455.

own country. Hence, although the author may be right in his conclusion, that we have now 'a fair amount of authentic data to furnish a record of its recent history,' and that it is highly desirable these 'should appear in a collected form, such as will be found in this unpretending volume,' we must warn our readers not to be too critical in noticing numerous inaccuracies and mistakes as to names, titles, and other matters purely Japanese. Such errors are all but unavoidable where a writer has to quote from a very miscellaneous collection of records, unaided by any personal acquaintance with the places, the people, or the language. Some of these are, fortunately, of no great importance, though others there are, misleading in reference both to the facts and the personages referred to. A few of these we may more particularly advert to as we proceed; and as these might easily be rectified by a list of errata on a fly-leaf, we trust the author will lose no time in supplying it. Despite such flaws in execution, the conception of the work, and the consecutive narrative it furnishes of the leading events, since the first treaty with a foreign Power was negotiated in 1854 by Commodore Perry, deserve great praise. It supplies a want, and will enable the reader to obtain with little labour a good general idea of a series of changes affecting the destinies of an Eastern race, now for the first time joining the comity of Western nations. It has been truly said that 'never probably since the world began has a nation developed so rapidly, or for two consecutive decades had so eventful a history to show;' and were it only on this ground, such a chapter in the history of our own day could not fail to be of great interest. But the past and present of Japan are nearly equally attractive to any student of the philosophy of history, from the many curious problems it presents, and the unexpected solutions furnished by passing events.

In reading the history of the twenty years' struggle in which all the ancient landmarks of Japanese policy, statecraft, and administration have been thrown down, as if by one of their own volcanic shocks, and all the elements of Western civilization have been poured into the crevices, filling up the gaps with materials of a disintegrating and explosive character, we cannot but be struck by the suddenness and completeness of the revolution effected. In this commingling of things old and new, a people of Asiatic stock, as numerous as ourselves and to the full as proud of their history and all that constitutes nationality, appear to be swept by irresistible forces into the vortex of a political and social cyclone, which has gone

far to denationalize them. What were the forces thus suddenly brought into play, from within and without, by which the most conservative and exclusive of Eastern nations was so rapidly transformed into something new and wholly alien?

Nothing more striking in history or sociology can well be found than the fact, that much of what has happened is mainly due to their intense hatred of the foreign element in every shape. Yet, strange as this may seem, we are convinced the dominant influence in the Japanese mind when the struggle began, and far on to the final issue, was this national feeling of hatred, mingled with fear, towards the foreign intruder on 'the sacred soil of Nippon,'—as their own Samurai and Bravos have many times since written in the blood of their victims. The ruling classes, from the Tycoon (or *Shogun*, as it now appears he should be called) to the Daimios and their retainers, including the whole of the military and dominant class, when first we forced our presence upon them, had no other thought or wish than our expulsion. For the first ten years, from 1854 to 1864, they never ceased to nurture plans, both at Miaco (the Court of the Mikado) and at Yedo—the 'capital of the Tycoon,' or Shogun, his Lieutenant and Generalissimo—the object of which was the extermination of the foreigners and the closing of their ports. Mr. Mossman quotes the reflections of the British Minister at the beginning of 1861, just after the murder of the Secretary to the American Legation in the streets of Yedo—only one of a long series of such political assassinations by the Samurai—observing that

'the victims previous to this were in a comparatively humble position; but Mr. Heuskin, though a Hollander by birth, was the official Secretary to the Legation of a great Treaty Power, and in whose violent death a blow was aimed at the American envoy, who might himself be the next victim. Not only was this the true interpretation of such a deed of blood, but every envoy and member of the embassies risked his life in performing his diplomatic duties. "It can hardly be realized in these modern days, in an European land, what it is to live under a perpetual menace of assassination, with apt instruments for its execution ever at hand, not for days or weeks, but month after month, and not occasionally, but constantly, from year to year. Never to put foot in stirrup without a consciousness of impending danger; never to sleep without feeling as your eyes close that your next waking may be your last, with the vengeful steel at your throat and the wild slogan of murderers in your ear." Such were the reflections of the British Minister on reviewing the category of these catastrophes and

the perilous position of affairs, and it may well be said that a diplomatic post in Japan was anything but an enviable one.'

How this blind and indiscriminating hatred, contrary to their avowed design and all their patriotic hopes, by some overruling and unseen power was hurrying the country on to a revolution, the end of which was to be a fevered desire for changes entirely foreign in type and aim, is now apparent. The nations from afar were to the Japanese an 'Old Man of the Sea,' whose clutch was on their throat, inciting them to frantic and unceasing efforts to rid themselves of his hateful and domineering presence. Failing all else, they rushed to meet him in his own element of Western civilization, where alone, it was felt at last, they might hope to find the secret of his power, and the means of recovering their lost immunity from interference. Mr. Mossman misses the force of this feeling by assuming that they had once been tributaries to China. It is true that the history of the Ming dynasty contains notices of tribute-presents having been sent at that remote period; but this is simply an assertion, like so many others made by Chinese when speaking of other States (England among the rest), treating all as subordinate and tributary to the 'King of Kings' and the 'Son of Heaven.' Kublai Khan, the greatest of the Mongol emperors, twice attempted their conquest by fitting out great expeditions, and each time met with signal defeat and the loss of all his troops and ships. There is no authority for saying they were ever conquered, or sent tribute to any Power. They not only successfully resisted the colossal Power at their gates, but carried the war into the enemy's country, partially conquering Corea, and making constant inroads on China proper during the following century, by way of retaliation. Hence their pride as a conquering and unconquered race, and the alarm and anger with which they have watched the insidious approaches of a more formidable neighbour than China, and the general menace to their independence from the forced establishment of permanent relations with all the Western Powers, whose means of aggression they felt themselves unable to resist with effect.

We cannot but feel a strong interest both in the past and the future of such a people, and nothing can be more opportune, therefore, than the appearance of the two works, the titles of which follow Mr. Mossman's at the head of this article. Mr. Adams, formerly Secretary of Legation and *Chargé d'Affaires* at Yedo, has had all the advantage of a long residence in Japan and the best opportunities of obtaining accurate information

on the spot, of which he has availed himself with great ability. If he does not both speak and read Japanese himself, he has, as he handsomely acknowledges, had all the benefit of such assistance as Mr. Satow, the most advanced of our Japanese scholars, and now Japanese Secretary of Legation, could afford. We may receive this book, therefore, with great confidence as a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Japanese and their history, the materials for which have been derived from the best sources, with all the advantages attending a knowledge of the language and a conscientious desire to insure accuracy.

The third work is only a little pamphlet of thirty-seven pages, but one, nevertheless, of very special interest. The author of this 'Legacy' was both a warrior and a statesman, who, although of comparatively humble origin, became one of the most powerful and celebrated of the Shoguns, or virtual rulers of Japan, and succeeded to his office under the Mikado of the day, in 1602. Not content, however, with the power of the sword and undisputed sway during his life, he aimed at establishing a system of government and policy that should go down to posterity with the prestige of his name, and preserve both his country and dynasty from change. That success should have followed so ambitious a design for two centuries and a half is not more remarkable than the fact that the fall, both of the system and the dynasty, was mainly due to the return of foreign invaders under the peaceable guise of merchants and missionaries; the event which he vainly thought he had sufficiently guarded against by his expulsion of the foreigner, and the extermination of all Christian converts, with every trace of their religion.

To keep the Mikados in bondage, to govern in their stead, but under the sanction of their authority—to keep the Feudal nobles and chiefs of clans in subjection and all other classes in a servile state under them, and thus held together to resist to the death all attempt on the part of foreign nations to break through their isolation—was, in sum, the policy of Gongeu Sama, as it continued to be that of all his descendants for nearly 300 years. But the moral to be drawn from this history is the futility of any Ruler, however powerful or sagacious, seeking to bind the hands of his posterity, or by any deep-laid plans and traditional policy securing any particular end, national or dynastic. That such policy may exercise a great and long-protracted influence, when based upon the reverence of a people for a great Ruler, is all that is possible. Some unforeseen combinations from within, or influences from

without, set at naught the wisest and most deep-laid plans, when prevision seeks to go beyond a lifetime or a generation as the furthest limit. What the far-seeing and astute Iyeyas thought to place beyond the reach of chance or change, has now come to pass, in the way he would least have desired. Not only the disturbing foreigner from the West has reappeared on the Japanese shores, with his restless and aggressive temper, his missionary spirit, and commercial enterprise, but the effort to resist the fate has mainly led to the downfall of the whole fabric of native rule and institutions, the foundations of which he laid so earnestly. Another parallel in modern history of an attempt to create a traditional policy by a legacy of behests from the ruler and founder of an empire, to be binding on all his descendants, suggests itself in the reputed will of Peter the Great of Russia. He has the credit of founding such a policy, and an empire designed to have Constantinople for its capital, from whence with the Black Sea and the Mediterranean on either hand, as two Russian lakes, to dominate alike an Eastern and a Western continent. How far this dream of conquest and empire has any real foundation in Russian policy and aspirations, is a question on which there is much difference of opinion. But assuming that it is so, we may doubt whether its pursuit is likely to promote the end desired, or, like the Legacy of Iyeyas, will only lead, by ways unseen, to the triumph of a cause the very opposite of the consummation so ardently desired.

Much of the novelty and importance attaching to the Japanese transmutations of their social and political condition arises from the almost incredible shortness of the period in which the work of ages was accomplished. It has been remarked that no other nation has 'ever before taken five centuries at a bound.' But with equal truth ten centuries might have been the term. For although we shall find some closer resemblances between the state of Europe and Japan in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries than at any earlier period, we must go back still further to find some of the most striking of these coincidences or similitudes—to the early Saxon and Norman periods in this country, and to the first or Merovingian era of kingly rule in France—from the fifth to the eighth centuries; the only difference being that Japan in the earlier period, while presenting the same features of feudal and monarchical organization, combined with them many of the later developments which only took place in Europe from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries, and these the Eastern realm retained in full vigour to a

much later date than the fourteenth century, when they all began to give place, in the West, to progressive changes.

In considering the problem presented by the arrested development and evolution of national life and forms of government in Japan during such a long series of centuries,—this 'sleep of a thousand years,' as one of the present Japanese ministers called it,—we look in vain for a satisfactory solution. Equally difficult is it to explain the transformation effected in one convulsive effort, by which the space intervening between the eighth and nineteenth centuries was at once bridged over. The Japanese, with a resuscitated sovereign at their head, stood in a moment on the same ground side by side with the more advanced of European nations. To understand or explain this we must take with us some definite conception of what constitutes progress. In material civilization they have neither been stationary, nor behind the rest of the world. No land has been better cultivated or made more productive. In the arts of life and skilled labour dedicated to decorative and artistic as well as utilitarian purposes, they had in some respects achieved a degree of perfection which at this day has not been surpassed in Europe. Their silks, embroidery, porcelain, bronzes, and artistic work in metals, are still the envy of the most advanced workers in the same materials in the Western world. No nation was ever better governed on a theocratic system, and by a dominant class, or more orderly, industrious, and contented, than the Japanese during the two centuries and a half preceding the advent of foreigners in 1854. In this mould the Japanese, somewhat like the Chinese, from whom they borrowed much, had been, as it were, fossilized by Confucianism and Taoism for this world, and by Buddhism for the next, so far as they believed in any future world or state of existence. It was only when the even tenor of their way was broken into by foreign pretensions, requirements, and other disturbing influences, that they began to feel any necessity for change or movement.

A Japanese who has just written a book* tells us in his preface that his early intercourse with foreigners opened to him 'an entirely new world of thought and action.' So it may well have been with all his countrymen. The seeds which thought can vivify grow fast. The whole nation had been roused out of its long sleep of centuries, during which they had dreamed of no other life, and felt no need of change. They awoke to find a new world inviting their

* 'Studies of Man,' by a Japanese. London, 1874.

attention, and alarming their pride by an attitude which threatened dictation, if not conquest and a total loss of independence.

If we take up the story from the period when the Portuguese first landed (in the middle of the sixteenth century), and the foreign element of a mixed religious, political, and commercial character began to ferment, we find that the disturbed state of the country often called for a man of action, who could wield the sword and take the field against rebellious vassals and turbulent Daimios of all degrees. This want was supplied in the person of *Taiko Sama*, a soldier of fortune, who is said to have raised himself solely by his courage and talents from a menial state. The Mikado invented new titles for him, and invested him with civil and military powers. Among other titles he received, or took, was the title of *Kobo*, which Kaempfer translates 'lay or secular emperor,' without authority. From that time similar powers descended in hereditary succession with the title of Shogun, among the heirs of three families, descendants not of Taiko Sama, but his successor Iyeyas, better known as Gongen Sama. Taiko Sama killed himself soon after, being defeated in a vain endeavour to succeed his father, and Iyeyas, who had been Taiko Sama's lieutenant, seized the power. It was under his rule that the Christians were exterminated, and all foreigners expelled from Japan. In this interval the power of the great feudal chiefs had been broken and their forces and territories so divided, that no serious rising seems to have taken place in all the intervening three centuries, until the advent of foreigners again, under the treaties of 1858, dislocated the whole machinery of government, weakened the prestige of the Tycoon, and brought old elements of antagonism and discontent into action. These combined causes led to a confederation of Daimios, which finally proved strong enough to defeat the forces sent against them by the Tycoon, and seize on the Mikado's person. Under his seal and authority deposition was decreed, and the ablest of the modern Shoguns retired not to Tourunga, in the south-west province of Etzizen, as Mr. Mossman erroneously states (p. 326), but to Sumpu, in the province of Suruga, the headquarters of the fallen Tokugawa clan. There he still remains submissive to the fiat of the sovereign he had never ceased nominally at least to acknowledge.

As a founder of the institutions under which Japan has been peaceably governed during nearly three centuries, Iyeyas must be admitted to have been one of those men who, by their sagacity and firmness, can re-

duce to subjection and order the most turbulent elements. But the rule devised by him was of singular character and unexampled stringency. To the Daimios it was oppressive in the highest degree, and based on a feeling of distrust; a system of espionage the most minute and extensive, ramifying into all the relations of life, was its chief feature. Mutual distrust and bondage was the result. Hostages from all the Daimios were required, and the marvel is, how such a system could be so strongly knit as to bear the continuous strain there must have been upon it. No two Daimios, unless near relations, could visit each other, not even though members of the Tycoon's council: so at least the Ministers themselves assured the British representative, when protesting against the isolation in which he and his colleagues were kept. None of them could be absent more than six months from the capital, where they were bound to take up their residence with the bulk of their retainers, under the watchful eye of the Tycoon himself. During any absence of a Daimio his wife and male children had to be left behind as hostages. No Minister or official of any kind might transact any business unaccompanied by an Ometski, or spy, whose duty it was to report all that passed to his immediate superiors in office. Every office had in a certain sense, therefore, to be duplicated; and the Tycoon, in his triple-moated castle, situated on a commanding eminence in the heart of Yedo, was always girt round with feudatories of his own clan, or those created by his great ancestors, and a large following of men-at-arms. He very rarely emerged from the precincts of the palace, and led a life of almost as total seclusion as his suzerain, except when, in late years, for political reasons, he found it necessary to make journeys to Miaco, the place of residence of the Mikado, who was kept there in ward by the Tycoon's retainers.

The Japanese throughout their history have shown a strong feeling of nationality; and this sense of a national life to be preserved at any sacrifice in the face of a great danger from without, we believe to have been a principal determining motive of the complete revolution effected since the first treaty with a foreign Power was made. It is barely twenty years ago, and yet the great Daimios have in that short interval agreed to consolidate the Mikado's power by yielding up their feudal rights and revenues. They declared in a manifesto that the object of this sacrifice was 'to enable their country to take its place with the other countries of the world;' and this, no doubt, was one of their motives. Whether they are far enough

advanced to recognise national life and independence as essential to power and prosperity, and on that account to be determined to maintain both in unity and vigour, is a more doubtful question, but in this direction lay the gratification of their patriotic sentiments and feeling of national pride. Among the causes, however, which have undoubtedly exercised considerable influence in determining the desire for change, the downfall of the Tycoon's monopoly of his trade at the Treaty Ports must not be underrated. A tendency to monopoly appears common to all ages, and shows itself among Eastern and Western races, with nearly equal force. Trades unions are but the modern developments or reproductions of the ancient trade guilds and crafts. Free trade, the antagonistic element, has but a very partial and insecure footing even amongst the most advanced of Western nations at the present day.

The Daimios cherished a monopoly for the advantage of their virtual ruler the Tycoon, and to their own injury. They desired to participate in the profits of a foreign trade which was enriching their oppressor and impoverishing them. That they should seek to enjoy the fruits of monopoly when their own turn came, has therefore nothing very inconsistent in it. Their objection was not to the principle of privilege and trade, but to their exclusion from its benefit. Men do not change their nature by becoming members of a progressive and liberal government—not in Japan, at least. They still retain some prejudices and cling to what directly advances their own interests. We are not much surprised, therefore, to hear loud complaints from our merchants in Japan, re-echoed by our Ministers, that, in spite of this most progressive era in that country, rulers and natives alike cling tenaciously to their guilds and rights of monopoly against all comers. But it is both curious and instructive to trace the similarity of views and identity of principle, as well as of outward form, in our own guilds in the days of the Plantagenets with the guilds of an unknown Eastern race a thousand years before they or we had any idea of each other's existence. The end and the means were strictly alike at the two opposite extremities of the globe, and in two races as different from each other in outward type and mental development as it is possible to conceive, and they are not very different now.

As regards the actual course followed by the Japanese, even in their most recent legislation on this subject, there is, no doubt, a system in force, practically tending, not only to exclude foreigners and their trade

from all the inland markets, but by means of secret guilds to create a monopoly at the ports, to the still more serious injury of foreign trade. In the last Bluebook collection of Consular Reports from Japan, Sir Harry Parkes draws the attention of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to the existence of these guilds in direct violation of express stipulations in all the treaties, and encloses an interesting article on the subject from the 'Japan Mail' of the 18th of May, 1873. The British Minister remarks, in referring to this enclosure:—

'I also beg to add to these papers an interesting account of the Japanese guilds (or Sho-sha), who exercise a very potent influence on the Foreign Commerce of Japan. The connection of these guilds, and especially the Corporation of Yokohama (which is prominently mentioned in this paper), with the Japanese Government, the power allowed to this corporation of issuing notes without furnishing any account either of its liabilities or assets, the privileged sale of Government rice, &c., were referred to in my despatch of the 23rd May, forwarding the Consular Returns of Trade for 1872. These circumstances show how disposed the present Japanese Government is to run all trade into the mould of monopoly, to restrict it according to the personal views of men who are in office for the moment, and to make commerce subservient to their own purposes. The eagerness which many Japanese officials exhibit to quit their posts—apparently as wealthy men—and to share in the profits of business thus conducted, is also a noteworthy feature in the present aspect of trade in Japan.'

The writer in the 'Japan Mail' states that—

'Owing to their organization, their number, as well as to the regulations by which they are governed, and the vigour with which they carry out the decisions or decrees of their heads, these corporations have become an influence which increases from day to day, and a power which the foreign houses must necessarily take into consideration. The secrecy which surrounds the actions of these corporations is so complete and so well preserved that it is extremely difficult to obtain information of any value respecting them. It is known, however, that the United Corporations of Yokohama are in possession of a capital, which has been supplied partly by the Japanese and partly by a small number of foreign houses. It is notorious that they invoke credit largely as they issue, by Government authorization, paper, which is received from the Japanese in payment of the articles of import which they purchase. It may be stated with perfect truth that as the foreign banks have neither information as to nor check upon the action of the Japanese banks of issue, the paper of which we have spoken enjoys only a very limited confidence. Nevertheless, however short the

period of its currency prior to presentation for payment may be, it has fulfilled its special object in furnishing a floating capital for the corporations.'

The italics are ours, for this sentence brings out a grave and important condition of our trade in all the Chinese and Japanese seas. The natives in both these countries, with their natural craft and clannishness, would always, and naturally, fall into combination to raise the price of their own produce against the foreigner, and to lower that of his goods; and with their perfectly organized guilds, combination is a necessary condition of their trade—as the want of it, under the form of competition, is the characteristic of all foreign trade. When *competition* is met by *combination*, it fares ill with the competitors. And this is the normal condition of all commerce in these regions. Chinese and Japanese alike, are well aware by this time that they have nothing to fear from any agreement among foreign merchants not to undersell or outbid each other, however ruinous the game.

The trade of Yokohama through the United Corporations has thus become a gigantic monopoly in the hands of the Japanese Government. This was one of the chief subjects of discontent on the part of the Daimios, who rebelled against the Tycoon's authority, and eventually overthrew him and his dynasty together. It is stated in one of the Minister's despatches, that the Tycoon's Ministers had been distinctly warned, in a confidential interview in 1865, that the continued monopoly of all the advantages of trade at the treaty ports, was a great source of danger to the Tycoon's government; and the British Representative had very earnestly urged the free participation of the Daimios in whatever advantages foreign commerce could bring. He even insisted upon it as essential to the security of the Tycoon and the tranquillity of the empire, then greatly disturbed by the coming revolution. But the advice was not taken, and the Tycoon has paid the penalty of his refusal to profit by it. Certain it is, that this was among the most influential of the causes of discontent among the Daimios, and provoked in a great degree the opposition and struggles which ended in the abolition of the Tycoon's office and power. He and his officers between them managed entirely to monopolize the whole of the foreign trade, and to share the profits, without admitting either the Daimios or their retainers to participate in any way. Now all the Daimios were of necessity traders, as were their principal officers, for the disposal of the produce of their lands. It is there-

fore a subject of much regret that the Mikado's advisers should follow a similarly pernicious and unjustifiable course; and it augurs as ill for the future stability of his rule as for the development of trade, if those about him can give no better advice, or are too eager personally to share in the advantages of a monopoly to do what is best in the general interest. If, under the Tycoon's rule, the position of the Daimios and those about them had been made less galling to their pride, and more favourable to their financial interests, it would seem things might have gone on for another cycle, with no more change than the supplanting of one dynasty of Shoguns for another, from time to time. But the secret, alike of the motive power with the more puissant of the Daimios and its special direction towards a restoration of the Mikado's sovereign rights and the downfall of the Tycoonat, lies mainly in the fact that the system of repression and jealous restriction—feudal and commercial—had been carried to such a pitch of oppression as to become altogether intolerable.

Nor was this felt alone by the chiefs of the several clans and their immediate feudatories, but by the ministers (or Karos, as those stewards of their revenues and secretaries were styled) and by all the armed retainers, on whom the increased cost of living pressed heavily. For these classes there was nothing left to care for. The Daimios were deprived of all social intercourse with their peers, lest they should conspire together. They had no amusements out of their own families and castles; and however precious these sources of enjoyment may be, they do not altogether suffice for man's contentment. They had no political part reserved to them in the government of the country, although compelled to spend six months of every year, with a large following of retainers, within sight of the Tycoon's palace, and at the seat of his government, at an enormous cost. They were little better than State prisoners. What had life left of savour to be worth living for in such a dull monotonous round of emasculated existence? They had for the most part become the sapless and enervated class which all aristocracies have a tendency to be, when deprived of a fair field of exertion and activity by a too jealous and despotic government, as they have become in Spain and other countries of the West when placed under such conditions. But not so the more active spirits of their Karos, men who had to govern the local populations, and found in this field at least sufficient employment

for their energies to preserve them from absolute effeminacy and incapacity. The possibility of widening the scope for their chiefs and themselves, and lifting from the necks of both the yoke of absolute bondage and subjection, must often have presented themselves to their minds as a desirable if not a possible thing! But until the advent of foreigners and the general ferment of new ideas brought into their life a fresh motive for action, and under their observation men under conditions of freedom very different from their own state, it is probable that the feasibility of any change had not presented itself to their minds. Once conceived, it was, like the grain of mustard-seed, very rapid of growth and it soon spread over the whole land. The armed retainers, generally men of courage and energy, began, as we have said, to be pressed for the means of existence. The increased dearness of everything, and especially of food and raiment, in part caused by the sudden export of gold, and the demands of a foreign trade for silk, far beyond the supply which had previously been only calculated to meet the wants of the native population, were inconveniences and hardships laid to the charge of the foreigners. Smarting under these, every patriotic instinct helped to intensify the hatred which a proud and sensitive race naturally felt for the intruders that had insulted the dignity of their country by forcing treaties upon them, the only end of which appeared to them certain ruin, if not national subjugation.

What the feelings of this numerous and powerful class were had been sufficiently demonstrated by a long list of assassinations and attacks upon foreigners, especially those connected with the Foreign Legations. The first resident Ministers and their attachés during the early years of their residence lived under a perpetual menace of assassination. Twice there was an attack in the dead of night on the British Legation. The first time it was stormed by a large band of Ronins, or 'Masterless Men,' and for an interval of many minutes they held it, despite the fact that a Tycoon's guard of 150 men was quartered around. Before these were fairly roused to a sense of the extremity of the danger, or struck a blow in the defence of the Minister, two of the officers—Mr. Oliphant and Mr. Morrison—were wounded, and several of the servants either killed or disabled. The Minister himself, standing at the entrance of the room, where his wounded Secretary with the rest of the Legation had sought refuge, and expecting at each

moment the decisive rush of the assailants, escaped death only by some unexplained hazard. The next morning saw a list of thirty-two killed and wounded among the attacking and defending force. On the body of one of the band, stained with his blood, was found the following declaration of the motives for the attack signed by fourteen of his companions. This is a common mode of proceeding among the Two-sworded Samurai, out of which class the Ronins are recruited. They make themselves outlaws, and thus free their feudal chief from responsibility for their acts:—

'I, though I am a person of low degree, have not patience to stand by and see the Sacred Empire defiled by the foreigner. This time I have determined in my heart to follow out my master's will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine in foreign nations, yet, with a little faith and a bold warrior's power, I wish in my heart, though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigner to retire, and partly tranquillize both the minds of the Mikado and Shogoon, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out.'

Had not these men been denied, by the jealous distrust of the Tycoon and the long pacification of the land, all legitimate outlet for their pent-up energies, as well as all hope of advancement or improved condition, there is little doubt that affairs might have gone on throughout this century as they had done for so many ages before. The Tycoon perished at last by the original vice of a system of excessive repression and the refusal to allow any scope for others. There would seem to be nothing so dangerous to the permanence of any institutions or form of government, as pent-up forces which have no legitimate outlet or safety-valve; and the stronger the repressive force, the greater is the violence of the explosion. To sum up, then, the history of this singular phase in the national life of the Japanese,—the proximate or immediate cause of the revolution was, undoubtedly, the advent of foreigners as permanent residents, and the discontent resulting from the treaty rights exacted from the Tycoons. It had cost the Tycoon who signed the first treaty and his two successors their lives, and the fourth his power and office. But under this, which was on the surface, there was a deep and heady current tending to the same end, partly occasioned by the defective origin of the Tycoon's power in respect to treaties and the Dai-

mios' territories, and the still more influential and radical defects, both in the principle of his government and its administration. To govern by a system of espionage extending to every relation of life, sowing distrust and fear everywhere, and by an iron rule of repression, is, sooner or later, to make it intolerable to those who can resist, and to undermine by ever-increasing discontent the spirit of loyalty. We find we are quite borne out in this view by Mr. Adams, who says—

'During the long period of peace which thus succeeded the establishment of the Tokugawa dynasty of Shōguns, the intrigues against it on the part of jealous and ambitious Daimios (and such there doubtless were from time to time, especially in connection with the court at Kiōto) entirely failed, and the Shōgun of the day, or his officials, ruled the empire from Yedo. But the advent of Tokugawa changed the complexion of affairs, and gave an additional impetus to the machinations of the Daimios, who chafed under the usurpation of the greatest among them, and of those members of the Court party who were their allies. Indeed, when the foreigners appeared on the scene, everything was already ripe for a revolution, in the old style, and for the substitution of a fresh dynasty for the worn-out Tokugawa dynasty. And it is now quite evident that the imperfect Government of the Shōgun was not adapted to the new order of things which succeeded the signing of treaties with foreign nations. It is essential for the reader to understand that, from the moment these treaties came into force, the fall of the Shōgunate became a mere question of time, and that nothing could have saved it. As far as the establishment of commercial and friendly relations of a permanent nature with Europe and the United States was concerned, the sooner it was abolished the better. It was not the *supreme* power, and yet in its dealings with other powers and their representatives it affected to be so. Hence, as will be seen, perpetual subterfuges and a daily resort to small tricks for the purpose of keeping up the delusion, and of preventing foreigners from becoming aware of the important fact (which, however, could not long be concealed) that he, to whom the treaties and the diplomatic agents had awarded the title of "Majesty," had no right to be so styled, and was not the Emperor of Japan. Although the fact is now patent to every one, many foreigners clung with curious obstinacy, even up to a late date, to the false idea that the "Tycoon" was the *temporal* sovereign of the country, and that he would soon "return to power," as they were wont to express what they would have found difficult to explain or define."

Such, then, is our explanation of the series of violent and startling changes which have within the last twenty years convulsed Japan, and profoundly affected the character

of its institutions, customs, and government, and, in a period of unparalleled briefness, transformed an isolated people and given to a feudal state the most advanced forms of modern civilization. By what instrumentality it was actually effected is more of a mystery. Whose were the heads that conceived and planned the coalition, that placed the Mikado at the disposal of the disaffected Daimios, and secured the fall of the Tycoon, the abolition of his office, and an entire change in the political organization of the empire? Looking back on the colourless and dwarfed life of the Daimios as we have described it, and the want of political experience and knowledge either in that class or their Ministers and retainers, we confess this part of the problem still remains with only a partial solution. Baron Hübner relates a conversation on the subject which he had with one of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, Iwakura Tomomi, since badly wounded by a sudden attack from armed men, and whom some of our readers may remember to have seen as the chief ambassador two years ago. The Baron describes him as one of the great promoters of the reforms since carried out, and who, in the revolution of 1868, played a conspicuous part. He says that, although a man of rank by birth, he had before this crisis lived in obscurity. How and where, then, did he get the knowledge of men and affairs, and the influence over others, needful to a successful leader of a revolution that is to depose and set up kings and revolutionize all the institutions and organization of a State? This is what Iwakura says himself, and it may be taken as an exposition of his policy:—

"The Daimios," said Iwakura, "were kept within bounds by the Shogun. Several of them were subject to his direct authority. On the abolition of the office of Shogun they everywhere acquired complete independence. This became intolerable. The restoration of the Mikado was imperative; that is the task that we have undertaken, and in three years it will be accomplished. The *Hans* [clans] have been recently suppressed. The former Daimios will not even be permitted to rule over their old estates. We shall compel them to come to live in Yedo with their families. Men of capacity, of whatever caste, will be appointed governors. By that claim only—namely, that they are capable men—may the Daimios hope to be reinstated in the high offices of State. The small clans will be forced to unite themselves to the large clans, and an army will be formed of soldiers hitherto in the pay and under the orders of the late Daimios.

"Our enemies maintain that we are hostile to the religion of the people. This is not so. We do not contemplate the destruction of Bud-

bhism. We shall only purify those temples originally dedicated to Shinto. The Shoguns have consecrated them to Buddha in an irregular fashion, either by introducing his rites to the exclusion of all others, or by permitting Shintoism (which from all ages has been the official religion, namely, that of the Mikado) to be practised at the same time and place."

The last paragraph is certainly not correct, for many of the Buddhist temples, which were for the most part built up by the Siogoons, have been utterly destroyed; and as regards the policy crudely indicated in the first, we assume it must undergo great modifications before any attempt can be made to put it in practice. But it is perhaps hardly fair to judge the Minister by the mere report of a traveller as to what may have been said in a casual conversation carried on through an interpreter.

But there is another and a greater mystery. We have seen the enervated and miserable life of forced idleness and seclusion passed by the Mikado, with concubines and Eastern courtiers for his companions. How has it been possible for such a youth, even under strong guidance, to accept the rôle he is now playing, with apparently so much aplomb and satisfaction to himself? How has he been able to lay down his divinity, and, clothing his person in European garments, go into the light of day, to be seen by all his subjects—to open railways, receive addresses, and talk about affairs of State, and docks, and ships, and other mundane matters, like any common mortal? We confess we have no explanation to offer, except that the recovery of liberty, and a free existence under the sun, may have been so full of charm, that his whole nature has been suddenly and rapidly developed beyond what might, by the light of common experience, have been deemed possible. It has been rightly suggested, we think, that what actually took place was this. The feudal retainers of the Daimios, including the military class of Samurai, revolted against the Mikado's lieutenant (the Tycoon) in favour of the Mikado;—and then made their masters, the Daimios, surrender their rights and privileges to a Government formed of their retainers, but ruling under the Mikado's name and authority. As to the revenues surrendered in exchange for a certain portion assigned as an income, they are probably personally richer than when they had to feed a large band of retainers. They are also, it may be safely assumed, much more their own masters. In that case the sacrifice was more apparent than real, and they have actually gained by the exchange.

As regards the Mikado and his future position, it is very well, perhaps, and right that,

restored to the government of his kingdom, he should see and inform himself on all things; that he should attend reviews, receive foreign Ministers, and even drive in the streets with the Empress by his side in the sight of his people. But if he has any more great revolutionary changes in contemplation, such as has been reported—the substitution of a new religion, the introduction of a foreign language to take the place of Japanese, or anything of such scope and nature—it would seem necessary that he should lose no time about it. Of course for a godman, ruling by divine descent, and with all the attributes of High Priest and King, he can decree anything he pleases; and so long as the divine and sacred character remains, no Japanese will dispute his authority. But these attributes and powers of a god cannot long be conjoined with everyday life. Secclusion and mystery are essential to their existence. There is no divinity compatible with patent-leather boots, lace-coats and trousers, or cocked-hats, even if it could for a time be reconciled with walks and drives and other familiar amusements and occupations. Therefore we say, the revolutions to be effected in Japan must be near the end, since the Mikado cannot much longer be regarded by his subjects as a divinity, to question whose decrees, however unpalatable, would be not only treason but sacrilege for the gods to punish.

Apart from this view of the subject, will the great and sudden changes already effected be permanent? Will this fusion of the old elements of a feudal, aristocratic, and theocratic form of government and national life into a new product so essentially different, be durable and lasting? That is a question which must present itself inevitably to all minds trained by the experiences of European history. It is much easier to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to create. France began the career upon which Japan has now entered, *de cœur léger*, some eighty years ago, and with one act decreed the abolition of the feudal system, and with it the aristocratic and monarchic principle of hereditary succession. All pretensions to rule by right divine fell with the rest; and they are yet seeking for some stable basis on which to build up a form of government that shall be accepted and obeyed by all; and are as remote from the solution of the problem, to all appearance, as in the year 1793. So far the example has not been encouraging. The passion for an impossible equality has only been tempered by one scarcely less vehement—a love of personal privileges and distinctions. The Americans have for a nearly equally lengthened period asserted the

sovereignty of the people and, with little modification, the old Roman precept of '*vox populi vox Dei*,' without much better success. Of democracy there is enough and to spare in both countries; but it remains yet to be determined, in France at least, whether this is to lead to some ungovernable and impracticable theory of Socialism and Communism, with a levelling downwards, and an equal division of property, or a monarchic revival based upon hereditary succession, and not upon the mobile and uncertain plebiscite of a whole people. Fortunately, as we believe, the Japanese have avoided one fatal error in their political programme, and in this, at least, have shown no small amount of political sagacity. They have retained hereditary succession and a monarchy as steadying powers, and there has been no specious form of appeal to the 'will of a people,' wholly uneducated from a political point of view, and absolutely incapable of forming any sound judgment as to the best system of government.

Before concluding this review of some of the principal and most interesting chapters of recent Japanese history, we must endeavour to convey some information to our readers of the actual government established, and its adaptation to the present state of the country. We find this so well set forth in a recent article in the '*Japan Weekly Paper*,' a journal evidently possessing means of obtaining authentic information, that we cannot do better than place a summary before them, with extracts as full as our space will admit. The writer premises that he proposes to give such a general sketch of the actual position in which the affairs of the country now stand as 'may serve to dispel some illusions respecting it as seen from a distance, and, at the same time, render justice to the Japanese Government, and afford some conception of the difficulties with which they have to contend.' As this is precisely what we desire also, we quote some of the leading passages without hesitation :—

'The Government was formed upon the basis of the time-honoured authority of the Mikado, but his Majesty at the same time solemnly engaged himself to rule in conformity with the wishes of his people. In the fulness of years some more precise method of ascertaining the will of the people may no doubt be arrived at; but, for the present, perhaps there could be no better means of consulting the wants of the people than by each of the chief provinces being represented by one of its most prominent men in the Council of State, in the deliberations of which the Mikado, his Prime Minister and Vice-Prime Minister, as well as the Heads of the several branches of the Government, take part, and whose edicts are the law of the

realm. Each of the Departments, as of Finance, Foreign Affairs, &c., is presided over by a Minister, who is not, however, necessarily a Cabinet Minister—that is to say, a member of the Council of State; and each of these Departments is formed, as to its administration, on the Western basis, some of them, as that of Public Works, being subdivided into many branches, for railways, mining, lighthouses, telegraphs, &c. The deliberative council, which has sometimes been misnamed a parliament, is an advising body called together with the view of making the Government better acquainted with the wants and the wishes of the people, but it possesses no direct power in the State.

'Such being the composition of the Government, and in view of the fact that it has not only incurred a very large expenditure on account of the construction of roads, piers, railways, telegraphs, lighthouses, and public buildings of all descriptions, but has likewise engaged at a large outlay the services of a very numerous staff of skilled foreign employés for years to come, we consider that we are justified in believing that, even were all foreigners engaged in trade in the country to leave Japan to-morrow, Western civilization has already taken too deep a hold of the ground to admit of the probability being entertained of its being readily rooted up. But for its permanent hold on the country it must mainly look to the rising generation.'

As to education, it is stated that—

'A law was proclaimed in the course of the year 1872 which provided for the establishment of 53,000 schools, or one for every 600 of the computed inhabitants of Japan, and we have been told on the best authority that the provisions of this law have even already been very largely complied with. What may be the precise number of young persons who are now under instruction, we cannot undertake to say, but we believe the Educational Department estimate it as exceeding 400,000. The instruction given to these pupils varies, of course, with their various circumstances, but it is in all cases conveyed upon the European or the American principle; the pupils in the upper schools, instead of squatting on mats, being required to sit on benches and to work at tables. In the various establishments connected with the Government at Yedo, the pupils eat food prepared in the European fashion, sit at table at meals, and make use of knives and forks. Those at the Naval College, as well as the marine cadets and the troops of all classes, wear an uniform similar to that worn by the like classes in Europe or America. These pupils are attended by foreign medical officers. For a long period it was the fashion to believe and assert that the Japanese mind was incapable of advancing beyond a certain point in the acquisition either of European language or of European science, but we think the time has arrived when this somewhat hastily formed inference may be exploded.'

'There being thus, as it seems to us, no reason whatsoever to doubt the capacity of the Japanese to receive instruction in like measure

with most Western nations, we cannot but foresee that with so large a proportion of the rising generation under instruction, the effects on the development of Japan must be both general and permanent. It should not, at the same time, be forgotten, that, as would be supposed, there still exists a party attached to the old ways. There are still schools where Chinese literature is taught; but these form a quite inconsiderable proportion in the total aggregate of the educational establishments of the country.

But whilst we seem clearly to see that the seeds have been sown of a broad educational system, and the basis laid of a complete governmental system founded on that adopted in Europe, there is another question to be asked in reviewing the condition of Japan of to-day. Will the existing social and political structure endure until such time shall have elapsed as may suffice for the instruction of the rising generation, and for the development of the country under the light of the newly-adopted civilization? This is a question in reply to which many persons would shake their heads doubtfully, whilst a few would answer it directly in the negative. But for our own part, whilst we frankly own that we see some rocks ahead—more especially connected with finance—we trust we may not be too sanguine in disagreeing with those who doubt the stability of the existing order of things in Japan.

The present state of order which we see around us, and which has been so long undisturbed, seems to justify the calculations of those who undertook the task of governing the country at a time when a very opposite state of things existed. The Japanese statesmen who, in the midst of civil war, a thorough internal re-organization, and a struggle on the part of the privileged classes to expel foreigners from the country, could see their way towards the introduction of foreign civilization, and who have introduced it, may, we think, claim to be trusted as being capable of forming an opinion as to the present condition and future prospects of the country; and they do not seem to entertain any alarm under these heads. Their task for the past, they confess, has been an easier one than that which awaits them for the future seems likely to prove, inasmuch as this task for the past has been chiefly to destroy, whilst their labours for the future must be to construct. If the building up of the new edifice proceed as harmoniously as did the demolition of the old one, the Japanese and their rulers may have indeed cause to congratulate themselves.

In this changing age few changes are more striking than that between the former and the present attitude of the Japanese people towards foreigners. We need not be very old residents in the East to remember the day when the order for the expulsion of the barbarian was issued from the palace of Kioto. To-day, so far as the feeling of all classes is concerned, the foreign barbarian may traverse Japan in all directions with as complete safety from risk and injury as he would find in Germany or France, whilst he may count on everywhere meeting as cordial a welcome as would await him in Ame-

rica or England. But the jealousy of the foreigner has assumed a new phase. Whilst there is no longer the slightest repulsion to him personally, the pride of the Japanese, though it prompts him no longer to resist the foreigner in arms, makes him rebel against submitting quietly, farther than he need do, to the assertion of foreign superiority in civil and commercial pursuits. Hence the obstacles in the way of opening up the country. The Japanese wish to obtain the riches of their land for themselves. They are sufficiently conversant with the laws of political economy to know that for the development of the resources of their country both skilled management and labour and capital are necessary. They are deficient in these elements, and their object is to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem of obtaining the requisite foreign capital and skill and still retaining the profits to be derived from the industrial development of the country for the benefit of the Japanese. One of their first schemes, conceived with a view towards effecting this object—namely, to develop the island of Yezo, under foreign supervision, for the benefit of the Government—has, up to the present time, proved a complete failure. It remains to be seen what will be the issue of the line of commercial policy which they are said at present to entertain, namely, to grant various concessions to Japanese companies who shall provide their own foreign managers and skilled labour, as well as their own capital.

In the meantime, obstacles are opposed to the free introduction of foreigners into Japan. Those obstacles, it will be seen at a glance, are merely of an ephemeral nature. The success of the first Japanese railway, between Yokohama and Yedo, has induced the Government, as well as several local associations, to take the preliminary measures for opening railway communication in other parts of the country, and it follows as a matter of course that wherever railways will be opened there foreigners will have free access.

In conclusion, the writer thus sums up his impressions:—

‘A people amiable, clever, and very impulsive, but which has little or no hold either on any religion or on any philosophy—which suddenly rushes forth, as it has done once before, in pursuit of the acquisition of a foreign civilization—what is to be said of it? There is no problem in the world’s previous history which can help us to foresee the end. The case of Russia in the time of Peter the Great affords no fair comparison with that of Japan of to-day. The stolid, obedient Russians were moved by the commanding genius of one man; the Japanese have no commanding genius. We forbear to venture on prediction. We can only say that the Japanese have, up to the present time, shown a marvellous aptitude, as compared with other Oriental nations, for adapting themselves to European civilization; they may so far compare very favourably in this respect—due regard to their circumstances being shown—even with more than one people in Europe.’

In these views, which we have reason to believe represent the opinions of many best placed in the country to obtain accurate and trustworthy information, we entirely concur. All vaticination upon the data obtained must, from the nature of the circumstances, be hazardous in the extreme, for the reason, above all others, which the writer gives, that, notwithstanding history often repeats itself, and in the ordinary current of political changes we are generally enabled from what has been to form some opinion as to the course of events in the future, we are here entirely at sea, and out of sight of any landmarks to guide us in the outlook beyond; 'there is no problem in the world's previous history which can help us to foresee the end.' We can only from certain general principles, and the influence those constantly exercise in the development of national life, draw some equally general conclusions as to the probable results of what has taken place in Japan during the last twenty years. It is probable that much of the future stability of the Government and institutions will be determined by financial conditions. If those be satisfactory, and a good fiscal system can be established, all will go well; but as to the present financial state of Japan, it is difficult to arrive at exact data on which to form a safe conclusion. The Japanese, like their Chinese neighbours, have always, since their intercourse with foreign powers, shown a laudable desire to keep their monetary engagements with them, and in this may compare advantageously with many borrowers much nearer home. Whatever may be the amount of security offered by the Japanese Government for its loans, the ruling price of the Japanese stock on the Exchange is a sufficient evidence that they are regarded with great favour. Spain and Portugal, Egypt and Turkey, and even Italy, cannot boast of such credit with the capitalists of Europe. We have no pretension to write on such matters with the authority of the *City* article in the '*Times*;' but upon a general survey of the political and financial state of the country it is possible that we may from a larger view, if not from fuller materials and trustworthy sources of information, enable our readers to form their own opinions on sufficiently solid grounds. Those, for instance, who have invested in the two loans which Japan has negotiated in Europe, the 9 per cent. and the 7 per cent., may be glad to know that the railway, which is the main security for the first, is supposed by the best informed on the spot to be doing well. That is, the receipts would lead to that conclusion, although nothing more definite can be said upon the point, for the sin-

gular reason that no one there knows what the cost of the railway construction has been—not excepting, we believe, the Japanese Government itself. Certainly, the cost has never been made public, though the weekly receipts are regularly published.*

This points to one of the chief difficulties in arriving at any trustworthy conclusion on the financial prospects. Of the resources of the country we know a good deal—enough, perhaps, for practical purposes—but of the fiscal administration and collection of the revenue next to nothing; or rather something worse than nothing, since we do know very positively that the common vice of all Eastern countries, corruption, is as rampant and as hard to deal with in Japan as in many worse governed states of the Asiatic continent. Without some security for honest administration no fiscal system is of much worth. Where accounts can be falsified, receipts embezzled without check or accountability or any danger of detection, and therefore where all audit is more or less illusory, and merely consists in a nefarious adjustment of rival claims to share in the largesses on the public purse, it is vain to look for a trustworthy balance-sheet of actual revenue and expenditure. And such has hitherto been the state of affairs in Japan. So long as the Mikado, in whom rested the potential sovereignty, remained in his seclusion at Miaco, and the Tycoon held rule, there was, so to speak, no national exchequer or revenue. Each Daimio and feudal chief raised his own revenue by taxes on land chiefly, the rice-crop being the main stay; and each Daimio's income was reckoned at so many kokoo of rice, a standard measure for grain. Custom, rather than law, determined the proportion of the produce of the soil that should be paid in kind as the rent or tax payable to the lord of the soil; and this was subject to considerable variation in different localities, varying, indeed, according to the best information obtainable, from one-half to two-thirds of the whole, but rarely enforced in bad seasons. The Tycoon had little or no part of this, and had to look to his own fief and lands mainly for revenue. Nor does it appear, although he had an official overseer and spy in most of the Daimio's territories, with functions of a very questionable and never very clearly

* The following is the statement of passenger and goods traffic by the Imperial Government Railways for the week ending Sunday, 25th January, 1874:—Passengers, 30,600, \$3,049.00. Goods, parcels, &c., \$538.61. Total, \$3,587.61. Average per mile per week, \$477.09. Corresponding week, 1873: Number of passengers, 24,321; amount, \$7,483.90.

defined character, that he could exercise any real control over the fiscal system of the several feudatories. We say in most of the Daimiates; for in some, such as Satsuma's, so obnoxious a character had little chance of life, once within the limits of the prince's territories. About the time of the first residence of foreigners in 1858-9, it had become so perilous a post that none, openly at least, could be found to assume the responsibilities. Those who did never returned, and many who went in disguise were not more fortunate. As in the Highland fastnesses of the chiefs of clans in the time of the Jameses, and subsequent even to the union with England, no writ of the sovereign could run, if the object was obnoxious, for no man's life was worth a day's purchase if the chief willed its forfeiture. Precisely the same state of things was found to prevail in Japan, and had existed for many centuries. Each Daimio was lord and master within his own territories, and all his tenants were subjects bound by feudal tenure to do military service, and whenever called upon to do his chief's behests, under penalty of death. The Mikado himself, although generally acknowledged as suzerain and the fountain of honour and authority, was reduced to such poor resources as his capital and a few surrounding lands could yield, with tribute offerings, like Peter's pence, from some of the wealthier temples. The stories of his treatment, and the straits to which his Court was often reduced, were sometimes whispered in the ear of a foreigner, and were calculated to raise a smile. It being held that something of divinity resided in his person, it was not permitted for any mere mortal to eat or drink from any plate or cup which he had used. But as the daily destruction of all these sacred utensils became very costly, the unfortunate object of all this adoration was supplied with common delf, to reduce expenditure; while the meanest of his subjects were habitually served in such porcelain as only Japan could produce in the same beauty and perfection. So with raiment and other necessary supplies. It must be admitted that divine honours in Japan had serious drawbacks.

Last year, about this time, a balance-sheet of revenue and expenditure was published in Japan under the authority of the Finance Minister. As this step was provoked, however, by two ex-finance secretaries publishing a very damaging statement of financial resources and liabilities, it may not be prudent to place too much confidence in the perfect accuracy of the authorized counter-statement. As the pivot on which so many things depend in European States is the same, and at

least equally indispensable, in Japan, and turns very much upon a question of pounds, shillings, and pence—though the Japanese may call these *yen* or *boos*—it is important that something positive should be known on the subject. It is an encouraging sign of enlightenment, therefore, that the Vice-Minister of the Treasury, who was entrusted with the duty of presenting the Imperial Budget, distinctly recognises the principle, that 'upon the administration of the finances is dependent the safety of the empire;' and with more emphasis than dignity, perhaps, he adds that, 'if they be mismanaged, incalculable calamities may arise in the snapping of a finger.' This is sound logic and good political economy, and we must trust that, guided by such principles, the financial condition of the country will be satisfactorily established. All that we can say upon the present budget is a congratulation at the surplus shown in the balance-sheet. The chief source of revenue is the land-tax, not less than four-fifths of the whole. The war department presents the largest item of expenditure, and public works and reforms of the postal service come next, with education at little less. If we may judge by the sanguine tone of the Finance Minister's Report, large as the expenditure has necessarily been in the organization of so many new departments and great public works, including railways, telegraphic lines, lighthouses, and many other costly improvements, we may congratulate the present administration on the prosperity and resources of the country.

An article appeared in 'Blackwood' a year or two ago, on Japanese finance, giving the whole revenue and expenditure in detail. Upon what authority such data rest we do not know; but on comparing it with the official statement above referred to, there is not any very great difference. The general budget makes the total income, taking the *yen* at 4s. 2d., 10,040,940l.; the expenditure 9,499,287l., leaving a surplus of 541,653l. The amount charged for the interest on the foreign debt cannot be all included, however, for the amount of the 9 per cent. railroad loan being for 1,000,000l., of which only 100,000l. has yet been redeemed, and the loan at 7 per cent. amounting to 2,400,000l., it is quite clear that 370,000 *yen*, the amount carried into account of expenditure under that head, equal only to 77,035l. or thereabout, cannot include all. The whole public debt of Japan, native and foreign, is estimated not to exceed 27,000,000l.—not an excessive amount for such a country, with its great mineral and industrial resources and a population of over thirty millions. The official census of 1872,



The combined action, then, of the Church and of the State has given us back a real parochial clergy and a genuinely diocesan episcopate. It has also untied her hands, as far as *parochial* extension goes. We shall say nothing of the labours of that clergy or of that episcopate. Our point is to show how the laity have supported their clergy since these reforms have come into action to show how all this has given vent to a amount of lay zeal and lay support in a Church work and Church expansion, which far surpasses what could have been expected, and infinitely surpasses what is generally imagined. On a former page we showed that as soon as the Church of England was set free to divide her parishes and to build new churches, that moment she began to do it. It is now time that we should begin to go into details; and though it is impossible at present to give full particulars of all the sums thus spent,* we can make some approximation, thus:—

Up to the end of 1872 the total number of new churches built in the century was 3204, of churches entirely *re-built* 925; in all 4129, without counting restorations and enlargements: *i.e.* very nearly one-third of all the churches in the kingdom have been built this century. The restorations and enlargements are still more numerous, but we have not exact figures. Thus much for the numbers; next as to the cost. Of these 3204 entirely new churches, 1596, or nearly half, were aided by the Church Building Society; half were independent of it. Supposing, then, that the same rule holds regarding restorations, &c., then the whole church-building work, whether building or restoring, &c., will be just double what the Society has aided. Now, the total cost of all work aided by the Society is 9,000,000*l.* That is, the church building, &c., of the century has cost at least 18,000,000*l.* Observe next, that 1150, or more than a quarter of these 4129 new or totally rebuilt churches, have been built in the single decade ending 1872, as against 96 in the *twenty* years ending 1820, which does not look as if the zeal were dying out. Then again, this takes no account of *Mission Churches*, of which the Society has aided 168, without returning the total cost.

Next, let us take the work of parochial subdivision, scarcely less important than church-building. The existing number of parishes and parochial districts a

* But we rejoice to see that Lord Hampton has moved for a return of all churches built or restored at a cost of over 500*l.* since 1840, and the total cost.

begin with accurate official returns. In that year we find the number to have been 14,613. In 1871 it had grown to 20,694, an increase of over 6000, and therefore nearly doubling the additional number of parishes. Of these, 19,043 are engaged in parochial work. In round numbers, 13,000 are incumbents* and 600 are assistant curates. Forty years ago the number of assistant curates was 5230,† but of these no fewer than 4224 were employed by non-resident incumbents, holding other preferment. Deduct this from the then number of parishes—about 10,000—and 5776 becomes the very outside of the number of incumbents throughout the country only thirty years ago. We doubt if it could be more than 5500, for many an incumbent would hold two livings without a curate. Thus, then, the course of recent re-arrangement has more than doubled the number of incumbents and slightly increased that of the curates. This exactly illustrates our statement that the work of re-adjustment has been to restore and extend a genuine parochial clergy. Our figures then stand thus:—

| | 1841. | 1871. |
|-------------------------|--------|--------|
| Incumbents | 5,776 | 13,043 |
| Curates | 5,230 | 6,000 |
| Total Parochial Clergy | 11,006 | 19,043 |
| Add Clergy unattached | 3,607 | 1,651 |
| Total numbers of Clergy | 14,613 | 20,694 |

We see, then, two considerable changes effected,—*first*, a reduction in the numbers of 'clergy unattached' from 3607‡ to 1651, so that the effective increase in the 'working' parochial clergy is 8000, though the gross increase is only 6000:—*next*, that the old endowments have been stretched to carry 7224 more incumbents, and nearly 800 more curates, than forty years ago. The question is, how can the old endowments carry them? The answer is, that *they unquestionably don't*. On a former page we

* Slightly under the number of parishes. A few pluralities survive, chiefly in country towns with many small parishes and smaller endowments. Chichester, Exeter, Gloucester, Norwich, furnish examples.

† Parliamentary Returns.

‡ May not this large proportion of clergymen at ease do something to account for the cry about the working as against the non-working clergy, which we all remember? For all these, being clergy, would popularly be supposed to be in the receipt of ecclesiastical incomes. The present number of clergy unattached is no more than will allow for school and college clergy and those disabled by sickness, age, &c. The cathedral clergy are comparatively few: 81 deans and 127 canons, of whom many are included in the ranks of effective parochial clergy as well.

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some other power than force for their control. There is zeal enough in England to fill any gap if only the need is pointed out by duly constituted authority. And educated representatives of a reformed Convocation acting with, say a Committee of Council for ecclesiastical purposes, have this weight. We say *representatives* of Convocation advisedly, for Convocation will need a kind of standing committee to prepare its work.

Again, look at another aspect of the satisfactory distribution of the clergy in the pleasant Southern dioceses, where our educated gentry are best acquainted; there is no lack of clergy. In the Southern dioceses specified below* we have under six millions and a half of population to a little over seven thousand clergy; in the six Northern dioceses specified there are considerably over eight millions of population to about four thousand clergy. One clergyman to 917 in the former; one to every 1900 in the latter case. Yet it is the North, with its teeming populations, which is more influencing the nation as a whole. Such a matter as this, and the close connection of our clergy supply, the age, and the due regulation of the advowsons, should surely come under the joint consideration of a central body, laity and clergy duly authorised, giving the subject continuous attention, representing the nation and the Church at large, taking wider views than we have ever seen taken either by bishop or by layman. A narrow parochialism is still the vice of the Church of England. The revival of diocesan activity has somewhat menaced, but we want more than that; we need strengthening in every department by central action; and we know of no better suggestion than such a combination of clerical deputies from a reformed Convocation,† with a Committee of Council on the part of the State.

* The nine dioceses of Canterbury, London, Winchester, Salisbury, Bath, Wells, Gloucester and Bristol, Oxford, and Ely, have 7088 clergy to 6,471,700 of population. The six dioceses of Durham, Chester, Lincoln, Manchester, York, and Ripon, have 4817 clergy to 8,197,624 of population.

† It must be borne in mind that this is an average, and that the number of parishes with very small populations in such counties as Cumberland, York, Derby, parts of Durham and Lancashire is very considerable.

‡ One point here must not be forgotten. Most of the members of our existing Convocations are rural clergy, able men in their own way; but what we want is the town clergy.



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ART. I.—*Der Jesuiten-Orden.* Von Dr. J. Huber. Berlin, 1873.

THERE is hardly a phenomenon in History more deserving of investigation than that presented by the body of men termed Jesuits, who, though from the very day of their institution an object of suspicion in many powerful quarters, and repeatedly of sharp proscription, have, nevertheless, asserted such enduring influence as to have become credited in popular fancy with the mysterious possession of a subtle faculty like that whereby some vegetable fibres contrive to defy extirpation. Barely a century has elapsed since the promulgation of the Bull, through which it was confidently anticipated that Clement XIV. had at last laid the spirit of this occult force under the supreme spell of Pontifical exorcism; and public curiosity finds itself still drawn with unabated keenness to speculate, as it did then, on what can possibly be the vital principle feeding the rank growth into which the Society has again attained. Just as was the case a hundred years ago, the public is beset with publications about the Jesuits, varying in character from narratives worked up in the true Titus Oates colours to disquisitions bristling with learned quotations and counter-quotations. In the sharply rolling fire of this controversy—due at the present moment to the stringent measures which Germany has deemed it incumbent on herself to enact against the Order of Jesus—both parties show themselves equally strenuous; and if we are treated to some writings disfigured by a credulity that would still gravely adduce the ‘*Monita Secreta*’ as a genuine document, so also do we encounter rejoinders

marked by a redundancy of declamation, in which the argument is made to converge upon the secondary and often very flimsy portions of the indictments advanced rather than upon their graver substance.

The point at issue in this hot dispute bespeaks attention on many grounds, and touches questions that practically affect serious interests. For upon the judgment arrived at in regard to the evidence brought forward will depend the question whether there can be a justification for the special sentence of outlawry which has been levelled in Germany against the Order of Jesus, on grounds which, if valid there, must likewise be deemed to hold good for a like sentence in every State. Are the Jesuit Fathers simply earnest, self-denying, devoted missionaries, who go forth only to pray, to preach, and to convert, with the fervour of souls rapt by transcendent devotion to a mystical call; servants of Christ devoid of worldly guile and selfish interest, and whose pre-eminence over others engaged in like work is only what must be consequent on the higher degree of their single-mindedness and the intenser zeal which they carry into the labours of spiritual conversion? Will it be pronounced, as the result of careful consideration, that only a visionary alarm, due to the sickly humours of morbid suspicion or the inventive spirit of calumny, can allege against the Society any features distinct from those necessarily appertaining to every association destined to the exercise of spiritual duties and composed of men absorbed in the enthusiasm of a religious vocation? Or will the conviction force itself on candid minds, that in the constitution and practice of the Order there is really

something which warrants the charge, that the Society is an Institution curiously calculated to promote principles objectionable in their general tendency, and that it might even prove in certain contingencies a corporation dangerous to the State? It is with the view of helping our readers to arrive at some opinion on these hotly-controverted matters, that the following pages are written. We are fully alive to the impossibility of giving, in our limited space, an exhaustive survey of an organisation so elaborate, and of a system so intricate, as appertain to the Jesuit Order. We must confine ourselves strictly to features at once typical and emphatically distinctive of the Society. In seeking to bring these out, we shall advance no statement that is not substantiated on authority which the Society itself would admit to be unimpeachable. At the same time we tender our acknowledgments to various publications of recent date in Germany, of which that cited in our heading deserves particular attention. Dr. Huber's name is well known for several writings relating to Church history, and has been prominently connected with the movement against Ultramontane doctrine, which has resulted in the formation of an Old Catholic congregation. No book furnishes in so popular a form an equally comprehensive account of the Order. It is therefore to be regretted that Dr. Huber should not have expended on it the additional care which would have made his compilation, not merely a pleasant volume, but a trustworthy handbook. We protest against the habit either of not giving authorities, or of giving them at second hand, and often incorrectly; while in some instances Dr. Huber has made grave allegations for which the warranty is certainly not forthcoming in the authorities named in the references at the bottom of the page.

The very special character which, from the outset, Loyola meant to impart to his Institution, was already symbolised in the title he devised for it. To have introduced his creation under a designation of the type common to existing religious communities would not have answered the Founder's intention. Loyola contemplated calling into existence an Organisation absolutely novel in character and in scope, and that fact he sought to impress on the world by a title presumptuously expressive of superior pretension. The Jesuit Fathers have ever laid stress on the point that they are not members of a Monastic Order, and in this they are justified by their exemption from all those observances as to dress and ritual, which are stringently enforced in every Monastic Profession, as well as by being ex-

pressly not comprehended in the generic designation applied by the Council of Trent to Monastic Bodies. 'Est quorundam militum societas' is the definition which the great Jesuit doctor, Suarez, gives of the body to which he belonged; and the official historian, Orlandini, distinctly says that its title, *Societas*, was adopted as most closely rendering the Spanish *Compañía*, the technical term for a body of fighting-men under the direct control of a captain. Loyola's aim was to effect an Organisation which should result in a thoroughly disciplined and mobilised body of men, moving like a highly-trained military unit at the word of command, and standing ever ready, under the proclaimed chieftainship of Jesus, to war against and smite by superior dexterity in arms the forces adverse to the absolute ascendancy of the Papal system. In his design an Institution on such a model should be more than merely one amongst various organs of the Church. It should grow into the actual embodiment of the Church militant upon earth; and, with the view of emphatically symbolising this superior scope, he conspicuously affixed to his Foundation, as a declaratory inscription, the name of the common Saviour of Mankind. The pretension involved in this attempt to monopolise so Catholic a name was instinctively perceived and strenuously resented, notably by the French clergy, then still animated with the spirit of the Gallican liberties. The Sorbonne protested against the presumptuousness implied in the claim of any particular corporation to style itself the special cohort of Jesus, and, at the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Poissy, Archbishop Du Bellay, with the concurrence of his clergy, demanded that the admission of the new order into France should be conditional on a change of its objectionable title. But Paul III. had expressed the abiding instinct of the Holy See when, on perusal of Loyola's draft scheme, he exclaimed: 'Hic est digitus Dei;' and, notwithstanding the opposition of minds that were veteran and venerable in the Church, the Order grew quickly into commanding influence under the fostering countenance of successive Popes.

The method elaborated by Loyola and his immediate companions, for securing the organisation of a rigidly disciplined and yet admirably pliant body of ecclesiastical warriors, is a theme on which many writers have dilated. It is indeed impossible to consider the series of 'Regulations' and 'Constitutions,'—of minute injunctions and astute exemptions,—which make up the code of the Society, without becoming greatly impressed with the forethought and

sagacity which could devise provisions so intricate and so nicely dovetailed. The law-makers of the Society have framed a set of ordinances and of privileges with skill that is perfectly marvellous. On the one hand, they supply every conceivable guarantee for crushing out any germ of independent impulse that could by possibility allow momentary play in an individual member to some movement of dissent, however suppressed and strictly mental, from any order emanating from his Superior. On the other hand, they are studiously adapted to instil into those entrusted with the supreme direction of the Society a sense of discretion so vast, so ample, and so completely freed from all ordinary limitations, that they may become absolutely imbued with the consciousness of duty being wholly centred in the keen observance of whatever at any particular moment might recommend itself as specially expedient for making particular minds acquiesce more readily in their ascendancy. To this end Faculties are lodged with the supreme authority of the Order, which have no parallel in their range; while the whole plan of the extraordinarily protracted training, to which every member is subjected, has been carefully thought out with a view to the particular end of making him a thoroughly supple instrument ready at an instant to the hand of his Superior for any purpose. That powers of so vast a range might possibly be diverted by some Superior to other purposes, under dictates of personal ambition, was a danger which did not escape Loyola. No part of his organisation is more noteworthy than the chain of checks and counter-checks for keeping each organ of the system, including the highest, to the precise mark of its intended functions, so as to let it neither lag behind nor yet exceed the measure thereof. A mechanism has thus been contrived, which, while exceptionally complicated, has yet worked with noiseless smoothness—setting in action a body of forces elaborately disciplined for the attainment of distinctly specified results, under the guidance of motive powers at once steered into inflexible rigidity as regards ultimate aims, and yet capable of Protean suppleness in the adoption of forms of procedure at the dictate of policy. The circumstantial provisions of this machinery—the dry bones of the system—have been repeatedly dissected, but nowhere better than in the chapter devoted by Dr. Huber to this interesting head of his subject. We can here merely draw attention to certain capital points, which it is essential to grasp as fundamentally characteristic of the Society of Jesus and as

distinctive of its constitution from that of any confraternity of a simply devotional nature.

In the statutes and records of the Order, it is over and over again declared with emphatic solemnity, that the cardinal purpose of its labours is the promotion of God's Greater Glory; that all its powers and resources are to be devoted '*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*' In a remarkable epistle to the Fathers in Portugal, to be found in every edition of the '*Institutes*,'* St. Ignatius gave these instructions: 'Other religious associations may exceed us in fastings, in vigils, and the like rigorous observances; it behoves our brethren to be pre-eminent in true and absolute obedience, in abnegation of all individual will and judgment.' In the '*Constitutions*' it stands again written: 'Let all be convinced, that those who live under obedience are bound to let themselves be set in motion and directed by Divine Providence through the medium of their Superiors, exactly as if they were dead bodies.' In these sentences we have the quintessence of the principle whereon the Society was formed. It was meant to be the force that should break down by the sheer weight of solid pressure all elements adverse to the exaltation of God's Greater Glory; such exaltation demanding the reduction of the world to the implicit acceptance of a system culminating in the acknowledgment of an Absolute Pontiff. As the emblazonment of the name of Jesus symbolised in a speculative sense this Glory of God, so was it symbolised in the concrete by the Pope, to whose service every full member of the Order was sworn by a special vow. Yet at the same time this body-guard for the absolute authority of the Pope was curiously provided with Faculties calculated to justify its acting of its own accord for the assertion of its principles, in the event of some Pope proving unfaithful to them. It will be found that, while the General professedly figured as a mere Lieutenant holding a commission from the Pope, he was yet invested with certain Faculties in virtue whereof, in particular contingencies, he might consider himself the depository of powers that rendered the Or-

* All references in this article are to the Prague edition of the '*Institutes*,' in two volumes, 1757, published by the 18th General Congregation, which contains also the decrees of the General Congregations and the Declarations by successive Generals, which rule the constructions to be put on the text of the statutes. It is this edition that was used in the pleadings against the Jesuit Order before the French Parliaments.

der exempt from the authority of an innovating Pope. The same spirit of jealous precaution is manifested in the provisions for securing the maintenance of the principles of the Society against a General who might perchance be infected with ideas not conformable to its spirit. Though invested with absolute power in everything relating to the administration of the Society, the General is yet under perpetual supervision, and, by the rules, he would forfeit his powers in certain specified contingencies. It is this chain of self-acting provisions which makes the 'Constitutions' so wonderful. The system combines in most subtle proportions the elements of Despotism, of Monarchy, of Oligarchy, and of Democracy. The fully-professed Father—who is so closely bound to obedience that he must perforce bow without murmur to any command, no matter what, which he may receive from the General—is yet quite justified in reckoning on attainment, in due course, to a position that will give him influence in the administration of the Order, provided only his capacities are adapted to the character of its labours. The General, again, who is enabled to issue at discretion instructions that must be acquiesced in implicitly by every individual member, finds himself yet perforce surrounded by persons imposed upon him by the Society, of whose presence it is not in his power to divest himself, and who are for ever by his side like shadows—incessant spectres of admonition—that never forsake him for even the shortest interval. Finally, the Pope, who at first sight would appear to be exalted on the pinnacle of the absolute Commander of the Faithful—Lord over a host of myrmidons sworn to un murmuring obedience to his whispered word—will be discovered, in the case of certain critical emergencies, to be hampered by limitations not very ostensible but very singular, which, whenever they should come into play, must invest the General of the Jesuits towards him, with the character rather of a great feudal magnate, strong in chartered rights, than of a mere captain in command of a body-guard in the pay of an absolute prince. By what elaborate provisions it has been possible for Loyola and his immediate partners to effect the blending of elements seemingly so incongruous into the production of an Institution which, while outwardly fashioned into the monotonous aspect of a cast-iron phalanx, possesses the most curious aptitudes for instantly falling into the loosest skirmishing order—this it is that we now shall proceed to illustrate from the 'Institutes' of the Society, the Privileges

recorded in Papal Bulls, the Decrees of General Congregations, and the authoritative Declarations given by its Generals.

It is matter of notoriety that there are various grades in the Order, and that the conditions surrounding the primary admission and the gradual advancement of the members constitute cardinal features in its organisation. It would only bewilder the reader were we to give a catalogue (and within our space it could be but a catalogue) of the intricate series of subdivisions and removes which make up the gradations through which a Jesuit may be made to pass. To grasp the peculiar significance of these intermediate steps, for the purposes of test or reward, would need an amount of explanation which we cannot here afford. It is enough for the general reader to hold fast the fact, that the vast Organisation known as the Society of Jesus is composed of a body of men falling practically into three great divisions:—first, the division of Probationers, comprising an infinity of various sub-grades, to some of which are attached important trusts, but having this characteristic in common, that they are not connected as grades with any *solemn* profession of vows:—secondly, the division of Fathers who have made profession of the *three* vows:—and thirdly, the veterans of the Order, the select Fathers who have been proved worthy of admission to the innermost circle of the initiated, the Fathers who have made profession of the *four* vows. By the statutes, no one under fourteen years of age can become a Novice. Once admitted as such, which depends on the absolute discretion of the Superiors, the Novice is systematically subjected to a most rigid probationship, extending necessarily over a number of years, and in which advancement or non-advancement through the various stages is again wholly dependent on the opinion formed by the Superiors as to his qualifications. Assuming that he bears himself to their satisfaction, the aspirant will ultimately be permitted to make profession of the three vows, namely, of obedience, chastity, and poverty. It is perplexing to meet with special mention of these vows at this point, as they have been apparently exacted at earlier stages. The explanation is that all previous vows constitute mere moral engagements taken towards God, which strictly bind the individual *in foro conscientia*, without however involving any contract that possesses a bilateral force. Thus, by his vows, the Probationer binds himself indeed to absolute obedience towards the General for as long as the latter may see fit to com-

mand him (for the General can dismiss him at pleasure), without acquiring in return a particle of rights in the Society.

To all intents and purposes the Probationer is no more than the bondsman of the Order from the day he crosses its threshold; having renounced, on his part, every shred of individual liberty, while, on the other part, nothing whatsoever is guaranteed him beyond admission to a course of trial. The Jesuit who has made solemn profession of the three vows is, however, in this improved position, that his expulsion can no longer happen at the mere individual whim of the General without the concurrence of the principal officers of the Order, a proviso that is practically but of nominal value. If advancement up to this stage has been surrounded with arduous conditions, it is yet more difficult to obtain admission into that choice class which constitutes the core of the Order. No Jesuit is to attain this supreme degree under the age of forty-five; consequently, if he became a Novice at the earliest legal period, he must perforce have passed thirty-one years in subordinate grades, however admirable his qualifications may be. The Father is required at this stage to renew the solemn profession of his former vows, to which is now added a vow imposed on no other Order—the vow of special obedience to the Pope, at whose word the Jesuit binds himself instantly to go forth on whatever errand it may please the Holy Father to command. The Fathers who have sworn this oath compose what may be called the Old Guard of the Order. It has been calculated that not more than two per cent. amongst the received members of the Order come to be deemed worthy of admission to this supreme grade.

If we now consider the mechanism regulating the action of this complicated body, we find ourselves in presence of a no less curiously contrived system of provisions to ensure the closest check and supervision at every turn and point, in combination with the vastest possible faculties for elastic play in the mainwheel of the machinery. Through the medium of the General Congregation—comprising Elect Fathers, and particularly the high dignitaries called Provincials—the Order appoints certain members to be constant attendants on the General, who, while possessed of the entire patronage as regards every other nomination—including the Provincials—is wholly debarred from a voice in regard to these. The individuals thus holding commissions directly from the Order are the Assistants, four in number, each being the representative of a

nation; the Admonisher, a dignitary sworn by special oath never to lose sight of the General, whom he is intended to dog at every step, like the personification of a pursuing conscience; and the Confessor, at whose hands the General, when falling back occasionally into the conditions of ordinary humanity, seeks to be shriven. The General is besides bound by stringent vows never to take up his residence anywhere but in Rome, and never to stay from home, even though only for a night, except in company with a Father Assistant. He is likewise not at liberty to abdicate his office, which once accepted he is bound to hold on in deference to the Order, without the consent of which he is also debarred from accepting any preferment or dignity. It is even within the competency of the Order, in specified cases, through appointed organs, to suspend and depose a General, and a serious attempt was once made to put this power in force against a General who had given offence to influential sections in the Order. Notwithstanding the apparent definiteness of these limitations, they virtually amount to nothing as checks, except in the hardly credible contingency of a General proving traitor to his power and seeking to undermine the basis of his own greatness. The real safeguard for the maintenance of the Order in the old lines resides in the extraordinarily careful probation every Jesuit has to undergo before promotion, which makes it well-nigh impossible for any false brother to escape detection at some point or other of his protracted inspection. In practice, and this is quite conformable to the intentions of the Founder, the General of the Jesuits is an autocrat, provided only he will exercise his vast prerogative in astute futherance of the special aims of the Order, namely, the ascendancy of a particular ecclesiastical system and the extended subjugation of mind to certain habits of thought. It is true that, taken by themselves, the 'Regulations' we have mentioned need imply textually no more than studiously careful dispositions for ensuring stringent supervision and discipline in a body devoted to purely spiritual offices and sternly trained to rigorous observances. It is not, however, from the 'Regulations' that the practical working of the Order can be gathered. There exists a series of Privileges and Faculties and Declaratory Decrees which must be closely scanned if we would grasp the spirit of the Order as an active institution.

It is no exaggeration to affirm that, barring one or two quite minor items, not a single point is laid down in the 'Regula-

tions' with the semblance of obligatory condition, the ready means for dispensing with which are not forthcoming in the Schedule of Faculties lodged in the General. The first circumstance that commands attention is the quite exceptional formula in which the engagements contracted by members of the Order are sworn. The Jesuit Father makes his solemn professions 'to the Almighty God in sight of the Virgin Mother . . . and to the General of the Society *standing in the place of God.*' The omission of any mention by name of Christ or the Trinity, coupled with the special invocation of the Virgin, are points eminently characteristic of the theology uniformly advocated by the Order; while the altogether unapproachable elevation ascribed to the General is emphatically typical of the spirit in which the Order is to be administered. That a Society avowedly intended for the special advocacy of particular Church interests should be rigorous as to the selection of its members, is only natural. In the 'Constitutions' it is solemnly declared that the Order shall be absolutely closed against whatsoever person has at any time been guilty of some delinquency, or labours under a serious imputation. But on perusing the less obvious portions of the 'Institutes,' we discover that the General alone decides as to what may or may not constitute a serious imputation. Nor is this all. If a candidate presents himself, who not merely labours notoriously under serious imputations, but actually stands convicted of delinquency, he is yet admissible if the General considers him possessed of natural advantages likely to prove of avail to the Society. There is no ambiguousness in the terms of the Faculty. The provisos in the statutes as to conditions of exclusion are a mere flourish of the pen; for no disabilities can attach to any candidate—no matter what his antecedents—of whom the General believes that he is in possession of something whereby the 'Society would be greatly benefited.' It is well to grasp the import of this vast dispensing power, for in it is epitomized the essence of the Order as an organisation. The system is wholly framed to the end of facilitating, at all moments and at every point, the employment of any force of practical fitness that may chance to offer itself, through the medium of a General invested with unlimited discretionary power. Accordingly it is within his competency to throw open the gates of the Order, or to keep them closed; to retain an individual for his whole life in mean drudgery, or to promote him to high trust; to expel him in

a manner that brands with public ignominy, or again to ensure his noiseless egress.* The head of no other religious community has ever been invested with powers approaching those of the General of the Jesuits for the enlistment of every desirable recruit and the easy dismissal of any one not to his taste. On the other hand, should it be the General's opinion that a member seeking to quit the Order might yet prove of value to it ultimately, he is empowered, not merely to compel his remaining in it, but he is provided with Faculties for humouring his disposition by indulgences that would allow of his having liberty for a period, but without being relieved from his obligation of obedience to the General.† 'In proportion as the Society should be beholden to one as having deserved well of him, or as he might be endowed with special gifts of God for helping it in promoting God's governance, so should he be let go with greater difficulty; as on the contrary he to whom the Society may be less beholden, and who may be less fit for helping it in God's governance, can be let go more easily.'‡ These are maxims laid down in the declaratory gloses attached to the chapter of the 'Constitutions' which treats of the rules that should guide the General in regard to his flock.

At a very early period it did not escape the observation of men who had the best means of judging, that the preference given in the Order to special aptitudes rather than to mere godliness was likely to undermine the purity of its religious profession. Thus St. Francis Borgia already, in an Encyclical written as General, expressed his fear lest

* 'Nonnulli occulte dimitti possunt, quando causæ (quæ plurimæ et quidem ex illis aliquæ sine peccato esse possunt) essent occultæ.—Decl. A. In Cap. III. Const. Inst. vol. i. p. 368. A question suggests itself how such a faculty of occult dismissal could be applicable to any but those whose admission had been occult? It is difficult to understand how a recognised and professed member of the Order, who had been publicly wearing its dress, could be *occultly* sent out of it—that is, severed from community with the Order without such severance being made manifest, unless, for concealment's sake, he should be permitted still to assume before the world the guise of a Jesuit. The proviso would, however, be quite intelligible if applied to Crypto-Jesuits.

† 'Si hujusmodi essent [qui demissionem petunt] ut Deo gratum fore videretur, eos non sic relinquere . . . privilegiis ad negotium hujusmodi concessis a Sede Apostolicâ, quantum Superiori in Domino videbitur, uti licebit.'—Inst. i. p. 369.

‡ See Inst. vol. i. p. 365; Decl. C, I. Const. sec. pars.

the time might come, when, through undue consideration for what was opportune and apt, the Society might prove a field wherein ambition and pride would run riot without check, and he wound up with the remarkable words, 'Would to God that, before now, experience had not more than once taught us this.' A rebuke so sharp from one in St. Francis's high position was galling to the Fathers, and they accordingly had recourse to the simple process of altering the objectionable passage. The fact deserves attention as being the first important falsification that can be established against the Order. In the edition of the Epistles of the Generals of 1611, the original text of St. Francis is to be found; but in the three subsequent editions a version is given that thoroughly modifies the tenor of his remarks. There is yet another very venerable testimony on this head. St. Charles Borromeo gave expression in a letter to the following observations: 'The distinction drawn between those admitted to Profession and those not admitted to it is one likely to bring about some day a misunderstanding which will have consequences. What most makes me think this is the seeing how the Superiors often do not admit the best subjects, while admitting with open arms those who are apt for sciences, though often they may be destitute of piety or devotion.' It would be a curious chapter which should give the catalogue of those who under various pleas have been rejected by the Order: not a few names eminent for Catholic doctrine would figure in it. It is enough to mention some who in this generation have knocked at the threshold of the Order, but either were informed that it would be better for them to apply elsewhere, or after having been taken on trial received an unmistakable hint that their services could not be turned to account. Amongst the aspirants thus weighed in the balance and declared to be found wanting may be numbered the celebrated preacher Ventura, the Oratorian Theiner, who subsequently became Keeper of the Vatican Archives, Father Passaglia, and last, but certainly not least, John Henry Newman.

By the original constitution of the Order, it was enjoined that solemn professions could only be made in Rome, the obligatory residence of the General, the object being evidently to ensure that admission into the inner circle of the Society should never happen without the direct control of him who is its soul. Paul III., as early as 1549, had relaxed this prescription, and sanctioned the General's delegating to individuals of his own selection the faculty of admitting

candidates into the Order—a provision that would not appear anomalous if limited to deputies taken from its ranks. It is however, a startling fact that, on reading through the Privileges declared to be vested in the General by the Declaratory Glosses appended to the Constitution, we find him empowered to confide the most delicate trust in the Order to persons who are themselves not declared members of it. A proviso so extraordinary irresistibly calls to mind rumours about Crypto-Jesuits. We shall presently revert to the latter topic; here we merely desire to establish the existence of this anomalous Faculty, the text whereof we subjoin in a note.* No less amazing are the unique immunities conferred on the Order by Pontifical charters. The Jesuit Father is expressly relieved from such ritual observances as are obligatory on all other Religious, while he is merely bound to observe decorum, local custom, and the simplicity congruous to a mental profession of poverty. The measure of the latter receives a striking illustration from the Faculty to carry on trade operations, which was conferred by Gregory XIII. in terms so ample as to be without parallel; and the public scandal attendant on Father Lavallette's commercial insolvency in the last century is evidence that the Society did not refrain from freely dealing in such operations. Still more interesting are the privileges whereby the Society is virtually put in possession of sovereign authority for its own administration, without preliminary deference to Papal sanctions. In 1543 Paul III., by a Brief, conferred on the Order the Faculty to modify its rules and statutes of its own accord, as *time and place might render expedient*, even to the extent of making quite new ones; such modifications and new enactments being declared *ipso facto* valid and through[†] this charter surrounded at once with all the sacredness of express Apostolic confirmation.† Pius V., in his enthusiasm for the excellence of these new soldiers of the Faith, was not satisfied with this. In his exuberant zeal he went the incredible length of issuing a Bull confirming to the Society all previously granted privileges, extending to it every privilege that ever had

* 'Quibusdam tamen Præpositis Localibus vel Rectoribus et aliis Visitatoribus aut Personis insignibus poterit Præpositus Generalis hanc auctoritatem communicare, imò et alicui qui de Societate non esset aliquo in casu.'—Decl. B, Cap i. Const., Inst. vol. i. p. 407.

† See Inst. S. J., vol. i. p. 10, for this Brief. As the first General Congregation laid down, 'Regulas condere solus potest Generalis,' the powers used in virtue of this Brief were practically vested in the General.

been or at any future time might be conferred on any Order with obligations of poverty, and furthermore declaratory that 'these present letters at no time whatever shall be capable of being revoked, limited, or derogated from by Ourselves or the aforesaid Holy See, nor shall they be comprehended within any revocation of similar or dissimilar graces . . . but for ever shall stand excepted therefrom.*' In virtue of this unique charter the Society is virtually constituted as a body which it is beyond the pale of Papal authority to control, inasmuch as that authority by this deed solemnly renounces in perpetuity all power to abrogate any one of the Privileges already appertaining to the Society, or secured to it in the future by this anticipatory document. In the eyes of Pius V., the strengthening of the Order was the strengthening of the forces at the service of the Holy See; but it is well to consider that such unique privileges also tend of necessity to establish titles which can be fairly invoked as a warrant for considering invalid any sentence, however solemn, of the Holy See, which might be unfavourable to the action or existence of the Society. Even this does not make up the sum of the possible immunities and liberties vested in the Order. We have hitherto dealt only with the category of privileges which are distinctly ascertainable, because declared and promulgated. But there is another category, of which all that is declared is the fact of their existence—the category comprised under the vague term of *Oracula vivæ vocis*—privileges conferred by a Pope through word of mouth, without deed or document to leave a public trace that can establish their validity, which must accordingly rest on knowledge testified to by the original depositaries of Pontifical confidence, and handed down by tradition; or, if inscribed anywhere, then it must be in some secret records reserved for the eyes of only the innermost adepts of the Society. Let it not be supposed that the existence of such *Oracula* is open to the shadow of a doubt. It rests on absolutely unimpeachable authority—the declaration of the Society in its own Statute-Book. In the printed Compendium of its Privileges, the Order solemnly affirms 'non minoris sunt efficacis et valoris *vivæ vocis oracula* quam si per Bullam aut Breve ad perpetuam rei memoriam essent concessa.†' There is no gainsaying the explicitness of these words, though the advocates of the Order seek to explain away their significance, and to reduce the range of what

could possibly come within the scope of such inscrutable instruments. These pleas are, however, strikingly invalidated by the inadvertent testimony of the Society itself. In 1703 there was printed at Prague, in the presses of the Jesuit College, a Compendium* of the Privileges alone of the Society—a compilation authenticated with every possible voucher for its official character. In this volume occurs the remarkable declaration, that the obligations binding on conscience attach not merely to the Faculties 'contained within this Compendium, but likewise to those which are secret or not promulgated—*occultis seu non manifestis*.' It is acknowledged that the title whereby the Society of Jesus, in derogation from the Decrees of the Council of Trent, retains special privileges, rests on a clandestine warrant of this character given by Pius V. We shall point later to the allegation of a like warrant in respect to another matter of grave consequence. The two cases together indicate conclusively that the *Oracula vivæ vocis* should not be dismissed as a mere figure of speech which can never be credited with important bearings.

No point connected with the Society of Jesus has given rise to angrier controversy than the supposed existence of a grade of clandestine members, affiliated through bonds, not of mere sympathy, but of positive Profession and direct engagement, while exempted, in deference to motives of particular expediency, from any overt signs of Membership. The Crypto-Jesuit, stealing about the world under disguise, figures as the typical representative of the Order with one class of writers, while his existence has been pronounced the invention of a heated fancy by critics so little prone to priestly propensities as Bayle. Dr. Huber is disappointing in his treatment of the subject, for, while he leaves the impression of his belief in a provision for secret affiliation, he has not substantiated the allegation by any conclusive evidence. It must be admitted that there would be nothing in the fact of a clandestine grade necessarily incompatible *a priori* with the spirit of the institution. If the General is avowedly empowered to admit any candidate, though 'notoriously infamous for enormous crimes,' whose acquisition should promise to be of particular value to the Order, there cannot be anything incongruous in his being enabled to secure the accession of some equally valuable recruit through a secret engage-

* See Inst. S. J., vol. i. p. 43.

† See Inst. S. J., vol. i. p. 323.

* 'Compendium Priv. S. J. Prague, 1703. Typis Universitatis in Collegio Soc. Jesu.' The passage in question will be found at p. 58.

ment, in the event of particular circumstances barring such an one's ability to render full service to the interests of the Order if he were to appear publicly as a member—the more so as it is the distinctive condition of the Society to be exempt from any obligations of dress and from all the ritual observances compulsory on such as belong to the emphatically sacerdotal congregations. The Jesuits have, indeed, on all occasions stoutly denied the existence of a clandestine grade of Membership; but we are not acquainted with any writer of the Order who has effectually grappled with the particular texts and incidents which can be pointed to as giving colour to the allegation that to affiliate by secret profession, and to allow those thus affiliated to live on in the guise of seculars, is neither contrary to the letter of the rules, nor has been absolutely foreign to the practice, of the Order. In a Declaratory Gloss appended to the 'Constitutions,' as a definition of what lies within the area of the Society, it is affirmed to comprise not merely Professed Fathers and Novices, but all who at any time may be under some probation with an inward intention of 'ultimately living or dying in the Society,' and of being admitted some day to one or other of its grades. Over all these the General's authority is declared to extend implicitly,* so that he would seem hereby empowered to assert a right of absolute command over individuals whose connection with the Order was merely that of an inward intention 'ultimately to live or die in it.' No doubt there is something cloudy about the wording of this passage, and if it stood alone we should certainly not consider it a sufficient warrant for the affirmation of an absolutely anomalous provision. But there is another capital passage in the Statutes of the Order, to which we have already alluded in passing, that is so clear in its wording as to be free from all ambiguity. In this passage it is laid down that the admission of candidates† can be effected only by the General in person, or through those on whom he has conferred special powers; and then follows the designation of the persons who may be so deputed. Amongst the persons designated are enumerated 'individuals of distinction,' without limitation as to their being of the Society, or even in holy orders, and then come these most remarkable words: '*Yea,*

even in some instances one who himself may not be of the Society.' How words so clear and distinct could ever be made to bear plausibly any but their plain construction, baffles our conception. Until some commentator of superior skill shall have performed this wonderful feat, we shall venture to consider them conclusive on the point that by the statutes of the Society it is expressly declared not unlawful in particular exigencies to employ the agency of individuals who themselves have made no overt profession of the Order. And that the Faculty thus legitimized has not been allowed to remain wholly in abeyance,—for this there is also forthcoming evidence of a nature which it appears to us cannot be impugned.

The share due to Francis Borgia in the early fortunes of the Order is matter of notoriety, as also how he was a Spanish Grandee of illustrious lineage, holding high appointments in the State. For a man of his position to cast aside the glitter of the world's distinctions for a religious profession, at the call of an enthusiast, was necessarily a step beset by obstacles of no slight gravity. But Borgia's soul was bent on the futherance of the work preached by Loyola, and finding himself perforce tied for a while to the world through various obligations, Borgia prayed to be allowed, during the interval before he could conveniently loosen himself from those ties, to make a secret profession of the vows that are compulsory on a member of the Order. The indulgence so demanded was accorded. In February, 1548, Borgia, in the private chapel of his feudal mansion, made secret profession of the vows, after which to the outer world he still continued to be Duke of Gandia and Viceroy of Catalonia until circumstances were sufficiently matured to let him withdraw into the retirement of a religious house. Our knowledge of this case is drawn from no doubtful source. The occurrence is vouched for by Ribadeneira and Orlandini, two official writers of the Order. The only point in the transaction which can be open to question is how far the Profession made was more than mental—how far the Viceroy, on the occasion of the solemnity in his private chapel, bound himself in those absolute obligations which are exacted for actual Membership. In the absence of positive information as to the tenor of the vows sworn on that occasion, a very striking light is shed on the matter through a Pontifical deed, which, when the date is well considered, it is hardly possible not to refer directly to this incident. At the period of which we now treat, Paul III. had already solemnly approved the 'Constitu-

* See Decl. A, in Cap. i. Const. v., Inst. i. p. 402. By the first General Congregation these Glosses, the power of making which was exclusively vested in the General, were declared to be of absolute and unimpeachable authority.

† See Decl. B, in Cap. i. Const. v., Inst. i. p. 402.

tions' of the Order, and in special Bulls he had given his Pontifical sanction to the vast powers vested by the original scheme in the General. Everything needful for the confirmation of the General's unprecedented authority might, consequently, have seemed to have been secured. Nevertheless, in 1549—that is, immediately after Borgia's profession—Paul III. saw fit to issue another Bull, known as *Licet debitum*. In this remarkable document the Pope first reaffirmed the General's general jurisdiction over 'all members of the Society,' and then extended it likewise over such 'persons as might be living under obligations of obedience to him, wherever they may be residing, even though exempt and notwithstanding whatever faculties they may be holding.*' It suggests itself with irresistible force that so extraordinary an increase of the powers deliberately conferred but a short time before must have been due to some particular circumstance having since arisen; and does it not press itself upon us, with almost the weight of demonstration, that this circumstance must have been the peculiar case so exactly covered by the new provision—the case of Borgia's clandestine admission into the Order? At all events, the fact is manifest of a most suggestive synchronism between the admission of Borgia under anomalous conditions and the immediately subsequent promulgation of a Bull which exactly legalises whatever might have been open to challenge in that admission. Moreover, evidence of no trivial nature can be adduced that the case of Borgia does not stand by itself as an instance of clandestine affiliation.

In 1681 there was printed in Rome a collection of Letters by Oliva, General of the Order, † which is presented with even more than the usual vouchers of authenticity. Besides bearing the customary *imprimatur* of spiritual censorship, the edition must have been prepared by Oliva himself, who died only some weeks before its publication; while, in a prefatory statement, it is declared that every letter ascribed to Oliva and not contained in this collection is to be considered 'spurious, apocryphal, and injurious to his name.' In the collection of the Ge-

neral's letters thus amply authenticated there occurs more than one passage which might be taken to corroborate a practice of occult affiliation; but we shall confine ourselves to one, the explicitness of which seems to defy the possibility of any but a literal construction being put on the words. The 723rd Letter in the second volume is addressed to a Venetian nobleman, who sought to be publicly admitted as a Professed Member of the Society. Oliva saw reason why it would not be desirable to accede to the request, and in this letter he set himself to dissuade the nobleman from any public profession, on the ground that this step must materially impair his peculiar usefulness in behalf of the very interests which both had at heart. 'Most readily,' writes Oliva, 'would I receive you amongst the servants of God with the veneration due to your fervour, if after a protracted examination of the circumstances I did not clearly perceive that the Eternal Father meant you for a Minister of his Sublime Republic rather than for a nursling of so holy a community.' After further remarks in this strain, Oliva continues: 'Nevertheless, in course of time I will show your Lordship *how to combine with the sacrament of wedlock the palms and crowns of religious profession* (la religione). *It was in this manner that under my direction a Cardinal dedicated himself to God while retaining the purple to serve the Church, and crucified himself to the Society* (la Compagnia), *so as not to forego the acquisition of holiness by a clandestine (occulta) and sworn submission to whoever shall be and is the successor of the Holy Father.* To you the opportunity will not fail for promoting the interests of Divine service in the magisterial offices which high lineage ensures, and thus it will be yours to be more thoroughly one of us while retaining your independent station and being on the watch in our defence.' It will not escape observation that the expressions employed by Oliva in regard to the engagement contracted 'under his direction' by the Cardinal are those which are applicable, with the closest precision, to the specific vows demanded on full Profession. The Society is designated by its technical term of Company, and the obligation by which the Cardinal binds himself in secret, is that obligation of implicit obedience to the Pope, which the Professed Jesuit of four vows has to contract. There seems no loophole here for disputing the character of the engagement entered into, as there is none for denying its secrecy or questioning the ground on which the proceeding was recommended. It is conceivable to set up a plausible plea against the literal

* The Bull is couched in terms singularly explicit as to the distinction between the two classes. 'Plenam in *universos* ejusdem Societatis *socios et personas* sub ejus obedientia degentes, ubilibet commorantes, etiam exemptos, etiam quascumque facultates habentes, suam (jurisdictionem) exercent.'

† 'Lettere di G. P. Oliva, 2 vol., Roma, presso al Varese, M.DC.LXXXI. Con licenza dei Superiori. Imprimatur: Rev. Pater Mag., S. Pet. Ap.'

construction of the flowery phrase about combining 'palms and crowns of religious profession with the sacrament of wedlock ;' but none can be advanced against the plain and matter-of-fact language in which the counsel is given not to follow out the strong inward call for a public Profession of religious vocation, on the one ground that by doing so a considerable worldly advantage must be sacrificed, to the consequent loss of lesirable political influence.

The marked nebulousness which surrounds the conditions attaching to the class of the Professed Fathers of three vows has induced the surmise that the affiliated members (assuming their existence) are to be found in this division. Such was the opinion expressed by Monclar in his masterly pleading before the Aix Parliament—one of the most critical disquisitions on the 'Constitutions' of the Order. 'The creation of those Professed of three vows is one of the mysteries of the policy of the Society,' are his words. 'Wherefore add this intermediary class? No one has been able to understand the true ground. . . . The first mention of it occurs in Julius III.'s Bull of 1550. . . . Suarez informs us of the remarkable circumstance that they can be exempted from taking the priesthood, though simple Coadjutors, and even Scholars after a specified age, are bound to become priests. Through this dispensation it is possible for mere clerks and even laymen to hold positions superior to those of priests in the Society.' Whoever has studied the intricate regulations of the Order will admit that Monclar is perfectly justified in asserting that there is nothing to barrecourse to such occult stratagems, though it must be of the essence of such devices to render conviction very difficult. That on various occasions the Jesuits have not shrunk from courses of procedure more marked by the spirit of slyness than of fearlessness is notorious. No fair-minded person will make it the ground of charge that, in the days of our Penal Laws, Jesuit Fathers should have stolen into this country disguised as Protestants, with the view of secretly ministering to the religious wants of persecuted and destitute Catholics; but the question is different in reference to their operation in China and Sweden. We shall presently refer more fully to the former case: as to the latter we will merely state that, in 1574, some Members of the Order not merely introduced themselves into Sweden in the guise of Protestants, but that one of the number deemed it conformable to his conscience to occupy, as an useful medium for disseminating grains of Catholic divinity, a

theological chair in the Protestant College. Before dismissing this much controverted and very obscure point of secret affiliation, it should be observed that the inference, which Oliva's words seem to warrant, may find further confirmation in a decree of the first General Congregation, and in an elaborate disquisition by one of the greatest luminaries of the Order, Suarez. In this Congregation the question was raised, whether Lay Members of the Order of Christ—a semi-religious, semi-military body of chivalry—could be admitted into the Society,* though there might be ground for believing that they had no intention to make profession amongst us, and the resolution was affirmative. Now, there was nothing distinctive of this Order from any other semi-religious Order of chivalry, so that what was explicitly ruled to hold good in the case of the laymen enrolled in the Order of Christ must hold good likewise of those enrolled in kindred associations; and this Suarez unequivocally affirms in an argument singularly elaborate and explicit. This sublime doctor demonstrates at great length that the obligations consequent on religious vows can be deemed adequately fulfilled by any Member of such Orders, though living in wedlock, so that, according to this ruling, any individual doing service in behalf of the interests of this Society in some particular line might become affiliated to it while living with a wife, provided he had contracted those engagements of obedience, &c., demanded from every one who enters into any Order. It is no part of our purpose to conjecture whether those who have administered the Society have often put in practice the Faculties sanctioned by these authorities. The point of importance is to establish their existence, and to demonstrate how the shrewd minds that ruled the Society worked out and legalised a system of warrants,

* 'An sæculares qui emittunt vota in ordine militari vocato Christi possint ad Societatem nostram admitti, licet credatur non emissuros Professionem apud nos. Responsum est admitti fore.' Inst. vol. i. p. 480. The only ground which suggests itself why this particular Order should have been specially considered, is that it was a Portuguese Order, and that at this period the Jesuits were specially favored at the Court of Portugal. Suarez, whose argument is to be found in the 'De Religione,' Tract. ix. lib. i. c. 10, is explicit in not confining his remarks to any one Order; and as to the status of such knights he concludes, 'has personas esse Ecclesiasticas . . . quia censentur habere in Ecclesiâ proprium et speciale statum Ecclesiasticum et non sæcularem, nec clericalem, ergo religiosum.' The terms of his thesis are singularly definite: 'An etiam ordines militares qui castitatem tantum conjugalem vorent, sint proprie religiosi?'

under which practices of stratagem and 'of hidden affiliation would be readily justified whenever they were found to be expedient.

The practice of covertly modifying, through subsequent glosses of an unobtrusive form, the conditions clearly enjoined in the body of the Statutes, deserves particular notice in reference to the obligations of poverty, and the prohibition against assumption of ecclesiastical dignities, which are both so stringently laid down in the Rules. It is notorious to how great a degree the Order has departed from the condition of impecuniosity. The proposition soon suggested itself to intellects trained in dialectics that, though the individual member could never hold property, the words of the Founder did not forbid revenues, however large, being attached to the establishment in which these pauper members resided. In 1550, Julius III., by a Bull, expressly sanctioned the possession of property by the General for the general benefit of the community, and the permission thus granted has been used with a freedom that needs no illustration. In regard to the other point, however, the conduct of the Jesuits has been sufficiently cautious to credit them, in the eyes of some grave writers, with a meritorious refusal of rank, and particularly with the honourable distinction of not having connected themselves with the tribunal of the Inquisition. The truth is that, though as a practice the Jesuits have been content to hold the less ostentatious but most influential position of Confessors to Sovereigns and persons of high degree, they have never declined ecclesiastical preferment when its acceptance did not seem inexpedient. It is enough to recal the names of Lugo, Toletus, Bellarmine, and quite recently Tarquini, as of Jesuits who have been raised to the purple. So again in regard to the Inquisition, it is easy to give a list of Jesuits ranking high by their doctrine in the Order, as Castro-Palao, Tamburini, Marin, Pereyra, who were members of the Holy Office; while Father Nitard was for a time Grand Inquisitor in Spain. We have it besides, under the hand of Loyola himself, that the principles of this sanguinary tribunal are quite in conformity with those of his foundation. The circumstances attending this utterance are too curious not to be noticed. John III. of Portugal, the first royal devotee to Loyola's doctrine, being desirous to have a Confessor who was of the Order, applied first to Father Gonzalez and then to the Provincial Miron. Both were so simple-minded as to consider the proposal incompatible with the profession not to accept proffered distinction, and re-

ported to Loyola their having declined the request. Loyola replied in a letter eminently characteristic, and decidedly not expressive of approval.* St. Ignatius instructed Gonzalez that although preferments should never be courted, it was yet a duty to accede to a request of this nature, notwithstanding it entailed so heavy a cross as compulsory residence within the precincts of a Court—an opinion repeated in a letter to the Provincial, which he was directed to communicate to the King. John III., delighted at this sympathy on the part of the holy man with his longings, now proffered further privileges. It was his desire that the Tribunal, which in his dominion specially watched over the repression of heresy, should be confided to the hands of these trusty champions of the Faith. Again he applied to the Provincial Miron, and again Loyola showed himself most ready to meet the King's wishes. Some difficulties, however, stood in the way. The Holy Office had long been the special appurtenance of the old-established Brotherhoods, and their influence in Rome might not improbably prevent the substitution of a new and encroaching Order. In a letter stamped with consummate astuteness, Loyola expressed his readiness to assume the proposed duties, and suggested means for circumventing opposition. 'Such an office being by no means contrary to our Institution,' wrote Loyola, 'there can be no reason why the Society should decline undertaking a matter so directly concerning its service and the purity of religion in that realm. But it seems to us, for avoidance of much inconvenience, that it would be advisable if his Highness should be pleased to write to the Pope, so that the latter might direct us to assume this office; for then his Holiness could command the Society to take this concern in hand in that country, and thereby the business would be brought about with his co-operation. At the same time a letter to our protector, Cardinal Carpi, might be advantageous, as likewise one to the King's Envoy, so as to make him push on the matter.' And after further advice Loyola concludes with these characteristic suggestions: 'Should, however, his Highness be of opinion that the Pope's concurrence cannot be hoped for, then, to make a beginning, it might be possible for one or two of us to discharge the Office temporarily until it could be done officially with the

* The correspondence relating to this transaction may be found in the German 'Life of Loyola,' by the Jesuit Genelli, printed at Innsbruck, 1848.

Pope's sanction.' To attempt to construe out of these words an expression confirmatory of indisposition to participate in the practices essential to the principle of the Inquisition, is a task which we hold will perplex the most consummate master in casuistry.

It must be apparent to the reader who has followed us so far, that the Organisation of the Society of Jesus is a creation comprising an armoury of unique weapons, at the direct disposal of a General who is an Autocrat. For, so long as the General only puts in play his powers in furtherance of particular interests, technically designated those of God's Greater Glory, he is free to strain them to any extent without check or trammel on his discretion. It is only if he should ever become tempted to deviate from the line of these interests, that the General instantly finds his strength incapable of making any impression on the grim stubbornness of a system stiffened into cast-iron rigidity through carefully methodical saturation by an essence as subtle as it is indelible. The irresistible effect of so much concentrated power must naturally be to efface the action of every organic force except the General's, whose authority becomes irresistibly inflated by the assumption of despotic pretensions, hardly in character with the profession of humility. On both heads—the inordinate extension of the General's pretensions, and yet his incompetency to effect reform in the system—striking proof can be adduced. Under the administration of Acquaviva, the Spanish Jesuits resented strongly the General's arbitrary mode of government, and drew up a remonstrance to Clement VIII. In this remarkable document,* the Pope was besought to stay the intolerable action of one who bore himself as if he were the Master of Masters, inspired by an infallible nature, able to do exactly as he liked—to dispense favours solely at his whim—to adjudge and command, to make and unmake, according to the uncontrolled dictates of his personal humour—these complaints being supported by elaborate allegations. National jealousy of Italian ascendancy—for till then the Generals had been Spaniards—may probably have whetted the resentment of the writers; but still, as seen by the light of subsequent events, the remonstrance can only be considered as the forcible expression of stern truth, and of a sentiment characteristic of

the generation that really founded and reared the Order. It is permeated with that proud spirit of Oligarchy, which made Mariana exclaim that Monarchy because unlimited was preparing the downfall of the Society—the spirit of men who were ready to follow with unhesitating enthusiasm Loyola as a commander, but never contemplated a General who should become an irresponsible Caliph. Nothing came of the demonstration, for already the General had absorbed the life of the Order, and the Pope himself, had he been so minded, could not have curbed the Society, as was proved by Innocent XI.'s failure to enjoin on it the abandonment of Molinist views. Himself of Jansenist leanings and anxious to repress the spread of Probabilist doctrine, Innocent succeeded in bringing about the elevation to the Generalship of Gonzalez, whom he knew to be an austere Anti-Probabilist. Indeed he had written a treatise in this sense, which was still in manuscript at his election, but subsequently printed. Notwithstanding the vast prerogatives vested in his hands, Gonzalez failed absolutely in making any impression. The Order proved stubbornly mutinous, incessantly caballing against the General with malevolent denunciations, until he was worried to death, unto the signal overthrow of the united forces of a General and a Pope, who for once happened to strive together in the direction of a reform.

How futile it is for a Pope to think himself able, of his own authority, to make the Society acquiesce in commands, however solemn, when not to its taste, despite the oath of special obedience to him which every Professed Jesuit Father swears as his distinctive obligation—of this signal evidence was afforded in that curious Episode known as the controversy about the Chinese Rites. We cannot discuss how far the Jesuits stand convicted of having paganized Christian doctrine—of having falsified essential articles of faith so as to suit the temper of a heathen people. The fact is plain, that early in the seventeenth century the highest authority in the Church saw reason for entertaining the gravest misgivings as to the mode in which, through the instrumentality of the Jesuits, conversions had been wrought in China and Japan on a scale so vast as to have shed dazzling lustre on the assumedly superior efficacy of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Notwithstanding the constitutional indisposition of Rome to move against those who are promoting her ascendancy, it was felt incumbent to dispatch persons with powers for inquiring into and correcting the reported questionable practices of the Jesuit missionaries. The

* This most noteworthy paper, the genuineness of which is not disputed, is to be found in the 'Tuba Altera majorem clangens sonum de necessitate longe maxima Reformandi Soc. Jesu,' Argentinx, 1714, p. 556.

ecclesiastics sent, selected mostly from the Dominican and Franciscan Orders, comprised three Bishops and Vicars-Apostolic. On their arrival in those distant regions, they encountered from the Jesuits a reception as spiteful to themselves as it was glaringly disrespectful to the Holy See. There exists a memorial addressed to Innocent XI. by Cerri, secretary to the Propaganda, which narrates in detail the outrageous proceedings of the Jesuits. Not only did they deride the authority of these direct emissaries from Rome, but they carried audacity to the length of declaring the Apostolical credentials to be forgeries, and of persuading the natives that these new-comers were pseudo-Christians—impostors whose ministrations were but profane parodies on the holy mysteries, and they even exerted their ascendancy at the Court of Peking to get these venerable ecclesiastics seized and forcibly transported into the dungeons of the Inquisition at the Portuguese settlement of Goa. In vain did Clement X. and several subsequent Popes launch censures against such signal insubordination. Conscious of their local influence, the Jesuit Fathers in China laughed at these Pontifical bolts. They even advanced the noteworthy allegation that, as they acted under specific authority from their General, Bulls and Briefs in a contrary sense from the Pope could not affect them. After years of protracted scandal and grossly flagrant repudiation of Pontifical censures, Clement XI. at last dispatched Cardinal Tournon, with the solemn character of Legate, with authority to put a forcible stop to this outrageous condition of things by the exercise of the severest powers of the Church. Despite his august rank, Tournon found himself every whit as unable as his predecessors to get the Pope's orders acquiesced in. Not merely was he expelled from Peking, but attempts were made on his life at the instigation of the Jesuits; and ultimately they caused him to be thrown by their friends the Portuguese into cruel confinement at Macao, where he died miserably. The circumstances attending this extraordinary procedure are narrated in a scarce book edited by the celebrated Cardinal Passionei, who supports his allegations by extracts from the reports of Tournon and his secretary Angelilla. The questioned genuineness of these documents has been thoroughly established, though the traces of this authoritative confirmation have been so carefully effaced as to be virtually inaccessible. The Pères de la Mission, commonly called Lazarists, whose head-quarters are in Paris, some years ago prepared for publication, and actually printed, a collection of

missionary reports. One volume referred to the China Missions, and for it Father Theiner, then Keeper of the Vatican Archives, collated the texts given by Passionei with the original documents in the Archives, and testified to their absolute identity. But suddenly a stringent order from Rome prohibited the issue of the volumes, which were already printed, and that suppression has been so rigidly enforced that they may be said not to exist. It has not been possible to procure a copy for the British Museum. Dr. Huber, indeed, makes a reference to the book, as if it were a publication within everybody's reach. We believe a stray volume of the collection—the very one Dr. Huber refers to—does exist at Munich in the library of an ecclesiastical dignitary of European reputation, where Dr. Huber probably saw it. We have it at least on the authority of one whose knowledge of ecclesiastical libraries is probably superior to that of any living person, that he is aware of but one complete copy, which is in the library of a religious community, and not accessible to a student who might inquire for it. This fact is worthy of attention, as indicative of the extraordinary care taken by the Jesuits to ensure at any cost the obliteration of all evidence that can be unfavourable to the proceedings of the Society, no matter on what occasion or at how remote a period.*

The curious plea in behalf of their contumacious disregard of Pontifical censures, which the Jesuits based on the superior authority of an instruction from the General, cannot fail to remind the reader of that remarkable Brief by which Pius V. secured the privileges of the Order from revocation even by a Pope, and of the acknowledged conveyance of Faculties through the inscrutable medium of *Oracula viva vocis*. In regard to both these points, the action taken by the Order on its suppression by Clement XIV. is curiously significant. No Pontifical utterance could possibly be more emphatically solemn than the Bull *Dominus ac Redemptor*. The Society itself seemingly deferred to the sentence, and its members made a show of dispersing into obscurity. But very soon they were found to congregate again in the dominions of the heretical Sovereigns of Prussia and Russia, whence they began to promulgate views flagrantly derogatory to the Holy See, and in contradiction to those they themselves had previously upheld. In Cologne Father Feller,

* The collection is in eight volumes, and was printed in or about 1865, under the title of 'Mémoires de la Congregation de la Mission.'

a Jesuit divine of repute, printed so direct an attack on the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, that a public apology was exacted, while in the University of Heidelberg another Jesuit publicly affirmed the proposition that the Pope could claim no power, direct or indirect, over Bishops, as they derived authority straight from Christ. In Silesia the Provincial, notwithstanding the Pope's Bull, kept his establishment open for the reception of dispersed brethren. In Russia, at the instigation of the Jesuits, the Empress Catherine threatened reprisals on all Catholic foundations, if any attempt were made by the Nuncio to enforce the decree of suppression on the members of the Society in her dominions; and, after opening a new house of Novitiate, the Fathers met, in 1782, to nominate a Vicar-General for the administration of the Order, which had been suppressed officially by the Holy See. They had even recourse to the dissemination of spurious documents with the view of making the masses believe that the allegation was unfounded of the Order being under the cloud of an abiding censure. Two forged Briefs were circulated, bearing respectively the dates of June 9 and June 29, 1774, the former expressive of the Pope's joy at the position of the Order in Russia, and the second announcing the immediate repeal of his predecessor's Bull. 'There is no conceivable error against true doctrine which there is not ground for apprehending that we may see professed by persons who are exasperated, licentious, irreligious, and the worshippers of might,' are the words written by the Nuncio Garampi in a secret dispatch,* under date of November, 1773. Nor was it merely in the heat of an excited struggle for existence that the Jesuits allowed themselves to be hurried into having recourse to a reprehensible stratagem. The story of these absolutely spurious documents has been gravely reaffirmed by recent Jesuit writers of high standing, whose intellectual capacities carry within them melancholy guarantees that this cannot have been due to want of discernment. No less eminent a man than Father Curci—the starring preacher at the Gesù Church in Rome, and amongst the most prominent contributors to that 'Civiltà Cattolica,' on which Pius IX. has conferred the unprecedented distinction of being declared in an Apostolical Brief the specific organ of veracity and holy doctrine—has not refrained from repeating the glaringly false statement of the insertion of the said Brief in the

'Warsaw Gazette' with the acquiescence of the resident Nuncio;* nor is Father Curci the only modern Jesuit who has seen fit to speak of these fabrications as if they had been genuine documents. But Dr. Huber advances a curious statement, calculated to impart a new character to these otherwise inconceivably insubordinate proceedings of the Order, which we give on his responsibility, as the authority quoted by him is not within our reach. According to it the Society, though not revived publicly until 1814, had been so clandestinely many years before, through an *Oraculum vivæ vocis* given by Pius VI. This allegation rests on a statement made, according to Dr. Huber, by Father Roothan, the late General of the Order, in a printed Encyclical, under the date of December 27, 1839, which statement, Dr. Huber affirms, was never called in question by the Holy See. The allegation, if correct—and we have no reason for impugning so circumstantial a statement on the part of Dr. Huber—is most remarkable and signally significant; for even if we were to assume the utterance of this particular *Oraculum* to have been an invention of Father Roothan's, the fact is still established—by his reference in a solemn act to the supposed creation of an organic faculty through the medium of this most inscrutable instrument—that the instrument itself, so far from being considered obsolete, and an unmeaning appendage, is recognised as a living and capital factor in the present organism of the Society.

The death of Clement XIV. has been ascribed to poison administered by the Jesuits. That such an idea should recommend itself to a certain class of writers is natural, but it is matter of astonishment to find Dr. Huber giving countenance to a story so manifestly unsupported by any but the flimsiest evidence. No one who gathers his knowledge of the circumstances surrounding Clement's death from Dr. Huber's narrative can well acquire any other impression than that, notwithstanding Dr. Salicetti's medical statement after a post-mortem examination, the indications of a mysterious cause of death are still serious, and that the fact of the Pope having been poisoned was believed in at the time by some who were in a position to have the best means of knowing what happened inside the Vatican. We wish we could remain under the impression that Dr. Huber has here been merely guilty of carelessness; but there is an arrangement in his apparent references and in his state-

* To be found in Theiner's 'History of Clement XIV.,' vol. ii. p. 409.

* See his 'Una Divinazione sulle tre ultime opere di V. Gioberti.' Paris, 1848.

ments which savours strongly of studied intention. According to Dr. Huber, the Spanish Ambassador, Monino, reported his firm persuasion that the Pope had been poisoned; this belief was credited at the Court of Spain and generally in the Cabinets of Europe; and 'it is a fact' that antidotes were found after the Pope's death in his room. It is noteworthy that Dr. Huber omits all but a passing reference to Father Theiner's 'Life of Clement XIV.,' not only the capital work on the subject, but one written in a spirit decidedly hostile to the Jesuits. The reason may possibly be found in the circumstance that Father Theiner, despite his unfriendliness towards the Society, is clear in wholly exonerating the Jesuits from having poisoned the Pope. But Dr. Huber does refer, in support of his allegation, to another historian of standing, Ginzel, and therefore it may fairly be demanded of him to have carefully read and faithfully given the statements of his cited authority. We have seen Dr. Huber affirm 'as a fact' the discovery of medicines in the Pope's apartments that were antidotes. On turning to Ginzel,* we find the following words: 'Of these pills the Pope made use, at the advice of Dr. Bianchi, as a means to promote perspiration, and by no means as an antidote.†' Is this a statement confirmatory of Dr. Huber's glib allegation? Far more important, however, than the opinion of any modern writer, would be the proof that at the time Foreign Ambassadors, such as the Spanish and Neapolitan, with their excellent means of information, had been led to the conclusion that poison had been administered, and on this head direct evidence is afforded in a book Dr. Huber never seems to have heard of, Ferrer del Rio's 'History of Charles III.' What a leading position was occupied by the Neapolitan Minister Tanucci amongst the political influences brought to bear against the Society of Jesus, is notorious. He, at all events, can never be reckoned as a witness whose testimony in favour of the Order must be considered liable to the imputation of partiality. Yet on two occasions Tanucci expressed his clear conviction, in confidential letters, that there was no shadow of foundation for the charge of poison, and in one addressed to King Charles,‡ he even referred to the very

Monino whose authority is invoked by Dr. Huber in support of the statement which he has not scrupled to introduce into his text. There cannot be a doubt that the charge against the Jesuits of having accelerated the death of Clement XIV. by poison is substantiated by no tittle of valid evidence, and it is lamentable to find in a book like Dr. Huber's allegations, though in part veiled and rather insinuated than directly expressed, which are wholly unworthy of an author who lays claims to critical faculties.

Unfortunately this is not the only instance where Dr. Huber has been led into making very grave statements which can be characterized only as being without the shadow of foundation. A notable example occurs in his account of what passed on the occasion of the discussions in presence of Clement VIII. in reference to the doctrines about grace, represented by Molina. Dr. Huber's narrative is as follows: 'In the History of these Transactions, where both parties carried on their causes, it is related how the Jesuits made expressly for the occasion an edition of Augustine, in which they altered or expunged all the passages contrary to their doctrine. Thus, in 1603, Valentia, in presence of Clement VIII. affirmed, in the teeth of the Dominican Lemos, who had cited a passage of Augustine, that the same did not exist in his writings. Thereupon Lemos demanded that the works of this Father should be fetched. But Valentia had them quite ready to hand and read, out of the falsified edition prepared by the Order, the very contrary to what the Dominican had affirmed. Taken wholly aback at this, Lemos asked that the works of Augustine be fetched out of the Pope's library, and Clement VIII. was then able to convince himself with his own eyes that the Dominican had quoted correctly. On the fraud being thus disclosed, the Pope said to Valentia, "Is it in this manner that you seek to deceive the Church of God?" Whereupon the latter fainted, and two days later died.* For all this Dr. Huber refers,

recibida confidencial con que V. S. I. me ha favorecido el 4 del corriente concluye lo que yo creia del decantado veneno; esto es, que no es veneno criminal, sino veneno dialéctico el origen del deplorable suceso.' A Carlos III. el 11 de Octubre: 'Monino habrá referido la conjetura y la fama del veneno por obra de los jesuitas. Seria sumamente prolijo el discurso con el cual, despues de haber considerado y leído muchas cartas y minutas voluminosas de Roma sobre el asunto, ha venido á la opinion de que ningun otro veneno han dado los jesuitas y tantos agentes suyos en aquella corte al buen Papa sino el de hacerla creer que estaba envenenado.'

* See Huber, p. 282.

* Ginzel, 'Kirchenhistorische Schriften,' vol. ii. p. 246.

† This Dr. Bianchi was a personal friend of the Pope's from his youth, and a native of Rimini.

‡ 'Hist. de Carlos III.,' por Don A. Ferrer del Rio. Madrid, 1856. Vol. ii. p. 505. Tanucci escribió á Centomani el 8 de Octubre: 'La

as his one authority, to Serry's 'Historia Congreg. de Auxiliis.' Now, in the first place, it may be asked why refer to a second-hand authority? Serry was merely a compiler, who very fairly, in his account of this capital discussion, refers to and quotes quite accurately the narrative by Lemos, himself an active participator in the debate, and one of the principal parties in the supposed transactions narrated by Dr. Huber. It will seem hardly credible that neither in Serry nor in Lemos is there one word which justifies the astounding statement, that the Jesuits had expressly printed a falsified edition of Augustine, and brought it forward during the discussion in support of the views which they sought to affirm. It is narrated with dramatic effect that Valentia, in the course of his spoken argument, did cite a passage out of the 'De Civitate Dei'—that Lemos, taken at first aback, nevertheless happily remembered the passage; and, recognising the quotation to be garbled, appealed to the Pope to have it looked up—and that thus he convicted the Jesuit doctor of misquotation.* What, therefore, stands on record is the fact of a garbled reference—one, doubtless, of capital importance for the matter under discussion, but still garbled only in spoken reference, and not at all such a most elaborate and portentous trick as would have been the deliberately falsified edition which Dr. Huber explicitly alleges to have been printed by the Jesuits, with the express view of misrepresenting St. Augustine, and making him appear to have held views in conformity with their favourite theology. Dr. Huber's reputation is too high to let it be thought possible that he should have knowingly given currency to a sheer invention—an absolute myth. We do, however, believe him culpable of negligence and hastiness. As he was content with a passing reference to Serry, instead of looking into Lemos, so we can understand that he satisfied himself with a mere glance at his authority, without reading through the very detailed account which is given of the incidents attending this remarkable controversial duel. We regret sincerely to have had to notice blemishes of this nature in a book which has so much to recommend it, which treats a vast amount of matter in the main correctly and vigorously, and which certainly constitutes a valuable contribution to our literature on the Society of Jesus.

Here, for the present, we break off. Complicated and intricate as are the mat-

ters we have been dealing with, they are yet surpassed in these respects by the various topics that would have to be necessarily treated in an outline of the doctrine which has been propounded by great and leading Jesuit Doctors. A review, however abridged, of the really essential points must yet demand an amount of detail requiring more space than remains at our disposal, so that we must defer till our next issue the consideration of this important portion of our subject.

ART. II.—1. *Travels in Little Known Parts of Asia Minor.* By the Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep, D.D., thirty years missionary in Turkey. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1870.

2. *Commercial and other Reports, received at the Foreign Office from Her Majesty's Consuls, &c., in Turkey, during the Years 1867-72.* London.

'ALTHOUGH in the opinion of some it matters but little to England whether an Ottoman, a Romanof, or a Hapsburg rule on the banks of the Bosphorus, it does, in the opinion of all, concern her much whether a Turk or a Frank rule in the Valley of the Nile.'

Thus far the practical good sense of 'Mushaver Pasha,' Sir Adolphus Slade; and had the gallant Admiral added the Valley of the Euphrates to that of the Egyptian stream, and coupled the Red Sea with the Persian Gulf, his proposition would have gained in completeness without losing in force.

The problem, or, to use the stereotyped phrase where the East is concerned, the 'question,' thus implied is one the solution of which depends on two distinct factors, namely, the external relations and the internal condition of the Ottoman Empire. However sound within, a nation may—though that is a rare event—be crushed, and even disintegrated, by overwhelming pressure from without; but however little interfered with, even bolstered up, it may be from without, it cannot, in accordance with the laws of nature, long continue to hold its own if it is corrupt and decaying within. Neither alone nor with as many allied Powers as may be ready to hand, can England guarantee the continued existence of the 'Sick Man,' if his sickness be unto death; nor even if she could, ought she, in her own best interest, to do so. But it is easier to speculate on,

* The passage can be found in Lemos, 'Hist. Congreg. de Auxiliis.' Lovaniæ, 1702. P. 279.

perhaps to calculate, the actual or possible designs of Turkey's neighbours and enemies, than to form as much as even an approximately correct appreciation of the degree of her vitality or exhaustion within herself; and it is perhaps for this reason that discussion more often turns on what surrounds the Ottoman territory than on the equally or even more important topic, what is the real condition of the Government and the populations included within that diminished, but still vast, area, the land of the Crescent.

Yet if there exist on the face of the earth an Empire into which such an investigation is not only justifiable, but even necessary, on our part, it is the Ottoman. There is, or at least there ought to be, no need for insisting on the geographical importance of its position by sea and by land—on the keys of the Red Sea, of the Black Sea, of the Persian Gulf, of India, of Central Asia—any more than on the gordian knot of complicated intrigue that ceaselessly twists and tangles within its limits, and that may any moment, must some moment, entangle in its coils the destinies of Western Europe, and our own the foremost. Setting all these things aside, there remain more special reasons, and of a nature to regard ourselves principally, though not exclusively.

Scarce twenty years have elapsed since the outbreak of the all too-famous Crimean war; not twenty since its conclusion by the Treaty of Paris. Nor do we intend any disparagement to our allies of that date when we assert, that among all the European signatories, assembled in Paris March 30, 1856, none accepted the 9th Article of the document then laid before them, with all its fair words of Imperial promise, more sincerely, more confidently, more hopefully, than the representatives of England. It was the acknowledgment of a debt contracted; a debt not the less real, because implied throughout rather than expressed; a convention too well understood to admit the formal obscurantism of diplomatic phrases. And how stood the contracting parties? On the one side there was support given, blood poured out, treasure lavished; on the other figured reiterated pledges, assurances of reform, of progress, of whatever may be summarily described as the good conduct of a nation: such were the title-deeds, and such the ratification. The one Empire the Ottoman, admitted its short-comings in the past, and promised a new and better era in the future; the other, our own, accepted the promises, and gave the help which, in the days of Mentchikoff

and Nicholas, was nothing less than a renewed lease of existence to the heirdom of Othman.

Liberal, indeed, was the help, and liberal, too, were the promises in return. Civil equality for all subjects of the Crescent, whatever their creed or race; abuses to be done away; monopolies to be thrown open; taxes moderated, and the proceeds usefully employed for the public benefit; justice even and unpurchased; education of all degrees and for all classes; public works; yearly budgets; encouragement of trade and industry, nay, even popular representation: whoever wants to study the programme has but to glance over the numerous Hatti-Hamaiyouns, Tanzeemats, Tashkeelats, and analogous documents, Firmans, Iradets, Protocols, and so forth, that have radiated in an unceasing star-shower of bright Imperial promise from the palatial centre ever since 1856, and still radiate: if he would see the performance let him look at the Empire.

Not, however, at Constantinople itself—whether it be within the walls of old Stamboul or on the heights of modernised Pera; nor yet among the villas of Chalcedon or the Bosphorus. The capital of a despotic, even of a centralised—the one adjective may pretty fairly stand as a synonym for the other—Government, is but a delusive standard by which to measure the country around it, except it be by antithesis, perhaps. Besides, Constantinople is not a capital only, it is a seaport; nor a seaport only, but a refuge, a very nest of adventurers, of quacks, of sham diplomatists, of swindlers, of the worst scum of Western pseudo-enterprise and raciality, collected to prey on Eastern ignorance and supineness; of Europeans degraded into the baseness of Asiatic vice, and Asiatics refined into the finish of European scoundrelism; a repair where the robbers of all races divide and batten on their ill-gotten gains, and where Blake's visionary verses on an imaginary London find, with slight change, a much truer application than in our own or any other European capital:

‘the hapless “peasant’s”⁸
Runs in blood down palace walls’

Here no just estimate can be made either of the social condition or of the progress of Turkey at large.

To the provinces, then, and above all to those least subject to foreign influence—least modified by stranger contact—where Turkish development, Turkish manners, Turkish institutions, have their freest play: to the land which was the birthplace and

still is the strong tower of the Turkish Empire, the provinces of Asia Minor, the Anatolia of our day. Here, if anywhere, we can take a just measurement of Turkish progress or decline.

Two sources of information are open to us, though each has its drawback: the one that of being too drily matter of fact, the latter not enough so. The former comprises the Reports, Diplomatic, Consular, or Commercial, yearly laid before Parliament, and duly promulgated, enough for our purpose at least, in Blue-books large and small, folio, octavo, and the rest. Much may be learned from them; and it is a pity that the fashion of their compilation should render them to the reading public in general as sealed as ever was the book of the Apocalyptic Seer. Yet they are worth study, not as models of style, but as repertoires of fact. The statistics of population, of commerce, of taxation, the condition of the agricultural, of the industrial classes, the tenure of land, the value of labour or rent, are mixed up in them with many curious notices on the administration of law and justice, on colonisation, on the relative position of Mahometans and Christians, on education, on police—in brief, on every topic. With a certain sameness in the outlines, they differ, however, considerably in the colouring, according to the idiosyncrasies of those who have sketched them: some landscapes being from first to last of a sombre hue, that of universal blame and dissatisfaction; others, of a more chequered aspect, admitting patches of light here and there amid the shades; a very few bearing a roseate tint throughout. But, on the whole, the general impression they leave on the mind is, that the provincial populations, though not devoid of capacity for better things, are at present condemned to wither under a general atmosphere of maladministration and decay.

Next we turn to the recitals of travellers and foreign residents, such as his the title of whose work heads the Review; their number is legion, male, female, learned, unlearned, British, French, American, from the days of Hamilton, of quarto volumes and mezzotints, down to those of small octavos, vignettes, and gilded covers. Here the verdict is still more various. From the enthusiastic Turcophile, with whom the turban is a coronet of nobility and the mosque the symbol of sanctity, to the unsympathetic American, we have every grade of admiration and of disgust.

It could hardly be otherwise. Turkey, the battle-field of so many nationalities, interests, and creeds: the tangled skein of so

many, and, we may add, such rotten, threads: the twilight, not, however, the 'morning' land between East and West, civilisation and barbarism, Europe and Asia, claimed by each, belonging to neither, is, of all regions, the one least likely to escape in its portrayal the false colours of prejudice and the touches of misconception. Every visitor who lands on the Turkish shore brings with him a baggage of preconceived theory on 'the Eastern Question,' or 'the Cross and the Crescent,' or 'the Semitic races,' or, 'the Sick Man:' and, as he has already viewed Syria or Anatolia from his study or club-room, so he will, in nineteen instances out of twenty, view it from the forest-clothed summit of Mount Olympus or the bare slopes of Anti-Lebanon. In short, the politician, the dilettante, the missionary, the European, the American, each will see unlike the other, and as each sees so he will report.

Of this the book before us is an instance in point. Truthful, even to minuteness where he pictures the interesting towns of Amasia, Tokat, Sivas, and Angora: excellent in his notices, geological or otherwise, of the country and landscape around; accurate and ingenious, if not always critically correct, in his descriptions of the strange sculptures of Pterium, Eyook, and the Niobe of Mount Sipylus, and his dissertations on their antiquity and meaning, Mr. Van Lennep is incapable of appreciating at its due value the character of any Eastern race, or of understanding Eastern institutions and manners, still more so of passing a reliable judgment on them. As an American his mind has no point of contact with the Oriental; as a Protestant missionary he condemns, not Mahometanism only and its followers, but every description of Christianity except his own with a narrow-mindedness worthy of Archbishop Manning or the author of the 'Syllabus' himself.

Regarding the relics visited and illustrated by Mr. Van Lennep, and of the countless others that belong to the same, or later, some even to earlier dates, that abound in the centre and east of Asia Minor, we have no leisure here for more than a passing notice. Temples and tombs, in the style and ornamentation of which no feature indicates the almost pre-historic race that hewed them in the living rock: others like those of Eyook, semi-Egyptian in their character; others, again, manifest Assyrian; Pontine carvings, where the influence of Greek art is occasionally visible; Roman, Byzantine, Seljookian, Turkoman constructions, each a history in itself: of these not a half, not a quarter even, has yet been properly investi-

gated. Suffice to say that an Exploration Fund would have at least as worthy an application, and as satisfactory a result, in Asia Minor, as in Palestine.

Leaving, though with reluctance, the interesting field indicated, but far from exhausted, in the antiquarian chapters of Mr. Van Lennep's book, we come to the author's strictures and animadversions on the Turkish Government and race, or races rather, for there are many subdivisions, all of which are referred by the similarity of their leading characteristics to something of a common stock. Here some of the writer's remarks are manifestly dictated by the ignorance which arises, not from want of experience but of sympathy. But some of the accusations made coincide in the main with those brought by other less biassed but not less serious authorities; and, on this account, deserve impartial investigation.

They are soon summed up. 'Beggars all, beggars all: marry, good air.' Little doing, less likely to be done; trade degenerated into pedlary, enterprise into swindling, banking into usury, policy into intrigue; lands untilled, forests wasted, mineral treasures unexplored, roads, harbours, bridges, every class of public works utterly neglected and falling into ruin, pastoral life with nothing of the Abel resemblance about it, agriculture that Cain himself, and metallurgy that his workman son might have been ashamed of; in public life, universal venality and corruption; in social life, ignorance and bigotry; and in private life immorality of every kind; not 'something,' but everything rotten in the state of Turkey: such is the picture. We may add it is hardly an overdrawn one.

Yet the eye of a close observer may detect many and unmistakable indications that the general decrepitude of provincial Turkey, and of Asia Minor in particular, is not due to any native and inherent cause either in the population itself, or in the physical circumstances of the climate and land. We need not cite for this purpose the historical records of Turkish, and notably of Anatolian prosperity, nor appeal to the half-effaced traces of industry, vigour, art, and order that silently witness even now to an era of better things continued as late as the first half of the eighteenth century. It is enough to have passed some years of life in Asia Minor, and in the very districts visited by Mr. Van Lennep himself, to know by experience that the population, the Mahometan portion of it we mean, town or country, is, as a rule, industrious, simple, thrifty, ingenious too, peaceable, and orderly; that if strongly attached to their

own religion they are tolerant of other creeds and practices to a degree rarely attained even in Europe; and that, with individual exceptions, they are as free from the grosser and worse forms of vice and crime as any nation under the sun. That they enjoy a climate than which few are more favourable to labour and produce; that the soil is almost everywhere fertile above, and rich in valuable ores below; that the coast abounds with places of shelter; and the inland with noble rivers, are facts which no one will question. Yet, amid all these advantages, it is no less certain that capital has vanished from the land, that every undertaking, every enterprise, commercial, industrial, agricultural, or other, is surely smitten with failure; that the social condition is deteriorating in every respect, the number of the inhabitants diminishing, and that the symptoms precursive of a general bankruptcy, not of means and finances only, but of vitality and of men, become more menacing year by year, almost day by day.

What then is the cause of these things! If it does not lie either in the country or in the inhabitants themselves, where is it to be sought?

In the opinion of not a few, 'Mahometanism' would be a sufficient answer to such a question. The intolerance of the Koran, say they; the antagonism it proclaims to civilisation and progress; the fanaticism it inspires; the barbarism of the practices it permits or sanctions—slavery, divorce, and polygamy, for instance—these are the stumbling-blocks in the way of Turkey, and by their removal alone can she hope to advance on the better path. But strange as the assertion may seem, the only hope for the duration of Turkey as a united empire lies in her allegiance to Islam. We have seen old ruins deprived of almost every architectural prop, and seemingly ready to fall asunder from hour to hour into formless heaps, yet held together in seeming defiance alike of gravitation and time by the dense ivy that clusters round and bands them. And thus it is with the tenacious, so-called bigotry of the Mahometan populations. Without a caliph, for Mahmood II. and his successors forfeited long since, at least in the popular estimation, all claim to that title; without a hierarchy, a thing of all ages unknown in Islam; without the once famous and richly-endowed schools of learning and piety; without a single teacher or instructor worthy of the name through the length and breadth of the Empire, they yet cling to their creed as firmly as did its first followers, and to the system of which that simple, powerful creed is the corner-stone.

and show no more signs of abandoning it in its cloudy, than they did in its sunny days. Their national institutions have perished; their Sultan has become to them as a stranger, and his Government the mere expression of bureaucratic rapacity; their substance has been consumed by taxation, their homes by usury, their children by conscription, their lives by injustice; yet this one link binds them together, and centres them in the memory, the tradition, of Osman and Stamboul: a gathered crowd on the isolated peak of Islam, they stand still and gazing on the faint reflected shimmer of the Crescent, for ever set beneath the Western horizon; and in that gaze are one.

No traveller in the Turco-Asiatic provinces can have failed to remark the significant fact that, however squalid the town streets, however miserable the hamlet, one building in village or town is sure to be solidly constructed, well kept, swept, garnished, and even decorated; and that building is the Mosque. While elsewhere the native architects seem incapable of constructing one wall at right angles to another, or of bringing two house-fronts into symmetry; while heaped-up rubbish and all manner of refuse cumber the broken pavement of the common way; while the plaster flakes from off the house walls, and the broken windows of the dwellings are stuffed with filthy rags; here in the mosque close by, the exact angle that ranges all the worshippers with their faces to Mecca has been calculated with the utmost nicety; every part of the edifice—porch, doors, windows, vaulting, is not only maintained entire, but decorated, if not always with taste, at least with care; while all around the place, on the paved paths that approach it, and among the tall trees that, wherever possible, have been planted to overshadow it, the most scrupulous neatness prevails. Morning and evening, Begs, landowners, tenants, ploughmen, artisans, day-labourers, slovenly and unpunctual elsewhere, attend with order, quiet, and precision; while the Friday crowd, with their clean dresses glittering in the noon-day sun, attest a regularity, self-respect, and unity of feeling unattainable in any other place, or for any other object.

Nor is the all-pervading influence of Islam less remarkable in every phase of domestic life. Inscriptions of genuine Islamic character are painted on the outside walls of houses, are traced in gilded letters on the boards framed and hung up within the rooms; at eating, drinking, rising up, lying down; at the greeting in the street, the shop, the field; in every conversation,

on every occasion, the one formula is the password for all.

We admit once more that Islam, crystallised as it now is in its later days, presents, not, indeed, a barrier, but a check to progress; that its social code, whether prohibitive or permissive, is inconsistent with the better domestic, and therefore with the most perfect forms, of civic organisation; that it encourages a certain negligence in regard of human duties as compared with theological; and that by the contentment and endurance it preaches, favours a disposition to acquiesce in the lower steps of the ladder; thereby in a measure discouraging men from endeavour after the higher. But Mahometanism has two, seemingly antagonistic, peculiarities: the one, that half-heartedness appears to be impossible in it: its followers are Mahometans all through; the other that, however immovably fixed its centre idea, the circle of theory around it is capable of dilatation to a degree that might startle the broadest divine of our own schools. At once iron-bound and expansive, its formula admits within its range the spirit of a Huxley almost as readily as that of a Suarez: but, while admitting them, it communicates to each its own special tinge. To illustrate these statements would require not an article but a volume: those versed in Eastern literature or in Eastern life will, however, know what we mean.

We said 'so-called' bigotry; for bigotry implies not merely devotedness to a creed, but hatred and contempt of those who differ from it; and this is not, broadly speaking, the Anatolian tone of mind. Ignorance and the semi-savagery of isolation may, of course, produce it in individual instances, but in general the provincial Turk, however attached to his own fashion of faith, has no antipathy for those who profess another. We see Christians and Mahometans living socially enough, as for centuries they have lived, side by side, in almost every village, every provincial town of the empire; and should any manifestation of ill-feeling and hostility occur, its commencement will rarely be found on the Mahometan side. Thus, horrible as were the Syrian massacres of 1860, we must not forget that even they were inaugurated by Christian provocation. On the other hand, the handsomest houses, the fairest gardens, the largest warehouses, the best-stocked shops, inland as along the coast, in Central Anatolia as at Meidania or Smyrna, belong to Christians. One Christian is a tithe-farmer, another a public accountant, a third a member of the Provincial Council. Where, then, is the special

oppression? or rather where are its effects? Where, even the dislike or contempt? The very word 'Giaour,' out of which so much capital has been made for stereotyped accusation, even official, has, in plain truth, no more offensive meaning than our own 'dissenter,' 'heathen,' or any other term employed to indicate those who differ from us in theological belief; it denotes the follower of some other than the established creed, but, in its ordinary application at least, throws no slur upon the creed itself. In a word, making all due allowance for 'the disgust which every well-constituted mind feels for any form of worship other than its own,' there is not normally more intolerance in Asiatic Turkey than there is in England or Prussia; much less certainly than there is in Ireland or Spain, perhaps even in France.

If, then, the Eastern Christians do not rise to a position of the highest importance, do not get the whole land with all it contains into their own hands, and elbow the 'usurping Moslem' out of it, as it has been so often asserted they would do at no distant date, the cause must be sought, not in their Mahometan fellow-citizens, but in themselves. And we will venture to assert that no one who has known by experience Greek narrow-mindedness and unscrupulousness, or Armenian baseness and rapacity, but will allow that the turn of Fortune's wheel, which should bring these and their like uppermost, would be very far from a beneficial one for Turkey, or those who have to do with her.

Not, therefore, in the land or climate, not in the character of the dominating races that inhabit there, not in their creed, not even in their bigotry, are to be sought the causes of Turkey's avowed decadence, of her untilled lands, wasted forests, neglected mines, unrepaired or unconstructed roads, broken bridges, desolate coasts: of her diminishing population and increasing indebtedness, of whatever renders her what she actually is—a proverb and a byword among the nations. Yet a true and adequate cause there is; and one all the more fatal in its working that it is still, in spite of accumulated evidence to the contrary, regarded by the ignorance or the partisanship of many in the light of a benefit, not an injury; of an invigorating remedy, not a life-destroying poison. This cause is no other than the so-called 'reform' inaugurated by Sultan Mahmood II., and but too faithfully carried out, especially in its most injurious details, by his successors.

Life, whether individual or collective,

whether of an animal or a State, is continuous; discontinuity is only another name for death: nor where this has once taken place can any second form of equivalent vitality be substituted till the original one has passed through absolute and elementary decomposition. A tree will bear much pruning and lopping of its branches, and even sometimes be the better for the process; but no new wood, however cleverly let in, can keep alive a severed trunk; a fresh sprout may, indeed, spring up on the site when years have rotted the bole level to the ground; but it is another life dependent on other conditions; the old one is gone for ever. Even more truly does this hold with a people and its institutions.

Whatever nation violently and abruptly breaks off the tradition link of its origin, forfeits its place among the living and leading ones of the earth; and its spasmodic efforts to enter on a new line of existence can only lead it further and further astray from its true orbit. Macaulays may apologise and Buckles extol, but a Revolution like that of France is at most a splendid suicide; and death, however the convulsions that precede it may for a short period stimulate renewed vitality, is not the less certain and complete. If England has up to the present day shown herself capable of throwing off and recovering from demagogues and empiricists, while France and Spain have sunk down from one attempted re-integration after another into what we now see them, it is because the England of one century has never disconnected herself from the England of the century before: and while she has gradually modified, has never precipitately abjured her primal institutions.

To return to Turkey: if we would understand her present condition, we must know what she was in the past. The common idea—one studiously promulgated by the servile press of Constantinople itself and eagerly adopted by those interested in believing it abroad—is, that from an unmitigated despotism, in which the will of an absolute Sultan and the rapacity and brutality of subordinate pashas alone were law; where the population, especially the Christian portion of it, had daily to submit to fresh exactions and cruelties; where might alone was right, violence and injustice the order of the day, and no man could call the head on his shoulders his own, Turkey has at last, thanks to the enlightened energy and reforming zeal of Mahmood II. and his successors, been transformed into a, comparatively at least, free, orderly, law-governed and progressive empire.

Now, of both these statements it is the exact reverse that is the truth. From a confederacy of half-independent States, each retaining in the main its own customs, privileges, and institutions, guaranteed by a strength to defend them, and by a rough, but efficacious, popular representation, Turkey has within the last fifty years passed into an absolute, uncontrolled, centralised despotism; under which every former privilege, institution, custom, popular representation—in a word, every vestige of popular freedom and local autonomy—has been merged and lost in one blind centralised uniformity.

When, in 1808, Sultan Mahmood ascended the throne, Turkey was not a despotic government; decentralised as she was, she could hardly with propriety be called a monarchy. Within the walls of Constantinople itself, where the barracks of the dreaded Janissaries fronted his imperial portal, nay, within his very palace, where the purchased pages of his own seraglio claimed and often exercised their prescriptive right to organise discontent and mutiny, the Sultan was far from absolute. But outside the capital both he and the pashas who represented his authority were held in restraint by not less than four other checks, three of which had a recognised and, after a fashion, a legal existence; the fourth, not the least efficacious, was due to the circumstances of the times.

For a correct appreciation of the Janissaries, a body that, throughout the empire, in the provinces as well as in the metropolis, held the capricious princes of the moody family of Osman in salutary awe, the reader cannot do better than consult the admirable *résumé* given by Sir A. Slade at the opening of his work.

The Janissaries, originally, as is well known, a purely military institution, had in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, by a series of progressive modifications, become a sort of overgrown and ill-selected popular assembly; which, however, though turbulent in its proceedings, and often rash and violent in its demands, had yet the merit of being uniformly opposed to the illegal exercise of the sovereign power, to the sale of offices, the debasement of coinage, and the other measures by which the later Osmanlee Court was already doing its utmost to ruin the empire.

Scarcely less powerful to prop a throne or to overturn it than the Janissaries themselves, were the 'Ulemah,' or 'learned men'; a body of legists, the authorised interpreters of the Koran and of the laws based on it, and not unlike in their position

to the scribes and lawyers of the later Jewish nation. These, with the 'Sheykh Islam,' and the two great military judges or 'Kadee-Askar,' the one of Roumelia, the other of Anatolia, at their head, formed a Court of Appeal, to which the Janissaries and their like had frequent resort for the moral and legal sanction requisite to support them in their resistance to the despotic vagaries of their sovereigns. Backed up by the arms of the soldiery and the voice of the people, the decisions of the 'Ulemah' could not be ignored with impunity; and it is but fair to say that these decisions were generally on the side of right.

Both Janissaries and Ulemah, though powerful in the provinces, had their main lever of action in the capital. But without its walls, and especially in the remoter districts of the vast empire, two other recognised and, one might almost say, constitutional checks counteracted the free exercise of the central power. The first of these was formed by the 'Dereh-Begs,' or 'Lords of the Valley,' so called from the favourite position of their strongholds at the entrance of some mountain gorge, or defile road, whence they levied toll on the passers by. Many of these chiefs belonged to families that had ruled their districts centuries before the establishment of the Ottoman dynasty, from which, in return for services rendered, they had received patents of confirmation in their ancestral privileges; others, more recent, had been created by the Turkish Sultans themselves. Supported by large retinues of armed followers and vassals, they continued down to the present century to exercise no inconsiderable amount of local authority; and were the natural opponents of every oft-renewed endeavour made by the capital to drain the provinces to its own exclusive advantage. They corresponded to the feudal aristocracy of the European West.

Next in importance to the provincial action of the Dereh-Begs was that of the Timar-tees, or holders of military fiefs; their number, as early as the reign of Suleyman the Magnificent, amounted to 53,352, and became subsequently even more considerable. Originally mere State tenants for life, they gradually rendered themselves, in the majority of instances, hereditary proprietors; till at last they formed an influential landed gentry, conservative, as such always are, and not less disposed to resist royal than other innovations. Collectively taken, the 'Dereh-Begs' and the 'Timar-tees' represented the country, as the Janissaries did the town element of the empire; and it was from among their retainers and tenants that

were recruited those terrible bands that so often devastated Europe, and twice encamped beneath the walls of Vienna itself.

Lords, commons, gentry, and law, had thus each after their fashion their constituted representatives in the Turkish Empire; and could assert, by force even, if necessary, their prescriptive rights. Taken singly, none of them, the Janissaries excepted, were very formidable opponents to a vigorous despot; but united they were irresistible. And behind them stood a fifth power, unconstitutional and formless, but by no means to be neglected in the calculations of any would-be autocrat—an armed people. Every adult male of those days throughout the Empire had weapons and knew the use of them. Our own best historians have amply shown how far Lancastrian, Yorkist, and even Tudor monarchs were kept in check by a similar state of things within this very island; and in the far East frequent and dangerous revolts of over-taxed provinces often warned the Sultans of Constantinople that the obedience of their subjects, however extended, had its limits. In a State like this a Pasha or Sultan might be, and often doubtless was, despotic enough among his own immediate surroundings and dependants; but the nation at large, strong in its local and self-governing rights, and in the numerous guarantees, military, legal, aristocratic, territorial, and, if need were, individual, of those rights, had little to fear from a Mehemet Köpreli or a Murad IV. himself.

Of these five restraints on administrative encroachments, four have now been wholly swept away. The destruction of the Janissaries in 1826 is one of the most ghastly, as it is one of the most widely known, facts in modern Ottoman history; it was complete. The Dereh-Begs, isolated and incapable of acting in concert, fell the next victims; some who attempted resistance were subdued by force and put to death; others compromised for their personal existence by the sacrifice of their lands and authority; between 1830 and 1840 the class had ceased to exist. Equally sweeping was the annihilation of the Timarlees: Mahmood by a single stroke of the pen resumed all the fiefs, lands, and privileges granted by his predecessors on the throne; nor in the majority of instances was the smallest compensation made to the evicted holders. Lastly, a strict prohibition of the private possession or use of arms, a prohibition evaded of course, or resisted in many places at first, and in some few poor and outlying districts even now, but which has been generally carried out in process of time, disarmed the population at large to

the sole profit, an illusory one, of the throne. The Ulemah alone remained; but, without a military accompaniment and the clank of arms, the feeble voice of law and justice rarely makes itself audible to an autocratic ear.

Turkey was now a *tabula rasa*, and Sultan Mahmood, as though to the manner born, proceeded eagerly to inscribe on it where it lay passive before him, the Alpha and Omega of despotism—a standing army and a centralised bureaucratic administration. The loss of Greece and Algeria, the disconnection of Roumania and Egypt, the semi-independence of Servia, the treaties of Adrianople and Hunkiar Iskelesi, with all the other losses and humiliations that Turkey has had to submit to during the first half of the present century, give the interpretation of Sultan Mahmood's writing, for what regards the outer fortunes of the State: and an Empire converted, like the later Byzantine dominion, into a huge property, exhausted to feed an ever-rapacious capital, explains its permanent meaning for the internal condition of the Ottoman territory itself.

In fact, with the sole exception of bettering the condition of the Christians—that is, of the chief usurers and most unprincipled swindlers within the Empire; let him who knows the Greeks and Armenians of the Levant contradict, if he can—the Hatti Humayoun has, in regard of all the good things that it so liberally pledged, remained a dead letter. The Administration is more corrupt than ever, justice more venal, popular education more neglected, taxation much heavier, public works more neglected, and the population at large more impoverished and faster dwindling than in any preceding epoch. With an ignorant autocrat, an irresponsible Ministry, a bureaucratic administration, a large standing army, an expensive navy, an *ad libitum* civil list, and no budget, public or secret,—he must be of a sanguine temperament indeed, who could hope for a different national result.

Want of capital is the head and front of Turkey's ills throughout her length and breadth, at the present day; want of men, the necessary correlative or result of the former, the second. To what degree both of these evils exist in the provinces, and how they have been brought about, will be best understood if we visit the very countries and follow the line of route traced out by Mr. Van Lennep, but as observers, not missionaries, and guided by the light of past history and present fact.

This, then, is Central Asia Minor. Here, if anywhere, is genuine Turkey: here are no

intrusive consuls, no meddling Europeans, no foreign influence. This is the land of unfettered Turkish institutions, in ancient and modern times alike.

From Samsoon to Tokat, from Tokat to Sivas, from Sivas to Angora, we may read as we run, in characters reiterated and unmistakable, Turkey's decay and the prime cause of that decay written in the contrast between the old and the new style of administration; and illustrated by the objects around us on either side of the road. It is a melancholy view. On a rising ground, wooded if near the coast—bare of all but grass, if further inland—stand the ruins of a large building, once the residence of the country Beg, the hereditary lord of the manor and governor of the district in one. Every fragment is significant; each stone tells its story. That gap in the ragged outline of broken wall was originally the wide entrance-gate through which the Beg used to ride out surrounded by his men-at-arms and retainers, by whole troops of horsemen, mounted and equipped, some at their chief's cost, some at their own, and all ready at a moment's notice, and no pay in prospect but the booty that each man's sword might earn him, to set off for Persia, for Moldavia, for Hungary, wherever the horsetails might lead them. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred troopers, it might be, from a district that now can hardly furnish twenty or thirty miserable conscripts, dragged away on foot to serve against their will for hire in that most unpopular institution, the 'Nizam,' or regular army. As for horses, the most searching requisition could now hardly collect from out of the whole neighbourhood a dozen lean, raw-backed animals, just possible to mount for a walking pace. Has the land, then, once so prolific eaten up by its own inhabitants, man and beast—or why this change? Wait a little, we shall soon learn the reason why.

The gate is broken down, but over the whole extent of the hill summit stretch, some hardly scathed by time, so recent has been their abandonment, others rifted and battered, but by violence from without, the ruins of the mansion-castle. Battlemented walls, thick towers, fortified defences; they may have been erected to baffle rivals; they may also have baffled the Sultan's own emissaries when the messengers came to levy an extra contribution from the province, to the profit of the luxuries or vices of Stamboul.

Through the now fenceless entry we advance into what once was a wide square court-yard. Here, not half a century ago, was the ordinary place of afternoon resort, here the notables of the neighbourhood,

Agha this and Khaneh-dan that, landowners, farmers, traders, often the peasants too, and the day labourers, used to assemble for gossip or business; the place was open to all. In the large room looking down on one side of the court, where broken window-holes now let in the weather upon the rotting remnants of the planked floor, the Beg had his customary seat, with a few of his relatives or friends; here he used to administer rough off-hand justice to complainants and defendants; an informal tribunal, without fees, though not always without bribery and partiality; but the arbitrary character of which was tempered by the rules and prescriptions of the Koran, often appealed to by litigants or bystanders, and rarely without effect. Nor indeed could the Beg himself, however capricious and despotic by habit and disposition, lightly venture on an overt act of wholesale injustice, especially among his own people and vassals. Public opinion, though despised with impunity from a distance, exercises a heavy pressure on those who live in the midst of it, and where deprived, as in the East, of the wholesome safety-valve of the press, is apt to take very violent and explosive ways of manifesting itself. Nor again is it an uncommon thing, nor one peculiar to a semi-barbarous state of society, that men will sooner acquiesce in the injustice of their own kinsfolk than in the justice of a stranger; nor did occasional injustice destroy the popularity of a chief if brave, liberal, and ready to defend the interest of his vassals against rival neighbours, or even against the Sultan himself, as not unfrequently was the case.

We continue our survey of that saddest of all sad objects, the crumbling walls of what was formerly a dwelling, and notice the still smoke-blackened vestiges of the wide hearth and spacious chimney-place where the Beg's kitchen once stood. Here simmered the great cauldrons full of rice and mutton, out of which the many hangers-on of the castle, and principally the 'Deli-kaus' or 'mad-bloods'—madcaps we should say—in other words, the unmarried youngsters of the Beg's retinue, made their daily meals. True, the mutton had not always been paid for, and the rice might have been summarily levied, not without fight shown for it, as a road-tax on some passing caravan. But however acquired, it was ultimately consumed within the district, and to the profit of the district, not sent, as at this day, to Constantinople to build for some half-crazy Sultan or intriguing Minister a new palace of wasteful luxury on the Bosphorus, or purchase on the sly some costly, because now

contraband, specimen of Circassian beauty. Hard words, but we are not writing at random, or without knowledge of facts. But in the former times what was taken out of one pocket was at least put into the other, and the debtor and creditor account between the Government and the people, though unwritten and unregistered, was wonderfully evenly balanced at the year's end.

All up the sides of the green hill, far over the wide Asiatic plain, we see the yet uneffaced traces of irrigation channels, now broken down and dry, while, removed from their original places, and strewn at random over the ground here and there, lie the boundary stones that once marked the limits of fields, since abandoned to weed and bush. At 40 per cent. taxation, and such is the very lowest rate levied by the Stamboolee tithe-gatherers on the Turkish cultivator; if the crop be bad, the percentage may amount to something much higher; agriculture is not a paying business, and such luxuries as irrigation, drainage, manure, and improvements of any kind, are out of the question. The landowner, impoverished and in debt, cannot make them; the Government has very different uses for the money it has taken from them, and will not. Under the Begs the tenantry were sometimes, no doubt, vexed by exactions; but they were not less often relieved by exemptions; the shepherd who lives among his flocks knows each one how much wool they can bear to be shorn of; the distant sheep contractor looks only to his accounts. Besides, here again, the substance of the land, if occasionally extorted rather than gathered, returned again in great measure and by no distant circuit to the producers; this family was fed from the Beg's kitchen; that one had a couple of sons maintained among his troop; a third received reasonable advantages for the crops by the water-channel constructed at the Beg's charge, or the road repaired under his direction; while a bad season lightened from off the shoulders of all alike the burden that would otherwise have sunk them in hopeless debt. Horses, too, were cared for; the cavalry contingent of the district for war against the 'infidels' was fixed, and the quota strictly exacted on occasion by a government that above all was military, and as such could always in time of need command the sympathy and assistance, though not always in time of peace the fiscal and civil obedience of its subjects. Not one of these conditions but is reversed at the present day. Muscovite, Frank, German, whoever lists, may now assail the provinces with the safe assurance that the re-

gular troops once overcome, no further opposition will remain; the people starved, disheartened, disarmed, and thoroughly alienated at heart from a Government that is a mere synonym for fiscal exaction, that takes all and gives nothing, that has forsaken the traditions of its youth, and preferred the office of tax collector to that of leader, will offer no resistance. 'If the Russians when they come pay for what they take, they are welcome, and we will supply all they require,' is the common saying of the Anatolian peasant. 'I wish they would come,' is the not unfrequent reply of his fellow. France after Sedan and Metz, but without the levies of the Loire and the Seine, would be but a pale counterpart of the collapse that must await the Turkish Empire after the loss of a great battle or two; no improbable event, should she ever be pitted against an enemy of real military skill. Constantinople alone would, it is likely, rally round the last Othman, as she did of old round the last Palæologus, with the bloody but bootless energy of fanaticism and despair; but the provinces she has oppressed and exhausted in the day of her security, will, in the day of her tribulation, leave her unaided to her fate.

As it is, they have not the means, even had they the will, to do otherwise. Taking our stand again on the ruin-crowned hill, we distinguish in the landscape around us two or three irregular-shaped grass-grown cemeteries, with broken tombstones inclined at every angle, from ninety to zero. The inscriptions on many are scarce fifty or sixty years old. These, and the clump of giant cypress-trees that cast their black obelisks of shadow over them, are all that is left of the thriving villages once near by. The Turkish dead are never laid to rest except in the immediate neighbourhood of the living, so that wherever a graveyard exists a hamlet must be, or have been,—now perished and gone. Want, disease (the invariable attendant on protracted want), emigration, and last, not least, military conscription, have done their work: they are doing it with those who remain.

But not far from the fragments of the old castle stands, or rather leans, a rickety wood and rubble house, ill covered with flaky plaster, every square inch of the outside squalor bearing witness to the poverty and disheartened neglect within. It is there that now lives the nephew or grandson of the lord of the castle, the actual representative of the old ruling family. His lands, his rank, his authority, all have been taken from him; and in compensation he receives, nominally, at least,—for when was a Tur-

ish remittance regularly paid?—some five hundred to a thousand piastres, that is, somewhat under 5*l.* or 10*l.* per month from the treasury that has confiscated from his fathers fifty, eighty times the sum; and that is now, from year to year, on the point of discontinuing even this miserable pittance.

What are his feelings and those of his kinsfolk, that is, of almost every respectable Mahometan native throughout the district, towards the Central Government, we need not say. Yet even now, when the Beg—for local courtesy continues to bestow on him the title that official bureaux deny—passes on the way, the peasants respectfully salute him, and give more regard and obedience to his suggestions or commands, powerless though he be to enforce them, than they do to those of the sallow, black-coated Stamboolee official sent hither to represent the majesty of the reigning Sultan, Abd-el-Azeez.

There, in the valley below, rises the ungainly, barrack-like house, a run-up shell of lath and plaster, which is the abode of modern officialism. Here resides the governor of the day, whatever his rank, 'Mudeer,' 'Kaim-makam,' 'Mutesarrif,' or Pasha. After long danglings about the waiting-rooms of Ministers and Secretaries at Stamboul, and wasting more money on favourites, writers, pipe-bearers, servants, and sometimes on their masters, in forwarding his suit than he himself cares to avow, he has obtained the post. Its nominal value, if one of the third or fourth category, may be from 5*l.* to 20*l.* a month; if of the better sort it may equal 40*l.* or more; but from this must be deducted, in his own private calculations, half at least of the income of the first year, of which he nominally makes a grateful sacrifice to Government, but which his patron really pockets—a perquisite of office. He himself, already in debt by his enforced largesses while at Stamboul, has had to borrow further to meet the expenses of the tedious overland journey hither on horseback;—a Polish engineer had long since the charge of making a carriage-road, and an Austrian company obtained, three years past, a railway concession; what has become of the funds set apart for these objects, they perhaps can tell, certainly the public cannot. Our new Governor's attendants have undoubtedly done their best to get from the peasants the means of transport, not to mention their food and lodging, by the way, either gratis or underpaid; yet, even after these reductions, journeying with a whole suite and luggage on horseback is expensive work; and for this expense no provision

whatever is made by the central office. The Governor, on his part guileless of the geography of his own country as any of Marshal Lebœuf's officers on a frontier campaign, had never so much as heard of the locality to which he has just been appointed till the day he received his nomination; he has not the smallest antecedent connection with it, and no greater interest in or sympathy with those who inhabit it, and whom he is sent to govern, than an average Englishman might have, let us say, with Bolivia and the Bolivians. His whole calculation is to remain at the post two or three years, during which he hopes to extort, by fair means or foul, but chiefly the latter, from those he governs enough to enable him to pay off the more pressing of his debts; to send the expected yearly remittances to his patron and his patron's hangers-on in Stamboul; and then to get himself transferred to another, and if possible a better, place, leaving the well-squeezed orange to be yet further squeezed by his successor, whoever that may be.

About the gate of the 'Konak' or Government-house, are lounging half-a-dozen shabby-looking 'Zabteeyah,' or policemen, dressed in clothes meant to be of European fashion, but badly shaped, torn, out of elbows, and every way disreputable. Till lately, these men retained the ordinary Turkish costumes of their respective districts, one much better adapted in every respect to the narrow, rough, bush-tangled paths of the country; while the newly-introduced style, besides being awkward and awkwardly worn, has the additional disadvantage of being in itself a warning announcement from a considerable distance to any sharp-sighted vagabond—and such Turkish vagabonds, whose eyes are rarely blinded by 'poring over miserable books,' mostly are—that a policeman is coming, and thereby giving timely notice to escape. This, however, matters the less, that Turkish policemen are generally inclined of themselves to act on the great Dogberry's advice to his Watch, and to let the thief or villain, whosoever he be, show himself for what he is, by stealing himself out of their company, only 'for a consideration.' And in fact, as the provincial police is ordinarily paid at the rate of 80 piastres only, or about 15*s.*, a head by the month, that this microscopic salary is generally several months in arrears, and that out of it, when they get it, they have to find themselves in everything, uniform and arms included, it is hardly to be wondered at if the poor wretches are always on the look-out for remunerative jobs; such, for instance, as laying hold of any one, guilty

or not, who is likely to buy himself off for a small sum; and letting all others alone, whatever motive may exist for their apprehension.

Meanwhile throughout a district of, on an average, eight hundred square miles in extent, of which at least half are rock or forest, and consequently form the best possible refuge for any criminal who may desire to evade pursuit, twelve or sixteen policemen at most, of the description and at the wages above stated, are the sole existing guardians of order and law. Half of them are generally employed in collecting the Government taxes, living the while at free quarters in the villages assessed; of the other half some are, as we have seen, lounging about the doors of the Governor's residence; the rest engaged in his private service, or sleeping on benches in some coffee-house, playing dominoes, perhaps. That bad pay means bad work, and no pay no work at all, is a truth of which the Ottoman bureaux appear to be as ignorant as some of our own officials.

And here we may remark on the extreme proportional difference between the salaries of the upper and of the lower class of officials in the Ottoman service. It is absurd, startling even; but, under the circumstances, not unnatural. While a 'Walee' or Governor-General receives for what is, after all, very moderate work, the equivalent of four, five, or even six thousand pounds a-year; while the Ministers resident in Constantinople itself, with the strings of the public purse in their hands, write themselves down at ten thousand apiece and more; while the Sultan disdains openly, and his favourites covertly, the restraints of a Civil List, a subordinate Governor, 'Mudeer' or 'Kaim-makam'—to give him his Turco-Arabic title—is lucky if he can draw for as much as three hundred, and his subordinates, in turn, if they get ten or twenty pounds: add to this that, except for obtaining the highest posts, where personal influence or connections may suffice for success, and excepting again instances of notorious and shameful favouritism, the recompense of services best left unspecified in European print, no office, no post, no favour, however small, is to be had throughout the Empire except for money. Every patron, every dispenser of good things, every great man, every minister—the Sultan himself, one and all—have written up over their doors, not in letters of ink or gold, but in the yet more legible characters of unspoken, universal, irreversible custom, 'To be bought.' Hither come the suitors, a countless throng—for place-seeking grows in a nation as public

spirit decays—and the Turks, once of all men the freest from this vice, are now the most widely tainted with it; a hopelessly degraded throng, too; for 'take a turn and mend' who may, it will not be he who has once, in Eastern phrase, 'sold the skin of his face,' i.e., bartered away the blush of shame for office-hunting, little likely ever to brace himself up again to the independence of honest work, or even of honest idleness. The purchase is effected, and the purchaser's next care is to make the most of his business by the retail sale of what he himself has bought wholesale, through every grade and function of his administration. Thus Stamboul is parodied in the 'Konak' of every province, with this difference only, that the former plunders only to retain, while the latter retains indeed some part, but remits more. '*Omnia cum pretio*' might be affirmed of modern official Turkey more truly even than ever it was of Imperial Rome.

Even from a cancer like this cures are, so history avers, on record, in those fortunate instances when a nation has possessed sufficient vigour to throw off after a time the unhealthy element and regain the honesty of public spirit. But such cures are rare; and where they take place presuppose general national activity, great facility at large for entering on more honourable and more remunerative careers, the pressure of public opinion, and a moral sense of better things diffused among the bulk of the population; they presuppose too nobler memories of the past, not wholly disconnected from the present. None of these conditions exist in Turkey; with her place-seeking and corruption are but a natural sequence of the 'reforms' of Mahmood II., of rash empiricism, pseudo-centralisation, and bureaucratic absolutism: they are inherent in the order of things, and have no hope of cure.

Within a dingy, ill-swept, ill-garnished room—for why should he bestow care on the appearance of a place in which he is merely a passing stranger, with no object of interest on hand except to make what money he can out of it, and then leave it!—sits the Governor; his sallow complexion, shabby black suit, and the 'lean and hungry look' seldom wanting in his tribe, announce him a genuine 'Stamboolee.' Scattered before and around him, on dusty floor and worn cushions, lie some dozens of crumpled papers, covered with seals, signatures, and accounts: of these the greater number have reference to Government dues of various sorts; others contain the reports of the various 'mejlises' or tribunals with which the present system has complicated the Admi-

nistration to the profit of those engaged in it, and the detriment of anything like business despatch; others, again, belong to the ceaseless stream of nugatory telegrams to and from Constantinople. For the centralising system, with a large supply of telegraph wires, some few postal conveyances—though both are habitually mismanaged, no secrecy being observed in the former department and no regularity in the latter—and hardly any roads, has naturally resulted in the multiplication of documents, especially telegraphic, to which nobody pays any attention, and of accounts for which there is, practically speaking, no verification.

As to His Excellency the Governor himself, he has learnt the lesson early taught him, that the only thing his superiors and patrons at Constantinople care for, the only chance allowed him of getting into favour or keeping so, his present tenure of office and his hopes of a better in future, are summed up, one and all, in remitting to Constantinople as much money as possible. How it was got no one there will inquire; how it is expended those who have seen the country-seats on the Bosphorus and the diamonds in the harems best can tell. Perhaps, as we have heard more than one of this class declare, he had first entered an official life with very different views and intentions; perhaps he then meant to make the welfare of those he was to govern his first object; then he devised measures for alleviating their burdens, improvements to supply their material wants, order, justice, and education, for their social requirements: a programme such as that Fuad Pasha himself might have dictated and Sir Stratford Canning approved. But all too soon experience taught him that official promulgations were meant to be read, not to be acted on; that very different things were expected of him by his employers at the capital; that they cared nothing for the people under his charge, everything for the money to be wrung out of them; and so he, like the rest of his colleagues in office, shaped his course according to the wind.

Unlike his predecessor, the old native Beg, who, almost single-handed, at little cost, and with a Kahiyah, or secretary, and a scribe or two at most, administered the affairs of the district, and yet found leisure to attend to his own, the new Stamboolee magistrate has paid assessors by the dozen and salaried subordinates by the score. There is an Administrative Council, a Town Council; sometimes, if near the coast, a Trade and Commerce Council, a Criminal Court, a Civil Court, a Police Court, besides the great yearly meeting of Deputies from

all subdivisions of the district or province elected, as such elections go to represent, after a fashion, the inhabitants and their local requirements, generally a bridge, a road, or the like. Of these council members and deputies, one half is made up by Government nominees, the other half is nominally chosen by the people; but such is the prevailing apathy, itself the ominous expression of political hopelessness, that the popular members, too, are in fact not less designated by Government than are the others. But by whomever these subordinates may have been appointed, they too know, one and all, no less than their chief, that the only projects which will really be attended to, the only suits that will effectually be promoted, are those which go to bring money into the exchequer or into the pocket of those who hold the keys of the exchequer; and they act accordingly. Look at the various council-rooms round the courtyard below; there, in an atmosphere of cigarette smoke, on a divan strewn with tobacco ashes and burnt ends of paper, sit chatting with each other the clerks, or 'Katebs,' whose name is Legion; all underpaid, if we take account of their individual salaries; overpaid, if we consider the amount of the real work they perform, which, except where money is in question, amounts to nothing, and that nothing always in arrears. Outside the doors stand a crowd of ragged, poverty-stricken, petitioners, who have paid away, or are still paying, the last fraction of their wretched savings to the ravenous crew within, in hopes of obtaining that redress for their wants and grievances which experience might have already sufficiently taught them they will never obtain.

A miserable spectacle. But we must not suppose that the indigence of these peasants is exceptional or peculiar to applicants of their class; on the contrary, the men gathered here are only an average sample of their fellow-villagers in mountain or plain, and even, in a large proportion, of the town population itself. Poverty is the rule for both; and if leaving the 'Konak' we take up our post of observation in the best frequented thoroughfare of any provincial town, even the most thriving, say, Samsoun, Trebizond, Sivas, or Angora, and watch the passers-by, a quarter of an hour will often have elapsed before a single decently-dressed and well-to-do individual has come in sight. When he does, it is generally a Christian money-lender. And though the use of plaster in a southern climate, and the beauty of natural surroundings, rarely wanting to an Eastern landscape, often render the general effect of a Turkish town,

when viewed from a little distance, pleasing to the eye, nearer inspection rarely discovers a single dwelling that does not bear the marks of premature dilapidation and decay. But in the clay walls and ragged roofs of the village cottages, or rather hovels, no illusion can find place; poverty, sheer poverty, is written in every crevice; and the 'nakedness of the land,' often of its inhabitants too, not metaphorically, but in absolute fact, is without and beyond any veil. Without capital, and without the possibility of acquiring or keeping it, matters could scarcely be otherwise; and throughout the Ottoman provinces capital is not diminishing, it is gone, it is utterly drained away. The first and greatest sluice has been opened by the Administration itself. We have seen that the hordes of officials let loose by the bureaux of Stamboul on the land are, and can be, from the nature of their position, nothing but so many leeches, drawing off the life-blood, partly to their own profit, partly to that of the central pool, whence they have issued. Of the taxation, direct and indirect, but all flowing in a steady stream to Constantinople, whence not a drop circulates back to the land of its source, we cannot say much here; the subject, a vast and complicated one, would require to be treated by itself. Fortunately, more than one blue-covered volume of recent date supplies complete and detailed information regarding Anatolian taxation in all its branches; and the statements made by the Consuls of Erzeroom and Trebizond, evidently after accurate and careful research, apply, with slight local modifications, to all the Asiatic provinces of the Empire. From them we learn that the average direct taxation of the peasant stands at 40 per cent., or nearly so, on his actual or possible gains; that of the townsman, who is on the whole less burdened, at about 30 per cent.; while the indirect taxation imposed on both by tolls, pass-papers, market-dues, custom-dues, dues of every kind, besides forced labour, requisitions, and, in the case of the Mahometan population, that heaviest toll of all, military conscription, about doubles the amount in either case. Meanwhile the Stamboul treasury, burdened by an unprofitable and ever-increasing load of foreign debt, ever on the verge of bankruptcy, and ever, by its desperate attempts to maintain an undermined credit, deepening beneath its feet the gulf into which it cannot but fall, puts every expedient into execution to squeeze the very last drop from the over-wrung fleece; carries its fiscal claims backward for imaginary arrears, and fain would appease the anxiety of its creditors by publishing statistics that

show the amount collected from the provinces in 1872 to have been greater by a third than that collected in 1870. 'Therefore,' say outsiders, 'it is clear that the resources of the Empire have increased by so much during that interval.' Not so; they are the exigencies and the exhaustion of the Empire that have so much increased, the resources have proportionately diminished. The tree is being cut down, that the reckless owner may gather the last fruit lurking among its branches. When to these things we add the growing depreciation of property, especially real, consequent on the habitual absence of law and justice in the provinces; the expense of purchasing what may hold the place of law and justice from corrupt tribunals, when they can no longer be dispensed with; when we add that, however bad a season may afflict the peasant, whatever commercial crisis the townsman, whatever general cause of distress the whole country, the burden of direct and indirect taxation never varies, except to grow heavier, we may wonder not that the inhabitants are poor, but that they are still alive to be so; not that the provinces are under-peopled, but that they are not wholly desert.

But, as though all these things were not enough, another blight—the ordinary sequence of malgovernment—overspreads the land, as pestilence follows famine. What the tax-gatherer has left, is gleaned by the usurer. In spite of the fair promises of the Hatti Haminoun of 1856,* there exists even now no credit system in Turkey, no country bank, no means of obtaining an advance, except by private loan; no investment, except in such loans; no limit to the terms, no security on the payment. True there is the 'Bourse' of Galata, the 'Ottoman Bank' at Pera, Smyrna, and Beyrout, with a few similar establishments in the principal seaport-towns. But they have no branches in the country; and their operations regard almost exclusively foreign or Government loans, and transactions of a speculative character with mixed European companies, railroad or other; the tendency of which is to draw off the wealth of the Empire, not to husband it; they are not reservoirs, but drains. The peasants, pressed by the claims of the tax-gatherer, the landowner in need of money for improvements, the shopkeeper desirous of outfit, the artisan who would

* 'On s'occupera de la création de banques et d'autres institutions semblables, pour arriver à la réforme du système monétaire et financier, ainsi que de la création de fonds destinés à augmenter les sources de la richesse matérielle de mon Empire.'—Firman et Hatti Sherif. February 21, 1856.

set up or extend his workshops—are one and all driven into the hands of the private money-lender, generally an Armenian; often himself the tax-farmer of the district, and who, as creditor, has probably under his thumb the principal officials of the province also. Thus between the claims of the Government and those of the usurer, the unfortunate peasant is ground as between an upper and a nether millstone, of which it would be difficult to say that either is the harder. Three per cent. per month is the ordinary rate of Armenian interest; and this, if unpaid, is at the end of the year added to the capital. The day of selling out soon comes; the family emigrates or starves, and the usurer remains ready to pounce on the next comers, and repeat on them the same process as on their predecessors. We have known a single money-lender thus draw to himself the substance and destroy the population of a whole district.

Another evil that naturally follows is, that capital wherever it exists is certain to be applied almost exclusively to loans of this nature, while for productive investment scarce a farthing can be found. A profit of 36 per cent. even at the risks it involves is sure, particularly with Asiatics, to be preferred to one of 4 or 5 per cent. though more solid and made by honest means, such as mining, agriculture, irrigation, and the like. Hence too, as a further consequence, every work of public utility is thrown into the hands of foreigners: foreign capitalists construct harbours, work mines, utilise forests, lay down railroads; or, at least, organise companies which profess to do all these things; while the profits, if any, are shared among foreigners and outside the country. Native capitalists, the high-placed official who sells the 'concession' and pockets the fee alone excepted, are passive and take no share. Lastly, whatever home-made capital still remains in the territory is unavoidably, by the very universality of small private loans, so broken up and subdivided as to become practically useless for any serious purpose. Of all the sinister influences at work within the Empire, none is more directly destructive of its internal prosperity, and, above all, of its agricultural and landed well-being, than this.

'Not a single property, great or small, within this district, but is burdened to my certain knowledge with obligations and liabilities exceeding the value of its possible produce for two generations to come,' said a Turkish provincial governor, and confirmed his assertion with an oath. He might have safely added that not a crop was then

standing in the field which had not been bartered away in advance, for half its real value, to some usurious lender; probably the very same who had farmed the taxes of the province, and was about to make his additional percentage on this bargain also. But he knew his duty too well to make any reference on the subject to headquarters, where his province and its inhabitants were only represented by their remittances; where their grievances would excite no sympathy, and schemes, however rational, for improving their condition, no interest. Nor was it likely that any of the numerous but obsequious placemen around him, members of councils, tribunals, or boards, each intent on retaining his own position and making his own profits solely, would care to compromise himself with his chief, or at Constantinople, by unseasonable representations to unlistening ears. Meanwhile, should the Governor himself, led by the natural feeling which compels even the most apathetic to take some interest in what immediately surrounds him, desire to alleviate or remedy the evils he witnessed, he would soon find that though all-powerful to take, he was all-powerless to help or give; that, in fact, he could do nothing without an authorisation, for which he might long write and write in vain.

For, as matters stand, except imperial palaces, barracks, Krupp guns, ironclads, stato factories, and presents, little other public expenditure is likely to be sanctioned by the central fiat even within range of the Bosphorus, and none beyond it. When the mines of Anatolia are worked, the manufactures of Syria encouraged, the dykes of the Tigris Valley restored; when the bridges, roads, quays, embankments, canals, reservoirs, caravansaries, all that was the pride and profit of local governments, and is now perishing or has perished with them, are repaired and perfected; then indeed will there be hope for the government and the governed, for Turkey and her Sultan. But it is a hope too far off yet even for prophecy.

For this, also, Sultan Mahmood has to answer. When, jealous of power, he destroyed the old aristocracy of the Empire, he destroyed the only class from which a Government worthy the name could be formed; to replace them by parvenus and sycophants—men untrained in the school of family honour, men of expedient and of yesterday, men whose motto could be none other than '*après nous le déluge*,' and their conduct in accordance. Very few, since the beginning of this century, have been the Turkish Ministers who could name with a hope of recognition their own grandfathers:

some have themselves risen from the very lowest ranks. Yet it is certain that no man who has not an honour of his own to care for, can safely be entrusted with the honour of others; no one who for half his years has been absorbed in pushing his own interests will bestow the other half in honestly watching over the interests of those entrusted to him. An aristocratic bureau-government, like that of Venice, may stagnate; but a plebeian bureau will soon ferment into the corruption of a New-York 'ring' or a Bordeaux committee. And here again is one of the bad lessons Turkey has taken from that most pernicious of political instructors, France; with her she has substituted the aristocracy of intrigue and patronage for that of birth; like her, too, she has sacrificed an empire to a capital; and but for the sabre still girt to the loins, however degenerate, of a son of Othman, and the inherent self-sustaining tenacity of Islam, she would before this have paid a like or an even more fatal penalty.

But the mention of the sabre reminds us of those who should wield it, and we ask what is there in the Turkey of our days to replace the terrible Janissaries, the Sipahes, the Lewendes, Akinjees, Segbans, and Gunellees of Varna and Mohacks? And here again we will take our answer from the provinces, and, better than any, from Anatolia itself, where the numerical preponderance of a Turco-Mahometan population renders military conscription at once more regular and more comprehensive than anywhere else. In the European half of the Empire the bulk of the population, being Christian, is exempted, while in Syria, Mesopotamia, and the outlying eastern districts, the Koordes, Arabs, and other wild tribes are apt to exempt themselves from the burden. Thus the entire standing army, reckoned at, though not really attaining, 165,000 men, besides the navy, which may require about 30,000 more, has to be gathered from a population not exceeding at most 8,000,000 of souls, men, women, and children, thus giving a percentage of about 20 per cent. on the available male inhabitants—a heavy 'blood-tax.' We will return for a moment to the modern official residence, the 'Konak,' that we have already visited in Central Anatolia; perhaps we may there learn something as to how these things are managed under the present system.

It is early morning, but the courtyard already holds numerous groups of pale, meagre, ragged youths, worthy, to judge by their looks, of Falstaff's own regiment, awkwardly huddled together among their weeping relatives, decrepit fathers, wrinkled mo-

thers, brothers, friends, come hither from the district round to be present at the 'Kara' or 'lot drawing' of the annual conscription. For the recruiting party from Stamboul has arrived; the lists of peasant names for a circuit of many miles round have been looked over, and the village headmen or 'Mukhtars,' the last feeble remnant of an old self-governing organisation, have received orders to send all eligible youths to take their chance of military service at the 'Konak.' There is no fear of any disturbance among the crowd; no excitement, no feeling is manifested except that of unwillingness and reluctance, as ever and anon the shrill voice of some old woman is heard under the little window of the room where sits the recruiting officer, entreating that her Osman, her Mohammed, her Alee, may not be taken from her to be lost in the ranks of a distant 'Ordoo'; that the last prop of their cottage be not wrenched away; the last fire quenched on its hearth. The young fellow himself makes no affectation of any greater zeal on his part to wear the Imperial livery; he too joins his supplications, even his tears—for the heroes of Asia Minor have no more shame in shedding such nowadays than they had in the times of Troy and Homer—to those of his family; every plea is put forward, every excuse invented, and all not to be a soldier. Nor must this conduct be attributed to disaffection or cowardice; the real motive is the loss which the young man's absence will cause to those whose livelihood depends in great measure, perhaps absolutely, on his labour; it is fear, not for himself, but for those he leaves behind to want and starvation, a fear too often justified by fact, that draws the tears from his eyes and prompts his entreaties no less than those of his relatives. In vain, his turn has come, the lot has been drawn; in another day he will be marched off to the depot, and when after long years he returns to what was his home, it is well if silent walls and thatchless rafters are not his only greeting.

He too will in the meanwhile have undergone a great change, and in some respects one advantageous, not for his relatives indeed, but for himself. The Eastern nature is pliant, almost plastic, and the lad who to day by his looks, gestures, and cries seems as if he were being led away for immediate execution at least, will, before a year is out, have been by the combined influences of discipline, comrades, and barrack-life transformed into the most orderly, docile, enduring, cheerful, and not the least brave of soldiers.

Without the reckless dash that signalis-

ed their onslaught in bygone days; without the terrible enthusiasm, fostered by the consciousness of power, and reinforced by the anticipation of unlimited booty, that animated the besiegers of Vienna and the captors of Bagdad, the drilled and disciplined soldiers of modern Turkey have yet never failed to prove themselves truly possessed of the military qualities most essential to successful warfare alike in every age, modern no less than historic. The annals, even the European ones, of the Crimean war allow their merits; the Danube line and the Asiatic frontier, Montenegro and Candia have witnessed their undiminished courage; nor can any one have visited their camps or accompanied their march without admiration for their patience under privations and their amenability to discipline; qualities not always found in the better appointed, better cared-for troops of European armies. The spirit, too, of Islam, if occasionally languishing in the seaport bazar or the dissipated capital, recovers much of its pristine vigour in the congenial atmosphere of a camp, and the obedience no less than the courage of the Turkish soldiery assumes an almost religious character,—no unimportant fact in a land where the only nationality recognised is that of creed. Nor are the ancient traditions of 'Ghazoo' or 'Holy War,' synchronous with the Arabian Prophet himself, and his injunction of never sheathing the sword once drawn against the infidel wholly forgotten; nor do breech-loaders and clothes of European cut dissociate the soldier of the Turkish 'Nizam,' in his own mind at least, from the turbaned warriors who warred sword and spear against the Franks in Palestine. He who does battle with Greek, Russian or European, is still as of old a champion of the true faith; he who falls, though struck down by the bullet of a needle gun, a chassepot, or a mitrailleuse, is a brother-martyr of him who perished more than a thousand years ago by Roman javelin or Greek fire in the days of Heraclius or Manuel. Islam is the one last unsevered link between the Ottoman past and present, between the real and the pseudo-Turkish Empire, and its strongest clasp is in the Turkish army.

Nor should we forget that the Turco-Ottoman race itself, or rather the races that have united to form its actual bulk, Turks, Tartars, Turkomans, Circassians, and Koor-des, have always been emphatically soldierly races; for centuries war has been to them the real business of life, other pursuits mere fills-up and pastimes; hence they are naturally at their best when engaged in a pro-

fession which, however modified by the progress of the times, is still more congenial to them than any other.

It is worth notice too, what, indeed, has been hinted at by Admiral Slade and other competent authorities, that not only is the army isolated by circumstances of military discipline and barrack life from the generality of the surrounding population, but that familiarity of intercourse between soldiers and civilians is positively discouraged by those in power. The Sultan, or more properly the bureaucracy which replaces him and acts for him, desire to retain so powerful a weapon exclusively in their own hands. And, indeed, the Turkish military officials are of themselves, and independently of any external influence, very little disposed to intimacy or even friendship with the civil authorities, whom they regard as upstart intruders on their own prescriptive rights; nor without good reason. The Civil Service of Turkey, as distinct from the military, and still more as superior to it, is an entirely modern creation, initiated by Sultan Mahmood II., perfected by his successor, Abd-el-Mejeed, never popular with the nation at large, and positively odious to the army and all in it; who have thus seen more than half of their old honours and emoluments transferred to a recent and less worthy rival. To this very antagonism is, however, on the other hand, due the fact that the Ottoman Government of our own time occupies a much stronger position in regard of its own subjects than it did at a former date, when the army was sympathetic, almost synonymous with the people; and thus can now enforce behests, realise exactions, and subdue resistance, in a way unknown before. Much to the advantage of the office-holders, no doubt; not equally so, perhaps, to that of the Empire at large.

Whether this same army may not some day, like the Janissaries of old, though, perhaps, in a less noble and less public spirited cause, prove a very Frankenstein to the power that has called it into being, is a question of which the answer must be left to time. Symptoms of discontent and insubordination have more than once manifested themselves, especially among the pampered and petted troops massed together in the ostentatious idleness of suburban barracks, round Constantinople; and these symptoms have been met, not with becoming firmness and severity, but with additional pampering and yielding weakness. A dangerous precedent, especially in an overgrown capital and a declining Empire. The evil does not, indeed, appear to be im-

minent, at least in its more critical forms; but it exists, and may prove serious before long.

But if we consider the army, not in itself so much as in relation to the Empire at large, we shall find it to be a source of weakness rather than of strength—a peril, not a protection. Subtracted from a poor, insufficient, and dwindling population, every batch of recruits leaves behind it a gap in the labour and resources of the country that has no tendency to fill up; it is the stock, not the surplus, that is being drawn away from the land. Thus we have in the military conscription a direct cause, acting in concert with the two chief indirect ones already noticed, namely, maladministration and usury, for that visible decay of the Mahometan population about which so much nonsense has been said and written. The while, on the contrary, the Christian races, the Greek and Armenian especially, though not a whit more virtuous than their Turkish fellow-citizens, nor, though monogamists, more physically prolific, but exempt from conscription, shielded too in no inconsiderable measure by the fostering care of consulates and embassies from the ill-effects of maladministration, and themselves the lords and exactors of usury, not its victims, have full play to increase and multiply, as they do, on every side.

Lastly, the nation, taught to consider itself as distinct from the army, and in a measure at variance with it, has also learned to regard the defence of the Empire as no part of its duties, and is disposed to take no share in it, come what may. Take, as an instance, Anatolia, than which few countries are better adapted by nature for guerilla warfare; few, where an enemy, cut off from supplies and harassed by a hostile peasantry, would find it more difficult to advance. Yet the resistance experienced there by Paskievitch in 1829, and by Mouravieff in 1855, was simply co-extensive with the ground occupied by the regular troops opposed to them; nor would it be a whit more general at any future date. This apathy is by no means peculiar to Anatolia; it is the same, or even deeper, in the other provinces; a serious consideration for an Empire with so open a frontier-line both by sea and land as Turkey.

‘Our soldiers are excellent; our regimental officers, up to the rank of captain, tolerable; our field-officers wretched; our general officers as bad as can be; and the highest up and oldest are the worst of all.’ In these words a Turkish field-marshal, in command of one-sixth of the entire Ottoman army, a man of judgment and experi-

ence, summed up the condition of the service to which he belonged. Nor was this verdict,—one to which those best acquainted with the subject will regretfully subscribe on every point,—given twenty or thirty years ago, when the newly established system might have been reasonably supposed not yet to have had time sufficient for freeing itself from old defects and abuses, but last year only.

What, then, is the reason of so marked a difference of efficiency between the Turkish soldier and the Turkish officer? and whence the superiority of the former in his line over the latter in his? The circumstances and the training of each supply a sufficient explanation.

The duties of a common soldier are easily learnt, and are, besides, of a character eminently congenial to an Eastern, and still more to a Mahometan, recruit. No better training-school for endurance and privations of every kind can be imagined than the ordinary life of a young Turkish peasant. Bred on the rugged slopes of Lazistan, or the wind-swept plateau of Sivas, cold, heat, rain, hunger, thirst, fatigue, exposure, want, have been the familiar companions of his earliest years; his daily meal a piece of maize-bread, his clothing rags; his bed, the damp floor of an ill-thatched hut: the roughest campaign could hardly exact more of his youth than home life has already of his boyhood. In addition, and as if in special view of a soldier's career, respect and obedience to his elders and those above him have been his earliest lessons, the often-recurring ceremonies, one might almost say gymnastics, of the five stated prayers, performed now alone, now in company with others, have brought him half-way on his drill; and the stories told by his neighbours of the Meccan pilgrimage, though he himself may not have shared in it, have accustomed his mind to ideas of distance and danger. Lastly, he is a sincere Muslim—the poor, whatever their form of religion, are generally sincere in it—and Islam is a proselytising, and, therefore, by a necessary consequence, a pugnacious creed. It would be harder to make a bad soldier than a good one out of materials like these.

Much more complicated are both the duties and the training of an army officer. In physical vigour and endurance he ought scarcely, if at all, to yield the palm to the soldier he commands, while in intellectual acquirements and moral standard he ought, of course, to be considerably above him. Now in modern Turkey the social class from among which a young officer is the most often recruited, is one the children of

which are brought up in hareems, and pass through their boyhood with no more idea of gymnastics than the students of an Italian 'collegio' or French 'petit séminaire'; sallow-faced, flabby lads, with regular but spiritless features; much addicted to premature cigarettes, cards, and vice; but guiltless of any single form of exercise or amusement enumerated in the Index of the 'Boy's Own Book,' or practised by the youngsters of an English or German school. Petted and spoiled from their earliest days, these striplings have little respect for age and less for authority: their nearest approach to a journey has been a saunter along the 'Grande Rue' of Pera, or a feeble canter on the Beyook-Dereh road; fatigue, hardship, and danger, are things scarcely known to them even by name; the only ideas with which the intercourse of their elders has familiarised them are 'Bourse' transactions, intriguing, jobbing, and profligacy. Their very Islam is vigourless; French associates, vermouth, and cards have not, perhaps, wholly effaced, but have dulled and blurred its characteristic impressions; the 'café' is more familiar to them than the mosque, the card-table than the prayer-carpet.

Thus prepared, but with no other primary education, ignorant even of his own language, so far as its grammar and literature are concerned, without an idea of history, geography, or any science whatsoever, the town-bred boy is sent to the military College of Constantinople. Entered there, he has to pass the first and the most valuable of his 'learning years'—to borrow a convenient German phrase—in acquiring initial rudiments of education which a European child of his age has picked up at home, perhaps at his mother's knee, before ever his name figured in a school list. At last, after much and irretrievable loss of time, our young Stamboulee arrives at the special sciences of his future profession. Here his lessons are dictated to him by professors—French, Italian, and Turkish, mere speculative teachers themselves, unskilled in the practical application of the very sciences they dictate: often ignorant and dishonest teachers too, with no object in view except their own salaries and what personal advantages they may be able to procure for themselves one way or other out of their pupils. As to the lessons, delivered mechanically and rehearsed by rote, they are exercises of memory, little more. Knowledge thus acquired is hardly likely to be kept up by private study in after-life: and, as a matter of fact, books, manuals, and diagrams form no part of a Turkish offi-

cer's baggage, whatever may be his occupation. Besides, any slight interest that an inquiring and intelligent pupil might possibly take in his theoretical studies, is quickly neutralised by the great practical lesson that he soon learns within the walls of the college itself; namely, that not proficiency, not merit, but favour, connection, and intrigue, are the sole real arbiters of his future advancement. He sees military rank, even of the highest grade, conferred on lads around him nowise better, perhaps decidedly inferior, to himself, merely because this one is the son of a Pasha, that of a Minister, a third of a favourite at Court. One boy, though still a dunce on the scholar's bench, is decorated with the insignia of a colonel, another with those of a general; while he himself, toil as he may, is (if patronless) fortunate should he, at the close of his studies, obtain a sub-lieutenancy; in which poorly-paid grade he may linger for years, till some lucky chance, or sheer length of service, perhaps brings about his tardy promotion.

School and college days are those that more than any others mould the entire character of after life: and he must be dull indeed who cannot from the picture just given of the first scenes in a Turkish officer's 'progress' image out those that follow to the end of the vista. But neither public, nor even professional spirit, neither attention to the duties of rank, nor self-discipline and preparation worthily to perform those of a higher position when acquired, must find place in the series. As the career began in superficiality, favour hunting, and idleness, so it will continue, so it will close: and individual exceptions for the better will be unable to correct, or even modify, its original and prevailing tenor. To sum up, a Turkish officer, especially a young one, is tolerably sure to have in a marked degree one, and one only, good quality, that of easy, good-natured kindness to his men: he is also, particularly if advanced in age and rank, still surer to have two bad ones, to the full as distinctly marked: they are profound ignorance of whatever regards his profession and carelessness about learning or practising it.

'Better a herd of sheep led by a lion than a herd of lions led by a sheep,' says the old proverb; and, with slight modification, it is applicable here. Hence, in spite of all the excellent military qualities, physical and moral, still existing in the lower ranks of the Turkish army,—in spite of an enthusiasm not wholly dimmed and something of the old warlike fire of Islam—the future of that army, officered as it is, when

put to the test, can hardly be considered doubtful. Gravelotte, Sedan, and Metz have shown what the best and bravest troops may come to when they have a *Maréchal Bazaine* at their head; and Sedan and Metz will be, not re-enacted, but outdone, on the plateaus of Anatolia or the defiles of the Balkan, should Providence ever assign to the Ottoman Empire what has been spared it thus far, namely, an adversary who shall be at once a good tactician and shall bring to the contest a well-appointed army.

Mention of the military schools and of their defects, or rather of their utter inefficiency, suggests another topic, regarding which, for its very vastness, we would gladly keep silence, yet cannot wholly omit in a review like the present; namely, the general condition of public education among the Mahometan population of the Empire, particularly in Anatolia. We will be as brief as the subject permits.

'My people perish for lack of knowledge,' said a prophet of old times: and could the great Arabian preacher, whose comprehensive mind, if Mahometan tradition says true, anticipated the advantages of learning and the dangers of ignorance for his followers, witness the actual state of the Ottoman provinces in this respect, he would assuredly reiterate, and even intensify, his Hebrew predecessor's complaint. It would be all the more bitter that, however badly these things may have gone in Judæa, they were not at any rate always thus in the land of the Crescent.

How they now are we will judge for ourselves. Accordingly we pursue our imaginary, yet over-real, journey through the 'little known parts of Asia Minor,' in company with our missionary guide, Mr. Van Lennep. We halt beneath a grove of tall trees, evidently planted here long ago by human care, just outside some country town. Looking round us through the leafy screen that once afforded a pleasant shade to crowds beneath, we observe, rising from some broken lichen-stained steps, an open archway hung with creepers; above it a stone tablet let into the brickwork bears a half-defaced inscription commemorating the piety and liberality of a *Kara-Osman Beg*, be it, or a *Seyyid-Oghloo Ibraheem Agha*, who in the year of the *Hejrah* 1132, that is to say, in the early part of our eighteenth century, erected and endowed the building that those trees sheltered and to which that door gave access. We enter: round three sides of the grass-grown court within are ranged the empty rooms; some, the larger ones, were destined for the use of professors; others, mere cells, gave habitation to

the resident students, who were drawn mostly from the poorer classes; in the centre of the court stands the cracked and waterless basin of what once was a fountain; the fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the extinguished hearths of the great kitchen. This court, these rooms, it is but half a century since, belonged to a flourishing provincial '*Medreseh*,' or college, and were frequented by some thirty or forty white-turbaned youths, who, at the trifling expense of an occasional tribute-present to their professors, were instructed in the refinements of their own native literature, accompanied by something of the history of their country and empire, besides Arabic and even a little Persian; and, above all, in the theologico-legal learning, which has always been of such high repute in the Mahometan East. Studies like these then led to employment and distinction, and many a name honourably inscribed in the annals of Ottoman greatness had first been registered on the muster-roll of students in just such a '*Medreseh*.' But the revenues by which the teachers were paid and the college supported were unfortunately derived from lands of Government grant, bestowed by Sultan Selem, or Suleyman, on the founder's ancestors, in return for the prowess of their sabres on Hungarian or Wallachian plains. Later *seraglio*-Sultans, inappreciative of services that are now, by the contrast they suggest between past and present, more like a reproach than a merit, have resumed those lands, but have forgotten the bequest attached to them. Scholars, professors, and the culture they represented are, in consequence, gone from the district which now contains scarcely an individual capable of signing his own name decently.

True, the learning formerly taught in that crevassed hall was old-fashioned, narrow, and of a speculative rather than a practical bearing: stationary, in a word, not progressive in its character and tendency. But why root up the trunk on which more fruitful grafts might so easily have been made? A well-endowed, widely-distributed network of educational establishments existed all over the land: the chairs of the professors, the benches of the scholars, were ready placed in every district. With moderate encouragement from Government and under judicious direction, other branches of knowledge and science, more in accord with the conditions of the age, might also have been taught from those chairs; and the now empty benches would thus have been filled by pupils more patriotic, perhaps more fervent in their Islam, certainly more capable, more energetic, more adapted to every pub-

lic and social duty than the ignorant, apathetic, unawakened youths of actual Anatolia. So argued the Seljook Sultans when they erected the noble colleges of Erzeroom, Sivas, Kaisareeyah, and Koniah; so, too, the genuine heirs and successors of Osman when they protected and encouraged the countless schools of which we have here selected a random sample; it exists at the country-town of Ispir, in the deep, savage ravine of the torrent of Choorook. But—

'Sure if dulness owns a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway;

and the bureaucratic despotism introduced by Mahmood II. and developed by Ad-el-Mejeed has, like that of the Second Empire in a neighbour land, no better auxiliaries than the ignorance and incapacity of those it governs. None know, or at least feel, this more intimately than the peculation-fed clique of Stamboul; and the stereotyped Ministerial utterances, in French especially, about the desire that animates the Porte for the education and enlightenment of its subjects, whatever credence such fine speeches may obtain in high places, are, and are meant to be, nothing more than tubs to the European whale of newspapers, diplomacy, and Pera. In the provinces seclusion safely dispenses with such disguise; and there the Ottoman Government has gladly seen the torch of knowledge flicker and go out for want of feeding, and has even occasionally stamped on it when it would not go out quickly enough of itself.

Room would fail us were we to attempt the description of the shameful neglect into which has fallen the 'Mahalleh' system—that of the primary schools erected centuries ago by the 'Sultans of the tent,' not the Sultans of Bosphorus palaces, in every town-quarter, every village, every hamlet, of the Empire; nor will we dwell at length on the most lame and impotent conclusion to which, brief as their career has been, have already arrived the newer 'Rusdeeyah' schools, professedly set on foot to fill up the gap left by the ruin of the old educational institutions. Suffice to say that in the provincial Mahometan districts public education has practically ceased to exist, and that private education, once far from uncommon or unsuccessful, has fared little better. The father who desires the advancement of his children is too well aware that the road they must follow in pursuit of success lies elsewhere: other portals, sufficiently specified already, may be frequented: but the portal of much study can lead the young Ottoman now to nothing but weariness of the flesh,

and of the spirit too: and can we wonder if few there be which go in thereat?

Enough: who wishes may add details and multiply facts on these and kindred topics from the sources we alluded to at the commencement of this Article. It is time for us to sum up the account and strike the balance.

An overgrown, unprofitable capital, with several palaces and palatial residences, but without quays, landing-places, water-supply, or drainage; a show fleet of ironclads safely moored off the toy-seraglio of Emirghian, but strangers as any river-boat to black water, let alone blue, outside the Straits; an army officered as we have already described it; a still more numerous black-coated host of civilian Pashas and Effendees, licking up all that is round about them, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field; and a load of foreign indebtedness at which the boldest financier of Vienna herself might well stand aghast: these are the acquisitions the Empire has to show from the epoch of Sultan Mahmood II., the destroyer of the Janissaries, the reformer of the Empire, up to the present day. These she has gained; and in their lieu she has lost Greece, more than half-lost Wallachia, Moldavia, Servia, and Egypt; she has sacrificed the vitality, material, intellectual, and moral, of her yet remaining provinces; she has rendered her Government a tree without roots, her empire a pillar without props, her existence a diplomatic question. And all this because her rulers have preferred a *coup d'état* to statesmanship, abolition to modification, revolution to reform. The lesson may be read elsewhere, but nowhere more legibly than in Turkey, most legibly of all in the Asiatic provinces that bear her name.

Yet while we admit the full significance of these things, let us beware of the common error of those who imagine that because an empire is decrepit it is necessarily short-lived; that because national death is morally certain, it is, therefore, near at hand. With individuals, even with families, events of this kind succeed each other rapidly enough; but nations move more slowly, and their downward, no less than their upward, course is measured by long stages and interrupted by many halts. Indeed, the very causes that have rendered the Ottoman Government a blight and a ruin to its subjects, the Mahometans foremost, have also, so long as it remains unmolested from without, a decided tendency to prolong its intra-territorial existence; for the very exhaustion of the subject populations ensures their submission; and narrow-mindedness, consequent on ignorance, removes the danger

of union between the various classes and races of the Empire in a common attempt to shake off the common yoke. Attempts, too, like that made by Mehemet Ali and his talented stepson, are not likely to be renewed nowadays by the Khedive of Egypt or the Pasha of Bagdad; nor, if renewed, could they, unless powerfully aided from without, meet with any lasting success. Lastly, in Islam, and its late revival, a phenomenon which has taken many by surprise, but which is no less natural in its causes, though more efficacious in its results, than the contemporaneous religious revival in some parts of Europe, we have an additional guarantee for the prorogation of the death signal of the Turkish Empire.

Meanwhile we, who, in the public opinion of Europe at least, and to a certain extent in our own, are more or less pledged to maintaining the integrity and existence of that Empire, may not find it a waste of time to consider not only how far our interests and those of our vast Asiatic dominion are bound up with Ottoman destinies, but also what modern Turkey, the Turkey of Mahmood II. and Abd-el-Azeez really is; how far she is likely ever to make good her solemn promise of amendment, and to become a thing of honour, not of discredit to her supporters; or rather whether by non-fulfilment of her part of the contract she has not virtually absolved us from our own, and left us free to inquire whether we may not frankly and unblamed, in the eventuality of an Eastern crisis, seek in it exclusively our own advantage, and that of those we govern, rather than cling to the illusive memories of the past, and the yet more illusive hopes of an improbable, perhaps impossible, future.

That the Christian races will ever assume the dominant position at present occupied by the Mahometan within Ottoman territory, and, above all, on Asiatic ground, is a supposition that no reasonable man acquainted even moderately with the Greeks and Armenians of the Levant can entertain for a single moment. That a dominant bureaucracy and an autocratic sultan will ever replace on their own necks the constitutional restraints that they have themselves with difficulty broken off, and by so doing give at last one trustworthy pledge of good government, progress, and prosperity, is to the full as unlikely. That all, or any single one, of the nationalities or classes included within the limits of the Empire will have the power, or even make the attempt, of re-imposing such restraints in view of the public welfare is, in the opinion of those who best

know the country and its inhabitants, absolutely out of the question.

What degree, then, of support we may in future accord the Ottoman Empire must be measured, not by its own merit, but by our own necessity or advantage; and be weighed, not in the wanting balances of Turkey herself, but in the truer scales of British interest and Asiatic welfare. For taking that measurement, for poisoning those balances, the time may be far distant; it may also be very near to come. Diverted by the giant eddies of the Centre and West, the European current has of late years set in another direction, and has left the deep waters that surround Turkey comparatively calm.

But that great current will return Eastward again, and when it does, it needs must overflow and sweep away the huge, venerable, rotten trunk that still rears itself erect above the level. The Sultan's dominion, like the Papal monarchy, to which, in its modern form, it bears a strong resemblance, is an anomaly, an anachronism; in both antiquated pretensions have been intensified by the worst expedients, borrowed from the spirit of modern pseudo-Cæsarism; in both centralisation has ruined the land and its inhabitants alike to the profit of an out-of-date autocrat, a selfish Administration, and an ostentatious capital. Such things bear within themselves the sentence of their own condemnation. Already executed on the elder criminal, that sentence, though delayed, cannot fail of ultimate execution on the younger; and to hinder or delay it is no part of England's duty. Greatly as the Roman States have already benefited by the exorcism of the ecclesiastical incubus that had brooded over them so long, still greater will be the relief and resuscitated prosperity of Anatolia and her sister provinces when the fiscal blight of bastard Ottoman officialism clears off from the fairest regions of the Mediterranean East, never to overshadow it again.

When that hour comes, let the Ottoman Empire fare as it may, England's policy is clearly traced out for her beforehand by the exigencies of own great empire. To Russia, mistress of the Central Asiatic line, belong of necessity the destinies of Northern Turkey: they are already in her hands. Her Asiatic policy, long consistent throughout, now draws to completion. One foot planted on the Amoor boundary line to the east, and the other on the Caucasian Isthmus to the west, she has gathered up in her unrelaxing grasp the two extremities of the great Tartar route; her latest campaigns have cleared away the obstacles in-

terposed midway; while, by her celebrated note of October 1870, she demanded, and by the Conference of January 1871 obtained, that the key of the whole mid-Asian system, the Black Sea itself, should be placed henceforth within the reach of her hands, ready to wrench it, whenever the hour strikes in the councils of St. Petersburg, from the feeble grasp of the Osmanlee, and to make it all her own. That she will, sooner or later, thus wrench it; that the Russian flag will float supreme over every port on the Black Sea coast; that it will even one day wave in sovereignty from the towers of Galata and the Seraskierat; is scarcely less certain than that the sun once risen in the east will move onward to its place in the western heavens: a wonder-working Joshua may perhaps delay, but cannot reverse its course.

What Russia is to Central, that are we to Southern Asia; it is our inheritance, the reward of our consistency in act, if not in purpose. We, too, have almost reached the goal; and the very events that will ultimately award the Black Sea to our northerly ally, will, we can hardly doubt, decide for us also into whose hands the key of our choicest possession, the Southern Asiatic route will fall. For, once again, what the Black Sea is to Russia, that to us are the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. From Muscat to Yokohama, the Indo-Chinese line is ours: the completion of that line, its last, and because its last, its most important, connecting link is formed by the coasts of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea. To these shores must all our attention—as much, at least, as we can spare from disestablishing Churches and marrying our sisters-in-law—be directed, when the Crescent vanishes from them in its last eclipse; and unpardonable indeed will be our weakness, our negligence, or our folly, if a single harbour, a single roadstead along their extent, acknowledge in that day any sovereignty but our own; if not in our name, at least in that of a supple instrument or a docile vassal.

From the inhabitants of those regions we have more reason to anticipate a friendly welcome, all Giaours though we be, than to fear active opposition, or even passive ill-will. A Mahometan population can acknowledge no worthier sceptre than that which already shelters in peace and prosperity nigh thirty millions of their brotherhood; nor have any rulers of the earth a fairer claim to the inheritance of the Fatemite and Abbaside Chaliphs, to Cairo and Bagdad, than ourselves, the lords of Ghaznee and Delhi, the

heirs of Mahmoud the Conqueror and Akbar Khan.

Time must show, thought may already foreshow, what facilitations will offer themselves, what obstacles will block the way; nor, less, how the former may be availed of, the latter anticipated or removed. But it is not too much to say that the last hour of Ottoman rule will also be the first in a new and a decisive era for our own dominion; that the shock which casts down in final ruin the throne of Orkhan, will also loosen the Asiatic diadem from England's head, or fix it there with new and lasting firmness. True this is no work for theorists and Quakers, for arbitrations and Geneva conferences; but it is a work for England and Englishmen, for the successors of those who planted the British flag at Gibraltar, who unfurled it in Abyssinia, who have maintained it, the hereditary beacon of sound government, justice, and prosperity to rulers and ruled alike, over India and half a world.

ART. III.—*History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S. Second Edition. London, 1873.

Most cultivated men profess to have some knowledge of the building art. The knowledge is avowedly but superficial, just a refinement; not a serious acquaintance with the work of men, but a genteel and delicate appreciation of what they call 'the beautiful.' In other words, they know what pleases them, and yet they do not know why, and have no thought or care about the worthiness, or otherwise, of their enjoyment. They possibly have learnt some names of styles, and can, perhaps, distinguish more or less correctly what these mean. Their judgment is in favour of some style as 'preferable;' and they pique themselves upon their keen discernment of the special merits and peculiar knack of certain living architects. This is the class and character of those who pass for men of taste, who take the lead in Boards and Church Committees and Government Commissions, and to them is very greatly due the constantly declining state of English art. Our buildings fully justify the estimate that not one 'cultivated man' among ten thousand has sound knowledge and discriminating power in architectural affairs, or an opinion that is worth a moment's confidence. The small

minority will testify that this is true, and that the talk concerning art and artists prevalent in good society is generally make-believe and empty prattle.

Such ignorance should be abated. To obtain a thorough knowledge of the methods and the merits of true art would need much time as well as patient industry; but, thanks to Mr. Fergusson, an amateur may promptly gain a large comparative acquaintance with the noble works of ancient builders as well as with the feeble efforts of our modern men. And though, unhappily, a history of modern architecture, with its illustrations, must resemble a museum of morbid and deformed anatomies, relieved, perhaps, by some few seeming miracles of pleasing combination, or of grace of form; yet the discriminating student, reading Mr. Fergusson's instructive work, will not be scandalised, but he will find his interest in the subject constantly increasing as he follows the Historian and admires his ready power of diagnosis and his well practised, though ideal, therapeutic skill. The specimens of art are chosen with sound judgment and a very comprehensive knowledge. The views and plans are interesting, clear, and well engraved, and thus the work is made as systematic as a cyclopedia, as full of information as a handbook, and as amusing as a novel.

But it is more than this. The 'History' is, in fact, a continuous pungent satire on the royal, reverend, and noble victims of the modern system; an exhibition of the monumental follies of the vaunted 'culture of the West,' and a display, as frank as it is enlightened, of the petrified delusions of three hundred years. The climax of the work is in the Preface and the Introduction. Here Mr. Fergusson has concentrated the result of his long study of the modern styles, and he proclaims them all to be mere pomp and semblance, 'vanity and lies':—

'The Styles of Architecture which have been described in the previous parts of this work' [those on Ancient Architecture] 'may be called the True Styles. Those that remain to be examined may in like manner be designated the Copying or Imitative Styles of Architectural Art.'

'It is perhaps not too much to say that no perfectly truthful architectural building has been erected in Europe since the Reformation. In modern designs there is always an effort either to reproduce the style of some foreign country or that of some bygone age; frequently both. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not Roman buildings, though affecting a classical style of ornamentation; and even the Walhalla and the Madeleine are only servile copies. So, too, with our Gothic fa-

shions. Our best modern churches attain to no greater truthfulness or originality of design than exists in the Walhalla, or in buildings of that class.'

'All this degrades Architecture from its high position as a quasi-natural production to that of a mere imitative art. In this form it may be quite competent to gratify our tastes and feelings, but can never appeal to our higher intellectual faculties.'

'Besides this loss of intellectual value, the art has lost all ethnographic signification. So completely is this the case that few are aware that such a science exists as the Ethnography of Art, and that the same ever shifting fashions have not always prevailed.'

Truth and simplicity, and ethnographic value being lost, the charge of wastefulness must necessarily follow:—

'While admiring the true Mediæval Art with the intensest enthusiasm, I cannot without regret see so much talent employed and so much money wasted in producing imitations of it which are erected in defiance of every principle of Gothic Art. Neither can I look without extreme sorrow on the obliteration of everything that is truthful or worthy of study in our noble cathedrals or beautiful parish churches; nor do I care to refrain from expressing my dissent from the system which is producing these deplorable results.'

This is good criticism and sound sense, and so is very much to be commended to the patrons of cathedral 'restoration.'

After a humorous and sarcastic reference to the destruction and defacement that in thirty years have made our churches, abbey, and cathedrals, in a second sense memorials of the past, Mr. Fergusson declares that—

'All our grand old buildings are now clothed in falsehood, and all our new buildings aim only at deceiving. If this is to continue, architecture in England is not worth writing about; but this work has been written that those who read it may be led to perceive how false and mistaken the principles are on which modern architecture is based, and how easy it would be to succeed, if we would only follow in the same path which has led to perfection in all countries of the world, and in all ages preceding that to which the history contained in this volume extends.'

This volume, and the two which have preceded it, are the most complete and comprehensive English History of Architecture that has yet appeared. They are particularly valuable as an index to the various schools and styles of architectural work; and if the student will accept them as a warning and a guide, and, rejecting modern buildings as 'deceptions,' will select some 'true' old work to draw and measure parts of it full-size and stone by stone, an uner-

pected interest will probably arise. A new companionship will be discovered, and where all had seemed mechanical and tame, the stones will soon be felt to be alive. The spirit of the Master-Workman will be manifested in each curve and joint, and even in the very setting of the work. His mental and artistic growth will be revealed; a sympathetic art association will be gained with a true manly simple workman, and with a mind and method utterly removed from the 'refined' impostures that delude our much enlightened cultivated age.

To those but little educated in the ways of art the *Master-Workman* is a mystery. His influence and existence are half doubted, half denied, or wholly misconceived; and thus it seems that he requires some further introduction to society to make his quality, his antecedents, and his expectations fully known, and so to justify his claim to independent recognition and a status in the world. This introduction we propose to give, and we shall show that in the progress of 'true' art the Master-Workman was the pioneer, and made and followed up the path that Mr. Fergusson declares has 'led art to perfection.'

All history tells us that in every scene, or kind, or period of art, whenever it was true, original, and great, the workman was the master. His often questionable social status did not in the least affect his dominant position in the world of art; and if we go to Athens, where art reached its ancient climax, and inquire what were the value and condition of an architect in Greece, Plato has furnished us with a complete reply. He says that 'you could buy' (*πρίαυ*) 'a common builder' (*τέκτονα*) 'for five or six minæ at most, but a master-workman' (*ἀρχιτέκτονα*) 'not even for ten thousand drachmæ, for there are few of them even among all the Greeks.*' Thus in Plato's time—and he was born but three years after Phidias had died—the master-workman might in common conversation be referred to as a slave. He was a rare luxury, and so was worth above four hundred pounds, or twenty times the price of a mere labourer. This startling sum is quoted, not for some neophyte or unknown article, but for the very few selected 'among all the Greeks.' Or, if Plato's negative conveys a wider meaning, and assumes that the chief builder was above all price, and in no way purchasable, but a choice gift from heaven, such a being is beyond our modern comprehension and experience.

Our object in this discussion is not ar-

chæological or classical or antiquarian, but solely practical, and with a view to the future. We are endeavouring to discover what the method was by which the Greeks and 'Goths' achieved their great success in architectural affairs, that thus by contrast we may find the cause of our habitual failure. The Greek 'architect' then was not a workman only, or even a chief workman; he was the master-workman, or chief of the workmen. He was a simple workman in his origin, and probably by family descent, but, advanced to superintendence, he would 'make the plan, arrange the elevations, and be, in fact, the foreman of the work.' However, let us again hear Plato. '*Eleatic Stranger*.—The master-workman does not work himself, but is the ruler of workmen.' 'He contributes knowledge, but not manual labour, and may, therefore, be justly said to share in theoretical science. But he ought not, when he has formed a judgment, to regard his functions as at an end, like the calculator; he must assign to the individual workmen their appropriate task until they have completed the work.'

The architect was, in fact, the foreman of the works. He 'formed a judgment,' that is, he decided on the plan or detail, and thus 'contributed knowledge and theoretical science.' He was 'the ruler of the workmen,' and so *must always have been upon the works*; and 'he assigned to the individual workmen their appropriate task,' and to do this he must himself have been a workman, as any jury of twelve working carpenters and masons would immediately declare. Thus, with the help of another 'chief' or two, Ictinus built the Parthenon. And four master-workmen were engaged on the foundations of the Temple of the Olympian Jove at Athens. If we imagine, then, a dozen architects employed on the foundations of the Law Courts, we shall recognise the difference between the ancient working foreman and the modern 'architect.'

It is further remarkable that we seldom read of a Greek architect who built more than one temple, and never do we find him engaged on more than one building at a time. We never hear of him as a draughtsman, but so frequently are architects called also carvers that many must have been proficient in the plastic art. Theodorus, architect at Samos, was a modeller and carver. Callimachus, the inventor of the Corinthian capital, was of course a carver, and besides he was a goldsmith, an embosser and engraver, a maker of lamps, and, in fact, a very accomplished workman. Chotas, an assistant to Phidias, was a carver, and a master-workman of great eminence. Phidias

* *Epistral*, p. 135.

was himself a carver, and his influence is visible in the refinement that distinguishes the Propylæa and the Parthenon. He was not the sub-contractor for the carver's work, but, as the noblest of the workmen, he was made by Pericles the chief superintendent of the works, the architects or master-workmen being under him. Plutarch tells us that 'Phidias directed all, and was the overseer of all for Pericles. And yet the buildings had great architects and artists of the works. For the Parthenon was the work of Callicrates and Ictinus. And almost all things were in his hands, and, as we have said, he superintended all the artists.'

For three centuries there had been a gradual and moderate improvement in the architecture of Greek temples; but under the influence of Phidias this at once rose to perfection, and the absolute refinement of the outlines, curvatures, and mouldings, is the evident result of his more accurate perception, cultivated by his constant study of the human form. Phidias was not regarded as a draughtsman. We have no record of his drawings, but only that he *worked* in marble, ivory, and gold, and this not in a 'study,' as we have somewhere seen, but in a workshop (*ἐργαστήριον*); and, though in artistic and imaginative power he was supreme, he did not fail to use the skill of inferior men. 'In Greece especial excellence in art and handiwork of every kind was greatly prized. The best workman in the most humble craft might succeed in rendering his name immortal. Superior artists were distinguished by the surname godlike; and we are told that the Greeks were accustomed to pray the gods that their memories might never die.*'

It is abundantly evident, then, that Greek art of all kinds was entirely and exclusively the product and expression of the workman. There is nothing in the slightest degree professional about it, nor have we evidence of any class of draughtsmen who prepared designs. Artists of the highest rank and greatest power lived at their work. Phidias was 'borrowed' by the Eleians to 'make' their statue of Olympian Jove, and Ictinus and Callicrates 'built' the Parthenon. That was their 'work.' The design, exquisite as it is, would have been but a small affair for any draughtsman, and all the special merits of the work are quite beyond the draughtsman's sphere. They are the practical perfection of the improvements gradually made in former temples. The imagination and perception of the workmen had been trained by constant and hereditary use, and their

effect was always manifest in architectural as well as sculptured forms.

Let us now pass from Greece to Rome, and leave philosophers and carvers and the master-workman for an author who is often glorified and quoted as the earliest known advocate and representative of the architectural profession. Vitruvius was for centuries a classic among architects, who made the world believe that he was really an authority of power and weight in architectural affairs, and so the laity have been persistently misled by the fictitious use of this man's worthy name.

'Architecture,' we have been told, 'is a fine art,' and that Vitruvius has said it. Vitruvius has, in fact, said nothing of the kind, but in the first line of his treatise he declares that architecture is a 'science arising out of many other sciences and adorned with much and varied learning.' Architecture is in practice thus transmuted, science takes the place of art, and instead of masters we shall now find only scholars. Vitruvius declares that he 'will lay down rules which may serve as an authority to those who build, as well as to those who are already somewhat acquainted with the science.' And so the good man's 'rules' have 'served as an authority,' and for nothing else. They were, in fact, the law of the profession that was added because of transgression. The inspiration of the workman had been lost, and the regulations of the schoolmaster were the necessary substitute. But wherever work that may be called Vitruvian has been done with demonstration of imaginative power, the good has been in spite of all Vitruvius has ruled, and by an inspiration such as he never had experienced or foreseen. The inspired workman *feels* the necessary, and for ever varying, rules of art. He does not learn them from a treatise, nor accept them as unchangeable and inexpansive.

Vitruvius also in various places shows that among the Greeks the architect personally superintended the work. Ctesiphon, for instance, contrived the apparatus for conveying the shafts of the columns which he had prepared for the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. The man was evidently the master-workman. Pæonius attempted the same method, but was unable to complete his contract.

We have shown from Greek philosophy and Roman story that in building-work the first adviser was the master-workman, that he was the result of selection and culture, that he was a workman though a master, that he had coadjutors if not partners, that they personally superintended the buildings

* Winckelmann.

and the individual workmen, and were sometimes, if not always, contractors for the work. This is precisely the state and position of the mediæval master-workman. The Greek method and the 'Gothic,' and, in fact, all true building methods, are essentially the same. The subtle curvatures in the lines of a Greek temple and the ornamentation, not casual or fortuitous, of a Gothic church, are the direct expression of the working men of various grades, but always present at the building; so that when building-work was excellent and dignified, there were master-workmen, and now that it is debased, we have no chief of the builders, but only a chief of the clerks, whose aim and occupation is not about art, but only concerning luxury. The modern method is 'like cookery, wholly in the service of pleasure without regarding either the nature or the reason of the pleasure,' but the ancient practice 'has to do with the soul, the processes of art making a provision for the soul's highest interest.'

Nothing can be worse for 'the soul' than a constant appeal to the low instincts and ignorant prejudices of a public greedy for luxuries and display. And yet, after centuries of neglect and of admitted failure, we still continue to despise the workman, and vainly trust in the imposture that would fain 'imitate' his works and thus pretend to take his place. It is the workman only that can effectually perceive and feelingly originate the more subtle elements of good architectural design. Our dilettanti and composers talk of the Greek workman's work as if some special superhuman power had wrought it, and to rival it were hopeless. But if the modern workman could get rid of his desire for all the many curses of our modern 'civilising arts,' and would simply work and make a steady study of his work, he would inevitably rival, and in some respects he might surpass, the glories of the Parthenon itself. But good imaginative work can never come of avarice and greed, nor is there any hope for art in England while the public mind is subject to artistic superstitions. Until we get entirely rid of the fine words that have imposed upon the public, we shall not have sound knowledge and intelligent ideas. 'Fine art,' for instance, is a term of fashion, and the 'fine' gentlemen who got themselves dubbed 'dilettanti,' 'connoisseurs,' and 'men of taste,' used this 'superior' epithet to scare the uninitiated and exclude 'the vulgar.'

'Art' is another of this class of words.

It did mean true imaginative work, but now it means a trade. If art be now our aim and hope, we should abandon all this verbal

folly. Art should be known as work, and not as the mere prefigurement of work; we should talk no more of sculptors and professors, architects and artists, but of carvers and master-masons, painters and braziers, carpenters and smiths. Instead of studios and offices we should get back to the prosaic workshop, the *ἐργαστήριον* of Phidias, and the 'bottega' of Michael Angelo; and we should recognise with due respect, and even with affectionate familiarity, such poor implements as the plain workman's bench and stool, the banquer and the forge. We should learn that the imagination of a man is to be used, not for the glorification of another's work, but that he may have pleasure in his own; that his first duty is sound work, and that in this his highest object and chief end should be the culture of the soul that has been given him for his particular development and constant care. When these are all admitted as 'the rights of man,' we may begin to hope; and soon, instead of the fashionable vanities which 'fine art' now produces, we certainly shall see again the genuine workman's work, all good and true, and in its excellence as fine as any relic of the Athenian school, or of the *un-restored* chief mason's work of Lincoln or of Wells.

Vitruvius and the Romans were but dilettanti in their patronage and practice of Greek art. The plain, coarse-minded, practical, and semi-scientific Roman workman, whether bricklayer or mason, was essentially a constructor, and the arch was with him worth all the orders. These he retained just as a fashion, and in using them he treated poor Vitruvius and his 'rules' with scant respect. The workman then concerned himself with his arcades, and domes, and lines and curvatures of plan, and the orders became mere fringes, the artistic sop to gratify the Roman dilettanti.

During the semi-classic period of the earlier Romanesque the workman's more imaginative art was little used. The plans of the basilicas were stereotyped and very simple, and the workmen had the slight amusement of assorting various capitals and columns for the nave and aisles, with some occasional and interesting efforts of design in capitals of sub-'Corinthian' form. But in the 'Lombard' and Byzantine works there is ample evidence of the individual thought and handicraft of the inspired workmen and their chief. The work is practical and thoroughly artistic, the expression of direct thought acting on present material. The workman's mind and hand are seen throughout; his thoughts are manifested as they rise. Changes of detail or of plan are

prompt, open, and decided; and at once, without the painful preparation of the schoolman or the office clerk, the utterance is given, and a new line of poetry is in a moment added to the refined beneficent enjoyments of the world.

In looking at the east front of the Louvre, or at the western elevation of St. Paul's, we soon appreciate the harmony of studied composition and admire the grace of outline, but no sympathy arises. The design, we know, was drawn by a magnificent composer, who prepared his classical and picturesque effects away in some dull room, but of the men 'that did the work' we never think at all. But when, after a long day's study of the beautiful Duomo that Buschetto built at Pisa, we retire to the shadow of the Baptistery to see the glorious front illumined by the summer's setting sun, no thought arises of the bigness of the church, or of its cost, or even of its architectural effect as an imposing structure, but only of the workmen that so many centuries ago had done the work; we seemingly converse and sympathise directly with the master-workman and with all his men.* In no single view that we have seen is there so clear and multitudinous a sense of the true working artist's presence; the stones seem cut and fixed in some instinctively harmonious way, each by a separate workman, yet in perfect and spontaneous concert with a general design.

This is the climax of Italian medieval art. The Parthenon at Athens marked the last step of centuries of progress. The building form was perfect, and the ideal forms of gods and heroes were conceived and worked in studious contemplation of supreme humanity. At Pisa we have varied work instead of perfect form, and while we reverence the majesty of Attic art, we sympathise more quickly with the prompt and individual fancy of the homely Lombards. Much of the difference of the two styles was naturally due to the dimensions of the building stone. In Greece the massive blocks of stone and marble would induce severity of outline and colossal forms, but the work of Italy, at all times conscious of the arch, preferred small stones, and so gave greater liberty to all the workmen.

The building-work at Venice has been so well described that it is perfectly familiar even to the untravelled reader; so we pass on to England, where the influence of the individual workman is as clear as at the Pisan Duomo. Thus, 'Benedict, the Abbot of Wearmouth (A.D. 676), crossed the ocean

to Gaul, and brought back with him *stone-masons* to make a church after the Roman fashion.' Benedict also 'sent to Gaul to bring over glass-makers, a kind of artificers hitherto unknown in Britain, to close' (i.e. with glass) 'the windows of the church. And they came and taught the English nation thenceforth to know and learn an art so well suited to the lanterns of the church and the vessels for various uses.' These master-workmen, then, were themselves the leaders in the arts, and 'taught the English nation.' We are ourselves indebted to these working men; and the Newcastle glass-works may claim direct descent from the few immigrants who twelve hundred years ago were settled by the Wear.

Again, Naitan, king of the Picts, sent to Abbot Ceolfrid, of Jarrow, asking him to send him 'master-workmen' ('*architectos*') who might build among his own people a stone church after the manner of the Romans; and Ceolfrid sent him the master builders whom he required.' Naitan asked not for 'an architect' to build many churches, but for plural '*architectos*' to build one church; working foremen, in fact, or 'master-workmen who should assign to the individual workmen their appropriate tasks.'

The same method continues. In the reign of Edgar, the isle of Ramsay, in Huntingdonshire, belonged to a nobleman named Aylwine, 'who was attracted to Oswald, Bishop of Worcester, by the sanctity of his deportment,' and during a long and holy conversation with the Bishop, it came out that Aylwine, having been long ill, was cured by St. Benedict, and received a mission to erect a monastery in the island. Oswald having in his diocese 'twelve brethren in one village who had cast behind their backs the lusts of the flesh, and were only warmed with divine love,' and who would willingly undertake the charge, proposed, like the famous man of business that he was, at once to go with Aylwine and inspect the place. And then explaining to his companion that, 'while erecting there a temporary mansion, we shall also be erecting, if our faith fail not, a mansion eternal in the heavens, Let us (said he) commence at once, lest the devil should take occasion of any delay to breathe a colder spirit upon us. Let me, therefore, send hither a certain man faithful and approved in such works, under whose management a little refectory and dormitory may be prepared.' Ædnothus was sent, who laid out the ground, enlarged the chapel, and added other buildings, according to Oswald's plan. Ædnothus had the care of all the out-door works. He, during the winter, provided the masons' tools of wood

* A.D. 1846. The front is now 'restored.'

and iron, and in the spring he set out the plan of the foundations and dug out the ground. He was, in fact, the chief of the workmen, and he made a fine building of it. The central tower of the church, however, began to crack, and Ædnothus had to report the failure to Aylwine, who agreed to find the money for the restoration. The labourers approached the tower by the roof, and, going stoutly to work, razed it to the very ground, dug out the treacherous earth, made the foundation sure, and again 'rejoiced to see the daily progress of the work.' What a contrast all this is to our present condition and practice! The nobleman 'attracted to the bishop by the sanctity of his deportment;' the memory of the vow after recovery; the 'twelve brethren in one village who have cast behind their backs the lusts of the flesh;' the fear of the 'cold breath of the devil;' a bishop who could make a plan, and the 'man faithful in works'; the cleverness and alacrity of the labourers, and their 'rejoicing in the progress of their work,' are such a beatific vision that our retrospective view confirms the holy Oswald's prescient declaration, 'Verily, this is another Eden, preordained for men destined for the highest heaven;' a remark that has not reached our ears respecting the scene of any recent architectural effort.

Such was the system of artistic practice that for six centuries served to make England the finest scene of architectural display that the world ever saw. The workmen worked 'after their manner;' they were totally without extraneous artistic tutelage, and the people understood and appreciated the work with no more consciousness or study than would be required for ordinary speech and conversation. The masons were of course largely employed on ecclesiastical buildings; not under the patronage of the clergy, however, but on the contrary rather patronising them, as we find in a very interesting episode of ecclesiastical and architectural history:—

'In the year of Grace one thousand one hundred and seventy-four, by the just but occult judgment of God, the Church of CHRIST at Canterbury was consumed by fire.' The monks with due deliberation took good counsel how they might repair the church, but the masons, English and French, whom they consulted, varied in their advice. 'However, there had come a certain William of Sens, a man active and ready, and, as a workman, most skilful both in wood and stone. Him, therefore, the monks retained, on account of his lively genius and good reputation. And to him, and to the providence of God, was the execution of the work committed. And he residing many days with the monks, and

carefully surveying the burnt walls in their upper and lower parts, within and without, did yet for some time conceal what he found necessary to be done, lest the truth should kill them in their present state of pusillanimity.

'But he went on preparing all things that were needful for the work, either of himself or by the agency of others. And when the monks began to be somewhat comforted, he ventured to confess that the pillars rent with the fire, and all that they supported, must be destroyed if the monks wished to have a safe and excellent building. At length they agreed, being convinced by reason, and wishing, above all things, to live in security.

'And now he addressed himself to the procuring of stone from beyond the sea. He constructed ingenious machines for loading and unloading ships, and for drawing cement and stones. He delivered moulds for shaping the stones to the sculptors who were assembled, and diligently prepared other things of the same kind.'

William of Sens, the master-workman, thus continued the old Athenian method, and 'assigned to the individual workmen their appropriate task.' In the summer of the third year William had a bad fall with the scaffolding, and being 'sorely bruised, gave up the work, and, crossing the sea, returned to his home in France. And another succeeded him in the charge of his works, William by name, English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest.' We quote two more lines for the sake of the italics:

'Now let us carefully examine what were the works of *our mason* in this seventh year from the fire.

'In this eighth year *the master* erected eight interior pillars.'

Our readers will probably accept the above as conclusive evidence that the master-workman was a fact in English architectural history, and that he is not a 'crotchet.' William of Sens was no compiling copyist. He was a man of thoughtful independent mind, and was one of the earliest to adopt the pointed arch. We hear nothing of his drawings, but only of his moulds for shaping the stones which he himself delivered to the workmen.

Proceeding a step further, to the reign of Henry III., the culminating period of Early Pointed art, we find the famous Bishop, Robert Grosseteste, saying in a letter, that—

'In all kinds of workmanship the master of the work and workmen has the full power, as indeed it is his duty, to investigate and examine, with the utmost diligence, the properties, the different qualities, and the suitability alike of his materials and of the implements necessary for the work; and to

make trial of the skill, diligence, and trustworthiness of those that serve under him, so that he may correct whatever is wrong or faulty. *And this he should do, not only through others, but, when it is needful, with his own hand.*

This 'master of the work and workmen' is the kind of man that built the choir at Westminster.

In Medieval times, when travelling was difficult and 'good society' was rare, the high-placed well-born churchmen would require some gentle pleasant recreation to enjoy in concert with their neighbours and subordinates both clerical and lay. Building just served this purpose, and the amount of noble work that these men left as records of their 'piety' makes it clear that art lost nothing by the absence of the drawing-master and his staff. In course of time a guild or craft arose called the Freemasons, who were especially employed on sacred buildings. These men were families of masons, and the secrets or the technicalities of their craft were, just as in ancient Greece, transmitted by inheritance; a true vernacular that never became taught or formed itself into a science, but was a simple living art that constantly advanced. Hope tells us that—

'Many ecclesiastics of the highest rank, abbots, prelates, and bishops, conferred additional weight on the order of freemasons by becoming its members, themselves superintending the construction of their churches. The masons, when they sought employment, had a chief surveyor who governed the whole troop, and appointed one man as warden over nine others. They built temporary huts round the site of their work, regularly organised their different departments, and sent for fresh supplies of men as they were required.'

Thus the surveyors and the wardens were again the 'master-workmen who assigned to each workman his appropriate task.' In 1442 King Henry VI. became a mason, and spared no pains to be a master of the art. The good example of the King was followed very sensibly by many of the nobility, and we subsequently find that the King had perfect aptitude and thorough knowledge of the craft:—

'About twelve years before his death, the King, being at his palace of Westminster, went into the monastery church, and so forth to St. Edward's shrine within the same; where he pointed with his staff the length and breadth of his sepulture, and commanded a mason to be called, named Thirske, at that time *master mason* of the chapel of King Henry V., who, by the commandment of the King and in his presence, marked out the

length and breadth of the said sepulture, with an iron pickis which he had brought with him.'

Thirske, the master mason, was then evidently a working man. A document was then prepared, 'containing the will and mind of the King in the devising of his sepulture,' and two messengers being sent to John Essex, head marbeller in 'Powlys Chirchard,' he and Thomas Stevyns, copper-smith, of Gutter Lane, went to the King at Westminster, 'and bargained with him for his tomb to be made, and received of the King in part payment xi^s in grotes.' The association for a king was doubtless very low, but, after all, both kings and people in those times did find their common interest and delight in noble works of art and not in vile destruction.

Again, at Winchester, Walkelyn, the Bishop, began to rebuild the cathedral in A.D. 1079, and he built most nobly. His transepts are for impressiveness quite unsurpassed, but his name is little known in comparison with that of William of Wykeham, who was Bishop some three centuries later, and who is held to be the architectural hero of the Winton church. He was a man of business, clerk of the King's works, clever at accounts, princely in his munificence, and a friend of learning, great in his designs, but an abominable builder. The work at Winchester that he directed is but a desperate collapse of art. He touched nothing that he did not deface. The west front is, for its size, the poorest in the kingdom. The interior of the nave is a distinguished specimen of that mechanical and costly commonplace which quickly charms the vulgar. If our readers will compare this fashionable work with the grand and simple 'Norman' transepts, or with the noble nave of Romsey Abbey, they will begin perhaps to question whether New College is a sufficient expiation for such wholesale and irreparable vandalism. Wykeham, however, was not the 'architect' who designed the work, as is so generally supposed, nor yet, of course, the master mason. He was probably the intelligent, and unpoetical, and inartistic 'operarius' or chief director of the King's masons, 'whose special duty it was to make arrangements with the master of the works.'

In art there is no patronage or servitude. The interest and delight are common to the king, the public, and the handicraftsman. Like poetry and science, art must be free, and in its own sphere supreme, or otherwise its spirit fades, and energy and life are lost. Rank, royalty, and riches may become the deferential sympathising friends of art.

but not its patrons or its fashionable guides. So when the evil influence of which Wykeham was the early representative became paramount, and ostentation was promoted above excellence, art retired, and the masons soon adopted the mechanical and hasty method of design now called the Perpendicular and Tudor styles. In these there is abundance of idea and of able workmanship, but the ideas are superficial, and the work, though neat and scientific, has neither individuality nor true poetic feeling. All that the courtiers and the men of trade required was prompt achievement and vainglorious display, regardless of the dignity or degradation of the workmen. Dudley and Empson, and their royal master, are the moral illustrations of the Tudor style.

But we need not limit our inquiry to England. Let us now cross the sea to Spain, and learn what Mr. Street can tell us about medieval architects. In chapter xxi. of his interesting work on 'Gothic Architecture in Spain,' he says, 'Almost all the architects or masters of the works referred to in all the books I have examined seem to have been laymen, and just as much a distinct class as architects are at the present day.' This is, unfortunately, their only similarity; they are 'distinct,' but in a totally opposite way. Raymond of Montforte, for instance, when employed by the Chapter of Lugo, A.D. 1129, 'was retained solely for the work there.' His salary was annual; his engagement was for life. He is called in the contract not 'architect,' but 'master of the works'—

'The title which, in course of time, was usually given to the architect; though I am not inclined to think that it makes it impossible that he should also have worked with his own hands. Indeed, the very next notice of an architect is of one who certainly did act as sculptor on his own works. This was Mattheus, master of the works at Santiago Cathedral. Ferdinand II., A.D. 1168, granted him a pension of a hundred maravedis annually for the rest of his life; and the fact proves, I think, the King's sense of the value of a fine church, and also somewhat as to the degree of importance which its designer may have attained to when he was recognised at all by the King. There can be no doubt that he had been acting there both as sculptor and architect; and if from a modern point of view he lost caste as an architect, he, no doubt, gained it as an artist. Here, as at Lugo, the master of the works was appointed at a salary for his lifetime, and held his office precisely in the same way as do the surveyors of our own cathedrals at the present day.'

Mr. Street gets very much misled by his nomenclature. The King gave the pension

not to the 'designer,' but to the carver of the doorways. He would certainly have been perplexed if some draughtsman had been presented to him as the 'designer' of the work. The carver was, of course, the designer; and Matthew wrote his name upon the lintels because he 'did the work.' Ferdinand appreciated well the relative importance of himself and Matthew, and he paid a proper tribute to the mason's great superiority. He saw that Heaven itself had recognised the 'Master' and that the workman who conceived and wrought the 'Gloiry' of St. James was a creator, and in mental rank, in permanence of power and influence, and in nobility of work, above the patronising recognition of a king. We do not hear that Phidias 'attained to importance' when 'he was recognised' by Pericles. Titian is said to have been 'recognised' by Charles V. in a becoming way.

'In A.D. 1175, Raymundo, a "Lombardo," contracted to complete in seven years certain works in the Cathedral at Urgel, and was to be paid by a canon's portion for the rest of his life. The mode of payment, the engagement for life, and the absence of any reference to a master of works, lead, I think, to the conclusion that he was, in truth, the architect, but'—this 'but' is very amusing—'but that he also superintended the execution of the works, and contracted for the labour.'

'In A.D. 1203, one Pedro de Cumba is "Magister et fabricator," and there can be no doubt, therefore, that he not only designed but executed the work, which, as we go on, we shall find to have been a not very uncommon custom.' (O sancta simplicitas!)

Jacobo de Favariis, one of the architects employed at the rebuilding of the Cathedral of Gerona,

'was appointed in A.D. 1320-22, at a salary of two hundred and fifty sueldos a quarter, and under an agreement to come from Narbonne six times a year. Here we seem to have a distinct recognition of a class of men who were not workmen, but really and only superintendents of buildings—in fact, architects in the modern sense of the word.'

The word architect, then, has an ancient sense to contrast with its modern meaning, and, with Mr. Street's assistance, we shall find that the old architects were persons of entirely different character and functions from their modern namesakes.

'About the same time Jayme Fabre appears to have been one of the greatest architects of his day. It is impossible to read the account of the completion of the shrine of Sta. Eulalia at Barcelona without feeling that Fabre superintended a number of masons, and acted, in fact, as their foreman; though this is no reason why he should not also have designed the work they executed.'

'In the same year, at San Felice, Gerona, Pedro Zacoma, master of the works of the steeple, was *not to undertake any other works* without permission. He was to be paid by the day, with a yearly salary in addition. He must have been employed constantly at the church, and in such a building a man could hardly have been constantly employed without *absolutely working as a mason.*'

This is conclusive. We have seen that the old 'architect' and master-builder was a workman, that he designed the work, that he personally superintended it, and that he was constantly employed upon it; and now Mr. Street adds that this could hardly have been the case without his actually working as a mason.

In A.D. 1416, Guillermo Boffly, master of the works of the Cathedral at Gerona, proposed to build a single nave of the same width as the choir and its aisles. The Chapter very prudently sought the advice of practical and able men on this bold daring project, and a dozen architects were asked for their opinions upon oath. Of these—

'All but two called themselves "Lapidicæ." One was "Magister sive sculptor imaginum;" and two only call themselves masters of the works. Their answers seem to prove that they were all men of considerable intelligence.

'There cannot be a shadow of doubt that at the beginning of the fifteenth century *most of the superintendents of buildings, in Cataluña at any rate, were sculptors or masons also.* Their own description of themselves is conclusive on this point; at the same time their answers are all given in the tone and style of architects; and it is quite certain that had there been a superior class of men—architects only in the modern sense of the word—the Dean and Chapter would have applied first of all to them.'

And thus we see why 'architecture in the modern sense' is 'certainly superior' to the medieval work of which it is, as our Historian announces, but a 'Copying or Imitative Style.' Mr. Street's notions of superiority and his opinions about medieval Deans and Chapters appear hardly to be justified by architectural evidence; but on the other hand his testimony is so frank and candid, so valuable and copious, that there is some difficulty in knowing how to select and when to make an end. We venture one or two quotations more:—

'In A.D. 1518, Domingo Urteaga contracted for the erection of a church at Cocentaina in Valencia. *He bound himself to go with his wife and family to Cocentaina.* He was to be every day at the work, having half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner in winter, and an hour and a half in summer.'

Clearly arrangements for a working man, and—

'Though Urteaga was *evidently only a foreman of the works*, there is no reference to any superintendent or architect, and nothing is said about any plans which are to be followed. I conclude, therefore, that in this case *the foreman of works was really the architect.* Urteaga was to do all that a "master" ought in the management of such a work, and was to receive each day for himself five sueldos, and was to provide two assistants and two apprentices, the former to have three sueldos each, and the latter one and a half.'

Of Guillermo Sagrera, who was both builder and architect of the Exchange at Palma, Mr. Street remarks that:—

'*He presented the plans himself*, and that there is no trace whatever of any architect or superintendent over him. It is doubted by some whether this mixture of the two offices of builder and architect was ever allowed in the middle ages, but Sagrera's agreement is conclusive as regards this particular case, and we may be tolerably sure that *such a practice must have been a usual one*, or it would hardly have been adopted in the case of so important a building.'

'The result that we arrive at after this résumé of the practice of Spanish architects is certainly that *it was utterly unlike the practice of our own day.*'

After this long excursion—and thanks to Mr. Street for his instructive guidance—let us return to England. In his valuable contribution to 'Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' Mr. J. H. Parker says:

'This point of the necessity of a gang of skilled workmen accustomed to work together for the production of the great works of mediæval art has not been sufficiently attended to. The fables of the Freemasons have produced a natural reaction, and the degree of truth which there is in their traditions has consequently been overlooked. We know that each of our great cathedrals had a gang of workmen attached to it in regular pay, almost as a part of the foundation, for the fabric fund could not be lawfully devoted to any other purpose; and these workmen became by long practice very skilful, more especially the masons or workers in, and the carvers of, free stone, as distinct from the labourers, who merely laid the rubble-work in the foundations and rough part of the fabric. From various indications it would seem that there was a royal gang of workmen in the King's pay by whom the great works ordered, and perhaps designed by the *King himself* (such being the complete diffusion of architectural taste and knowledge), were constructed. The wills of Henry VI. and Henry VII. seem to show that these monarchs were at least, to some extent, architects themselves; they give the most minute directions for the works to be done just as any architect

might have done. St. George's, King's College, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, were all probably built by the royal gang of masons.'

With this we close our English evidence from medieval work and records. We have continuous proof that in the west of Europe and throughout the middle ages the master-workman was the designer of the buildings. Even so late as the seventeenth century, when the Renaissance was developed nearly to the full, we find that Wadham College Chapel was designed and built by a small gang of working masons brought from Somersetshire. But in Italy, three hundred years before, a draughtsman was employed to make a fine design for foolish work, and then the decadence of architecture had begun. Giotto, the most inspired as well as most extensive painter of his age, was a wall decorator, a master-workman, full of fancy, and with visions of human sentiment and beauty constantly before him. These he soaked into the wet plaster, and as fresco pictures they remain his nobler kind of workmanship. But in a conventional and decorative painter's way he also imitated wooden panelling and marbles and mosaic-work, and when the Florentines, smitten with vanity and pride of purse, resolved to make a tower, not simply as a thing of beauty, but 'to exceed in magnificence, height, and excellence of workmanship, whatever of the kind had been achieved by Greeks and Romans,' Giotto was engaged as the 'Capo Maestro,' at a yearly salary of one hundred florins in gold, and he was not to leave Florence. His order and his business aim were, not to make a work of art, but studiously to satisfy a vain ambition. But the Athenians, when they built the Parthenon, never dreamed that any good could be attained by rivalling the Rameseum and the Pyramids in magnificence and height. They sought to exceed, not others, but themselves: 'and, as the works arose inimitable in form and grace, the makers vied to excel the handiwork itself by the beauty of their art.'

Giotto then made a superficial false design after the manner of a wall decorator, and not of a chief builder or a master mason; preparing carefully a model of the tower and marking in the joints and colour of the marble work. The panelling and mosaic-work are an elaborate and costly copy of the cheap facile painter's work, itself an imitation, that Giotto used to cover his inferior wall surfaces and enframe his fresco pictures. It is 'exquisite,' but it is not architecture. It is, in fact, an early exhibition of the 'Imitative Style.' The enrich-

ment which should be a developed grace and an occasional efflorescence on a huge building like this tower, is, in fact, a complete casing, and reveals, sufficiently for Giotto's credit, though to Florentine disgrace, that the tower was built as it was ordered for the sake of the decoration, instead of decoration being used with modest reticence to glorify the tower. The masonry is but a scaffolding or core. The panelling is made like joiner's work, and, as is right in panelling, but very wrong in towers, suggests extension and tenuity and lightness of material with corresponding sacrifice of solid power and stability. This, with the tall proportions of the panels, gives a frail and insecure effect to the whole surface. The marble-work appears to have no adequate support, but to be in danger, from the slightest settlement, of flaking off. The small mosaic-work upon the window-jambs and other parts is but a record of much futile drudgery. The tracery in the topmost windows and the tall twisted columns are both bad and frivolous, and the large high projecting parapet and cornice are entirely disproportioned to the light feeble-looking work on which they are constructed. The general effect is 'elegant' and delicate, but for the dignity and power that a building of this height and size should manifest, Giotto's tower is far below the work of our old masons, or of the Lombard architects. The tower was a genuine conception of the committee mind, and Giotto was engaged to decorate the folly. Like Phidias, as the greatest of the workmen, he 'directed all, and was overseer of all; and yet the building had great artists of the works,' for the carving of the lower story was the work of Andrea Pisano, Luca della Robbia, and Donatello; 'and almost all things were in his hands, and he superintended all the artists.' These carvers, like their predecessors at the Parthenon, worked each to please and to express himself, and so the tower has been saved from absolute debasement. But when Giotto died, the work went on 'professionally,' as a copy and without artistic growth, a thorough 'modern' work; and the result is an extravagant and useless feat of uninspired labour, hard and mechanical, without life or art relationship, or any influence in architectural development and history. Mute, inexpressive, isolated, it is but a tall toy, most beautiful among its peers, but in true architectural worth as much inferior to the rough manliness of the old palace of the Signoria, or to the delicate variety of the small Spina chapel, as it is beyond these buildings in mere altitude and in proportionate expense.

But Giotto was a real 'master-workman,' and himself assisted in the 'sculptured' decoration of the tower. His panelled work is very much superior to that on the cathedral, which is as bad and mean as the interior of the church is ugly. The interiors of the churches and cathedrals after the Lombard period are for the most part miserably poor, both in conception and detail. The Duomo and the church of Santa Croce show the degradation of the master mason, and the carved capitals of the nave piers in the 'Gothic' churches are so bad as to suggest some recondite and undiscovered meaning for their special ugliness.

The Greeks used marble as a means for their refined and delicate display of form and outline. The masons at St. Mark's employed it in a sound workman's way, subordinate to the architectural character of the basilica; and there the work commands respect and admiration by reason of its genuine simplicity of method and of aim. But at Florence, surface marble-work, from the mean parti-coloured panelling of the Duomo, to the lavish expenditure on the chapel of the Medici, is a pure luxury without disguise. In using marble decoration singleness of purpose is the universal absolute necessity, and the single purpose that takes precedence of all in works of art is the social and refined enjoyment of the workman. The Greek carver and the master builder never thought about the costliness of the Pentelic stone, but only of its absolute susceptibility of all gradations of expression and of form. The Byzantine workman gloried in coloured marbles, and rejoiced that he could make his building seem to harmonise with and reflect the splendours of his Eastern sea and sky. While he recognised the dignity of the material, there was in him no thought of costliness for its own sake, or of the 'imposing character' of rare and polished stone. He had no idea of making all his work subordinate to any ecclesiastical pretension, and at St. Mark's he used his monolithic marble shafts, his brightest colours, and his choicest pictures of mosaic-work and gold, not only for the glory of the hierarchy and their upper seats, but also in the front, the portals, and most public portions of the church, to dignify and please the world. And thus his workman's inspiration has become a permanent ennobling charm for all men.

Most people suffer somewhat from magnificence upon the brain, and hence the safety of society is greatly due to the incompetence of men to carry out their vast designs. The Florentines were sadly subject to this overleaping impulse; and in consequence

their buildings seldom reached completion. But for the Duomo they resolved 'to raise the loftiest, most sumptuous, and most magnificent pile that human invention could devise or human labour execute.' The result of all this 'sumptuous' determination is Arnolfo's miserable nave, in which it seems Giotto had some hand, and as a suitable climacteric the dismal cupola that, four generations later, Brunelleschi raised. And so throughout the Renaissance we find that in architecture sumptuousness and engineering, domes and marbles, entirely superseded noble work. Italian medieval architecture was in fact ruined by costly marble work. Stone and the inspired mason were neglected, and costliness and polished smoothness were esteemed the elements of art. In carving, however, and in tombs and monuments, the workman still for centuries maintained his masterful condition.

We know that Michael Angelo declared and signed himself a 'carver,' but at clerical suggestion he sometimes, like Giotto, left his special work and aptitude to make designs for buildings. The Farnese Palace has no doubt a handsome 'elevation,' that is to say, it is agreeable to look at for a moment, and then to be well rid of. Who can help pitying the owner of that dismal cube of stone-work when he daily came in sight of it and saw it was his home! The general design is worth some admiration upon paper. The architect who completed the exterior had consummate knowledge of the influence of proportion, boundless wealth to work with, and the Colosseum for a quarry. Moreover *he was present at the work*, and so careful of the details that he had them formed in wood full size, and tested on the building. Michael Angelo was not an 'architect only.' Still the palace is but a majestic misery, cheerless as a prison, and incapable of human sympathy or popular delight; the stones are evidently dead, they had no inspiration from the workmen.

Michael Angelo, much against his will, was compelled to decorate the Sistine chapel ceiling. The idea of such decoration is of course absurd. Giotto, the working plaster painter, knew much better than to perpetrate such waste, and at the Arena chapel he made the ceiling a plain azure blue, that served by contrast to increase the effect of colour in his paintings on the walls. Michael Angelo's commission was not given from any love of art, but as a means of personal distinction and of hierarchical display. Julius had no wish to 'patronise the arts,' but only to make use of them to glorify himself, and he impressed poor Michael Angelo just as he might enlist a leader of trained

bands. This was the true spirit of the Revival. Art was to be no longer an unobtrusive quiet ordinary work, but must be treated as a slavish luxury, and be compelled to illustrate the wayward whimsies of the Papal churchmen. But Michael Angelo actually *worked* at the Sistine chapel ceiling not merely furnishing the plan and drawings, but himself 'fresh-painting' all the plaster. He was the inspired workman; but as he was a carver and not a practised decorator, he designed the ceiling in a technically unskilful way. He could draw and mould the human form with masterly precision, but when he ventured into architectural details, he, pardonably, missed the true artist method, and so his pictures on the ceiling are surrounded by a barbarous medley of Renaissance forms, a half-pretence of solid architecture, absurd in principle, and clumsy in effect.

How the medieval and the ancient decorative painters could conventionalise the forms of building-work, and subordinate them to the requirements of art, is shown in Giotto's pictures and the Pompeian frescoes, but the 'architectural' painting on the Loggie ceilings in the Vatican shows how little Raphael had discovered of the sense and scope of decorative art.

Both Michael Angelo and Raphael were in some things servants to the fashion of the day. Their buildings were designed, as of necessity when power of wealth and power of mind were ample, with much dignity and grace; but in the details their unworkmanlike contrivances proclaim the whole to be a fiction, a mere 'Imitative Art.' To Michael Angelo the 'Renaissance' Italian style was a dead language, and to his workmen it was but an unknown tongue. The Master and his men were equally unable to express themselves artistically in such a fabricated dialect; and from St. Peter's to the latest building of 'New Rome,' Italian architecture is but a dreary evidence of luxury, a record of expenditure and folly. True, there is art in Italy, and of the best; but Italy is still the great 'World's Show' of architectural rubbish, and this rubbish is exactly what our travelled people most extol and feebly seek to imitate.

In Germany some sixty years ago an ancient vellum drawing of Cologne Cathedral was discovered. This was, perhaps, the original design, or a contemporary copy, and its elaboration and completeness well account for the demerits of the building. It is a student's effort, the result of knowledge and selection; and its evident intention was to make a church supreme in size, and

height, and symmetry of form. All this has been attained, but in human sympathy and true poetic art the building is a failure. It is, perhaps, the largest church of Gothic commonplace that ever was constructed, and for artistic worth is not for a moment comparable with the Abbey Church at Westminster, St. Stephen's at Vienna, or a hundred still existing abbeys and cathedrals. The design was made when Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, and Notre Dame Cathedrals were still new. These were all built by masons who made drawings quite subservient to their work of art; but at Cologne the draughtsman spirit ruled, and so the masons used their common knack without a thought of poetry or touch of life. Cologne Minster is, in fact, a previous example of what Mr. Fergusson has called the 'Imitative Styles.' On the projected spires the details are extravagant in size, the crowning finials are much larger than the open archway of the Minster doors. This is not mason's work or architecture, but a clear evidence of draughtsmanship and of imaginative incapacity.

On the resumption of the Minster works there was a festal gathering, and there, most prominently placed, was every workman then employed upon the church, from the chief-master to the quarryman's apprentice. 'And, turning to the artisans, the Dom-Baumeister bade them prove their skill, concluding a manly, honest address with the sentiment of Schiller's "Song of the Bell":—

"Let praise be to the workman given,
But the blessing comes from Heaven."

With us the drawing-master, not 'the workman,' gets 'the praise;' and so, it seems, 'the blessing' does *not* come.

The public hear Cologne Cathedral called the culminating effort and display of medieval art; and, knowing and mistrusting their own ignorance, they accept the dicta of the connoisseurs, and strenuously endeavour to be pleased. Of course they fail, and, finding nothing lovely or of interest, they leave the church in blank amazement at its height and bigness, and perplexed at what they modestly assume to be their own deficiency in architectural discernment. The work is a gigantic folly, and a total waste unless it proves a warning.

Let us contrast our own old English building method which but sixty years ago was not extinct. About that time the exterior of Henry VII.'s chapel was restored, and there we find the master mason still a power:—

'There was but very little occasion for the interference of the architect; all the labour of arranging the work, tracing out the details and ornaments, and supplying the defects from corresponding parts, being left to the discretion and industry of the mason. The task was an important one; and required professional skill, a practised eye, and sound judgment. It is no eulogium to say that the execution of this work could not have been entrusted to a more careful artisan than Mr. Gayfere.'

This was Thomas Gayfere, mason of the Abbey. The Abbey, then, was built by masons, its noble tombs were made and were designed by working men, and the most lavish work was capably restored by a discreet industrious mason.

The habitual notion of the middle and superior classes that the workmen are inferior in natural ability, or in the higher qualities of lively genius and imaginative mind, is very English. In fact, these men are frequently above 'their betters' in power of mental application and endurance. The man that makes a table or a chair requires more nervous energy than the glib shopman offering it for sale. A banquer mason or a leading joiner is, 'by profession,' greatly more accomplished than a small tradesman or a banker's clerk. The workman's only want is to regain his old and natural position, and secure the opportunity to make his capabilities and acquirements felt and known. Where this is given, even to a mill-hand, or machinist, or a manufacturing engineer, his mental power becomes magnificent. Of the seven hundred patents for our hosiery and lace machines, every inventor except two has been recorded as a *working* handicraftsman. Or if we rise above mechanics, and proceed from manufacturing England to the land of poetry and song, these arts are the acknowledged birthright of the people; not only of a Dante, a Manzoni, a Palestrina, or a Mario, but of the vinedressers of Bronte, and the peasantry of Veggiano; of the plaintive cantatore of the Bay of Naples, and of the wandering herdsmen on the Tuscan Apennines.

Remaining still in Italy, and studying Baron Hübnér's general view of Rome three hundred years ago, we find that when Pope Sixtus, the last man of great commanding power on the Papal throne, proposed to build, he did not choose an 'architect' or draughtsman, but engaged a young Comascho mason as his master builder. 'He and the young Fontana together formed plans, discussed and settled them.' When it had been proposed to raise the obelisk of Nero in the centre of the piazza of St. Peter,

'Michael Angelo and San Gallo, who were the first architects of the day, were unanimous in declaring the undertaking to be impracticable. Their opinion being law, the idea was given up. Fontana afterwards designed a plan which was accepted; but, as the mason was still young, two 'architects of eminence' were ordered by the Commission to carry out the work. Fontana then, appealing to the Pope, declared 'that no man can better carry out a plan than the man who has conceived it, for no one can perfectly master the thoughts of another.' Struck by the justice of this remark, Sixtus intrusted the whole business to his former mason. Not only Rome, but the whole of Europe, watched the works with anxious curiosity, and on September 10, 1586, the obelisk was erected on its pedestal with perfect success.

Going with Mr. Fergusson still further south, to work entirely recent, we discover in the 'parish church of Mousa, in the island of Malta, a remarkable instance of a building erected in the same manner, and according to the exact principles which covered Europe with beautiful edifices during the middle ages.'

'The real architect of the building was the village mason, Angelo Gatt. Like a master mason in the middle ages, or those men who build the most exquisite tombs or temples in India at the present day, he can neither read nor write nor draw; but, following his own constructive instincts and the dictates of common sense, he has successfully carried out every part of this building. It was he who insisted on erecting the dome without scaffolding, and showed how it could be done by simply notching each course on to the one below it. With true mediæval enthusiasm, he was content to devote his whole time to the erection of this great edifice, receiving only fifteen pence a day for twenty years.'

The area of this master-mason's self-supporting dome is one-third larger than that of our architectural wonder at St. Paul's, and the height is greater than that of the Pantheon at Rome. The total cost was one-and-twenty thousand pounds, 'besides the gratuitous labour of the villagers and others, estimated at half that amount.'

George Kemp, the architect of the Scott monument at Edinburgh, was but a village carpenter, and so was much objected to by his superiors, who desired that some 'professional' of eminence should be employed, and not a common man of great ability, whose work and powers were much above their mental range.

The late Augustus Welby Pugin was a noted 'architect,' and able as a draughts-

man, and so to some might seem to be an illustration adverse to our theory. But Pugin was much more than a draughtsman:—

'The most careful discipline and training after academic methods will fail in making an artist, unless he himself take an active part in the work. Like every highly cultivated man, he must be self-educated. When Pugin, who was brought up in his father's office, had learnt all that he could of architecture, according to the usual formulas, he still found that he had learnt but little, and that he must begin at the beginning and pass through the discipline of labour. He hired himself out as a common carpenter at Covent Garden Theatre, and thus acquired a familiarity with work.'—Smiles, *Self-Help*.

Pugin was apparently an artist spoilt. Had he discarded 'instruments' and kept to tools, he might have reached his natural position, and become a famous master-workman. His architectural and decorative works all show exceptional ability in their inferior way; but none are really good. His church at Ramsgate, where he was, in fact, the master, is by far the best, and is his worthiest monument. Who can tell how different his fate might possibly have been, had he secured the quiet soothing influence of true artist life, instead of suffering the vexation and excitement of a mock profession?

We may now quote the latest instance of true building master-workmanship. The Portcullis Club, 93, Regent Street, Westminster, 'is a workman's club in the strictest sense of the word. *The ground upon which it stands has been purchased.* The materials of which it is built have been paid for, and the labour has been found by the working men themselves, many of them working until twelve o'clock at night. Not only so; they have been their own architects. The whole of the plans and elevations have been beautifully drawn by one of the members;' and thus the little front is much more satisfactory and respectable than the Charing Cross Hotel or the Royal Academy façade.

These are examples of mere accidental gleams of truth in modern practice, and they show that the return to sanity in art is by a very short and easy way. And now, continuing the method of historical comparison, that discovers art to be in every age the exclusive trust and treasure of the workman, let us go back four thousand years to the Egyptian tombs, and hear 'the dead lift up his voice to tell us of his life.' Ameni, a great functionary, has inscribed upon his tomb the record of his own administration, and therein reveals the generous influence

of the master-workman, in a wider sphere. 'All the lands under me were ploughed and sown from north to south. Thanks were given to me on behalf of the royal house for the fat cattle which I collected. Nothing was ever stolen out of my workshops. *I worked myself, and kept the whole province at work.* Famine never occurred in my time, nor did I let any one hunger in years of short produce; never did I disturb the fisherman or molest the shepherd. Never was a child afflicted, never a widow ill-treated by me; and I have not preferred the great to the small in the judgments I have given.' And on the wall are durably depicted illustrations of Ameni's works: *the building and lading of large ships*, the fashioning of furniture from costly woods, the preparation of garments, and the various scenes of husbandry and handicraft. Of the comparative value and intelligence of the Egyptian workmen, the three great Memphian Pyramids, the oldest monuments extant of building art, give curious and simple evidence. 'The slope of the entrance-passages is just the angle of rest for such material as the stone of the Pyramids, and, therefore, the proper inclination for the sarcophagus to be easily moved without letting it descend of itself.' Our readers, possibly, may recollect 'the launch' of the 'Great Eastern,' and 'the angle of rest' and immobility that our engineer of eminence 'designed.' Had common workmen used their own responsible intelligence about the work, the recent 'builders of large ships' upon the foreshore of the Thames might not have proved inferior to the primeval working engineers and architects who built the wondrous mausoleums in the valley of the Nile.

The failure and the remedy have been at length discovered. At the recent distribution of prizes at the Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Lord Salisbury, in the true spirit of the Operarius or Master Workman, advised the students 'not to be afraid, but to cultivate a knowledge of the smaller, and what he might call the more repulsive(!), details of their profession. He was very glad to see that the attendance in the workshops was spoken of in the very highest terms by the examiners. There has been hitherto no lack of the most distinguished theoretical knowledge, but the deficiencies have been in those small practical matters on which the success of the work often depends.'

Our history of the Master-Workman is complete. His method and position have been traced throughout the course of European culture. To him we are indebted for

the glories of the Athenian Acropolis, the splendour of the Venetian Basilica, the dignity of the Lombard Duomo, and the infinite variety and charm of medieval building-work. The old method still survives in Oriental manufacture, and here again we find the modern workman painfully surpassed by his more 'educated' Indian rival. In the International Exhibition at South Kensington,—

'It was humiliating to our national pride to perceive in the specimens of Indian art workmanship a grace and finish to which we cannot attain in spite of all our modern discoveries and appliances of mechanism daily becoming more delicate in their operation. The Indian worker in gold or silver produces the most elaborate and beautiful objects with the rudest tools, and *as long as we leave him to himself his models are purely artistic, but as soon as he attempts to produce European articles from our designs, the individuality of the artist is lost, and his work is vulgarised.*'—*Companion to the British Almanack*, 1872.

Those who last year visited the World's Show at Vienna will admit the general truth of these remarks. The Japanese display of art made ours look pitiful. In Japan the true style and method of art decoration are maintained. The porcelain and the painting are, in artistic combination, but one work. In our Bond Street china the fine paintings on the plates and vases are mere pictures quite distinct from pottery, and only gain some prettiness and polish from the soft glaze and texture of the ware; but they are no more to be styled ceramic art than any portrait on a panel or on copper can be classed with the achievements of the joiner or the smith. It is painful to see that in Japan, as in India, the attempt to produce articles for the European taste and market is already corrupting the workman. At Vienna in the Oriental courts there were sad evidences of the debasing influence of 'Western culture.'

Much wonderment and admiration have been frequently expressed at what we in a patronising way are pleased to call the almost Occidental cleverness of our new friends the Japanese. The cause of their ability is obvious. The people of Japan for many hundred years 'have placed the handicraftsman, down to the humblest, above the merchant and the trader in the social scale;' they have steadily maintained the artistic and imaginative training of their workmen, and as a consequence, or a concurrent influence and result, the entire population has retained its natural intelligence, and is apt to think, quick in

fancy and imagination, and therefore prompt to adopt and to improve; and last year their workmen made the most refined display of decorative workmanship that Europe ever saw. The life and work of Luca della Robbia, or of Palissy, show that Japan has no exclusive artist power. 'The metal jugs of all sizes which abound on the Continent are models of undesigned art. Equally good, though a little less simple, is the rough blue and white stone ware of the South of France.' But we in England make the able potter a neglected underling of some great manufacturing firm, whose customers and show-rooms are a hundred miles away. With such a system no designs by Flaxman will make 'works of art,' nor raise our pottery above mere toy-work and a trade.

Perhaps it may be said that to employ an ordinary workman would imply the loss of all the luxury, the elegance, and the refinement of our modern civilising arts. This is the current talk, and really merits a reply like Hotspur's to the popinjay. Of course the trash that fills the Bond Street shops would disappear, and houses, churches, dress, and furniture would all be changed from foppish finery to dignified imaginative art. The 'charming' luxuries that the fashionable world demands have almost always been the work and the contrivance of the common artisan. The tradesman only sells the goods, the workman finds the brains.

The remedy is obvious, and involves no suffering or abnegation. The public, of whatever sort or grade, should, like the mediæval aristocracy and kings, aspire to cultivate the social and artistic friendship of the master-workman. This is already done in other arts, and barber surgeons, and the quacks of former days, have given place to those who 'do the work' of healing. In some respects, however, the condition and the progress of the world have been most curiously inverted since the middle ages. In those times the public mind was greatly conversant with building art, and being free and bright in thought, the natural result was excellence in work; but in theology it was comparatively dark, and subject to the superstition of the Papacy. Now, on the contrary, the English mind asserts its liberty in theological affairs, but in respect of art it is benighted. The present period of artistic imbecility would merit the contempt of those great working men who lived in ages that the vulgar have assumed to be uncivilised and 'dark.'

Our working men have no respect or sympathy for those who call themselves

their 'chiefs,' and as a serious direct result of want of interest in their work, we find that workmen do considerably less per hour, in quantity and quality, than they accomplished thirty years ago. An independent 'master,' with associated workmen, would do much more and better work than a commercial builder, dealing with hirelings, and habitually subject to trade jealousies and strikes. The saving to society would be immense. The money that is wasted on our buildings, public and private, would suffice to lodge us all like princes. 'During the past year the directors of the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company Limited have been erecting some dwellings by the employment of their own workpeople, under a competent foreman, and thus far the experiment has worked satisfactorily. Greater care and attention being bestowed upon the details of the work, the expenses of repairs will, it is believed, be much less in these buildings. Thirty dwellings at Bethnal Green estate have been nearly completed upon this plan, and the Company's workpeople are now proceeding with sixty more.' Lord Shaftesbury and some other gentlemen have, in a way of business, helped to build a little town of houses near the Wandsworth Road. 'The architect has been a working foreman, and, to a great extent, the builders are the occupiers of the houses. Men of each trade were "pressed for their ideas," and the result has shown the amount of practical ingenuity that can be brought by an intelligent community of working men into a work on which their hearts are set.' Each man, however, should possess and care for his own freehold. The occasional correspondence in the daily papers makes us see that in their architectural affairs our sapient Englishmen are 'mostly fools,' and this particularly in their consent to live in leasehold houses. Art never can exist on such a tenure. We could distinctly show its bad effect, not on architecture only, but on the sister arts of sculpture, metal work, and painting; each has sunk, is sinking, and will sink, unless the firm and stable freehold tenure is restored. No one can think of any of our fine old buildings, sacred or secular, as leaseholds, nor will substantial fireproof houses be constructed upon leasehold ground; and when the public understand that individual benefit and the general good are equally involved in freehold tenure, all proprietors will join in a demand for such legislation, essentially conservative, as would allow, and, if required, compel urban enfranchisement. The project has its precedents; and tithe commutation, copyhold enfranchisement, and

canal and railway Acts, have made the public and the lawyers understand that the proprietors of land encumbrances, and ground rents, may be forced to sell, and yet be very willing vendors.

Thus we have sought to teach the student how to recognise the only 'path that leads to excellence in art,' to explain the reason why the old building-work, so often glorious, is always good; and why our modern work, though clever and correct in imitation or design, is everywhere, and must be, radically bad; and so to prove and illustrate the doctrine of the workman's mastery.

Our plea is naturally made with special reference to the interest of the Church in human progress; and, most obviously, in all that influences the building art. This seems to justify 'a strong deliverance;' and is our great encouragement to speak aloud. And so, by much of friendly frankness, we have hoped to arouse the attention of the clergy, and to lead them to perceive how greatly the advancement of the intellectual and moral state of man, and the true dignity and influence of the Church, must be affected by the full development of the artistic 'lively genius of the workman.' As this appeal is not perfunctory but earnest, it may be made with little reticence, and yet with much respect for those whose audience and help are claimed. This freedom we have used with generous confidence and candour; not seeking to reveal some undiscovered fault, but only to describe the cause and nature of an error that is great and obvious; and then, with firm assurance modestly expressed, to indicate and justify the remedy.

And now we venture to assume that all our readers recognise the historic status, and the artistic value, of the Master-Workman, and perceive that to ignore him and to restrict the exercise of his imagination in his work is a fraud on human nature, and injurious to all men. This is now evident. Our present working classes are profoundly vulgar. The increase of wages and of general comfort does not much improve them, and instruction only serves to give them larger means to demonstrate their coarseness. Those who know them in their houses tell us that as their wages rise they revel in expensive luxury and display. In this they imitate their betters. The debasement of imagination is a striking characteristic of society, and may be traced from the mean finery of a mechanic's parlour straight to the pompous rubbish that surrounds a duke. Learning is no efficient substitute or supplement, for, without imagination, 'every man

is brutish in his knowledge.' We do not undervalue what is now called education, but we object entirely to the misuse of the word. The result of all our 'Education Acts' is not education, but mere teaching and the gift of knowledge. There is something imparted, not 'educated.' But it is not that which goeth into a man, but that which cometh out of him, that defiles or purifies, ennobles or degrades him; and while we merely give him knowledge and prohibit individual interest and expression in his work, the operative still remains but a degraded though intelligent machine, and the agricultural labourer is in every sense made only to 'follow the plough.'

The object of all education is the improvement of the *moral* of the man. Instruction in literature and science sharpens his intellect, and technical instruction, now required by middle-class employers for economic reasons, good in themselves, but socially and philosophically selfish, may increase the workman's value as a tool; but true art workmanship is generous in every way, and in its nature is like mercy, blessing him that gives as well as him that takes. It gives a constant opportunity and wholesome exercise for their imagination to the great fundamental class of working men, and, elevating these, it raises all humanity. Much of the congratulation that we hear about advancing wealth, and science, and mechanical improvement, is truly relevant to nothing but advance. The progress is in most cases grovelling and low. Men are not better for it all, but only better off. Will any who have known our Universities these twenty, thirty, forty years, tell us that the more recent men have been of a distinctly higher stamp than those who had preceded them? Is not the proportion of self-culture for its own sake greatly reduced, and the pursuit of learning very much become a hunt for fellowships, or, as upon the turf, to get 'well placed'? This all requires abatement and correction, and the change, as in most moral revolutions, must be made not in the upper but the lower orders of society. Morals do not descend, and Christianity was proclaimed and first received among the poor.

The workmen are our masters, and, we hear, should be instructed; what if this instruction should but lead them to increasing aptitude for selfishness and base enjoyment, and the whole political machine should be a means of levelling the people down to a low state of rude or polished luxury? Nothing can be more dangerous and prejudicial to the State than the neglect of the imaginative power among men. For

many years greed has been blessed, and honoured, and exalted to the position of a peace-maker. But greed never has maintained a nation's self-respect and dignity; and it is only by the cultivation of the noble qualities of imagination, which rise greatly above greed, and, seeking true nobility, find it in work and sacrifice, that the position of England as a leader among the nations can be secured and made a blessing. If the imagination is not thus developed, the working men will, as they become instructed, become also increasingly obnoxious and depraved, and vulgar knowingness and vain impatient levity will, as in other regions, be the ruling characteristics of the people.

We have occasionally to regard with pity and some scorn the French elector who declines or fears to vote 'for the salvation of society.' Our working men are similarly impotent, though not perhaps in politics, yet in all that most concerns their actual work. They are acute and clever to a folly about pay, but for all else their minds have been crushed out of them; and in the great and many-sided building trade, ubiquitous and constant in its movement, the whole class of working men is sunk into the lowest state of mental and imaginative feebleness. We have given to the workman power in political affairs, but we entirely deny his right and special fitness to direct his own. He obtains his share numerically in the election of the Government that rules us all, but he is counted quite incapable to manage his own work, and, like a beast of burden or a child, is put in harness or in leading-strings, and reined and guided, 'blinkered' and controlled.

There is no question how the workman must be improved. He must first be recognised. Let us suppose that some successful picture-dealer were to quote the various paintings in his gallery as his own productions, and that the names and individuality of all the painters were entirely disregarded, and we shall understand at once the unnatural condition of the workman, and perceive how much the decadence of painting would be promoted by such oblivious folly. This, notwithstanding, is our almost universal custom in regard to every art that we have not dubbed 'fine,' and so the working man becomes an alien and outcast from 'society.'

But we may hear that the unpraising of the workman is a revolutionary project, and that its tendency would be to shatter the foundations of society. The truth, however, is entirely otherwise, and we appeal to feelings perfectly conservative when we declare that the great want of England is a wide-

spread class of true imaginative workmen—men who, free from jealousy of other ranks, because they feel the dignity and comfort of their own, would never favour violent or revolutionary change, and yet would be most prompt to see and indicate whatever change is needed. These true gentlemen would soon become the efficient balance-weight of all society, and from their business contact with all classes, and their sympathy with each, would bring them into harmony throughout the social scale. 'They would maintain the state of the world;' and, their works and ways being entirely public, they would give no opportunity for suspicion or occasion for distrust. None would readily resent their interference or advice; they could speak with the vulgar as well as think with the wise, and without effort would obtain the confidence of the proprietary as well as of the operative classes in a way that what is called the middle class could never hope to emulate.

Having commenced by quoting our Historian's opinion of the method and results of modern architectural practice, let us now collect and hear what Goethe has to say about artistic Dilettanteism. The 'Dilettants,' who still maintain their social and professional influence in architectural affairs, he has described as—

'Those who, without any particular talent for art, only give way to the natural imitative tendency in them, and among other things to the imitation of Gothic Architecture. Their passion for imitation has no connection with inborn genius for art. They do little good to artists or to art; but, on the contrary, much harm, by bringing artists down to their level. *The Dilettante is honoured, and the artist is neglected.* In Dilettanteism the loss is always greater than the gain. It takes from art its essence, and spoils the public by depriving it of its artistic earnestness and sense of right. It follows the lead of the time; whereas true art gives laws and commands the time. Dilettanteism presupposes art as botchwork does handicraft; and the Dilettante holds the same relation to the artist that the botcher does to the craftsman. From handicraft the way is open to rise in art but not from botchwork. The best of all preparation is to have even the lowest scholar take part in the work of the master. The Dilettante has never more than a half-interest in art, but the artist, who is the true connoisseur, has an unconditional and entire interest in art and devotion to it. The true artist rests firmly and securely on himself, and so incurs the less danger in departing from rules; and may even, by that means, enlarge the province of art itself. Dilettanti, or rather botchers, seem not to strive like the true artist towards the highest possible aim of art, nor to see what is be-

yond, but only what is beside them; on this account they are always comparing. All Dilettanti are plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter; and at the same time imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it.

'The publicity and permanence of architectural works renders the injurious effect of Dilettanteism in this department more universal and enduring, and *perpetuates false taste*; because in art the things that are conspicuous and widely known are generally made to serve again for models. The earnest aim of a true architectural work gives it a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man; and botchwork in this case *does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfection.*'

Thus Art is not to be attained by Dilettante schemes or fanciful designs; or by a vain expenditure of wealth; or even by some recondite researches in the path of knowledge. Art is the noble end of steady and laborious work; the glory and reward of honest, thoughtful, self-devoted handicraft. Art, 'when a reality, indicates something impressive and sublime. It stamps a man with the divine seal; setting him before us as invariably impelled to do a divine thing. Work is not to him a profession, but a vocation. It is not something which he chooses for himself, but for which he is chosen; which he does not advance to because he will, but because he must. The man is not at liberty to decline the call.' Such was the Master-Workman of the past, whose free imaginative power has ever been the life of Art; and, in like manner, the emancipated Workman, gloriously 'impelled,' must always be, and is, the only real hope of English Architecture.

ART. IV.—1. *Sartor Resartus*. By Thomas Carlyle. Popular edition. London, 1871.

2. *Latter-day Pamphlets*. By the Same. Popular edition. London, 1871.

3. *Culture and Anarchy*. By Matthew Arnold, D.C.L. London, 1870.

4. *Literature and Dogma*. By the Same. London, 1873.

5. *St. Paul and Protestantism*. By the Same. London, 1869.

6. *Studies of the Greek Poets*. By J. A. Symonds. London, 1873.

7. *Essays on the Renaissance*. By W. H. Pater. London, 1873.

THE struggle between the Girondins and the Jacobins in the first French Revolution

has a far wider significance than the passing strife of rival factions. It represents the rupture between two elementary forces of the Revolution, temporarily combined for a common object of destruction—the men of action and the men of letters. The philosophic party, of which the Girondins were the political expression, had given the movement its first form and impulse, had clothed it in heart-stirring phrases, specious sophistry, and brilliant romance. So long as action was restricted to an assault on existing institutions, the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, and the Church, the Girondins were the men who encouraged and guided the mind of the people. But when, after the revolution of the 10th August, the philosophers found themselves, for the first time in the history of the world, the sole rulers of a great nation, their political incapacity was at once apparent. Not one act of statesman-like energy can be credited to the Girondins during the brief period of their power. They were undecided before the enemy on the frontier, impotent among the mob in Paris, powerful only within the walls of the Assembly, and after a bare year of nominal rule all of the party who were not in hiding in the provinces had perished beneath the guillotine.

What was the cause of a rise so prodigious and a fall so disastrous? The aim of the literary or Girondin party was perfection—a dream that has always attracted and amused the minds of philosophers. Plato had given it form in his 'Republic'; Bacon and Sir Thomas More in the 'Atlantis' and 'Utopia.' But both the last were the mere sportive fancies of practical statesmen, while Plato says of his own republic: 'Perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it for him who wishes to behold it, and beholding to organise himself accordingly. And the question of its present or future existence on earth is quite unimportant.' The problem was not strange to theology, and on speculations of the kind Butler remarks, with his usual strong sagacity: 'Suppose now a person of such a turn of mind to go on with his reveries, till he had at length fixed upon some plan of nature as appearing to him the best;—one shall scarce be thought guilty of detraction against human understanding, if one should say, even beforehand, that the plan which this speculative person would fix on, though he were the wisest of the sons of men, would not be the very best, even according to his own notions of the best.'

Yet this finite capacity of the human mind was precisely what the revolutionary philosophers refused to admit. Each of

them assumed that the conception of perfection he had himself formed had a positive external equivalent. Hence their reasoning was constructively valueless, for it was based on a *petitio principii*, or an assumption of what it was really necessary to prove. On the other hand, the magic of the word 'perfection,' and the natural inclination of men to overlook its essentially relative character, made it irresistible as a weapon of destruction. 'It would be advisable,' said Danton, speaking in the Girondin dialect, 'that the Convention should issue an address to assure the people that it wishes to destroy nothing, but to perfect everything; and that if we pursue fanaticism, it is because we desire perfect freedom of religious opinion.' How easy on such premises to argue that all human frailties and crimes were to be ascribed to the imperfection of existing institutions, and that if the belief in revealed religion and the fear of tyrannous authority were destroyed, the mind would re-assert its native dignity! So, at least, reasoned Condorcet, who thought that the first step towards perfection was to annihilate the idea of a personal God. And such was the dream of Madame Roland, who, in her hatred of an aristocracy socially superior to herself, conceived that the earth, relieved of such an incubus, would presently bring forth Brutuses and Timoleons with all the austere virtues of imaginary republics. No wonder, therefore, that when the first fruits of Liberty and Equality appeared in the September massacres and the rise of the Mountain, the Girondins were filled with dismay and despaired of the situation. The character of the party is well expressed in the epigram of Dumouriez, who said that the republic, as conceived by the Girondins, was like the romance of a clever woman.

Girondism has survived the Girondins. Though checked on the field of politics, Philosophy has not yielded one tittle of her pretensions to universal spiritual dominion. But she has shifted her ground. Perfection, which was once sought in the state of Nature, is now placed in the realm of Art. The wide philosophical movement called 'Culture' has sapped the foundations of positive belief in Germany; its ideas have long been extolled by our own philosophers; it is now in the midst of society itself. 'Are not new lights,' asks one of its professors, whose doctrines we shall presently examine, 'finding free passage to shine in upon us?' They are; and the question is, whether these are mere *ignes fatui*, or proceed, as the philosophers affirm, from the beacon of eternal truth. To every

one who reflects it must be plain that society in England is now being exposed to a solvent like that which operated in France before the Revolution. On the other hand, philosophy no longer occupies the same masterful position as before the downfall of the gospel of Rousseau. Her approaches against the outworks of Christianity are masked under a cautious moderation, and even under the 'show of a patronising friendship. It is, therefore, the interest of those who rest on the truth of an ancient tradition to bring the question to an open issue, and we shall endeavour in the present article to extract from the new Culture, of which we hear so much, a precise account of its meaning, to track it to its source, to subject it to proof, and thus to decide how far its actual powers are equal to its proposed end.

And first we are led to remark on the change in the meaning of the name. In the idea attaching to the word 'Cultivation' there are usually two main elements, society and criticism. By a cultivated age we mean an advanced state of society, recognising certain laws or standards, both moral and intellectual, to which members of the community who desire a character for refinement are expected to conform. Such was the age of Pericles at Athens, of Augustus at Rome, of Louis XIV. in France, of Anne in England. We do not call the age of Elizabeth, though in many essential points a nobler epoch than either of the two last, a cultivated age, because in the first place, society, in the modern sense, was only in its infancy, and, next, because criticism was almost unknown. Now the meaning in our day specially attaching to the word Culture is 'self-cultivation.' The source of the movement, as we have said, is Germany, and the name of its prophet is perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most representative, in modern literature. No terms of panegyric are too extravagant for his disciples. 'Knowest thou,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'no prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the godlike has revealed itself through all meanest and highest forms of the common, and by him been again prophetically revealed, in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, man's life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? I know him, and name him, Goethe.' In his early days Goethe was an ardent apostle of the new principles of Rousseau, which he embodied in 'The Sorrows of Werter.' But his clear perception detected their inadequacy even before the catastrophe of the French Revolution.

'One of the first to perceive the faults of these works' (says Mr. Carlyle, in days before he became a Rhapsodist) 'was Goethe himself. In this unlooked-for and unexampled popularity he was far from feeling that he had attained his object: this first outpouring of his soul had calmed its agitations, not exhausted or even indicated its strength, and he now began to see afar off a much higher region, as well as glimpses of the track by which it might be attained. To cultivate his own spirit, not only as an author but a man, to obtain dominion over it, and wield its resources in the service of what seemed Good and Beautiful, had been his object, more or less distinctly, from the first, as it is that of all true men in their several spheres. According to his own deep maxim, that "Doubt of any kind can only be removed by action," this object had now become more clear to him; and he may be said to have pursued it to the present hour, with a comprehensiveness and an unwearied perseverance, rarely if ever exemplified in the history of such a mind.'

Evidently there is nothing new in Goethe's aspiration. The subjection of the flesh to the spirit is the very essence of the doctrine of St. Paul. If the culture preached by Goethe be, indeed, the new gospel that Mr. Carlyle maintains, it must possess a larger catholicity and power of being translated into life and action than is shown by Christianity. Now, we doubt if any man has ever done more to render action impossible than Goethe's first English disciple, Mr. Carlyle. Action is what he has always been preaching, and yet in the same breath he has poured contempt on present action of every kind, whether as connected with the past, or constructive of the future. As we all know, he is content that 'old sick society' should be burnt, in the faith that, somehow or other, 'a phoenix' is to arise out of its ashes. Yet who so scornful as he of the vast army of nostrum-mongers, liberals, economists, utilitarians, and other professors of the 'Dismal Science,' who make shift to put something in the place of what they desire to destroy? The reason is that Mr. Carlyle is a poet, and sees the inadequacy of these materialistic systems. But while all great poetry stimulates to action, by 'holding as 'twere the mirror up to nature,' the sphere of Mr. Carlyle's poetry is the supernatural. Posted in his 'watch-tower,' in full sight of 'God's Facts,' 'the Immensities,' and 'the Verities,' he stimulates the intellect only to paralyse the power of action. What is his grand fundamental remedy? Self-annihilation. Does this mean more than St. Paul's words, 'I keep under my body and bring it into subjection'? If so, is the sense conveyed in the

following passage?—"In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of, inclines me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and wise man, *would have consented at this point to be damned*, as it was clear to him that he deserved to be. Here would have been a healing salve for his conscience, one transcendent *act of virtue*, which it still lay with him, the worst of sinners, to do. "To die for ever, as I have deserved; let Eternal Justice triumph so, since otherwise it may not." Is it not plain that in this passage is nothing of significance for human nature, nothing of practical import, nothing but the intoxication of paradox? So, again, in Mr. Carlyle's social philosophy, in his crusade, for instance, against 'Downing Street,' when, after a whirlwind of invective against the Diabolus spirit of Red Tape, the reader, in a moment's breathing space, looks for the inspired advice, the oracle counsels profoundly, 'Able men! Get able men in Downing Street!' In such bewildering chances do we find ourselves in our journeys with Mr. Carlyle, at one moment transported on a celestial metaphor, the next stranded upon a barren platitude! Why is this? And how comes the serene philosophy of Goethe to be translated into the turbulent and discontented system of his disciple? For our own part, we think the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Carlyle's ideas are wholly un-English. England is not Weimar, nor is the purely literary culture, which could develop itself at liberty in a petty German Court, undisturbed by even the rumour of politics, qualified to succeed amidst the vehement political life of a great and ancient nation.

A far more systematic attempt, however, to naturalise 'Culture' in England has been made by another disciple of Goethe. No one has more persistently preached the necessity of this new religion than Mr. Arnold; but perceiving clearly the unpractical nature of Mr. Carlyle's mission, he has thrown his own efforts into the form of exposition, and has in every way sought to popularise his creed by indicating how it is to be embodied in our national life. Nor has he been by any means unsuccessful in engrafting his ideas on literary society. Like all the Girondin party, he knows thoroughly the value of phrases, and the very word 'Culture' itself, 'Perfection,' 'Sweetness and Light,' 'Hebraism,' 'Hellenism,' and others now so commonly found in current literature, have been disseminated by his influence. And no wonder, for if any man could found a gospel on refinement it would be Mr. Arnold. Graceful and hu-

mane in his temperament, a master alike of literature and style, capable of receiving criticism with temper, and retorting it with wit, this true disciple of Goethe has received from Fortune every gift, except the power 'to see himself as others see him.' 'Culture,' he says, 'is to be recommended as the great help out of our present difficulties,' and if, after examination, the remedy seems to be something less than the philosopher's stone, it will not be for want of clear exposition and unwavering faith on the part of its apostle.

Mr. Arnold, pursuing his meritorious object of making his system precise and popular, starts with a definition: 'Culture, which is the study of perfection, leads us to conceive of true perfection, developing all sides of our humanity, and, as a general perfection, developing all parts of our society.' And he subsequently shows that the question has a religious, political, and social aspect, in which triple division of his subject we shall do our best to follow him.

To be perfectly cultivated we must, according to Mr. Arnold, be perfectly religious, and to be perfectly religious we must have a proper understanding of the Bible. A significant admission from a philosopher of that party which, in its first rise, did its utmost to annihilate Christianity as a baseful superstition! Yet, so far as regards his own end, Mr. Arnold is right; for is it not the precept of the Founder of Christianity, 'Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect?' The question, however, immediately arises, is the perfection thus enjoined identical with that perfection which consists in a 'harmonious development of all sides of our humanity'? We are thus led to ask for a clear definition of the common and traditional conception of Christianity, and we shall not find it better than in the words of Bishop Butler, a writer for whom Mr. Arnold professes the highest admiration:—

'The divine government of the world, implied in the notion of religion in general and of Christianity, contains in it that mankind is appointed to live in a future state; that everyone shall be rewarded or punished respectively for all that behaviour here which we comprehend under the words virtuous, morally good, or evil; that our present life is a probation, a state of trial, and of discipline for that future one; notwithstanding the objections which men may fancy they have from notions of necessity against there being any such moral plan as this at all; and whatever objections may appear to be against the wisdom and goodness of it, as it stands imperfectly made known to us at present; that the world being in a state of apostasy and wick-

edness, and the sense of their condition and duty being greatly corrupted among men, this gave occasion for an additional dispensation of Providence, of the utmost importance, proved by miracles, but containing in it many things strange and not to have been expected; a dispensation of Providence which is a scheme or system of things carried on by the mediation of a divine Person, the Messiah, in order to the recovery of the world, yet not revealed to all men, nor proved with the strongest evidence, but only to such a part of mankind, and with such particular evidence, as the wisdom of God thought fit.'

Here is a plain and manly statement of Christianity, with all its difficulties, as it has been accepted by every Church, by every sect, and by the vast majority of individual Christians, since the time of its first dispensation. 'A future state of rewards and punishments,' 'our present life a state of probation,' 'a dispensation of Providence carried on by a divine Person, the Messiah,' these are conceptions, which perhaps give a somewhat rude shock to the idea of a perfection looked for in the actual world, and consisting in the serene 'development of all sides of our humanity.' The orthodox belief, however, Mr. Arnold says, is a failure; the working classes will have nothing to say to it. Though it is hard to see how, in the sight of reason, this fact affects the question, Mr. Arnold considers it a valid argument against the truth of the popular faith, and a reason for reversing the time-honoured conclusion respecting Mahomet and the mountain. Since the working classes, he seems to argue, will not come to Christianity, we must suit Christianity to the working classes. To bring about this result he considers it will be necessary to eliminate dogma from religion; in other words, to distil out all the supposed facts on which the Christian revelation is based, and to take the residuum of Idea as the real heart and essence of the matter. For this purpose he proposes to apply to Christianity the highly popular modern doctrine of Evolution. Each age, he says, has had its own conception of Christianity, and each age has been making, slowly but surely, towards the modern professorial standpoint. Something here appears to us somewhat to savour of that *petitio principii*, which we have seen to be such a frequent apparition in revolutionary logic. Mr. Arnold, however, does not hesitate to give the names of great Christian divines as being, like himself, Evolutionists in religion. Thus he shows that Dr. Newman maintains the development of doctrine, though arguing from the premise to a wrong conclusion. Butler also speaks of truths in the Scripture which may yet

be discovered. But Dr. Newman is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as for the passage which Mr. Arnold quotes from Butler, it is simply an argument from the analogy of Nature to prove the impossibility of comprehending *per saltum* the whole mystery of Christianity. Butler never meant to say that the same fact could be true at one time and not at another, nor would the man who spoke of 'a divine Person, the Messiah, carrying on a dispensation of Providence,' have allowed the following theory of Mr. Arnold's to be an undiscovered 'truth':—

'The book contains all that we know of a wonderful spirit, far above the heads of his reporters, still farther above the head of our popular theology, which has added its own misunderstanding of the reporters to the reporters' misunderstanding of Jesus. And it was quite inevitable that *anything so superior and profound* should be imperfectly understood by those amongst whom it first appeared, and for a very long time afterwards: and that it should come at last to stand out clearer only by time,—Time, as the Greek maxim says, the wisest of all things, for he is the unfailing discoverer.'

Translating the word 'time,' which the writer is of course too modest to do for himself, we therefore arrive at this result, that the scheme of Christianity, as stated above in the quotation from Butler, and understood by the whole Christian world for nineteen centuries, has been one vast mistake, which has only been cleared up by the arrival of the year 1873 and the interposition of Mr. Arnold.

We do not exaggerate. Let Mr. Arnold himself state what his theory of development embraces:—

'This premature and false criticism is all of one order, and it will all go. Not the Athanasian Creed's damnable clauses only, but the whole creed; not this creed only, but the three creeds: our whole received application of science, popular or learned, to the Bible. For it was an inadequate and a false science, and could not from the nature of the case be otherwise.'

We naturally ask, with some curiosity, What remains? 'The work of Jesus,' Mr. Arnold says, 'was to sift and renew the idea of righteousness, and to do this He brought a method and He brought a secret. His apostles, when they preached His gospel, preached repentance unto life and peace through Jesus Christ. Of these two great words, repentance, we shall find, attaches to the method, and the other, peace, to his secret.' Does Mr. Arnold really think this stilted paraphrase of the gospel is the revelation of an 'undiscovered truth'? By no

means. 'The holders of ecclesiastical dogma,' he says, 'have always, we must remember, held and professed the Bible dogma' (i. e. his own exposition of it) 'too. Their ecclesiastical dogma may have led them to act falsely to it, but they have always held it. The method and secret of Jesus have always been prized.' Why, then, is our modern philosopher so anxious to get rid of all Christian dogma outside his own special system? 'The cause lies in the Bible being made to depend on a story, or set of asserted facts, which it is impossible to verify.' The Christian religion, as Mr. Arnold says, and the arguments in defence of it, rest on the assumption of a Personal Ruler of the Universe, and this cannot be verified. Religion, we are told, must no longer be a matter of faith, based on revelation, the evidence for which is based merely on probability, but must be made a matter of science.

'That there is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness is verifiable, as we have seen by experience: and that Jesus is the offspring of this power is verifiable by experience also. For God is the author of righteousness; now Jesus is the Son of God, because He gives the method and secret by which alone righteousness is possible. And that He does give this we can verify again by experience; it is so! Try! and you will find it to be so!'

And this is religion in its scientific form which is to convert 'the masses'! Had Mr. Arnold been a little more accustomed to close reasoning, and rather less assured of his own infallibility, he would have perceived that the whole of the above passage is made up of assumptions quite as arbitrary as any which he deprecates in the popular theology. Take two for instance. How can it be verified that there is 'an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness'? Clearly this question is one of *metaphysics*. The origin of the moral perception in man is assigned by some to intuition, by others to education, and by Mr. Darwin to a social instinct, arising out of evolution and inheritance. Whichever conclusion a man accepts, it is plain that he must satisfy himself with reasoning which amounts to no more than probability. How, again, can it be verified that righteousness is alone possible by the method of Jesus? Was there no righteousness in the world before the Christian era? St. Paul clearly implies the contrary when he says, 'When the Gentiles which have not the law do *by nature* the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves.'

With this extraordinary facility of verification, however, it may be supposed Mr. Arnold has little difficulty in dealing with any facts that conflict with his own conclusion. Yet for a philosopher who maintains that the whole fabric of historical Christianity is based on a delusion, there is surely much to be accomplished in clearing away those 'miraculous' facts which, as Butler says, prove the divine sanction of the Christian dispensation. As, however, the position of Mr. Arnold is different from that of philosophers who deny the whole truth of Christianity, he deals little with the quality of the evidence for the Resurrection, the cardinal point of Christian theology, and confines himself almost entirely to an elaborate demonstration that his doctrine, his whole doctrine, and nothing but his doctrine, is the actual doctrine of the Apostles. The object of his essay 'St. Paul and Protestantism' is, he says, 'not religious edification, but the true criticism of a great and misunderstood author.' And this is what St. Paul really meant by the Resurrection from the Dead:—

'All impulses of selfishness conflict with Christ's feelings. He showed it by dying to them all; if you are one with Him by faith and sympathy, you can die to them also. Then, secondly, if you die with Him, you become transformed by the renewing of your mind, and rise with Him. The law of the spirit which is in Christ becomes the law of your life also, and frees you from the law of sin and death. You rise with Him to *that harmonious conformity with the real and the eternal*, that sense of pleasing God, which is life and peace till it becomes glory. If you suffer with Him, you shall also be glorified with Him.'

There is something almost incredible in this *sang froid*. It is, of course, true that St. Paul speaks of Christ's death and resurrection in the metaphorical sense expounded by Mr. Arnold; but is it not obvious that the whole force of the metaphor is derived from a belief in the actual fact? Had St. Paul's belief been based on mere intellectual perception, what would be the meaning of the passionate cry, 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Or what significance would there be in the experience of Christians of all persuasions, in the self-inflicted penance of St. Benedict, the spiritual conflicts of Luther, and Bunyan's ever-haunting remorse, if the above calm professorial statement were the real sum of the matter? But what follows is more amazing still. We are to believe that when St. Paul spoke to the facts of Christ's resurrection, and based on them the sublime argument which for

countless generations has brought hope and consolation to the grave-side, he did not know the meaning of his own words.

'Very likely it would have been impossible for him to imagine his own theology without it' (viz., a belief in the actual Resurrection), 'but

"Below the surface stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel, below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel, there
flows,
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and
deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed,"'

and in St. Paul's case this happens to coincide with the ideas of Mr. Arnold.

This is no place for theological argument. We have contented ourselves with a simple exposition of Mr. Arnold's philosophy, because we wish to show that, while surveying the popular faith with superior disdain, he does not understand its meaning. 'A perfection developing all sides of our humanity' is what everybody desires, but the real question is, How is this harmony to be attained when the very principles of our nature are in apparent conflict? To the discord between the desires and the will all philosophy, Heathen or Christian, bears testimony. The universal human experience is expressed in Plato's story of Leontius and his eyes,* in Ovid's words, '*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*,' as well as in St. Paul's declaration, 'When I would do good evil is present with me.' What distinguishes Christianity from philosophy is its recognition of the truth that fact must be met with fact, that the radical imperfection of the human will can only be cured by the supervention of a perfect and Divine Power. The belief in this external power, exemplified either in St. Paul's conversion or the conversion of Sampson Staniforth, the Methodist soldier, by which Mr. Arnold vainly endeavours to depreciate St. Paul's, is the motive of Christian practice. But Mr. Arnold's notable scheme of culture is to cure selfishness by means of self, to oppose bare idea to hard fact, to enforce a law, of which he would abolish the sanction. It is possible that, when he goes to 'the masses,' and, after denying the Resurrection of the Dead, proves to them how necessary it is for every one who would become a cultivated person 'to rise to a harmonious conformity with the real and the eternal,' his hearers may not discover that he is discoursing platitudes. But in that case we shall next expect to hear of him lecturing to vast and eager audiences in the United States

on the 'undiscovered truths,' that honey placed on the tongue produces a sensation of sweetness, or that wood when brought into contact with fire is accustomed to be consumed.

We come now to the politics of culture' and, after a general survey of the region, we find ourselves rather in the difficulty of St. Patrick, who, having to write on snakes in Ireland, could only say, 'In Ireland there are no snakes.' It is not that Mr. Arnold has nothing edifying to tell us on the subject. Far from it. Nature made him a critic, and did not indispose him to be a 'candid friend.' 'I am a Liberal,' he says, 'but a Liberal tempered by experience and reflection,' and his attitude towards popular Liberalism is all that we, who do not profess that creed, can desire. He sees plainly that the Irish Church was not disestablished in the interest of Eternal Justice, but to satisfy the political impertunity of a coalition of Roman Catholics and Nonconformists. He would probably admit that the Irish Land Bill sprang out of considerations not wholly dissimilar. He has no more faith in ballot-boxes, reform bills, cotton, railways, and other machinery, as means to perfection, than Mr. Carlyle. And he has also—a failing not prevalent in his party—a propensity to humour, and a genius for embodying the weak points of his friends in lively caricatures and suggestive phrases, which to the Tory mind are full of salt and savour.

Culture, however, we must remember, pretends to be something more than critical; it is to help us out of our present difficulties. One of our present difficulties, as Mr. Arnold justly says, is that we have no sound centre of authority. We have no idea, like some of the Continental nations, of a State as a centralising and directing power, and consequently our constitutional system of checks, whenever an emergency arises, is apt to leave us at the mercy of any powerful will, like Mr. Beales or Mr. Bradlaugh, who, having the courage of their opinions, can seize on the situation. All very true. Still, we cannot help feeling that this light-hearted criticism comes rather strangely from one of a party whose whole policy has been to remove power from the aristocracy, which, however imperfect, was certainly a centre, and to vest it exclusively in the middle class, which, outside the Constitution, has neither unity nor cohesion. Mr. Arnold, however, is a philosopher, and, like all his kind, can stick to his colours and separate his principles from their consequences. 'The salvation' (and he uses the word with quasi-religious unction) 'of the country is to be looked for

* Plato, Republic, Book iv.

from the middle,' or, as he calls it, 'the Philistine' class. Only this class must first get rid of its Philistinism, and adopt the means of 'salvation' which Culture points out to it. And what are these? To found the idea of a State on our best self.

'By our best self we are united, impersonal, at harmony. We are in no peril from giving authority to this, because it is the truest friend we all of us have, and, when anarchy is a danger to us, it is to this authority we may turn with sure trust.'

Why here is our old friend *Petitio Principii*, this time in the very thinnest disguise, and walking confidently abroad with an ingenuous good faith that is positively refreshing. For is it not obvious that, if all men obeyed their better selves, there would be no need of government at all, and that the real question is (the heart being 'deceitful above all things') 'What is our better self?' and 'How are we to obey it?' We confess a curiosity to learn the exact nature of that harmonious state, which would be compounded of the 'better selves' of such distinguished Liberals as Mr. Arnold, Mr. Miall, Sir Charles Dilke, and Professor Fawcett.

Mr. Arnold will not satisfy us. On the contrary, whenever he seems on the point of making a practical suggestion, he shrinks from applying it. For instance, after an eloquent description of the advantages enjoyed by those schools in Prussia which are under the patronage of the Crown, he shows, by way of contrast, the position of the Crown in England:—

'In England the action of the national guides or governors is for a Royal Prince or a great Minister to go down to the opening of the Licensed Victuallers' or the Commercial Travellers' school, to take the chair, to extol the energy and self-reliance of the Licensed Victuallers or the Commercial Travellers, to be all of their way of thinking, to predict full success to their school, and never so much as hint to them that they are doing a very foolish thing, and that the right way to go to work with their children's education is quite different.'

This is humorous and true,—but what then? Surely, if the argument is sound, it is an argument for placing the Royal centre of authority, whose action Liberals from time immemorial have been seeking to restrict, in a more independent position. Unfortunately though Mr. Arnold is 'a Liberal tempered by experience and reflection,' he is above all a Liberal.

'I do not say,' is his conclusion, 'that the political system of foreign countries has not inconveniences which may outweigh the in-

conveniences of our own political system: nor am I in the least proposing to get rid of our own political system and to adopt theirs. But a sound centre of authority being what in this disquisition we have been led to seek, and right reason or our best self appearing alone to offer such a sound centre of authority, it is necessary to take note of the chief impediments which hinder in this country the extrication or recognition of this right reason as a paramount authority, with a view to afterwards trying in what way they may be removed.'

It is, in fact, much easier to criticise imperfection than to define perfection. Mr. Arnold is a born critic, but not a constructive statesman, and his help towards relieving us of our present difficulties is purely negative. When asked for positive action he politely declines to commit himself, and with many fine phrases about 'our better self,' 'right reason,' and 'making the will of God prevail,' gracefully bows himself off the political stage.

'Because machinery is the bane of politics, and an *inward working* and not machinery is what we want, we keep advising our ardent young Liberal friends to think less of machinery, to stand more aloof from the arena of politics at present, and rather to try and promote with us *inward working*.'

This naturally leads us to the consideration of a question far wider and more important than Mr. Arnold's particular views—namely, the general relation between letters, for this, after all, is what Culture really means, and modern society. Here we have the deliberate advice of the most polished English writer of the day, that those of his countrymen whose tastes agree with his own should, for a time at all events, secede from politics, which, in England, is the same as saying from public life. We should like to know Mr. Arnold's authority in reason or experience for such strange counsel. Socrates, we believe, said that no wise man would meddle with politics; but Socrates was not an absolute stranger to paradox, nor are we aware that he ever explained how the world was to proceed without government. On the other hand, free society has ever been, and we believe must ever be, political, and the public spirit of a free State will always, directly or indirectly, find expression in its literature. It was so in Athens. The public instruction in the poems of Homer, the representation of the traditional mythology in the public tragedy, and the criticism of current politics on the comic stage, indicate how the noblest forms of art identified themselves with the habits and institutions of the Athenian people.

ple. It was so in Rome. Cicero, the representative of Rome's republican statesmanship, is still regarded as the representative of Latin culture. In the 'Georgics' is embodied the spirit of the ancient agriculture of Rome, as the 'Æneid' is the monument of her Imperial grandeur. And it is striking evidence of the power possessed by tradition, history, and poetry to keep alive national feeling that the surest way Juvenal could find for revealing their vices to his degraded countrymen was to compare them with the simple virtues of their fathers.

But if we wish to see what happens where this is not so, where literature fails to incorporate itself in the national life, we have an example in the history of France. The genius of French literature is essentially critical, not creative. With the energies of society crushed by despotism, there was little scope in France for the expansion of poetry, the art above all others in which a free people loves to embody its conceptions of liberty and greatness. The graver works of the French imagination have an air of mannerism and unreality. They strike us as luxuries, purveyed by the most ingenious minds (generally arising from the middle class, so sedulously excluded from all share in affairs) for the enjoyment of a select society, too haughty to provide its own pleasures by the performance of a supposed menial function. In comedy, on the other hand, the French are unsurpassed. But social comedy thrives upon corruption. In criticism they are unequalled. 'The French,' says Dryden, 'are as much better critics than the English as they are worse poets,' and certainly the characteristic writers of France are Montaigne and Montesquieu, not Corneille or Racine. But criticism without poetry enervates instead of strengthening society. In the final catastrophe of French history we see the fatal results of continued analysis, the perpetual wear and tear of reflection unrelieved by the opportunity of free action. Art and culture, which devote themselves exclusively to search for the causes of life, and not rather to represent examples of noble living, are certain in the end to blind men's eyes to the objects they propose to reveal.

How different have been the fortunes of literature in England! Though much behind the French in polish and critical perception, England has produced a literature more vigorous and original than her neighbour. At the same time that the elements of civil society began to form themselves under Elizabeth, art and learning struck deep root in the country. The governing classes in England have never regarded the

practice of letters as a degrading pursuit; on the contrary, they have seen in literature a great conservative power. The names of Sackville, Sidney, and Raleigh are amongst the earliest refiners of our language; the name of Bacon stands pre-eminent in our philosophy; a large proportion of the names in Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' belong to the ranks of the nobility and gentry, and though representing mere mediocrity, serve to show the national inclination to poetry. Yet the prejudices of rank and position have not in England disturbed the true balance in the kingdom of letters. Dryden, as monarch of the Coffee-house, numbered peers among his subjects; and we venture to say that in no modern society but that of England could a man with so many social defects as Johnson have exercised the prerogative that was freely yielded to his noble genius. This freedom and equality has produced its result in the strength, the variety, and the amplitude of our literature; but, above all, in the influence it has possessed over the national affections and the character of our greatest countrymen. Marlborough avowed that he knew no history but what he learnt from Shakespeare. And what a depth of meaning lies in the pathetic anecdote of Wolfe, who, as he was being rowed towards the Heights of Abraham, repeated Gray's 'Elegy' to his companions, exclaiming at the conclusion that he would rather have been the author of the poem than be the victor in the approaching battle!

To explain, therefore, Mr. Arnold's advice, previously quoted, in the face of this public character of our literature, we must remember that we, also, have had our Revolution, which, while proceeding by due course of law, presents in a modified form precisely the same features as the Revolution in France. Liberalism, or the great upward movement of the middle against the aristocratic class, has always contained two elements, the literary and the political, though the relative importance of these is exactly the reverse of what is seen in the French Revolution. Both fractions of the Liberal party have availed themselves of the magic watchwords, Progress and Perfection, though, as usual, the words with each have had a different meaning. Perfection, as defined by the political Liberals, is of a very definite and tangible character; being simply to enjoy the most unrestrained personal liberty, and the most unlimited opportunities of creating wealth, possible under the national constitution. The aims of the literary Liberals, on the other hand, are cosmopolitan and comprehensive, aspiring, as

in France, to reconstruct the entire social and moral life of the country on a basis imagined by philosophy. Between such uncongenial allies harmony, of course, could not long be preserved; a sense of disappointment has always been observable in the literary party; and they have at last come to a complete rupture with their political friends, much after the fashion of the Girondists and Jacobins, only that, while in France the quarrel was raised to the heights of tragedy, in England it wears, superficially at all events, the aspect of a broad farce.

The disappointed feelings of the English Girondists are expressed without reserve. 'I am now convinced,' says Mr. Mill, in his 'Autobiography,' 'that no great improvement is possible for mankind without a fundamental change in their constitutional habits of thought.' Mr. Carlyle, as we know, though in his rhapsodies he extols an ideal industrialism, has never ceased to inveigh against the trading classes as they are. But even his invective is nothing compared to the calm, equable, superior disdain which Mr. Arnold expresses for his quondam friends and their principles.

'Culture says: "Consider these people, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voice; look at them attentively, observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which proceed from their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds; would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?"'

On the other side the Liberal society, surveyed in this contemptuously Olympian fashion, is not slow to retort upon 'people'—to quote the words of Mr. Bright—'who talk about Culture, by which they mean a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin.' 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Frederic Harrison, a representative Jacobin, 'the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about Culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books, and sits well on a professor of *belles lettres*; but, as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, and indecision in action. The man of culture in politics is one of the poorest creatures alive,' &c. Better matched combatants it would be impossible to find, or a quarrel more entertaining to watch, were it not for a consideration of the more serious issues it involves.

Taste, it is plain, does not enjoy the same appreciation in England to-day as under the rule of the aristocracy. Art and letters,

instead of forming part of the daily life of a leisured and refined society, are regarded rather as stimulants for the imagination, which, steadily suppressed during the hours of business, is liberated for brief intervals of feverish excitement. We find, therefore, a constant tendency to depreciate the standard of taste, for, besides the want of leisure required for the mastery of classical models, there is a natural inclination of liberty to rebel against the limitations these models impose, while the feelings of thorough believers in the Manchester school of material progress are humiliated by the thought that they have anything to learn from people who lived before the Christian era. Rich men, they feel, have their intellectual desires, as well as their bodily wants, and in each case money should command the required luxury. We are, indeed, in the midst of a period, the approach of which Goldsmith long ago saw and deplored, when money, rather than honour, becomes the prime motive of literary production. The logical consequences of the law of demand and supply in literature have lately been pressed by the 'Times' in an article of extraordinary plainness:—

'If one novel in ten, or one poem in a thousand, be worth reading at all, it is as much as we can reasonably expect to find. It is certain, however, that the rest supply a want which is really felt, and give undoubted pleasure to a large class of readers. If the object of literature is to give pleasure, and to divert the mind from the unpleasant realities of life, it is impossible to refuse ~~any~~ praise to the performance which does this, for however brief a period.'

If the object of literature be what is defined by that great journal, a single copy of which Mr. Cobden valued above the whole history of Thucydides, no doubt this reasoning is just, but in that case we cannot rightly refuse our praise to the art of the procuress or the trade of the opium-monger.

Every generous feeling revolts against this vulgar and cynical despotism. But are we to conclude because national taste is decaying, that self-culture alone is to be pursued, without consideration of the instincts, the traditions, the character of the society to which we belong? Such seems to be Mr. Arnold's advice, and it is certainly widely followed. 'Free literature' is as popular a cry in many quarters as a 'free Church' or a 'free breakfast-table.' Culture is regarded as the badge of distinction between the refined few and the rude many; Lessing and Herder are taken as the models for English criticism, rather than

Johnson or Macaulay. Now to see what end of perfection is likely to result from this 'inward working,' we must observe the effect produced upon our higher literature by its repudiation of all intercourse with existing society.

In the first place the secession develops tertiary sacerdotalism, a priestliness marked by all the assumption of ecclesiastics without any of their prescriptive right. Mr. Carlyle, who regards the Christian religion in its revealed sense as obsolete, writes in the following extravagant strain respecting tertiary influence:—

"But there is no religion," reiterates the professor. "Fool! I tell thee there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-stream we name Literature? Fragments of a genuine Church Homiletic lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay, fractions even of a Liturgy could I point out now."

This, no doubt, represents the tendency of artists, men of science, poets, and professors of polite letters generally, to form themselves into a priesthood for propagating a religion of Ideas. But what grounds are there for supposing that such a religion would ever command a popular assent? We have never heard that Euripides and the Sophists were able in any way to replace that belief in the gods and in old-fashioned morality which they found it so stimulating to question. Has the philosophy of Rousseau or Voltaire laid one stone towards reconstructing the ruined society of France? And if we consult the oracles of our own Culture what do we find? There is not one of Mr. Carlyle's leading ideas, 'self-annihilation,' 'temptation in the wilderness' (after the manner of 'Teufelsdröck'), or 'conversion,' which, when divested of its grotesque disguise, is not found to be a parody of some plain and simple precept in the New Testament. As for Mr. Arnold's revised version of Christianity we have already examined its claims. May we not, therefore, argue with something like certainty that, however dissimilar in other respects the parallel may be, the moral and would-be religious schemes of our modern philosophers will have no wider influence than the doctrines of the mythological rationalists at Athens?

In the second place, the sacerdotal character of modern culture prevents all application of the very principle, 'know thyself!' on which its professors base their theology. For when did an irresponsible priesthood, nay, when did unrestrained human power of any kind, ever enjoy self-knowledge?

Mr. Carlyle has truly spoken of 'the folly of that impossible precept, "know thyself," till it be translated into the possibly partial one, "know what thou canst work at."' Doubt of any sort, Goethe's disciples have always been telling us, can only be removed by action; yet, as we have seen, they have one and all hopelessly failed to show what action is possible for them apart from the society by which they are surrounded. Can anything be more impotent than the course Mr. Arnold, in one of his poems, seems to assign to himself:—

'Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born'?

In what does such a course naturally end? In universal criticism. To view an ideal perfection from the heights of an intellectual Pisgah, and, in a world where all intelligences are felt to be inferior to his own, to settle every debatable matter by reference to his 'better self,' such is the only action possible to the most distinguished professor of modern culture. And one thing is evident,—this conscious superiority has not opened to him the door of self-knowledge. Had he really known himself, could the apostle of the true 'Bible dogma,' of 'epieikeia, or the mild reasonableness of Christ,' have spoken of the doctrine of the Trinity as 'a fairy tale of the three Lord Shaftesburys'? Would he not, on the contrary, have perceived that to jest on a matter which, to nine-tenths of his countrymen, is a matter of religious belief places him for a time on a level with one whom he does not particularly admire, namely, Mr. Bradlaugh? Again, if the polite professor of Hellenism knew himself, would he, who must remember so well the exquisitely urbane humour of Theophrastus in his 'Characters'—portraits evidently drawn from the closest observation, yet without one personal touch—have thought that he was indulging his Greek taste in his highly-spiced personal descriptions of Lord Elcho, the Rev. W. Cattle, and Sir Thomas Bateson? Self-knowledge would have told him it was impossible for true taste to have written such a sentence as this: 'From such an ignoble spectacle as that of poor Mr. Lincoln—a spectacle to vulgarise a whole nation—aristocracies undoubtedly preserve us.' For if this were really a specimen of 'that true grace and serenity of which Greece and Greek art suggest the admiralic ideals of perfection,' should we not all turn in preference to those barbarous notions of courtesy and consideration for others which are incalculated by the traditions of modern society? Self-knowledge would have

suggested to him that there was something slightly comical in his attempt, Protestant of Protestants and Dissenter of Dissenters as he is, to entice back the Nonconformists into the bosom of the National Church. Finally, if he, indeed, knew himself, Mr. Arnold, it may be, would have more severely questioned the propriety of his Attic irony; for he would then see that the whole point of the Socratic irony, of the philosopher's pretended inferiority to his opponents, lay in the subsequent *demonstration* of his logical superiority to them. Whereas, in Mr. Arnold's ironical descriptions of the 'Barbarians' and 'Philistines,' we find no positive standard of measurement, but mere reference to certain arbitrary ideals, 'right reason,' 'the will of God,' 'sweetness and light,' all of which phrases are only ingenious methods of contrasting the imperfection of the thing criticised with the perfection of the critic. But if the critic's whole position rests on an unproved assumption, criticisms of this sort at once fall to the ground, and leave nothing behind them but surprise at their author's assurance. Indeed, if we wished for an unimpeachable proof for the necessity of some 'centre of authority,' such as society in England once afforded, to restrain the unwarrantable pretensions of men of letters, we know not where we should so readily find it, than—spite of all his infinite grace, penetration, and accomplishment—in the works of Mr. Arnold.

But, lastly, the kind of criticism which springs from constant introspection and monastic study, lands its professors in conclusions of the purest sophistry and a repudiation of the authority of common sense. The following passage from 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship' appears to be a vindication of the extremest claims of individual liberty based on unqualified scepticism:—

'Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect: none deserves the name of architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy, durability, and fitness, some form, *the pattern of which originated in his spirit*. All things without us, nay, I may add, all things on us, are mere elements; but deep within us lies that creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be; and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest till, in one way or another, without us or on us, that same may have been produced.'

It is strange how exactly the doctrine of the great modern Sophist coincides with that of the Greek sceptic Protagoras. The above compendious manifesto of literary Liberalism is a mere repetition of the well-

known paradox that the individual mind is the measure and, in a sense, the maker of all things,—a conclusion which destroys all distinction between what is true and false, while it bases knowledge on pure sensation. In this principle lies the great cardinal difference between the old and catholic, and the modern and individual, forms of literature, and in every kind of contemporary writing, religious, philosophical, poetical, critical, we see the principle applied. It is of course the justification of the critical school of poetry, originated in England by Wordsworth, which places the value and true nature of external objects in the states of feeling that these produce in the individual. It is the first principle, also, of the French school of romance, and of quasi-dramatic writers, like Mr. Browning, who construct their characters out of an analysis of abstract motive. But it was not the creative method of Homer, Shakespeare, or Sir Walter Scott, who, deriving their impressions from experience and observation of the external world, reproduced these in their natural forms, though heightened and characterised by poetic imagination and individual genius.

What we are now, however, chiefly concerned with is to observe the influence of Goethe's principle as applied to the sphere of culture or criticism. And it is curious to note how closely, and perhaps unconsciously, the modern Sophists tread in the steps of Protagoras, and how, by denying all positive distinctions between what is true and false, by maintaining that what appears true to any man is true to *him*, they press to their logical conclusion that criticism should be a matter of feeling not of judgment. The quality that is most in favour with our modern critics is 'tact.' 'Perhaps,' says Mr. Arnold, 'the quality specially needed for drawing the right conclusion from the facts, when one has got them, is best called *perception*, delicacy of perception.' Now criticism, in the old and honest acceptation of the word, can only mean the act of judging from evidence, and the judgments formed, as well as the premises from which they are drawn, must be plain and palpable to common sense. We are as much bound to apply this method to problems of taste, as to questions of science or of practical conduct, though as the subject-matter of the former is more obscure and debatable, no doubt the conclusion arrived at will always have a smaller degree of certainty. The critic who forms a judgment on a matter of taste and feeling is simply required to lay his premises before his audience in the clearest possible shape, leaving the jury to consider whether his conclusion

just. But 'tact' is evidently considered by Mr. Arnold to be a peculiar gift, a spiritual insight, which enables its possessor to see farther through a stone wall than is permitted to the common reason. In point of tact, we find it to be a quality chiefly cultivated by French writers, and consisting in the ability to draw vast conclusions from almost invisible premises. This mode of judging has the advantage of being easy. Given a quick perception, a lively fancy, a wide knowledge of books, and a faculty for slipping over awkward negative facts, it is plain that a bold dogmatic affirmation is certain to impress the mind bewildered in the region of the uncertain or the unknown. It was by a remarkable exercise of 'tact' that Dr. Kenealy constructed the character of Roger Tichborne out of his own imagination. Fortunately the 'insight' of the learned counsel was unequal to contend with the weight of overwhelming evidence, marshalled against him with unrivalled clearness and precise arrangement. But when a critic, adopting the same principle, assures his readers in the most persuasive style that his 'perception' convinces him St. Paul did not understand the meaning of his own theology, the assertion is attractive, because it is a paradox, and safe, because it is beyond the region of proof.

Now, how do the modern critics seek to strengthen the sophistry of their position? In the first place, like their Greek prototypes, they have invented an art of rhetoric. If we once concede the position of Protagoras that all truth is relative to the individual, it follows, as a matter of course, that the prime object of education should be to cultivate individual perception. And this is just what Mr. Arnold wants. The great secret of life, in his eyes, is to give an air of philosophy to commonplace, 'to let,' as he says, 'our consciousness play freely round our present operations and the stock notions on which they are founded, so as to show what these are like, and how related to the intelligible law of things, and auxiliary to true human perfection.' Of course this *modus operandi* results in a science of style. All Mr. Arnold's skill is expended on giving an apparently general character to his own personal perceptions by crystallising them in precise forms of expression. Men naturally suppose that words represent things, and just as Gorgias caught the Athenians by his antithetical sentences and curious compounds, so are the cultivated world persuaded that Mr. Arnold's literary shibboleths, numerous as those of a religious sect, have a positive novel significance. Yet it is plainly a mere device of

rhetoric when he ascribes the impression which he himself derives from the New Testament to the inspiration of the 'Zeit-Geist,' or 'Time-Spirit;' and rhetoric again teaches him to conceal the purely esoteric nature of such criticisms, as that Byron was a 'Philistine,' and Pope 'provincial,' under the piquant dogmatism of his language.

This art of spiritualising language has received a curious development. As culture has turned poetry into criticism so does it transform criticism into poetry. Aristotle blamed the Sophists for making prose poetical, observing acutely that those who wrote in this manner sought to conceal the poverty of their thought by the showiness of their style.* Poetical prose, however, introduced by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Carlyle, has made rapid advances in England. The following extract from Mr. Pater's criticism on Leonardo da Vinci's picture 'La Gioconda' is a good specimen of this epicene style:—

'The presence that so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts, and fantastic reveries, and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty into which the soul with all its maladies, has passed! All the thought and experience of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the Middle Age, with its spiritual ambition and its imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias.'

Now all this is plain, downright, unmistakable poetry. The picture is made the thesis which serves to display the writer's extensive reading and the finery of his style. Of reasoning in the ordinary sense there is positively none. 'The eyelids are a little weary,' therefore it is quite plain that 'all the ends of the earth are come upon her head.' The beauty is different from the Greek type. What then can be more obvious than that this particular face expresses the whole experience of mankind between the age of Phidias and Leonardo? The lady appears to Mr. Pater to have a somewhat sensual expression. A fact which fully warrants a critical rhetorician in concluding that she is an unconscious incarna-

* Aristotle, Rhetoric, iii. i. 9.

tion of all the vices which he has found preserved in the literature of the Renaissance. Judgments of this kind, we are told, are the result of 'penetrative sympathy' or 'perceptive insight.' It may be so; we cannot say that the qualities Mr. Pater discovers in this picture are not to be found there. What we can say is that, as the reasoning in the above passage assumes a knowledge in the critic of motives which are beyond the reach of evidence, there is no justification for calling that criticism which is in fact pure romance. In some cases we may go farther, and show that the freemasonry acquired by perpetual reading, uncorrected by actual observation, is really of a kind to weaken that acute sagacity which is necessary for a judge. For instance, by an error precisely resembling Winckelmann's absurd overestimate of Raphael Mengs, a critic of such natural good sense and sound judgment as Mr. Symonds, whose book we have classed with Mr. Pater's at the head of our article, has been induced to assert that an execrable American scribbler, one Walt Whitman, is the true representative of Greek life in the nineteenth century. A hundred other instances might be quoted to prove how critics who reject the natural standards of common sense in favour of private perceptions derived from books are made the dupes of quackery and imposture. Everywhere we see examples to confirm the truth of Milton's reproach:—

'The man who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings why need he elsewhere
seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains.
Deep versed in books, but shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles by the shore.'

We have sought to show that the results of 'inward working' in literary culture are not satisfactory. It is not every man whose Dæmon is so trustworthy as that of Socrates. If, then, the characteristics we have observed be in themselves unhealthy, is there not probably something unsound in the source from which they spring? Liberalism, or religion based on self-worship, of which self-culture is the last and the logical development, has been the darling creed of Europe for a hundred years, yet it has ever failed to take firm root in society. Philosophic Liberalism, the State of Nature, or the Gospel according to Rousseau, failed irretrievably at the French Revolution. Commercial Liberalism, the mercantile State of Nature, or the Gospel according to Cob-

den, is generally discredited, and in the eyes even of its professors is at least inadequate. Academic Liberalism, the State of Art, or the Gospel according to Goethe, must also fail, for this, too, is founded on the false principle of self-worship. Proofs are not wanting that it has failed already. For whereas it proposes to replace what it considers the obsolete catholic standards of antiquity, it introduces us to nothing but the Babel of Sects. In education, in art, its effects are seen alike. Every agitator against the classics as an imperfect educational basis is certain that they could be well replaced by the particular study to which he has confined his own attention. With the innovators in poetry and criticism it is the same; 'there is no law in the land: every man does that which is good in his own eyes.' What, in a word, is the general tendency of 'Culture' but to encourage a passion for private and impossible ideals? Some wish to 'Hellenise' our public life, to recover, as they say, the Greek standard, an aspiration that appears to us to resemble Mrs. Blimber's, who declared that she could die happy if she could but see Cicero in his Tusculan villa. Others, again, desire to mediævalise our manners, and Mr. Ruskin is founding a republic on the principle of Atlantis and Utopia, to be governed by the laws of Florence in the fourteenth century. Probably most of our literary Liberals would re-echo the sense of the complaint made lately with an almost sublime egotism in 'Fors Clavigera':—

'That it should be left to me to begin such a work with only one man in England, Thomas Carlyle, to whom I can look for steady guidance, is alike wonderful and sorrowful to me. I am left utterly stranded and alone in life and in thought.'

A melancholy, but not an uncommon, experience. And who is to blame? Society, says Mr. Ruskin; but we venture to doubt.

Yet these wild visions are but irregular symptoms of the indisposition which the nation itself has lately shown to content itself with the principles of Manchester, without any scope for the exercise of its nobler powers of imagination and feeling. But if all novel schemes in pursuit of this higher end have proved futile, is it not possible that in the Christian Revelation and our national history we have still a standard of noble living in our midst? We believe Butler to be absolutely right in his argument from probability:—

'In questions of difficulty, or such as are thought so, where more satisfactory evidence cannot be had, if the result of examination

be that there appears any the least presumption on one side, though in the lowest degree greater, this determines the question, even in matters of speculation, and in matters of practice will lay us under an absolute and formal obligation in point of prudence and of interest to *act* upon the presumption or low probability, though it be so low as to leave the mind in doubt which is the truth.'

We have been content, throughout our argument, to meet philosophy on its own ground, and the real question is this, Has, or has not the system which for nineteen centuries has satisfied minds the wisest and most unsophisticated, which has proved intelligible alike to the hearts of rich and poor, a greater presumption in its favour than those systems which have never extended their influence beyond literary sects, and even among these are being perpetually rejected as inadequate? The constant aspiration of the human heart is towards what is higher than itself, as is shown by Mr. Carlyle's phrase 'self-annihilation,' and Mr. Arnold's phrase 'our better self,' yet no scheme of modern philosophy has suggested how we are to escape from 'the shadow of ourselves.' Christianity solves the enigma, and provides the means, as much more completely than 'Culture,' as the belief in God is larger than the idea of our better self, as much more effectually than philosophy, as the Christian exposition of our duty to God and to our neighbour is more practical than the paradox of self-annihilation. And if it be true, as in a sense it is, that doubt of any kind can only be removed by action, where is there such scope for action as in Christian liberty? Were there, indeed, an inherent repugnance between those elements of our nature which Mr. Arnold calls the Hebraic and Hellenic, as certain fanatics have urged, this might be an argument against a religion which would tend to suppress the noblest human powers. But there is none. It cannot be said that the faith out of which modern civilisation has sprung has dwarfed the energies of mankind. The scheme under which the intellect of Bacon and Newton could expand has nothing in itself hostile to science; the atmosphere which invigorated the imagination of Shakespeare has not been fatal to letters, nor has the religion which the genius of Raffaele could glorify been unproductive of art. Great action in the sphere of art and letters is encouraged, where men are content to take for granted the first principles on which human society depends. It becomes impossible only when they spend all their intellectual energies on analysis, in the idle endeavour to solve

questions which are by nature incapable of proof.

To conclude, we desire a culture that shall be social, public, national, that shall be breathed from the common air, not elaborated out of the individual mind. There is a state of nature to be found in modern society, though not, as Rousseau taught, in a return to the simplicity of the savage or the shepherd. The praise of being 'natural' we ascribe to those who, with unconscious grace, without consideration of effect, perform the duties and maintain the dignity proper to their condition in society. The standards of honour, courtesy, politeness, refinement,—all that is comprised in that sense of what is due to others as well as to ourselves, which we call by the name of good breeding, and which is the result of complex traditions, and continuous development, these qualities are as far above the manufacture of art as they are beyond the reach of analysis. Formed as they have been out of instincts and characteristics which have made society in England stable and free, the laws which enforce these virtues should not be questioned, but obeyed. We believe that no modern nation has merited better than England the noble eulogium passed by Pericles on the Athenians, when he told them they had learned how to reconcile a sense of public greatness with a toleration of individual taste. Happy will it be for ourselves if, with our passion for private liberty, we retain that public spirit without which liberty would soon cease to exist! In spite of the sectarianism which the miserable principles of the Manchester school have long served to propagate, we look on the recent judgment of the nation as a proof that the body of the people preserves a sense of true unity. We are persuaded that in our country still burns that ancient fire springing out of love of the soil and patriotic pride which animated the dying apostrophe of John of Gaunt to

'This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England!'

It is this reverence for our history which forms the public conscience, and is a pledge that we cannot be false without shame to the great actions of our fathers. To the kindling and strengthening of this conscience we desire to see all the nobler energies of our art and letters contribute. This to our mind is the groundwork of true Culture. 'Very small by the side of the Eternities!' says Mr. Carlyle. 'Very un-Hellenic!' adds Mr. Arnold. 'Old-fashioned!' cries Liberal Progress, in the spirit of Aristophanes' Unjust Argument, 'eighteenth.

century, smelling of stage-coaches, Magna Charta, and the Heptarchy.' 'True it is,' we reply with the Just Argument, 'that old-fashioned Culture does not consist of constant self-analysis, perpetual depreciation of our fathers, everlasting glorification of ourselves; but at any rate it is the Culture which reared the men of Trafalgar and Waterloo!'

ART. V.—*La Vie d'un Patricien de Venise au Seizième Siècle—Les Doges—La Charte Ducale—Les Femmes à Venise—L'Université de Padoue—Les Préliminaires de Lépante, &c., d'après les Papiers d'Etat des Archives de Venise.* Par Charles Yriarte. Paris, 1874.

MARC ANTONIO BARBARO was a Venetian noble of illustrious birth, who filled successively each of the highest offices in the Republic, with the exception of the Dogeship, which he narrowly missed. He was born in 1518 and died in 1595; and adopting him as the type of the patrician of the sixteenth century, the author of the book before us has undertaken to connect or associate with his career a full description of the laws, customs, manners, and policy of the Queen of the Adriatic in the height of her prosperity and the fullness of her pride. Thus, *à propos* of Barbaro's rank, we are treated to a sketch of the patrician order, with its privileges: on his marriage, to a disquisition on Venetian women. His nomination to an embassy suggests the fertile topic of diplomacy; while his candidature for the Dogeship gives occasion for a complete account of this exalted office with its attributes. The conception is ingenious, and the execution leaves little to desire as regards learning, critical acuteness, and discriminating research. The tone, spirit, and intention of the work are excellent: but it wants life, light, colour, and illustration. The Patrician, instead of being, as we too fondly hoped, the centre of a series of animated groups, is too frequently treated as a peg on which dissertations and descriptions might be hung. Except in two or three episodes of his career, he is little better than a lay figure, slenderly draped,

without expression or individuality; and * for the romance, poetry, mystery, dramatic or melodramatic interest, traditionally blended with Venetian annals, M. Yriarte's pages are as free from them as if the people under consideration were the prosaic matter-of-fact Dutch. And yet there is scarcely a prominent incident or turning-point in those annals which does not read more like a fiction than a fact; and so obscurely grand is the subject, that the simplest preface or introduction brings the imaginative faculty into play.

'In the northern angle of the Adriatic is a gulf, called *lagune*, in which more than sixty islands of sand, marsh, and sea-weed have been formed by a concurrence of natural causes. These islands have become the City of Venice, which has lorded it over Italy, conquered Constantinople, resisted a league of all the kings of Christendom, long carried on the commerce of the world, and bequeathed to nations the model of the most stable government ever framed by man.* These are the reflections with which Count Daru introduces his carefully finished and well-proportioned picture of the Republic in all the vicissitudes of her fortunes. The fresh materials accumulated by recent explorers of her archives have rather stimulated than allayed curiosity.† She is still vaguely known and imperfectly understood; and we propose, with M. Yriarte's aid, to call attention to such passages in her history and peculiarities in her institutions, as may help to solve the social and political problems presented by them. We shall also show, as we proceed, how far the leading works of fiction of which the scenes are laid in Venice, agree or disagree with the facts.

The islands of the lagune could hardly be said to be inhabited, being merely used as places of occasional resort by fishermen, until towards the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century, when a settled population began to be formed of refugees:—

'A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had
trod,

* 'Histoire de la République de Venise,' &c. Par P. Daru, de l'Académie Française. Seconde édition, revue et corrigée. Paris, 1831. la eight vols.

† An enduring debt of gratitude is owing from all recent students of Venetian history to M. Armand Baschet. We particularly refer to 'Les Archives de Venise, Histoire de la Chancellerie Secrète,' &c., par Armand Baschet. Paris, Henri Plon, l'imprimeur-éditeur, Rue Garancière, 1870': a book full of curious information and interesting details.

* Α. ἀρχαία γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τετρίγων ἀνά-
μεστα
καὶ Κηκείδον καὶ Βουφονίον

Δ. ἀλλ' οὐν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκείνα
ἐξ ὧν ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχας ἡμῶν παίδευσιν ἐθρεψεν.

Gave birth to Venice. Like the waterfowl,
They built their nests among the ocean
waves.*

The oldest document extant relating to Venetian history, is a decree of the Senate of Padua, A.D. 421, ordering the construction of a town on Rialto, the largest of the isles, with the view of bringing together in a single community the scattered inhabitants of the rest for the purposes of mutual protection and support. They appear to have been left free to choose their own form of government; for we find that each island had at first its own magistrate: the magistrates of the most considerable being called Tribunes Major, the others Tribunes Minor, and the whole being equally subject to the council-general of the community; which thus constituted a kind of federal republic. This lasted nearly 300 years, when it was found that the rising nation had fairly outgrown its institutions. Dangerous rivalries arose among the tribunes. Their divided authority weakened the common action, and their administration became a general subject of complaint. At a meeting of the Council-General in A.D. 897, the Patriarch of Grado proposed the concentration of power in the hands of a single chief, under the title of Doge or Duke. The proposition was eagerly accepted, and they proceeded at once to the election of this chief. 'It will be seen (remarks Daru) that the Dogeship saved independence and compromised liberty. It was a veritable revolution, but we are ignorant by what circumstances it was brought about. Many historians assert that the change was not effected till the permission of the Pope and the Emperor was obtained.'

The first choice fell on Paolo Luca Anabesto. It was made by twelve electors, the founders of what were thenceforth termed the electoral families. The Doge was appointed for life: he named his own counsellors: took charge of all public business;

* Roger's 'Italy.' These lines are paraphrased, without acknowledgment, from Gibbon. 'It is a saying worthy of the ferocious pride of Attila, that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod. Yet the savage destroyer undesignedly laid the foundations of a republic which revived, in the feudal state of Europe, the art and spirit of commercial industry. . . . The minister of Theodoric compares them, in his quaint declamatory style, to waterfowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves.'—('Decline and Fall,' chap. xxxv.) In his 'Italy,' Rogers has throughout treated the historians and chroniclers as Byron accuses 'sepulchral Grahame' of having treated the scriptural writers:

'Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch.'

had the rank of prince, and decided all questions of peace and war. The peculiar title was meant to imply a limited sovereignty, and the Venetians uniformly repudiated, as a disgrace, the bare notion of their having ever submitted to a monarch. But many centuries passed away before any regular or well-defined limits were practically imposed; and the prolonged struggle between the people and the Doges, depending mainly on the personal character of the Doge for the time being, constitutes the most startling and exciting portion of their history.

The first Doge proved a wise and sagacious ruler. He reigned twenty years. The second, Marcello Tegaliano, did equally well. The third, Urso, elected in 726, was restless and ambitious. He seized the first opportunity to engage in warlike operations, and it was under him that the Venetians made their first essay as a military power by land. He took Ravenna by assault, and based such pretensions on his victory, that, after Heraclea (then the capital) had been distracted and split into factions for two years, the people rose, forced their way into his palace, and cut his throat. He had reigned eleven years; long enough to sicken them of Doges for the nonce, so, not wishing to revert to tribunes, they appointed a chief magistrate to be elected annually, under the title of *maestro della milizia*. Five such magistrates were named, and ruled in succession, when the institution came to an untimely end with the fifth. For some unexplained reason or possibly caprice, the populace rose again, deposed him, and put out his eyes. The Dogeship was then restored in the person of Theodal Urso (son of the last Doge), who quitted Heraclea for Malamocco, which thus became the capital. Unluckily he excited suspicion by constructing a fort at the mouth of the Adige; and a demagogue, named Galba, got a troop of armed men together, fell upon him as he was returning from the works, and subjected him to the same treatment as his predecessor in the magistracy. It thenceforth became the received custom in Venice to put out the eyes of deposed Doges; and Galba, who had contrived to usurp the sovereignty, and hold it for eleven years, found himself deposed, blinded, and an exile in the end. The next but one obtained such an amount of popularity that he was enabled to get his son Giovanni associated with him in the ducal dignity, which ran considerable risk of becoming hereditary; for Giovanni had his son, Maurice, similarly nominated, and the descent might have continued unbroken had they conducted themselves with

common prudence or decency. But no sooner were they firmly established, than both father and son threw off the mask, and rivalled each other in the worst and most insulting forms of tyranny, cruelty, and profligacy. A conspiracy was formed. The Emperor Charlemagne and the Pope threatened to interfere; and eventually Giovanni and Maurice, having sought safety in flight, Obelerio, the head of the conspiracy, was proclaimed Doge.

This was in 804. The events of the next five years are involved in obscurity. One thing is clear. Pepin, King of the Lombards, either under the pretence of a request for aid from the new Doge or to enforce some real or assumed rights of his own, declared war against the Republic, and waged it with such impetuosity that his fleet and army, after carrying all before them, were only separated from Malamocco, the capital, by a canal. In this emergency, Angelo Participazio, one of those men who are produced by great occasions to mark an era, proposed that the entire population should remove to Rialto, which was separated by a broader arm of the sea from the enemy, and there hold out to the last. No sooner proposed than done. They hastily embarked their all; and when Pepin entered Malamocco, he found it deserted. After losing a large part of his fleet in an ill-advised attack on Rialto, he gave up the enterprise, and Angelo Participazio was elected Doge in recognition of his services, with two tribunes for counsellors.

One of his first acts was to make Rialto the capital, instead of Malamocco or Heraclia, which had each been the seat of Government at intervals. 'There were round Rialto some sixty islets, which the Doge connected by bridges. They were soon covered with houses. They were girt with a fortification; and it was then that this population of fugitives gave to this rising city, which they had just founded in the middle of a morass, the name of Venetia, in memory of the fair countries from which their fathers had been forcibly expatriated. The province has lost its name, and become subject to the new Venice.' * This public-spirited Doge could not resist the temptation of perpetuating the dignity in his race. He had two sons, Justinian and John; and during the absence of the eldest on an embassy, he, of his own mere motion and authority, made the youngest co-ruler with himself. But so vehement were the remonstrances of the elder, backed by public opinion, that

the junior renounced in favour of the senior, who, moreover, contrived to make his own son Angelo a co-partner, so that the Republic was actually subjected to a triumvirate belonging to three generations. The grandson died first, and the son becoming sole Doge by the death of the father in 872, generously shared his power with the brother who had been superseded to make room for him. The most remarkable event in their joint reign was the translation of the body of St. Mark, and the adoption of that saint as the patron saint of the Republic. The original story, as related by the oldest of the Venetian chroniclers, runs thus:

'The King of Alexandria, who was building a magnificent palace, had ordered the most precious marbles to be procured, without sparing even the churches. That of Saint Mark was not excepted, and two holy men, Greek priests, who had the care of it, were groaning over the threatened profanation, when two Venetians, captains of vessels in the port, observed and asked the cause of their distress. On ascertaining it, they pressed to be entrusted with the body of Saint Mark, pledging themselves for its befitting reception by their countrymen. The priests refused till the work of demolition began, then they consented; but it was necessary to keep the transaction secret from the people, who had a great veneration for the remains on account of the daily miracles they worked. The priests carefully cut open the envelope in which the remains were wrapped, and substituted the body of Saint Claudian. Such perfume was instantly diffused through the Church, and even in the neighbouring places, that the crowd collected about the sacred reliques. There remained the difficulty of conveying them to the ship.

'The historians would not be believed if there was not still to be seen in our Church of Saint Mark a marvellous image which attests the fact. They placed the corpse in a large basket covered with herbs and swine's flesh which the Mussulmans hold in horror, and the bearers were directed to cry *Kharis* (pork) to all who should ask questions or approach to search. In this manner they reached the vessel. The body was enveloped in the sails and suspended to the mainmast till the moment of departure, for it was necessary to conceal this precious booty from those who might come to clear the vessel in the roads. At last the Venetians quitted the shore full of joy. They were hardly in the open sea when a great storm arose. We are assured that Saint Mark then appeared to the captain and warned him to strike all his sails immediately, lest the ship, driven before the wind, should be wrecked upon the hidden rocks. They owed their safety to this miracle.'

The arrival of these sacred remains was the signal for a succession of fêtes. The people were wild with enthusiasm, the ge-

* Daru, vol. i. p. 79. There are 72 islands connected by between 350 and 400 bridges.

neral belief being that the presence of the Saint guaranteed the lasting prosperity of the Republic; and on many trying occasions this belief or superstition, by inspiring confidence, proved a genuine source of strength. Many a time has the cry of *Viva San Marco* revived the drooping courage of the Venetians when powerful States and monarchs were leagued for their destruction, or kept them true to their banner on battlefields strewn with their dead. Yet far from relying exclusively on their patron saint, they established fêtes and ceremonies in honour of several others; and failing to induce the lawful possessors of the body of a much venerated one, Saint Tarasio, to part with it on reasonable terms, they resorted to the strong measure of stealing it, like the old lady mentioned by Fielding, who stole Tilotson's sermons for the sake of religion.* The objects, of plunder most in request at the sack of Constantinople, in 1204, were the relics; and it is recorded that the Doge Dandolo transmitted (*inter alia*) to Venice a portion of the true Cross, an arm of Saint George, a part of the skull of Saint John the Baptist, the bodies of Saint Luke and Saint Simeon, a phial of the Blood of Christ, a fragment of the pillar at which He was scourged, and a prickle of the Crown of Thorns. The only monuments of art deemed worth transporting were the famous bronze horses.

Another notable epoch in early Venetian history is the grant on which she based her claim to the sovereignty of the Adriatic. In the course of the fierce struggle between Alexander III. and Frederic Barbarossa, the Pope, when his fortunes were at the lowest, took refuge with the Venetians, who, after a vain effort at reconciliation, made common cause with him, and in a naval encounter obtained so signal a victory that the Emperor was compelled to sue for peace and submit to the most humiliating terms. The crowning scene of his degradation has been rendered familiar by the pencil, the chisel, and the pen. Before entering Venice he was met by six cardinals, who received his oath of submission, gave him absolution, and reconciled him with the Church. He was then conducted by a procession of priests to the Place of St. Mark, where, at the door of the cathedral, sat his Holiness, arrayed in his pontifical robes, surrounded by cardinals, prelates, representatives of foreign

Powers, and high officers of state. The Emperor, as soon as he came into the sacred presence, stripped off his mantle, and knelt down before the Pope to kiss his feet. Alexander, intoxicated with his triumph, and losing all sense of moderation or generosity, placed his foot on the head or neck of his prostrate enemy, exclaiming, in the words of the Psalmist, '*Super aspidem et basilicum ambulabis*' &c. ('Thou shalt tread upon the asp and the basilisk: the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot'). '*Non tibi, sed Petro*' ('Not to thee, but Peter'), cried the outraged and indignant Emperor. '*Et mihi et Petro*' ('To both me and Peter'), rejoined the Pope, with a fresh pressure of his heel.*

In return for the good offices of Venice on this occasion, the Pope conferred on the Doges the privilege of being preceded by a lighted taper, a sword, a parasol, a chair of state, a cushion of cloth of gold, banners, and two trumpets. In addition to these barren marks of dignity, Alexander presented the reigning Doge, Ziani, with a ring, saying, 'Receive this ring, and with it, as my donation, the dominion of the sea, which you, and your successors, shall annually assert on an appointed day, so that all posterity may understand that the possession of the sea was yours by right of victory, and that it is subject to the rule of the Venetian Republic, as wife to husband.'†

The Republic ruled the Adriatic (so long as she did rule it) much as Britannia rules the waves—by dint of naval superiority. Her right was stoutly resisted by the other maritime Powers of Italy, especially by the Neapolitans and Genoese; and its real nature was virtually admitted by the celebrat-

* The spot on which this scene took place was indicated by a marble slab with an inscription in brass:—

' . . . in that temple-porch

Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck, received the foot
Of the proud pontiff.'

Sismondi (following a contemporary chronicler) narrates the interview without any circumstance of insult, and describes it as concluding with the kiss of peace. There are writers who contend that Alexander was never at Venice, and that the Venetians obtained no victory on his behalf. But the weight of evidence adduced by Daru strikes us to be quite conclusive in favour of his version.

† The reported words, which hardly admit of a literal translation, run thus:—'*Hunc annulum accipe et, me auctore, ipsum mare obnoxium tibi redditum; quod tu tulque successores quottannis statuto die servabitis; ut omnis posteritas intelligat maris possessionem victoriæ jure vestram fuisse, atque uti uxorem viro, ita illud imperio reipublicæ Venetiæ subjectum.*'

* 'Amongst the pieces of good fortune which increased the reputation of the new Venice in all the Christian world, as well as in the other, was the acquisition of the body of St. Tarasio, stolen from a convent of monks, who refused to sell or part with it.'—*Marin*, quoted by *Daru*.

ed reply of the Venetian ambassador to Julius II., when asked where the deed or instrument containing the concession was to be found: 'On the back of the donation of the domain of St. Peter from Constantine to Pope Sylvester.'

The well-known ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, religiously observed with all its original pomp and splendour during six centuries, was in itself a proclamation and a challenge to the world. It was regularly attended by the papal nuncio and the whole of the diplomatic corps, who, year after year, witnessed the dropping of a sanctified ring into the sea, and heard without a protest the prescriptive accompaniment: *Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuæ Domini* (we espouse thee, sea, in sign of true and perpetual dominion).

'The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord,
And annual marriage now no more renewed;
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestor'd,
Neglected garment of her widowhood.'

The last Bucentaur, a splendidly-gilt and equipped galley, had been repaired or renewed till the identity might have been made a topic of metaphysical dispute like that of Sir John Cutler's stockings in 'Martinus Scriblerus;' but it could hardly have lain rotting when Childe Harold mourned or philosophised over its departed glories, for it was broken up in 1797 by the French.

'In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre,
Her very byword sprung from victory,
The "Planter of the Lion,"* which through fire
And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea.'

* *Plant the Lion*, that is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the Republic, which is the origin of the word pantaloons—*pianta-leone*, pantaleon, pantaloons.

Historians have failed or omitted to fix the precise period when this ensign of the lion was first adopted by the Republic. But when the two granite columns, still the conspicuous ornaments of the Piazzetta of St. Mark, were erected in or about 1172, a winged lion in bronze was placed on one of them and a statue of St. Theodore, a patron of earlier standing, on the other. These columns, trophies of a successful raid in the Archipelago, had remained prostrate on the quay for more than fifty years, the engineering difficulty of raising them being pronounced insuperable, when a Lombard architect undertook the task, stipulating that he should name his own recompense if he succeeded. Nothing is known of his method except that he wetted the ropes. The recompense he claimed was that games of

chance, then prohibited by severe penalties, might be played in the space between the columns. The authorities kept faith, and this anomaly was tolerated for more than four centuries, when it was removed by another and (many will think) a worse. The same locality was devoted to capital executions; so that, rather than break an obsolete pledge, or discontinue a time-honoured custom, these grave and reverend signors established the frequently recurring spectacle of dead or dying malefactors hanging by one leg in the principal square of their city under the windows of their chief magistrate.

Another ceremony, 'The Brides of Venice,' deeply tinged with romance and celebrated in song, carries us back to a still remoter period, when it was the custom for the marriages of the principal citizens to be celebrated together in the patriarchal church of San Pietro di Castello on the eve of the feast of the Purification:—

'Two and two
The richest tapestry unrolled before them,
First came the brides, each in her virgin veil,
Nor unattended by her bridal maids,
The two that, step by step, behind her bore
The small but precious casket that contained
The dowry and the presents.'

The rite is ending, and the entire congregation are on their knees to receive the blessing, when a band of pirates, who had landed the night before and lain in ambush, rush in, and before the bridegrooms, with their 'best men,' had time to take to their weapons—

'Are gone again—amid no clash of arms
Bearing away the maidens and the treasures.'

According to Daru and Sismondi, it was the Doge in person who hastily equipped an armament, overtook the pirates, exterminated them to a man, and brought back the brides. Rogers adopts the more romantic version, that they were rescued by the bridegrooms:

'Not a raft, a plank,
But on that day was drifting—in an hour
Half Venice was afloat. But long before,
Frantic with grief and scorning all controul,
The youths were gone in a light brigantine,
Lying at anchor near the arsenal.'

Even the date of the adventure is uncertain. Daru, on a review of the authorities, is clear that it occurred in the tenth century; but Morosini places it in A.D. 868, and it must have occurred when the neighbourhood of the church (now the site of the arsenal) was uninhabited, or the pirates could hardly have landed unobserved.

It was a wonderful advance, allowing even two centuries for its accomplishment, from a state of things in which such an outrage was possible to that in which Venice was able to find means of transport for the whole invading army of the Fourth Crusade, and co-operate in the conquest of the Greek empire on equal terms with the chivalry of Western Europe. The story of this crusade has been admirably told by Sismondi and forms the subject of one of Gibbon's most celebrated chapters. We shall, therefore, merely recall attention to circumstances which have a marked bearing on the position and resources of Venice at the time. Geoffrey de Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, the contemporary chronicler of the expedition, relates that he formed one of a deputation of six, empowered to treat with the Venetians for the transport of the troops, estimated at 4500 knights with two mounted esquires each, and 20,000 foot soldiers; in rude numbers, about 30,000 men and 13,000 or 14,000 horses. When it is remembered that the French were unable to transport a numerically inferior force to the Crimea in 1854 without leaving their cavalry behind, some notion may be formed of the marine of a country which could not only supply vessels for such an armament, but fit out an auxiliary force to act with it.* The terms settled with the Doge, and ratified by acclamation at a grand council or assembly of the people, were four marks per horse and two marks per man, including keep and provisions for nine months, making a sum total of 85,000 marks. It was also stipulated that, on condition of the Venetians joining the expedition with fifty galleys, they should equally share in its fruits.

'Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!'

He was past ninety-four when he volunteered to take the command in person, but he makes no allusion to his blindness in the speech in which he mentions his age and feebleness, and doubts have been raised whether he was totally deprived of sight, although one of his descendants, amongst other annalists, states distinctly that his eyes were put out when he was ambassador at Constantinople by the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, who is said to have applied the hot iron with his own hands. Villehardouin, also, in his account of the first

assault, says: 'Wonderful prowess must now be told. The Duke of Venice, who was old and saw not at all (*goutte ne voyait*), armed at all points on the prow of his galley, the standard of St. Mark before him, was heard crying to his men to put him on shore.' He was landed accordingly, and was carrying all before him, when his victorious course was arrested by the necessity of supporting the French. He was nominated to replace the dethroned Emperor, but declined or was set aside for reasons of policy which the Venetian electors were the first to appreciate, and he died in little more than a year after the completion of the conquest (June 14, 1205), having lived long enough to be proclaimed 'Despot of Romania'—a title annexed to that of Doge, and used by his successors till the middle of the fourteenth century, with what Gibbon terms the singular though true addition of 'Lord of one-fourth and a half of the Roman Empire.'*

The difficulty of maintaining such an extent of dominion became so pressing that, according to two chroniclers, a project was actually brought forward by the Doge, in 1223, for abandoning the city and transferring her household gods to Constantinople. His argument in support of this proposal, with those of Angelo Faliero in reply, are reported in the manner of Thucydides; and we are assured that it was only negatived by a majority of one voice, which was termed the voice of Providence. The Venetians wisely abandoned, or granted as fiefs, such of their acquisitions as were not available for ports or commercial depots. 'If, then,' concludes Daru, 'it be asked what was the fruit of this conquest, we must acknowledge that the result was most important for the Venetians, since it assured the splendour of their republic in giving it the empire of the seas; but for Europe this result was the useless loss of many brave men, the burning of Constantinople, the destruction of precious monuments, the fall of an empire, and a dismemberment which facilitated its speedy conquest by barbarians. The only fruit that Europe appears to have derived from this great revolution is the introduction of millet, some grains of which were sent by the Marquis of Montferrat to his Italian States.'

* The French embarked 24,000 infantry and 70 pieces of field artillery; but since they were straitened in their means of sea-transport, the number of horses they allotted to each gun was reduced from six to four. The French embarked no cavalry.—*Kinglake*, 'The Invasion of the Crimea,' vol. ii. p. 141.

* *Dominus quartæ partis et dimidiæ imperii Romani*. The correct reading is, *imperii Romanici*—of the empire of Romania. Daru, Sismondi, and the able author of 'Sketches of Venetian History,' have fallen into the same mistake as Gibbon. A quarter of Constantinople, and half of the rest of the Imperial dominions, were, in fact, allotted to Venice.

It is not exactly correct to say that the Fourth Crusade assured the empire of the seas to Venice: during more than two hundred years that empire was bravely contested by the Genoese, who more than once reduced the Venetians to the same humiliating position in which the English were placed by the Dutch when Van Tromp sailed up the Thames with the typical broom at his mast-head. When, in the war of Chiozza (1378-1381), the Genoese admiral, Doria, reviewed his fleet whilst waiting for orders, he was received in passing from ship to ship with shouts of '*To Venice! To Venice! Viva San Giorgio!*' Nor was this a vainglorious boast, like the French cry of '*To Berlin! To Berlin!*' The Genoese fought their way victoriously to the verge of the chief lagune, when the Doge hastened in person to sue for peace, bringing with him some Genoese prisoners, whom he proposed to deliver without ransom, presenting at the same time a blank paper to be filled up with any terms, provided the independence of the Republic was respected. 'You may take back the prisoners' was the haughty reply of Doria; 'ere many hours I hope to deliver both them and their companions. By God above, ye Signors of Venice, you must expect no peace from the Lord of Padua or from our Republic till we ourselves have bridled the horses of your St. Mark. Place but the reins once in our hands and we shall know how to keep them quiet for the future.*'

Driven to desperation, the Venetians made good their defence, and after various alternations of fortune consented to a peace which left them entirely denuded of territory on the mainland. Yet it was Genoa not Venice, whose decline was accelerated by the contest. The Doge of Venice was bearing himself as bravely as ever amongst monarchs, when the Doge of Genoa was giving up his sceptre and sword to the ambassadors of Charles VI. of France in token of vassalage.

During the interval between the decline of Genoa and the rise of the other maritime Powers, Venice very nearly monopolised the carrying trade between Europe and the East, and had become the greatest commercial emporium in the world. Besides a mercantile marine of more than three thousand vessels, the private property of the citizens, the Government sent annually squad-

rons of five or six large galleys each to call at the principal ports within the known range of navigation. In the sixteenth century, the arsenal of Venice contained 16,000 workmen and 40,000 sailors. It could turn out a fleet of 85 galleys at the shortest warning. One of the spectacles with which Henry III. of France was entertained, was the building, launching, and equipping of a galley in one day. At the battle of Lepanto, the Venetians had 134 ships, of which 70 were galleys and 6 galleasses. The galley carried from 15 to 20 guns: the galleasse from 60 to 70 of very heavy calibre. It was the six galleasses that decided the battle. So overpowering did the Venetians esteem this class of vessel that the captain's instructions were not to decline an engagement with 25 ordinary ships of war. Their land forces were considerable. The army which they set on foot in 1509, when menaced by the League of Cambrai, amounted to 30,000 foot and 18,000 horse. There were 5000 soldiers on board their Lepanto fleet. The population of the city never amounted to 200,000; and the question arises where they got men enough for fleets, armies, colonies, commerce, and manufactures. The islands supplied sailors; Dalmatia, soldiers. Italy abounded in mercenary troops who flocked to the standard of the most liberal paymasters: high wages lured the best workman as high profits attracted and accumulated capital.

The Venetian system was protective and restrictive. They were no believers in free trade, and their duties on exports and imports by foreigners were in effect prohibitory. We are told of a King of Serbia, who, on his departure from Venice, was so startled by the sum he was required to pay for export duty on his purchases, that he solicited the citizenship in order to be excused from paying them. As regards the carrying trade of the Adriatic, when the patriarch of Aquila requested permission to import in a ship of his nation a quantity of wine which he had bought at Ancona, the Republic refused, but offered to carry his wine for him gratis. The Venetians had become so necessary to the Italians, that Robert, King of Naples, was obliged to make peace with them, because his subjects declared themselves too impoverished to pay taxes since the Venetians had discontinued their trade. When, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the English began to trade direct with the Levant, the Venetians took alarm, and requested the interference of the French ambassador at Venice, who writes: 'These Signors are excessively displeased that the Queen of Eng-

* 'Sketches of Venetian History' (Murray's 'Family Library'), vol. i. p. 314. The writer relies on the authority of Chinazzo. Daru has divided the speech between Doria and the lord of Padua (Carrara), who was in league with the Genoese.

land should establish herself in this quarter, since their traffic will be much diminished, as well in the commodities they export as in those they bring back in exchange.'

'Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the Sun,
Fragrant with spices—that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing.'

This is historically true. It was from their ambassador at Lisbon that the Venetians received the first intelligence of the discovery of the new passage (1497), and the arrival round the Cape of Good Hope of vessels loaded with the richest products of the East. 'On hearing this news,' says Cardinal Bembo, 'the Republic saw that the most important branch of her commerce was slipping away. When she learned that the Portuguese were forming establishments on these coasts, and that they, becoming masters of all the merchandise of Asia, would soon deliver them in Europe at a lower rate than those which arrived by the Red Sea, by the Euphrates, or the Tanais, this jealousy was converted into fury.' They soon afterwards received another heavy blow from the Emperor Charles V., who imposed a duty of 25 per cent. on their imports and exports throughout his dominions, and formally closed his ports against them except on condition that they abandoned their direct trades with Africa, and brought to his town of Oran all the merchandise they had to sell to the Moors. In fact, before the end of the sixteenth century, they were no longer able to exert the right of the strongest; they were driven from market after market by the rising maritime Powers of the North; and, jostled between the powerful monarchies into which Europe had settled down, they could only maintain a precarious independence by adroit trimming. The doctrine of the balance of power was thenceforth the sole salvation of the proud Republic till she fell.

We must not forget to mention that the Bank of Venice, which dates from the twelfth century (1157), was by much the oldest establishment of the kind, and that its operations included loans to foreign nations and princes as well as the ordinary business of a national bank. Here, again, its close imitator and rival was Genoa.*

* "It is very singular," I replied, "that the mercantile transactions of London citizens should become involved with revolutions and rebellions." "Not at a, man, not at a," re-

The Jews were permitted to establish a bank at Venice—which, by the way, broke—but their condition was pretty nearly such as it is described by Shakespeare. They were compelled to wear a badge, to pay exceptional taxes, to inhabit a particular quarter, to be shut up in it from sunset to sunrise, and might be spat upon with impunity by a patrician.

The palaces and public buildings show that the patricians of Venice, collectively and individually, were amongst the earliest and most munificent patrons of the fine arts. The country seat of the Barbaro family was built by Palladio, and the walls and ceilings were painted in fresco by Paul Veronese. With the exception of Florence, no Italian State did more for the revival and encouragement of learning, literature, and science. Venice was one of the claimants of the invention of printing, and, within a few years after it became known, 160 printing presses were at work in the city alone. Giving her credit for the University of Padua, of which she became mistress in 1405, she could boast of having protected and pensioned Galileo, besides employing Sarpi as her advocate and Bembo as her historiographer: Petrarch was residing at Venice when Boccaccio came to visit him: and although Tasso was born in the kingdom of Naples, he was the son of a Venetian citizen and educated at the Venetian university. Freedom of thought was rigidly proscribed: no political allusion was safe: Dante, banished by Florence, would have been drowned or strangled at Venice; but she was tolerant of religious speculation and permitted no tyranny except her own. Even the Inquisition was kept within bounds; very fortunately for art, as may be collected from one of M. Baschet's discoveries—the *procès-verbal* of a sitting (July 18, 1573) at which Paul Veronese was interrogated touching one of his pictures of the Last Supper:

'Q. In this picture of the Supper of our Lord, have you painted people?—A. Yes. Q. How many have you painted, and what is each doing?—A. To begin,—Simon, the master of the hotel; then, below him, an upper servant, whom I suppose to have come there for his amusement and to see after the disposition of the table. There are several other

turned Mr. Jarvie; "that's a' your silly pre-judications. I read whiles in the lang dark nights, and I hae read in 'Baker's Chronicle,' that the merchants o' London could gar the Bank of Genoa break their promise to advance a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the sailing of the Grand Spanish Armada was put off for a hall year."—*Rob Roy*. The Bank of Genoa was established in 1407.

figures of which I have no distinct recollection, considering that it is a long time since I painted this picture. Q. What is the meaning of the figure whose nose is bleeding?—A. It is a servant whose nose has been set bleeding by an accident. Q. And those men armed and dressed in the German fashion, with halberds in their hands?—A. It is here necessary that I should speak a score of words. Q. Speak them.—A. We painters take the same license as the poets and the jesters, and I have represented the halberdiers eating and drinking at the bottom of the staircase, all ready, moreover, to discharge their duty; for it appeared to me becoming and possible that the master of the house, rich and magnificent, as I have been told, should have such attendants. Q. And that one dressed as a buffoon, with a parrot on his wrist,—with what view have you introduced him into the picture?—A. He is there as an ornament, as is customary. Q. Who are those at the table of our Lord?—A. The Twelve Apostles. Q. What is St. Peter, who comes first, doing?—A. He is carving the lamb to be passed to the other part of the table. Q. And the one next to him?—A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter may give him. Q. And the third?—A. He is picking his teeth with a fork. Q. Who are really the persons whom you admit to have been at this Supper?—A. I believe there were none besides Christ and his apostles; but when I have a little room left in a picture, I adorn it with figures of invention.'

He escaped with a reprimand and a command to substitute a Madeleine for a dog.

M. Yriarte devotes a chapter to the magnificent reception of Henry III. of France, in June 1574. But he has omitted the detail which most fastened on the imagination of the author of 'Vathek':—

'When Henry III. left Poland to mount the throne of France, he passed through Venice and found the Senate waiting to receive him in their famous square, which by means of an awning stretched from the balustrades of opposite palaces was metamorphosed into a vast saloon, sparkling with artificial stars, and spread with the richest carpets of the east. What a magnificent idea! The ancient Romans in the zenith of power and luxury never conceived a greater. It is to them, however, that the Venetians are indebted for the hint, since we read of the Coliseum and Pompey's theatre being sometimes covered with transparent canvas to defend the spectators from the heat or sudden rain, and to tint the scene with soft agreeable colours.' *

Whatever may have been the case in more modern times, the early prosperity of Venice was in no respect owing to her form of government, which was of the rudest and most fluctuating kind. 'We have

now,' says Daru, arriving at 1172, 'run over the history of fifty Doges. We have seen five abdicate, nine exiled or deposed, five banished with their eyes put out, and five massacred. Thus nineteen of these princes had been driven from their thrones by violence. If there was ample room for complaints of their abuse of their power, there was no less subject for regret and shame at the manner in which it had been overthrown.' The early constitution of Venice might have been described, like that of Russia, as a monarchy tempered by assassination. The method of election was no more subjected to fixed rules than the authority conferred by it. Some Doges, as we have seen, nominated their successors. Others were elected by a voluntary assembly of the people. At the election of Domenico Silvo by the people on the shore of San Nicolo del Lido, 1069, a great number came armed in their boats, and, without landing, began shouting vociferously '*Vogliamo il Silvo, e lo approviamo*'—(We will have Silvo, and we approve of him). When the election was not the direct act of the people, the Doge was presented for popular approval in St. Mark's. It is passing strange, therefore, to find M. Yriarte so carried away by enthusiasm for his subject as to exclaim: 'We may almost say that, for the Venetians, the age of indispensable struggles, of barbarism, of inevitable disorders, has not existed. They will be a people almost without transition, and one of the most powerful in the world. Their magistracies will be already instituted, whilst the greater part of the people of Europe are still sunk in barbarism. Their collection of laws will give evidence from the first of their love of justice, and their rapid instinct of civilisation.'

The first of their laws for regulating the authority of the Doge was that of 1032, which assigned him two counsellors, whose assent was necessary to his acts, and required him on important occasions to convolve such of the citizens as he might think proper to deliberate on the interests of the State. These were called the *pregadi*. The nomination being discretionary with the Doge, they exercised no practical control: and, according to Sismondi, the formation of a much more important body, of that which was to assume the sovereignty and contain the whole Republic in itself, was posterior by one hundred years to this first limitation of the ducal authority. 'After the unfortunate expedition of the Doge Vital Micheli, after he had exposed his fleet to contagion and lost the flower of his soldiers, a sedition broke out against him on his return, and he was killed by a

* 'Italy,' &c. By the author of 'Vathek' (Beckford), vol. i. p. 113.

plebeian. An interregnum of six months preceded the election of his successor; and this time was employed in laying the foundations of a government which should prevent the public weal from being again endangered by the misconduct of one man. Without abolishing the assemblies, a Council of 480 members was formed and invested (conjointly with the Doge) with the entire sovereignty.*

They were elected annually by twelve tribunes or electors representing the six sections or divisions of the city, who were originally chosen by the people; but the Grand Council first usurped the right of choosing their own electors, and then passed a succession of decrees, the general effect of which was to render ineligible all who, or whose ancestors, had not already sat in it. The change was gradual. The first Council was elected in 1172: the decree called 'The Closing of the Great Council,' was passed in 1296; and this was followed up in 1319 by one making the privilege personal and hereditary; it being, moreover, provided that the son might take his seat in the lifetime of the father on attaining his twenty-fifth year. A register was then opened in which the names of the duly qualified persons were enrolled. This was the famous Golden Book, *Il Libro d'Oro*, which, at its commencement, was simply a list of the governing body; and included some who were not nobly born, whilst excluding others whose influence or position was inferior to their birth. Indeed, invidious distinctions were sedulously discountenanced, and wholesale additions to the privileged body were occasionally made without regard to pedigree or blood. When the Republic was hard pressed for money, inscriptions in the Golden Book were sold at the current price of 100,000 ducats; and amongst the thirty heads of families who were admitted after the war of Chiozza, in 1381, as a reward for their services or patriotic sacrifices, we find artisans, wine-merchants, grocers, and apothecaries. Illustrious foreigners were admitted, as they are made free of a corporation amongst us. The form of address to the new member was: *Te civem nostrum creamus*. The honour was not disdained even by crowned heads. Henry IV.'s application for it was accepted as a compliment. Not so that of the Pope Gregory XIII. for one of his illegitimate sons, who passed for a nephew. After long deliberation he was admitted as a near relative (*strettoparente*) of his Holiness. There was always a wide difference

between the members of the Great Council in point of rank: the bearers of historic names, like *gli Elettorali*, being invested with a prestige which secured them a priority in high office as well as social precedence; but all equally belonged to the privileged class: to that aristocracy whose iron yoke once riveted, neither Doge nor people were ever able to shake off.*

In all the other Italian republics, the nobles had been contemporaneously losing ground. 'During the last twenty years of the thirteenth century,' says Sismondi, 'not only were they compelled to share the prerogatives they desired to monopolise: they were absolutely and completely stripped of them. The Priors of Florence were all required to belong to a trade or calling, and exercise it personally. The nine Signors and defenders of the community of Sienna must be merchants and people of the middle class.' 'At Pistoia,' says Daru, 'the nobles were permanently disqualified for office, and the penalty of the non-noble who incurred degradation was to be inscribed in the book of nobility.' At Modena, there was a register, called the Book of the Nobles, in which all the *gentlemen* (in the continental sense) were inscribed, along with some of the *roturier* class whom the tribunals had associated with them as guilty of the same disorders; and all the inscribed were disqualified for office in the lump. The same legislation was afterwards carried out at Bologna, Padua, Brescia, Pisa, Genoa, and in all the free cities.† The popular hatred, embittered by fear, was especially directed against the feudal or territorial nobility, which never existed in Venice; and the success of the Venetian aristocracy in constituting themselves the sole governing body, was mainly owing to the fact that they were in the first instance, a genuine and (so to speak) natural aristocracy, comprising nearly all the citizens or heads of families distinguished by birth, public services, personal influence or hereditary wealth. On finding that some families with undeniable claims had been excluded, the Council speedily corrected the error by admitting them.

Prior to the closing of the Council, the principal check on the Doge was the *Pro-misso Ducale*, or Coronation Oath. To increase its restrictive force, and watch over its observance, the Council named five of

* The original *Libro d'oro* was publicly burned in 1797, but extracts, registers, and other documents are extant, from which its contents might be ascertained.

† Sismondi, 'Hist. des Rép. Ital.' vol. iii. pp. 164-165. Daru, vol. i. pp. 505-506.

* 'Histoire des Rép. Ital.' vol. ii. p. 345.

their own body, called 'Correctors,' whose general instructions were to see 'that the Doges are the chiefs of the Republic, and not its masters or its tyrants.' They ended by making the Doges its passive instruments or slaves. The Doge was forbidden to open any letter or despatch except in the presence of a certain number of counsellors, or to write any letter, public or private, without showing it to them. He was liable to a penalty of 100 ducats if he left the city for an hour: if his health required change of residence, they were to designate the place to which he might go, and fix the time he might remain. It was provided in 1462 that, if the ambassadors on the day of their reception attempted to touch on any question of State, he must turn the conversation, and in 1521—apropos of some real or alleged indiscretion of Antonio Grimaldi—that the Doge must always confine himself to evasive expressions or words of mere courtesy in the reception of ambassadors. His sons were excluded from taking any active part in the Council or filling any of the principal offices. The officers attached to his person were similarly excluded from public employments during his reign, and for one year afterwards. The title of Monsignore was proscribed; and he was to suffer no one to bend the knee to him or to kiss his hand. His portrait was not to be hung up in the ducal palace, nor his armorial bearings to figure on public buildings or standards. He was forbidden to marry a foreigner, or to possess fiefs beyond the limits of the State. In 1400, the correctors enacted:—

'The advocates of the Commune may prosecute the chief of the State either for a public act, or an act of his private life. In the council held by the college, the Doge can never oppose the conclusions of the advocates of the Commune.'

The Doges were paid quarterly. Jacopo Tiepolo, 1229-1249, received eight hundred lire *veneti*; Reniere Zeno, 1253-1268, two thousand; Giovanni Dandolo, 1280-1289, three thousand. They had also rents from lands specially assigned for their personal expenses, and other tributary payments. 'In 1329,' adds M. Yriarte (from whom we copy these figures) 'when all this was computed and the times had grown more expensive, the Grand Council fixed the annual appointments at 5200 lire. This figure was maintained down to the fall of the Republic. Till 1312 the "Book of Ducal Promises" contains the clause regulating the appointments; but, dating from this epoch, the chapter relating to the emoluments is suppressed.'

Besides the narrowest scrutiny into the conduct of the Doge in his lifetime, a sort of coroner's inquest was held over his body after death by commissaries appointed by the Council to inquire how he had managed his fortune, whether he had contracted debts or injured the interests of any one; in which case they acted as liquidators. 'There was a law requiring the Chief of the State to pay within eight days for the objects of which he had become the purchaser, but this was almost always a dead letter. The greater part of the inquisitions proved that the Doges had ruined themselves in the service of the State. Twice only the Council were on the point of refusing the public honours to the deceased. Marco Fornarini (1762-1763) who was only a year in power, was so magnificent that he died insolvent; and Paolo Raineri (1779-1789), who had made an immense fortune at Constantinople, left debts to the amount of six millions of ducats. But both instances occurred when the restrictions on expenditure had also become a dead letter.'

No qualified person could refuse the Dogeship or resign it without the permission of the Council. In 1368 Andrea Contarini, being elected in spite of his earnest entreaties to be excused, fled to Padua, and sought refuge with an obscure dependant. The Senate instantly took the decisive step of notifying to him that he must return and accept the office, or expect to see his property confiscated, his name stigmatised, and himself declared a traitor to his country. He came back, submitted to his elevation, and occupied the ducal throne during fifteen years.

Yet the form of election, with its multiplicity of checks, would justify an assumption that the Dogeship was the grand object of ambition, to obtain which all sort of undue influences would be employed. Thirty members of the Grand Council, chosen by lot, were reduced by lot to nine. The nine chose forty provisional electors, who were similarly reduced to twelve. The twelve chose twenty-five, who were again reduced to nine. Each of these nine proposed five, making a new list of forty-five, which was reduced to eleven; and these eleven produced a list of forty-one, who were to be the definite electors after each had been submitted to the Grand Council. If any one failed to obtain the absolute majority of suffrages, the eleven were to name another, and so on. When forty-one were approved, they passed into an apartment in which they were shut up till they had elected a Doge. But, unlike our English jury in an analogous position, they were magnificently regaled at the

expense of the public: everything they chose to call for was supplied; and, to prevent the semblance of bribery, any article called for by one was scrupulously supplied to the rest. Thus an elector having asked for a rosary, forty-one rosaries were sent in; and another having asked for 'Æsop's Fables,' the whole city was ransacked till forty-one copies were procured. In 1709 the conclave sat for thirteen days, and the expenses amounted to 59,325 lire (francs); in 1789 the expenses of the same number of electors for six days came to 378,387 lire. Corruption was evidently undermining the fabric which was so speedily to be overthrown by force.

The numbers, seldom under 1200, of the Great Council unfitted it for the direct exercise of its executive powers, which therefore were delegated to the Senate, a body composed of 120 members of the Council, the Doge, the Council of Ten, the judges, and other high officials invested with executive or administrative authority.* This constituted the real government, which acted independently of the Great Council, except when new taxes were to be imposed.

We now come to the most remarkable of Venetian institutions, the Council of Ten, which was the unpremeditated result of exceptional events, instead of being the masterpiece of Machivavelian policy which it passes for. The closing of the Great Council was not effected without producing a good deal of popular indignation, besides exciting the jealousy of the excluded nobles; and the Doge, Pierre Gradenigo, the principal author of the new system, was marked out as the peculiar object of their machinations. Overthrow him, and they would regain the rights and liberties of which they had been robbed. One conspiracy formed by a democratic leader, Marin Bocconio, whilst the obnoxious changes were still in progress, was discovered before the time fixed for its execution, and all engaged in it, or suspected, were arrested, put to the question, and drowned or strangled off-hand. Another, of a later date, proved much more formidable. The ringleaders were patricians; the chief was Tiepolo, who counted two Doges amongst his ancestors, and the numbers engaged were large enough to contend with the whole armed force at the disposal of the State. The opposing factions were fighting hand-to-hand on the

place of St. Mark, each waving the same standard and shouting the same cry, when the Doge came upon the scene with fresh troops, which ought to have been encountered by Tiepolo, who accidentally arrived too late to co-operate with his friends. The force he brought with him was strong enough to enable him to make good his retreat to Rialto, where, having secured the boats and broken down the bridges, he held out for some days: when, despairing of the enterprise, he embarked and took refuge beyond the territories of the Republic.

The Doge, who had saved the State by his courage and energy, declared that he only heard of the plot in the course of the night preceding the execution; yet it had been maturing for months; there had been frequent meetings of the conspirators, whose speeches are reported; application had been made to Padua for help, and several hundred persons of all ranks must have been more or less cognizant of what was meditated. The sense of insecurity was such that a kind of dictatorship was created by the nomination of ten members of the Council charged to watch over the safety of the State. 'It was armed with all the means, emancipated from all the forms, relieved from all responsibility, and held all heads dependent upon its pleasure.' It is true that it was to last only ten days, then ten more, then twenty, then two months; but it was prorogued six times successively for the same time. At the end of one year, it was confirmed for five. Then it found itself strong enough to declare the continuance of its authority for ten years more. At last, in 1325, this terrible magistracy was declared perpetual. What it had done to prolong its duration, it did to extend its attributions. Instituted simply to take cognizance of crimes against the State, it usurped the entire administration.

Giving substantially the same account of it as Daru, Sismondi says that it established despotism, and preserved nothing of liberty but the name; and Hallam, after describing the uncontrolled authority of the Ten in the conduct of affairs, remarks, that they were chiefly known as an arbitrary and inquisitorial tribunal, the standing tyranny of Venice. 'Excluding the regular court of criminal judicature, not only from the investigation of treasonable charges, but of several other crimes of magnitude, they inquired, they judged, they punished, according to what they called reason of State. The public eye never penetrated the mystery of their proceedings; the accused was sometimes not heard, never confronted with witnesses:

* St. Didier traces the Senate to the *Pregadi*, citizens specially requested to advise the Doge on occasion. M. Baschet estimates the average number of regular members at 220, without including the functionaries who might attend without taking part in their deliberations.

the condemnation was secret as the inquiry, the punishment undivulged like both.* Yet M. Baschet insists on treating the traditional impression of the Council of Ten as a vulgar prejudice, and thinks he has made out a defence for it by showing that it was steadily upheld by the Great Council on whose authority it had encroached. But this shows merely that the instinct of self-preservation was stronger in the Venetian oligarchy than the love of freedom or the hatred of injustice; and after saying that the State Inquisitors were never anything more than the delegates (*mandataires*) of the Council of Ten, he adds:—

‘Their ministry has always been considered with terror, not without reason. The most absolute mystery prevailed in their procedure. The means at their disposal were unlimited, and the reason of State led to the most terrible expedients as well as to the most cruel necessities. Very much dreaded by the patricians, this tribunal was more than once attacked by them with vehement eloquence in the bosom of the Great Council. The most opposite views were entertained. Some wished its destruction, others its preservation. For some it was the tyranny in the Republic, for others the safeguard. The great debates of March 1762 have continued memorable. The numbers of votes which were the result placed the Conservative party in the right, and it only fell with the Republic.’

The Council of Ten consisted, in reality, of seventeen: ten members of the Great Council, the Doge, and his Privy Council of six. The ten were chosen by a complicated system of ballot: they were elected for a year, and could not be re-elected. Their first duty was to elect three chiefs. The Inquisitors, three in number, were chosen two amongst the Ten, one amongst the councillors of the Doge. The two were robed in black, and called the Black Inquisitors; the third in red, and called the Red Inquisitor. They did not act in their own name, nor was the very existence of the tribunal manifested by any outward or visible sign. Their summonses and orders of arrest were signed by one of the regular magistrates. An important part of the business at each meeting of the Council of Ten or the Inquisitors was the examination of the denunciations and complaints found in the Lion's Mouth—M. Daru says there were several of these receptacles—and M. Baschet is confident that the greatest caution was observed in dealing with them, especially when they were anonymous, as, no doubt, the greater

part of them were. M. Cantu, who takes the same indulgent view of their proceedings as M. Baschet, cites a decree of September 11, 1462, requiring the Chiefs to lay the grounds of complaint before the Council within three days, but neutralises it by a later document, showing that the accused were often kept in prison for months and years without any proceedings being taken.*

The accused was never confronted with the witnesses, who were sworn to secrecy. ‘Certain interrogatories were administered in the dark. Was this to inspire terror in the accused, or to prevent his being troubled by the sight of his judges?† M. Baschet is silent as to interrogatories on the rack. Of punishment, he says: ‘Most of them were terrible; some moderate. Amongst the first, the obscure prison, hanging between the columns of St. Mark, cutting off the hand, beheading, strangling. The most dreadful was the punishment of death mysteriously inflicted and thus pronounced: ‘That this night the condemned . . . be conducted to the Canal Orfano,‡ where, his hands being tied and the body weighted, he shall be thrown in by an officer of justice, and that he die there.’ No net was to be cast in this canal under penalty of death: and if any one exhibited any troublesome curiosity touching the fate of a missing friend, the chances were that he would share the same fate. The recorded sentences found in the Archives are silent as to the crime, e.g. :—

‘Considering what has just been read in this Council, and for reasons of State which can be amply justified, the Chiefs of this Council provide that, with the greatest and most secret precautions, the Turk Soliman be deprived of life either by poison or by drowning.’

The execution of this judgment is proved by a memorandum :—

‘The chief Captain has vouched for the execution of the annexed order, and the men employed are those whose names are here inscribed. He has given them on the part of the Chiefs of the Council the severest admonition never at any time to reveal this execution under penalty of death.’

It appears from another document that the Turk Soliman was drowned. From a document, dated January 15th, 1595, it appears that the Captain Cesar Capuzzimadi

* ‘*Histoire des Italiens.*’ Par M. César Cantu. Paris, 1861. Vol. x. p. 29.

† In the torture-chamber of Ratisbon is still shown the lattice screen behind which the judge or judges sat during the interrogatory.

‡ A deep channel behind the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore.

* ‘View of the state of Europe during the Middle Ages,’ chap. iii. part 2.

had received a hundred ducats from the Venetian resident at Milan. Then, in less than a month, February 9th, there is a decree of the Ten :—

‘That to-morrow morning, Captain Cesar Capuzzimadi, Albanian, when he shall present himself before the Chiefs of the Council, be arrested, and that for things which have just been said and read.’

On the 15th the Captain is required to produce his defence, which was put to the vote on the 19th, when sentence was passed by fifteen to two :—

‘It is our will that in the night of Wednesday to Tuesday, which will be the 22d of the current month, he be strangled in his prison, as secretly as possible, and that his body be buried with the greatest secrecy also by the care of the Chiefs.’

The decrees and regulations of the Ten touching State matters were deposited in the Secret Chancery, and carefully guarded. ‘Greater precautions,’ observes M. Baschet, ‘could not be taken to secure the darkest political adventure from indiscretion. The Doge could not enter unattended. Giovanni Rossi relates that a common man used to be chosen as material guardian of these Archives. The last known was Giovanni Polacco, who discharged his duty to perfection. The Government, according to others, were in the habit of seeking out some one who, though faithful and judicious, was grossly ignorant, and who, for greater security, could neither read nor write. The story goes that one day some senator, seeing Polacco writing very near the *Secreta*, expressed the utmost astonishment, and said to him, ‘What! you know how to write!’ To which the guardian with ready wit replied, ‘No, Excellence, I am drawing.’

A decree of August 8, 1594, shows how the State Inquisitors were employed by the Ten :—

‘That plenary powers be given to the Inquisitors to find a person who by some prudent means can take away the life of Fra Cipriano of Lucca.’

Fra Cipriano was a Venetian monk, who had taken refuge in the Austrian dominions, and was constantly intriguing against the Republic. That poison was frequently employed by the agents of the tribunal in obedience to its orders, and even supplied to them, is beyond dispute. A register has been found in the Archives, entitled *Secreta Secretissima del Consiglio dei Dieci*, containing two documents: one, dated December 14, 1513, relating to a Brother John of Ragusa, who proposes with the greatest secrecy to the three Chiefs ‘some admirable me-

thods of mysteriously causing death:’ the other, April 27, 1527, showing that the Council of Ten had resolved to remove the Constable Duc de Bourbon by poison, if he had not saved them the trouble by getting killed in the assault of Rome.

On the 10th March, 1630, Pier Antonio, Venetian Resident at Florence, writes :—

‘Most excellent and most reverend Signors,—I have at length obtained with the greatest secrecy the recipes of two sorts of very potent poison from a person highly skilled in chemistry, who has copies of the greater part of the secrets of the deceased Don Antonio Medici, famous in the same profession, amongst which secrets are these recipes. I transmit them for greater circumspection to the ordinary address of your secretary, under the description of salubrious essences required by him.’

So late as 1767, the Provéditeur-General of Dalmatia received a packet of poison from the Council of Ten, with directions for its secret and cautious use in ridding them and the world of a person reported ‘dangerous.’

According to the written statutes of the Inquisitors, if a person had committed any action that it was inconvenient to punish juridically, he was to be poisoned. The patrician who spoke, however slightly, against the Government, was to be admonished twice, and the third time drowned as incorrigible. The vigilance and severity of the tribunal extended over the members of the Council, the Doge, the Inquisitors themselves: only it was provided that such criminals should be proceeded against with the deepest mystery, and that, in case of condemnation to death, poison should be preferred to any other means.

Moore, apostrophising Venice in ‘Rhymes on the Road,’ exclaims :

‘Thy perfidy, still worse than ought,
Thine own unblushing Sarpi taught.

He refers to a set of Maxims drawn up in 1615 by the famous Fra Paolo for the guidance of the Venetian Government, some of which for atrocity throw the ‘Prince’ of Machiavel into the shade, e.g. :—

‘Those who in the municipal councils shall show themselves either bolder or more devoted to the interests of the people must be destroyed or gained at any price. Lastly, if any party leaders are found in the provinces, they must be exterminated under some pretext or another, *but there must be no recourse to ordinary justice. Let poison do the work of the executioner. This is less odious and more profitable.*’

The axioms from which he starts are these :—

'The greatest act of justice the Prince can perform is to maintain himself.'

'I term justice every thing that contributes to the maintenance of the State.'

Machiavel relates that, on the return of a Venetian squadron, a conflict arose between the people and the crews. The interference of the magistrates had proved nugatory, when a retired officer, who was much respected by the sailors, succeeded in calming the tumult. The influence of which he had given so marked a proof became a subject of alarm: a short time afterwards he was arrested and carried to a prison, where he died. A Cornaro was sent to prison for distributing corn to the poor during a famine, his charity being attributed to ambitious views. What can be said of a Government under which public or private virtue was a crime?

A foreigner of distinction, having had his pocket picked, indulged in some harsh expressions against the police. Some days afterwards he was quitting Venice, when his gondola was stopped, and he was requested to step into another. 'Monsieur,' said a grave personage, 'are you not the Prince de Craon?'—'Yes.' 'Were you not robbed last Friday?'—'Yes.' 'Of what sum?'—'Five hundred ducats.' 'Where were they?'—'In a green purse.' 'And do you suspect any one of this robbery?'—'A valet de place.' 'Should you recognise him?'—'Without doubt.' Then the interrogator pushes aside a dirty cloak, discovers a dead man holding a green purse in his hand, and adds, "You see, Sir, that justice has been done: there is your money; take it, and remember that a prudent man never sets foot again in a country where he has underrated the wisdom of the Government."

A Genevese painter, working in a church at Venice, had a quarrel with two Frenchmen, who began abusing the Government. The next day he was summoned before the Inquisitors, and on being asked if he should recognise the persons with whom he had quarrelled, he replied in the affirmative, protesting that he had said nothing but what was in honour of the Signory. A curtain is drawn, and he sees the two Frenchmen with the marks of strangulation round their necks. He is sent away half dead with fright, with the injunction to speak neither good nor evil of the Government: 'We have no need of your apologies, and to approve us is to judge.' The religious orders were allowed no exemption. Some monks having been accused of irregularities towards their female penitents, their convent was first made acquainted with their crime, their

trial, and their execution, when their bodies were brought to be interred.

In 'Marino Faliero' and 'The Two Foscari,' Lord Byron has faithfully dramatised two episodes of Venetian history which strikingly illustrate the irresistible power and the stern unrelenting spirit of the tribunal. One chief magistrate, full of years and honours, is proclaimed a traitor, and executed on the steps of his own palace: another dies degraded and broken-hearted, after being thrice compelled to gaze on a beloved son writhing on the rack. Yet the wheels of the State machinery revolve without a check, and no more account is made of a deposed or decapitated Doge than of a strangled mechanic or a missing gondolier. Another great poet, Manzoni, has portrayed with equal truth and force the manner in which the Republic managed to combine perfidy and ingratitude with cruelty, in their treatment of his hero, one of the most renowned soldiers of Italy, who had brought victory to their side.*

Bearing these things in mind, it is anything but reassuring to be told by M. Bachelot that the average number of prisoners was small. 'The examination of the *Isformazioni*, which the secretary presented at the end of every year, enables us to establish the truth as to the number of prisoners of the Inquisitors. We see how restricted was the number if, with these authentic pieces before our eyes, we are willing to seek and accept the truth. It rarely happened that the prisons called *pozzi* (the wells), and those called *piombi* (under the leads), were all occupied at the same time. In 1717 there is a single prisoner under the leads, two in the wells, and four in the *camerotti*. . . . The more we penetrate into the history of this extraordinary tribunal, the more are we convinced that it was still more appalling by the really impenetrable mystery with which it surrounded itself than terrible by its acts.'

We arrive at a diametrically opposite conclusion. It was an inevitable result of this impenetrable mystery that the details

* 'Il Conte di Carmagnola. Tragedia.' Manzoni makes no allusion to the torture inflicted on Carmagnola, deeming it probably too revolting for dramatic treatment. He states in his preface that the death of Carmagnola proved the salvation of the Republic in the way the Venetians least anticipated. Their first suspicion of the secret League of Cambray was excited by the report of an agent at Milan, to the effect that a Piedmontese, known to be in communication with the French Government, was going about saying that the time had come when the death of his countryman Carmagnola would be amply avenged.

of many current stories or traditions should be disproved by the Archives, when brought to light and carefully collated; but, on the other hand, these Archives teem with proofs of the guiding spirit and detestable character of the tribunal: nor can we place implicit faith in their secretaries as to the facts. When Howard visited the Venetian prisons in 1778, he found between three and four hundred persons confined in them, some of whom told him they would have preferred the galleys for life. When M. Cantu states that only one prisoner was found when the prisons were thrown or broken open in 1797, he proves too much. How many were found in the Bastille? But granted the occasional paucity of prisoners, may not the summary methods of gaol delivery pursued by the Inquisitors account for this supposed anomaly?

'Few houses of the size were better filled,
Though many came and left it in an hour,
Most nights—so said the good old Nicoli—
For three and thirty years his uncle kept
The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
Though much was on his mind—most nights
arrived

The prison boat—that boat with many oars,
And bore away as to the Lower World
Disburdening in the Canal Orfano,
That drowning place where never net was
thrown,
Summer or winter, death the penalty.'

The Ten and the Inquisitors uniformly acted on the maxim that dead men tell no tales. To demonstrate their cold-hearted calculated cruelty and utter recklessness of proof we should be content to rely on the affair on which the 'Venice Preserved' of Otway is based. On the 25th of May, 1618, Sir Henry Wotton, then English Ambassador at Venice, writes: 'The whole town is here at present in horror and confusion upon the discovery of a foul and fearful conspiracy of the French against this State; whereof no less than thirty have already suffered very condign punishment, between men strangled in prison, drowned in the silence of the night, and hanged in public; and yet the bottom is invisible.' And so it remained, and remains still; nor is Muratori far wrong in asserting that nothing is clear except the fact that several hundreds of suspected persons were tortured and put to death. The supposed object of the alleged conspiracy—projected, it was said, by the Duke d'Ossuna, Spanish Viceroy of Naples, in concert with the Marquis of Bedemar, Spanish Ambassador at Venice—was neither more nor less than to seduce the foreign troops in the pay of the Republic, set fire to the arsenal, upset the government, and re-

duce the entire State under subjection to Spain. The first information was obtained from one Jacques Pierre, who had begun life as a pirate, and after being for some time in the service of the Duke d'Ossuna, had fled from Naples and obtained employment in some subordinate office in the arsenal. The notes or minutes of his disclosures, written by him in French, were translated at his request into Italian by a friend named Renault, with the view of their being laid before the Council. He declared himself the main agent in the plot, and represented his quitting the Duke's service as an overt act.

The first arrests were made on the unsupported evidence of this man, and we know of no other direct or indirect proofs but confessions and accusations extorted by the rack, or such as the Lion's Mouth was pretty sure to supply in such a contingency. Daru, who has devoted more than a hundred pages to the elucidation of the mystery, comes to the conclusion that the conspiracy was a myth, and that the executions were a blind to conceal from Spain a secret understanding between the Duke, the Court of France, and the Signory; nor does the terrible charge against the Venetian authorities, implied in this conclusion, startle him, although the arrests and executions extended over ten months, and he dwells on the paucity of information 'collected from many hundred accused, who all underwent the question, and of whom one only was fortunate enough to make his judges pause on his condemnation.' The atrocities committed to keep the whole transaction involved in darkness may be inferred from the so-called justificatory Report of the Ten and the recorded Procedure:—

'A long discussion took place whether they should spare the life of Captain Brushart, but for many considerations and in pursuance of the line they had taken to put to death all those who were implicated in this affair, he was strangled on the night of St. Peter and St. Paul, which agrees with the 29th June; fifty of his co-accused were strangled, and a still greater number secretly buried.

'Two artificers, brothers, accused of having held communication with Pierre, were subjected to the torture during several hours; the one persisted in his denial, the other merely repeated his confessions; both were hanged the next day, and twenty-nine prisoners were drowned the same night in the Canal Orfano, "*pour ne point ébruiter l'affaire.*"'

These are the very words of the Report. Besides those put to death in the city, two hundred and sixty officers and soldiers, arrested in the towns of the mainland, perished by the hands of the executioner. An

artisan, who happened to be at Zara, was killed by shots from an arquebus, together with a soldier and a child who were attending on him. Pierre, who was with the fleet, was flung into the sea, the officer being especially enjoined not to give him time for confession, so that, according to the prevalent belief, his soul might perish with his body. Forty-five men, suspected of having had relations with him, were drowned without noise (*sans bruit*). Renault, a notorious gambler and drunkard, was seven times interrogated on the rack without uttering anything but imprecations against his judges, who, finding nothing more to be got from him, ordered him to be strangled in prison, and then exposed on the gibbet hanging by one leg. Antoine Jaffier was a French captain, who had vaguely deposed to a communication with Pierre. He received 4000 sequins as a reward, and was ordered to quit the Venetian territory within three days; but in passing through Brescia, he was arrested for having held communications with French officers, brought back to Venice, and drowned. Another witness, to whom a pension of 50 ducats per month and a gratification of 300 ducats had been assigned, was ordered to repair to Candia, where, immediately on his arrival, he was killed in a quarrel forced on him, *querelle d'Allemand* as it is termed.

Thus, accused, accusers, all were judged equally guilty—those who had spontaneously given the first information, and those who later revealed a plot which the Government knew already, and those who owned themselves accomplices in a conspiracy in which they had been initiated without knowing the real object, and those who denied having had anything to do with it—all, without exception, perished, that no witness might remain who could depose to the circumstances. Five months afterwards the Doge, accompanied by all the nobles, might be seen going to the cathedral of Saint Mark to offer solemn thanksgivings to Providence.*

We need hardly add that there is little in Otway's play corresponding with the actual characters or occurrences besides the names, but he has partially followed the popular, though inaccurate, version of St. Real.

It not unfrequently happens that an individual case of cruelty or injustice makes more impression than an indiscriminate mass of cases, and it so happened that the Venetians, who had remained quiet during these wholesale tortures and executions, were suddenly aroused to a sense of the common

danger by the untimely fate of one man. Antonio Foscari had been four years ambassador to England, after filling the same dignity in France, when he was secretly accused by his secretary of having revealed the despatches of the Signory to foreign ambassadors. He arrived in Venice in March 1616; was arrested and interrogated, and remained in prison till July 1618, when he was declared innocent, and set at liberty. He lays the Relations of his two embassies before the Senate, of which he subsequently becomes a member. All of a sudden he is denounced in April 1622, as having had a mysterious understanding with the Nuncio and other Ministers in the house inhabited by Lady Arundel at Venice; he is arrested on the 8th, called before the Inquisitors, condemned on the 20th, and strangled in prison on the 21st. On the 20th of the following August, his accusers were re-examined, admitted the falsehood of the charge, and were executed. 'These formidable judges,' says M. Baschet, 'who, however, might have relied on public policy and reasons of State as their justification, did not keep silence, and by an admirable degree, that all magistrates, present and to come, should see written in letters of gold on the wall of the place where they sit, re-established in the face of the world the honour and reputation of the citizen whom, in their soul and conscience, under the weight of proofs that appeared overwhelming, they had condemned to the most infamous as well as most cruel of punishments.'

A widely different account of their conduct is given by Sir Henry Wotton, who professes to have made 'research of the whole proceeding, that his Majesty (James I.) may have a more due information of this rare and unfortunate example.' The proofs that appeared overwhelming, consisted of the depositions of three informers, to the effect that Foscari had been in secret communication with the Spanish secretary, to whom no reference was made till after the execution. It was his positive denial and circumstantial disproof that led to the conviction of the informers; and the application of Foscari's family for a revision of the sentence was actually refused on the ground that the false witnesses, being convicted of falsehood, were incompetent. But their confession preparatory to their final plunge into the canal being obtained through the priest, and published, the Council of Ten, after a delay of nearly five months, issued this hypocritical decree:— 'Since the providence of our Lord God, by means truly miraculous and inscrutable to the human understanding, has brought to

* Daru, liv. xxxi.

pass that the very authors and ministers of the falsehood and impostures fabricated against our late beloved noble, Antonio Foscarini, &c., it consorts with the justice and piety of this Council, on whom above all things it is incumbent to protect the honour and reputation of families,' &c. 'Surely,' adds Wotton, 'in the three hundred years that the Decemviral Tribunal hath stood there was never cast upon it a greater blemish, which is likely to breed no good consequences upon the whole.'

The exposure having failed to correct the abuse, a proposal for abolishing the tribunal, or modifying its powers, was brought before the Great Council, and led to a series of animated debates, at one of which several of the members appeared, contrary to a standing regulation, in arms. Things came to such a pass, that at the annual election of the Ten the voting was partially suspended; there was no election, and consequently there was no longer any Council of Ten. At the next sitting, however, so complete a reaction was produced by the speech of a grave and dignified orator of advanced years, Baptist Nani, that not only was the tribunal confirmed, but Nani was named its chief, and the service he had just rendered to the republic was entered in the Minutes.

The most convincing argument advanced for the preservation of the Council of Ten was that it was the mainspring of the system, and that the whole machinery of government would be dislocated by its abolition. Its paramount authority embraced foreign as well as domestic affairs. Thus in 1538, the Ten, without communication with the Senate or Doge, gave private instructions to the Venetian ambassador at Constantinople to make peace with the Turks at any sacrifice, and were obeyed. They had spies in every Court; and annexed to an ambassadorial despatch, and addressed to their signories, is a billet, signed *Chiara, schiava della Gran Sultana* (Clara, the slave of, the Grand Sultana). Their diplomatic servants were expected to be as unscrupulous as their masters. The ambassador, Daniel Dolfin, at Constantinople, having received orders to make away with the celebrated Comte de Bonneval as an enemy of Christianity and the Republic, replies that 'the orders of the most illustrious and most excellent Signors are, and always will be, received with the highest consideration, and will be executed with the most rapid submission whenever there shall be means.' In spite of their precautions, and the terrible fate that awaited an agent on the slightest symptom or suspicion of treachery, their own arts were successfully employed against

them. In the Archives is a note, dated January 30, 1647, of a private interview between their ambassador at the French Court and Cardinal Mazarin, in the course of which Mazarin drew from his pocket and read a series of extracts from the recent despatches of the self-same ambassador relating to the Cardinal himself.

The eagerness of foreign Courts to become acquainted with the Venetian despatches was owing in no slight measure to the knowledge that they were not confined to formal matters of business, an ambassador of the Republic being especially instructed to keep the Signory minutely informed of all that was passing at the Courts to which he was accredited; including the intrigues of courtiers and mistresses, the conflict of parties, and the secret influences at work. When he had fulfilled his mission, it was customary for him to present himself to the Senate within fifteen days after his return, and pronounce a discourse which, under the name of *Relazione*, was a comprehensive report upon the country which he had just quitted. On leaving the hall, he deposited in the hands of the Grand Chancellor the original text of his '*Relazione*,' which was immediately placed in the drawers of the *Secreta* reserved for diplomatic documents.

'Transport yourself to that noble locality of the senatorial hall. See it illustrated throughout with the splendours of the Venetian school. The ceiling, the walls, covered by the works of the great masters, recall the glories of the country; on every side are the memorable images of illustrious ancestors. The Doge, clothed in the rich tunic of gold brocade which distinguished him: the sages and the councillors with their violet tunics: all the senators in purple robes; the Chiefs of the Ten, in tunics of a bright red, are there: a rumour had got abroad the evening before, of a more than common interest for the morrow. The ambassador to France has returned: his reputation is great amongst the senators: he is a statesman, a fine speaker to boot.' *

* '*La Diplomatie Vénitienne. Les Princes de l'Europe au XVI^e Siècle: François I^{er}, Philippe II., Catherine de Médicis, les Papes, les Sultans, &c. D'après les Rapports des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens.* Par M. Armand Baschet. Paris: Henri Plon. 1862. This work is distinguished by the same high merits as his '*Archives*.' Several volumes of '*Relazioni*' have been published in France and Italy, and they have been turned to good account by many foreign writers. See '*Le Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti al Senato durante il Secolo XVI.*' Edite dal Cav. Eug. Alberi. Firenze: in fifteen volumes, of which two are devoted to

The scene, the audience, the occasion, were certainly well fitted to call out the full powers of the diplomatist, and the Venetian ambassadors were carefully selected from amongst the ablest and most accomplished of the nobles. No wonder, therefore, that the 'Relazioni' form an inestimable collection of materials for history. The only wonder is that they remained so long unappreciated except by a few men of letters; and that their real value is only just beginning to get recognised in this country.

M. Yriarte's 'Patrician' is a perfect type of the Venetian ambassador, and his diplomatic career (clearly and spiritedly narrated) enables us to form a tolerably precise estimate of the man. He was nominated to the French Court on June 11, 1561, during the regency of Catherine de Medicis. His appointments are specified at the end of his instructions.

'You will receive for your expenses two hundred ducats of gold per month, without being obliged to render an account to any one. You are bound to keep eleven horses, including those of the secretary and his servant, and four couriers. We have ordered to be given you for your four months' subvention eight hundred ducats of gold; you will have a thousand ducats of gold for the present, according to the decree of the Senate of June 2d; and to cover the expense of your purchases of horses' harness and trappings, three hundred ducats (at six livres or gros the ducat). We remit to your secretary, as gratification, one hundred ducats, and to the couriers who accompany you twenty ducats each.'

In May 1568 he was named ambassador to Constantinople, the most important and lucrative of the embassies. It is filled by the Grand Council instead of the Senate, and twelve hundred members at least must be present when the appointment is made. It was a current opinion in Venice, says Daru, that when the Bailo (as this particular am-

bassador was called) departed for the embassy of Constantinople, he was presented with a casket of sequins and a box of poisons. On this M. Yriarte remarks: 'Certain historians, whom we cannot read without laughing now that we write with the original documents before our eyes, affirm that the Council of Ten, at the departure of the Bailo, solemnly presented him with a box full of sequins and another full of poisons. Even under these melodramatic exaggerations the truth appears, and the sentiment which has dictated them is even tolerably just. The sequins would symbolise the duty of not shrinking from expense in the service of the State, and of purchasing, if necessary, both the Seraglio and the Jews of the faubourgs of Stamboul. The poison would represent the duty of not recoiling from death, if it was necessary to serve the State and suppress a traitor or conspirator.' But, the alleged solemnity apart, does not this admit that the historians were substantially correct? Was not the ambassador supplied with an unlimited amount of secret service money to be spent in bribery? Does it not appear from original documents that he was frequently directed to employ poison supplied by the Ten or their subordinates?

The legitimate or permitted profits in the shape of dues and privileges were such, that M. Yriarte compares the position to that of the Captains-General of Cuba, who were sent there to make their fortunes when they were illustrious and poor. It was computed that the Bailo could lay by a hundred thousand crowns in three years; and Mark Antonio remained Bailo for six. The whole of his despatches, four hundred in number, as well as his two 'Relazioni,' have been preserved, and abound in striking traits and incidents. The period was eventful. The main object of the mission was to conciliate the Sultan, Selim II., who was known to be hostilely disposed; and no means were left untried to reach him through the Grand Vizir, the Sultan's, and the favourite ladies of the harem. Their common method of exaction, after receiving the usual presents in money and rich stuffs, was to commission the ambassador to procure for them European articles of ornament or use for which they never meant to pay. An entire page of a despatch is filled with the design of a large mosque lamp, of which nine hundred are to be made for the Grand Vizir. The vizir wants an organ: the Aga of the Janissaries, who is building a house at the Sweet Waters, some painted glass windows; and one of the sultanas a thousand basins of steel. This last order staggered the Senate,

England. Lord Macaulay made a journey to Venice in 1856 for the purpose of consulting the archives. By the kindness of the Earl of Orford we have now before us a collection (in fourteen folio volumes, MS.) of the Despatches of the Venetian Ambassadors at the Court of London from 1715 to 1739 (both inclusive), and, after an unexplained break, during 1744, 1745, and 1746. They were copied, by his direction, with the view to a meditated Life of his celebrated ancestor, the first Earl of Orford, which no one is better qualified to write. The 'Relazioni' best known in England are those published by Mr. Rawdon Browne in 1854: 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.,' 'Selection of Despatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustiniani, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, 1515-1519.' See the 'Quarterly Review' for March, 1855; Art. 'Venetian Despatches.'

who, after grave deliberation, direct the Bailo to say that the metal is not a Venetian product or they should be most happy to oblige the lady.

The year after his arrival, December 13, 1569, a destructive fire broke out in the arsenal of Venice, and no sooner has the news, with an exaggerated estimate of the loss in ships and material, reached Constantinople, than the exactions are redoubled: the Grand Vizir demands another supply of lamps, and it becomes clear that the Turks are only watching for a pretence to declare war. This is found in the refusal of the Republic to concede Cyprus, which the Sultan sends a special envoy to demand. On the very day when the refusal is received by the Divan, Marc Antonio Barbaro is arrested and shut up in a fortress: an embargo is laid on all Venetian vessels in Turkish waters, and all Venetian subjects within reach are treated like their ambassador. The Republic retaliated by seizing an ambassador of the Porte returning from France, who, being also charged with a mission to the Doge, had stopped at Venice on his way. They thus secured a hostage for the safety of their representative; but the Turks had too little regard for life to be stopped by reprisals, and in the course of the following year they gave a terrible proof of their profound indifference to faith, honour, and humanity.

The defence of Famagosta, the principal city of Cyprus, was one of the most heroic exploits of the age: the combined conduct and valour of the Venetian governor, Bragadino, were the theme of universal praise: honourable terms were granted to the garrison; and when he notified his intention to be in person the bearer of the keys, the Turkish commander replied in the most courteous and complimentary terms that he should feel honoured and gratified by receiving him. Bragadino came attended by the officers of his staff, dressed in his purple robes, and with a red umbrella, the sign of his rank, held over him. In the course of the ensuing interview the Pasha suddenly springing up, accused him of having put some Mussulman prisoners to death: the officers were dragged away and cut to pieces, whilst Bragadino was reserved for the worst outrages that vindictive cruelty could inflict. He was thrice made to bare his neck to the executioner, whose sword was thrice lifted as if about to strike: his ears were cut off: he was driven every morning for ten days, heavy laden with baskets of earth, to the batteries, and compelled to kiss the ground before the Pasha's pavilion as he passed. He was hoisted to

the yard-arm of one of the ships and exposed to the derision of the sailors. Finally, he was carried to the square of Famagosta, stripped, chained to a stake, on the public scaffold, and slowly flayed alive, whilst the Pasha looked on. His skin, stuffed with straw, was then mounted on a cow, paraded through the streets with the red umbrella over it, suspended at the bowsprit of the admiral's galley, and displayed as a trophy during the whole voyage to Constantinople. The skin was afterwards purchased of the Pasha by the family of Bragadino, and deposited, with a commemorative inscription, in an urn in the Church of Saint Giovanni and Paolo.

Marc Antonio was not ill-treated, nor could he have been subjected to a very rigorous confinement, for he managed to keep up a constant correspondence with the Republic; and when, after the battle of Lepanto, the Turks showed an inclination to negotiate, it was through him. 'He was engaged five months in settling the terms, with such secrecy and such prudence, that this peace, so advantageous, was not known at Venice till the moment when the treaty was signed.' It was so far from advantageous, that, as Montesquieu says, one would have thought it was the Turks who had gained the battle of Lepanto. The Grand Council, however, ratified it, and named Marc Antonio, in token of their approval, to the second dignity in the State. It was at his own pressing instance that he was recalled in March 1574, and his principal 'Relazione' was delivered in the May following. It contains a complete account of the Turkish empire, its resources, and its mode of government, with sketches of the Sultan and his ministers.

In 1543, the Patrician married the daughter of Marc Antonio Giustiniani, one of the family which, in the expedition of 1171 against the Greek emperor, furnished a hundred combatants all bearing the name. They perished (like the Fabii) to a man, and the race was only saved from extinction by taking the sole surviving member from a convent, and marrying him. M. Yriarte is obliged to own that he can learn nothing of the lady, or indeed of any of her fair contemporaries. He cannot even say whether she accompanied her husband on his embassies. 'In France at this epoch, the woman is revealed by the part she plays, whilst at Venice she only appears in the fêtes—brilliant, dazzling, adorned to please the eyes of the princes or the illustrious travellers who pass through, and never revealed by her moral influence or civilising action.' May it not have been owing to the part wo-

men had been playing in other countries that they were purposely kept in the background at Venice, where, moreover, manners had contracted somewhat of an Oriental tinge? 'At Rome,' says Sismondi, 'the women whilst seeking to please, wished also to exercise power; they attempted to rule, through their lovers, the State, and with it the Church, which made part of the State; and they acquired more authority over the Romans in the tenth century than they were ever known to exercise in any other government. Two famous patricians, Theodora and her daughter Marozia, disposed during the space of sixty years, of that tiara which the Henrys, at the head of German armies, a few years later, could not tear from their enemies.' *

Venice differed widely from Rome, and indeed from every other Italian State, in this respect: we never find a woman playing a prominent part on the political arena there, and if Vidocq had been engaged to unravel any one of the complicated conspiracies which abound in Venetian annals, he would have derived little or no aid from his favourite maxim: *trouvez-moi la femme*.

The story of Bianca Capello can hardly be considered an exception, for the scene of her principal adventures was Florence. The daughter of an illustrious family, beautiful, accomplished and quick-witted, she had engaged in an intrigue with a good looking young Florentine, named Pietro, the cashier of a bank. On her return from one of the nightly interviews with which she favoured him, she found the door of her father's house, which she had left open, closed against her—accidentally, it was supposed, by a baker's boy. Dreading discovery, she eloped with her lover to Florence, and threw herself upon the protection of Francesco dei Medici, the son of Cosmo, the reigning Duke, and virtual sovereign as his representative. Francesco fell in love with her, assigned her a magnificent establishment as his avowed mistress, and handsomely provided for Pietro, who passed for her husband. He was found murdered: in the course of time Francesco's wife died, and the Prince, now Grand Duke, privately married Bianca. Getting more and more infatuated, he resolved to follow up the private by a public union, and sent an embassy to Venice to demand her in marriage, not as the daughter of Bartolomeo Capello but as the daughter of St. Marc. The laws of Venice forbade the marriage of any female scion of a noble house with a foreigner, but in the case of foreigners of distinguished position,

the difficulty was got over by the adoption of the lady by the Republic. This was the formality observed when the Kings of Cyprus and Hungary accepted brides from Venice.

The conduct of the Venetian Government on this occasion is a striking example of their utter insensibility to elevated or honourable considerations of any kind when their interests were involved. Bianca's character was notorious: she was more than suspected of having two or three times resorted to assassination to remove obstacles from her path: she had been repudiated by her family as a blot on their escutcheon, and the Council of Ten, at their request, had pronounced a sentence of perpetual banishment on Pietro and set a price of 2000 ducats on his head. Yet, in a full and brilliant assemblage of the authorities, Bianca was adopted as 'the true and particular daughter of the Republic, on account and in consideration of the many eminent and distinguished qualities which rendered her worthy of every good fortune, and in order to meet with corresponding feelings the esteem which the Grand Duke had manifested towards Venice by this his most prudent resolution.' There was one person who watched these proceedings with very different feelings. Francesco's brother and heir-presumptive, the Cardinal dei Medici, was well acquainted with the character of his sister-in-law and hardly dissembled his hate. He accepted an invitation to a retired ducal residence, or hunting-seat, where he was residing as the guest of the Duke and Duchess, when they both fell ill and expired within a few hours of each other. The Medici were as apt and as unscrupulous in the use of poison as the Borgias; and opinion was divided between two theories of the catastrophe: one, that the illustrious pair were poisoned by the Cardinal; the other, that Francesco inadvertently partook of a dish seasoned by Bianca for his Eminence, and that, seeing the fatal effects on her lord, she swallowed the remainder. The popular belief was that the Cardinal had detected the poison by the change in the colour of his ring. On his accession to the dukedom, he not only denied the funeral honours due to the rank of his alleged victim, but caused her titles to be erased from all public documents, and *la pessima Bianca* to be substituted.*

Judging from old pictures and engravings, it would certainly appear that, excluded

* 'Sketches,' vol. ii. pp. 331-341. The story, glossed over by Daru, forms the basis of two of Malespini's novels, in which, of course, the most romantic colouring is thrown over it.

* 'Hist. des Rép. Ital.' vol. i. p. 95.

from intellectual pursuits, the Venetian ladies led a somewhat frivolous life. As M. Yiarte, referring to the works of Paulus Furlanus in 1572, observes: 'We find nothing but attitudes, collations, displays of costumes: the little dogs are always reposing on their knees of their mistresses: we never see a woman occupied with a serious duty, or even an artistic pastime.' It is to be feared that the little dogs on the knees or in the arms of their mistresses may lead to equally unfavourable inferences in illustrations of the manners and customs of the English of 1874.

One principal occupation of the Venetian ladies was giving their hair the golden or auburn tint which is so much admired in Venetian portraits and not long since was brought into temporary fashion in Paris and London by the *demi-monde*. The process required that the hair, after being wetted with the prescribed mixture, should be dried in the sun; and the Venetian beauties might be seen sitting for hours together in open balconies, wearing wide-brimmed hats, with the crown out, to protect the complexion.* One of their strangest fashions was the patten or stilt, which they used of such an extravagant height—eighteen inches or two feet—that a woman of rank could not go abroad without leaning on the shoulders of her maids. Acting on the true Chinese and Oriental principle, the Venetian husbands and fathers seem to have favoured this fashion. In a conversation which arose in a distinguished company before the Doge whose daughters were the first to discard the pattens, on some one saying that the ordinary shoes were incomparably more convenient, an elderly member of the Council exclaimed—'*Pur troppo commodi! pur troppo*'—(very much too convenient! very much).

The sumptuary laws, in restriction of female extravagance in dress, were severe, and particularly directed against pearls, for which enormous sums were given. But in anticipation of the public entry of the Duke of Savoy in 1608, it was resolved that, 'notwithstanding any decree to the contrary, every lady who shall be invited to the said fête shall be permitted to wear all the vestments and jewels of whatever nature that may seem to her most favourable to the adornment of her person.' The same permission was granted on the reception of Henry III.

* '*Les Femmes Blondes selon les Peintres de l'École de Venise.*' Paris, 1865. Edited by M. Feuilles des Conches. Various recipes are given, and the process is minutely described.

'The middle of the hall of the Great Council was left empty, and two hundred noble ladies, chosen amongst the noblest and most beautiful, entered and took their seats on benches ranged against the walls under the large pictures representing the history of the feasts of the Republic. Clothed in white stuffs, adorned with diamonds and pearls, they presented an unequalled spectacle, at which the King was evidently surprised, despite his recollection of the magnificence and gallantry of the court of the Valois. A rich throne was raised at the bottom of the room, on which the King was seated, having on his right the Doge and the Dukes, on his left the Nuncio, the Grand Prior, and the lords of his suite. Gallantly remarking that he wished to breathe this parterre of flowers, he descended the steps of the throne followed by his suite, and advanced as if to pass in review all these noble ladies, who saluted gracefully in return. He allowed his gaze to rest for a moment on each, and from time to time let drop an exclamation whilst looking for a confidant at his side to whom he might express his admiration. Little by little the young nobles come to make their selections: then slowly, in cadence, the groups were formed to the sound of instruments, and passed successively before the throne, stopping to pay their homage.'*

A French ambassador at Venice in 1735, pressed by his Court to obtain intelligence, writes thus:—

'The access to nobles and secretaries is more difficult than formerly. The Abbé de Pomponne (ambassador in 1705) had at his command a courtesan, who was well paid, and kept him well informed. The principal nobles were in the habit of supping with her; they carried on their intrigues at her house, and spoke of public affairs. But we have no longer the same advantage: the nobles pay only passing visits to the courtesans. They now live familiarly with the ladies (*dames*). The young ladies who might be gained over are too ill-informed, seeing only young people and few good heads. The better-informed old ladies are difficult of approach.'

It would be a mistake to suppose that this change in the habits of the nobles implied any improvement in morals. The women of condition could only obtain a divided empire with the courtesans by imitating them. 'The parlours of the convents,' says Daru, 'in which the daughters of noble families were placed, and the houses of courtesans, although the police kept a watchful eye on them, were the sole points of union of the society of Venice, and in the two so contrasted places all were equally free. Music, collations, gallantry, were no more forbidden in the parlours than in the casi-

* '*La Vie d'un Patricien*,' p. 289.

nos. There were a great number of public casinos where play was the principal object.*

At one of these, the Ridotto, as many as eighty gaming-tables have been counted, with a patrician presiding at each; the privilege of holding the bank being confined to the patrician order. In strange contrast to the regulation by which they evaded their promise to permit gambling between the columns, the Republic now openly encouraged it along with every sort of dissoluteness. 'There was no doubt a moment,' continues Daru, 'when the destruction of fortunes, the ruin of families, domestic discords, determined the Government to depart from the maxims they had laid down as to the freedom of morals they allowed their subjects. They banished all the courtesans from Venice. But their absence was insufficient to reform a population brought up in the most shameful licentiousness. Disorder penetrated into the interior of families, into the cloisters; and they were obliged to recall, to indemnify, to coax back the women (*notre bene merite meretrici*, as they are called in the decree) who sometimes surprised important secrets, and could be usefully employed to ruin men who might otherwise become dangerous by their wealth.'

The same detestable policy was continued to the end, and that end was fast approaching. Be at ease,' said Napoleon to Bourrienne, 'those rogues shall pay for it; their Republic *has* lived.' Having recently called attention to the manner in which this ominous intimation was acted upon,* we shall merely add that their cowardice and meanness were on a par with his cynical contempt for international obligations and his bad faith. Cantu admits that they had ample resources, naval and military, for a stubborn and prolonged defence; but they were enervated to effeminacy; the Republic, rotten to the core, was ready to go down with a push; and when the question of resistance or non-resistance was put to the vote at the last sitting of the Great Council, the unqualified and instant surrender of their liberties, of their very existence as an independent people, was carried almost by acclamation, by 512 votes against 12.

The Venetian Republic, dating it from the closing of the Council in 1296, had lasted five hundred years; it was not merely the only European constitution that had successfully resisted revolutionary change during anything like that length of time, but it was the only modern aristocracy or

oligarchy that ever held the supreme power long enough to constitute a settled government at all; for Mr. Disraeli's favourite theory that, during a large part of the last century, the English constitution resembled that of Venice, is an amusing paradox at best. But the durability of an institution is only a merit or a good when the institution contributes to human happiness or intellectual progress—when it helps to make men wiser or better; not when it degrades and corrupts with a view to enslaving them, systematically undermining or stamping out every notion or sentiment of honour, generosity, virtue, and patriotism, lest that very durability should be weakened or destroyed. The chief glories of Venice were won under her ancient Doges: her few illustrious men flourished in despite of her laws; and if she had lived only half her life, her reputation would stand better with posterity.

That, then, the Republic was a model of perverted ingenuity is undeniable, but to call it, as has been the fashion amongst historians, a masterpiece of political wisdom is tantamount to maintaining that the highest political wisdom consists in the successful application of the maxims laid down by Machiavel in 'The Prince.' Far from regretting the catastrophe, we feel irresistibly impelled to exclaim with the poet,—

'Mourn not for Venice—though her fall
Be awful as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her—she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every King and State
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against God and man.'

ART. VI.—*Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands.* By Charlotte Mary Yonge. In two volumes. London, 1874.

THIS is a large, but not a bulky, Biography. For the word bulk insinuates the idea of size in excess of pith and meaning. But if there be a class of human lives deserving a copious record, to that class unquestionably belongs the life of Bishop Patteson. Indeed, the only complaint we have to make with reference to the first aspect of the work is, that it conveys the idea of a Biography properly so-called, whereas by far the greater part, probably four-fifths of the whole, presents to us the Bishop's life

* The 'Quarterly Review' for April, 1870: Article on Lanfrey's 'Napoleon.'

in the Bishop's own most living words; and the work might perhaps be more accurately entitled 'The Letters and Life of Bishop Patteson.' If we are to find a fault with the distinguished authoress, it is not that she observes, as might have been anticipated, a graceful modesty with respect to the munificence with which it is known that she devoted to holy purposes the fruits of her mental power, but that she might with advantage have been more copious on some heads of information respecting either the Bishop himself or the scene of his labours, which she presupposes rather than supplies.

Biographies, like painted portraits, range over an immense scale of value: the highest stand at a very elevated point indeed, and the lowest, in which this age has been beyond all others fertile, descend far below zero. Human nature is in itself a thing so wonderful, so greatly paramount among all the objects offered to our knowledge, that there are few pieces or specimens of it which do not deserve and reward observation. But then they must be true, and must breathe the breath of life; they must give us, not the mere clothes, or grave clothes, of the man, but the man himself. For this reason it is that autobiographies (unless when a distinguished man is unfortunately tempted, as appears to have been the case with Lord Brougham, to write his own life from old newspapers) are commonly of real interest, for every man does his best to make his own portrait a likeness. And for this reason also it may be that, in so many cases, the personal memoirs of men of religious celebrity are flat, stale, and unprofitable to a degree, because they are, beyond all others, unreal and got up. Sometimes, with a good deal of excuse, feelings of natural piety, and sometimes, with no excuse at all, the supposed interests of sect or clique, withhold altogether from view the faults, errors, or inequalities, through some or all of which it was that the man was indeed a man, a being of mixed character, to be remembered usefully for warning, and for caution, as well as for imitation, or for pious unreasoning wonder. In the case especially of missionaries we fear that there is a special danger of this want of reality and truth. For here the begging bore is continually in the mind of the writer; and probably there is, on the whole, no description of running story which is told with so much unconscious or half-conscious falsification as theirs. For, were the whole truth to be given, what would be the effect on the collection after this or that sermon, or on the subscription list after this or that meeting, where the

Rev. Blank Blank appeared specially as a deputation on the part of 'the parent society'? Of these, and of all falsifications, studious or careless, the transparent man, whose Biography we are commending to notice, had a perfect horror. More than this; he had a horror of the pretentious and theatrical, nay of the merely public, exhibition even of the truth. His pastoral work with the Melanesian Islanders was too intensely spiritual in its detail to bear presentation periodically to the common eye, without a reflected influence of self-consciousness on the principal agent, which would have marred its delicacy, its purity, its simplicity. A passage of the volumes casts upon this subject a casual ray of light, which reveals much of the inner nature of the man. His friend and coadjutor, Mr. Codrington, says:—

'It is characteristic of Bishop Patteson that I never heard him say a word, that I remember, of religion to one of the sick. On such things he would not, unless he was obliged, speak except with the patient alone.'—Vol. ii. p. 820.

And again in September, 1868:—

'The Bishop then began a custom of preaching to his black scholars alone after the midday service, dismissing his five or six white companions after prayers, because he felt he could speak more freely, and go more straight to the hearts of his converts and catechumens, if he had no other audience.'—Vol. ii. p. 322.

To some this may sound little less than shocking. He ought, it would perhaps be said, in the spirit of modern religionism, to have 'let his light shine' more fully 'before men,' and to have sought the edification not only of the coloured islander but of the literary European bystander. Such was not Patteson's conception of his very arduous work. It had at once to open the minds, to mould the ideas, and to enter into the inmost souls of beings just extricated from a singularly inartificial and childlike barbarism; in the case of the sick, to deliver them over, or prepare for so delivering them, into the unveiled presence of the Eternal. This was ever for him an absolutely absorbing task; and no particle of himself, no jot or tittle of energies which he knew to be when undivided still insufficient, would he suffer to be diverted by any side issue, or regard to thing or person other than the human soul he was endeavouring to rear to its maturity.

How, it may well be asked, how, under such circumstances, can we attain to any full, real, inward knowledge of this great Missionary Bishop, and of his work? The

answer is that, with that wonderful multiplying force which is the gift of affectionate natures, while he carried his heart to the zone of the South Pacific, he left it also in England. The singular warmth of his domestic affection stands, as to certain points, in a touching strife with his devotion to his duty. He does not encourage, he even refuses, the visit of his sisters after their father's death, lest they should at once suffer hardship and draw him off from his daily, hourly, prosecution of his work (vol. ii. p. 18). But to the beloved members of his family he was able to make an effusion of himself, in constant letters by every mail, which, for its warmth and its completeness, as to all except the absolutely inward sphere of his religious life, has, perhaps, never been excelled, and to which we are indebted for a record worthy, in our judgment, of the Apostolic office; and of the Christian religion, even in the bloom and glow of its prime. But as to all he wrote to them, he was most jealous lest it should be unveiled.

'I can't write brotherly letters, if they are to be treated as public property. I would not trust my own brother to make extracts from my letters. No one in England can be a judge of the mischief that the letters occasionally printed contrary to my wish by friends.'—Vol. ii. p. 175.

'I like,' he writes at Easter, 1869, 'to tell you what I think, and I know you will keep it to yourselves.' Thus it is that we come to have before us the fervent outpourings of a singularly reflective and introspective, as well as active, mind, like flowers caught in their freshness, and perfectly preserved in colour and in form.

No mere review can do justice to this book, but we hope to supply what may incite some readers to obtain for themselves an acquaintance with its contents.

The name he bore, John Coleridge Patteson, indicated the combination in his blood of two honoured families, second to none in the contributions they have made to the intellectual and moral wealth of the nation.

He was born on the 1st of April, 1827; and he was incomparably happy in his parents, both of whom so stamped themselves upon his mind and heart that, down to the very last, when they had been long called to their rest, he is ever reverting to them. His mother appears to have been as excellent in the rearing of her children, as his father was distinguished among the sages of the law. But Judge Patteson, a lawyer unsurpassed in his day (which was a great day), was also no common Churchman; in feeling and opinion a thorough and loyal child of

the Church of England; in knowledge far from a mean theologian, and one whose direct guiding influence is constantly acknowledged by his son during his lifetime, and longed for after his death.

We will not dwell on the incidents of his childhood, beyond observing that he was (i. 7) deeply and warmly affectionate, but not free from occasional outbreaks of will and temper, the fiery material of future activity and energy under holy discipline. But his religious history is without crisis, shock, or start: there seems to have been from the first a central principle of life, which gradually brought under its sway every part and faculty of the man. 'Consideration for others, kindness, and sweetness of nature, were always his leading characteristics': and when a foundation is thus broadly laid in a radical unselfishness there is little to fear for the final result.

He went through the normal course of an Eton and Oxford education. At twelve years old, his powers of self-reproach were already active: and it is to be observed that throughout life, when blaming himself, he never attenuates the blame, or shifts any any portion of responsibility upon others. He was profoundly impressed by a farewell sermon which Bishop Selwyn preached in October, 1841, at Windsor, where the Bishop had acted as curate; and when calling on his mother to bid farewell, that eminent Prelate and Missionary said, with a kind of prophetic anticipation, 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' (i. 29). The youth also told her it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop. Meantime the whole tone of his life seems to have been thoroughly healthy. In the prime article of Eton school-work, his verses, he was—like Bishop Selwyn—highly distinguished: he was among the Select for the Newcastle Scholarship in 1844: he spoke remarkably well in the Debating Society; and at cricket he attained to the highest honours of the Eleven. Even in these early days, he combined the widest popularity with an uncompromising adherence to what was right (i. 40). Success did not beget conceit: and failure, which was the exception, only roused his energies (i. 46). At Oxford, where he entered with deep interest into the religious movement of the day, he obtained, in 1849, a classical second-class, and subsequently a Fellowship of Merton. His examination for his degree was followed by a tour in Germany and Italy, which served to develop alike his strong love of Art, and his remarkable turn for languages. He was in due time presented to the Pope: but what a contrast between the two episcopal

careers! In 1852, he studied Hebrew at Dresden; and he made himself a thorough German scholar. In questions connected with the administration and government of his College, he was a decided reformer (i. 135). His mind had undergone rapid development, and he had largely surveyed the religious dissensions of the day, when he was ordained in 1853, and took the curacy of Alfrington. In this village, where a church with a parsonage and school had been built by his distinguished uncle, Sir John Colebridge, he had already served an apprenticeship while he was preparing for holy orders. His course here was a short one, but he prosecuted it as the work of his life: and the sweet smile and musical voice which were afterwards to win their way in the far islands of the south, powerfully helped to open his access to the hearts of the people of Alfrington. Nearly all the items of the varied experience of daily life, at all times, he took most kindly. But general society he never loved: small talk, he declares, he could not manufacture; and morning callers were the plague of his life.

Ordained on the 14th of September, 1853, he joined, on the 19th of August, 1854, in welcoming the Bishop of New Zealand, who came to visit England after twelve years of work, during which he had founded his church, organised its government, and planned his system of missionary aggression on the five groups of islands which he combined under the collective name of Melanesia: the Solomon Islands in the north-west, the Banks and Santa Cruz clusters in the midst, and the New Hebrides and Loyalty Islands to the south-west and south. After greeting him, Patteson retired to seek relief for his emotion in a 'great burst of tears.' Bishop Selwyn was in all ways qualified to become the hero of his imagination, and to impart the main impulse of his life. Of a commanding presence, of frank and manly character, distinguished both in mental and bodily pursuits, and universally beloved, he was, as it were, reflected in his young friend as to all these points: and in quitting a career of prosperity and promise, already well begun at home, for the charge of an unformed church in an unformed colony at the Antipodes, it had been the Bishop's happy lot to lift the standard of self-sacrifice to a more conspicuous and a more generally felt and acknowledged elevation than it had heretofore reached among us. But we feel confident that a Selwyn claims, and can claim, no higher honour than to have had a Patteson for his pupil.

The Bishop now followed up the thought of 1841, 'Will you give me Coley?' His

words fell upon a mind, in the young man himself, already charged with the subject. Sir John Patteson, who had become a widower in the interval, determined to offer freely his large share of the sacrifice. And his son, in accepting the invitation, acted upon a feeling which had been 'continually present with him and constantly exercising an increasing influence over him' (i. 173). He left all his villagers deploring his departure, and on March 29, 1855, he sailed from Gravesend, with the Bishop, for New Zealand.

As early as 1848 and 1849, Bishop Selwyn had visited the Islands. His resolution was never to preach in a place already occupied by missions: and Melanesia was almost entirely open ground. He rapidly perceived that it was vain to think of dealing with this host of islands by planting a resident English clergyman in each of them. He likewise believed that no church could take effectual root without a native clergy, and he accordingly determined upon his plan; which was, to bring boys from the Islands to New Zealand, to educate them there in St. John's College, near Auckland, which he had founded for the colonists, and so to return them home to be the teachers of their countrymen. This plan, which bears so clearly the stamp of an organising mind, has been in action ever since: with only some change in its form. For the climate, first of St. John's College and then, as experience taught, of New Zealand in even its most suitable spots, was found too cold for the constitutions of the islanders. Hence it came about that the headquarters of the Mission were in course of time removed, on that account, to Norfolk Island, which is half way between the colony and the nearest points of Melanesia. Still later, and in correspondence with the progress of the work, a permanent establishment was founded on the Island of Mota, a central point for the whole of Melanesia. From the time of its beginning, Bishop Selwyn had never intermitted the prosecution of his enterprise. Thus the field, into which he carried Mr. Patteson, was one now made ready for extended cultivation. In that field he wrought earnestly, until December, 1859, with and under the senior Bishop himself, who led the way in all responsibility, effort, and exposure; and cast, and exhibited to his younger eye, the mould wherein his work was to be shaped.

In 1860, when the Melanesian company was transported to the more genial site of Kohimarama, near Auckland, he took charge of it; and here he lays down the proposition which was the guide of his

missionary life to the last. 'The school is the real work.' Only by patient, searching, personal, and sole persuasion did he think it possible to perform that double operation, which has now come into the place of the single one confided to the Apostles: that is to say, the conversion of savages into civilized men, and of, at the same time, in the same persons, of heathens into Christians. There is no labour more intense than that of teaching, when the instructor throws his whole heart into it; it was enhanced by an endless variety of languages and dialects; and this, as it was in quantity the greatest, was also in quality the most exhausting of Mr. Patteson's occupations.

He was, however, to be Mr. Patteson but little longer. In despite of his modest reluctance, he obeyed the urgent requisition of Bishop Selwyn, and agreed to undertake the episcopal office. In this year, 1860, he assumed the direction of the Melanesian voyage, and founded a Mission House at Mota, 'the first station of the Church's tabernacle planted in all Melanesia' (i. 459). In February, 1861, came the time of his consecration. On the eve of it, there was a special and private meeting for worship, ending with the *Gloria in excelsis*.

'Then the dear Bishop (of New Zealand) walked across to me, and taking my hand in both of his, looking at me with that smile of love and deep, deep thought so seldom seen, and so highly prized, "I can't tell you what I feel," he said, with a low and broken voice. "You know it; my heart is so full."—Vol. i. p. 488.

He was consecrated on the 24th of February, the Feast of St. Matthias; and from this time, for ten and a half years, remained in sole charge of the missions of the Church in the islands. Lady Martin supplies the following brief notice of the service:—

'I shall never forget the expression of his face as he knelt in the quaint rochet. It was meek, and holy, and calm, as though all conflict was over, and he was resting in the Divine strength. It was altogether a wonderful scene; the three consecrating Bishops, all such noble-looking men, the goodly company of clergy, and Hohua's fine intelligent brown face among them, and then the long line of island boys, and of St. Stephen's native teachers and their wives, were living testimonies of mission work.'—Vol. i. p. 492.

He was now formally installed in the Chapel of St. Andrew as Head of the College; and from this time he directed and conducted the annual voyages and all the missionary operations, though, of course, with the full counsel and support of Bishop Selwyn, both as his Primate, and as the original pioneer. His domestic life, con-

tinually exercised in the most affectionate correspondence; his intellectual life, maintained by eager reading at those spare times which he contrived to find; his scientific life, in the study and construction of the languages; his pastoral life, in the varied functions of teaching, training, and public ministrations; and his life of external energy in organising, and in manual work—all proceeded in equable and harmonious activity, interrupted only by the sad crises of dysentery and fever, when day and night were alike absorbed, and by the great grief of a murderous attack on his party at Santa Cruz in 1864. During all this time he seems never to have had a thought for himself, but only for his people, and for his office with a view to his people. One force he largely employed to draw and win men, and to bind them to himself—the force of love:—

'It was in those private classes that he exercised such wonderful influence; his musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manner, all helping doubtless to impress and draw even the dullest.'—Vol. i. p. 898.

Putting down his natural fastidiousness, not avoiding the very humblest of duties, he gave dignity to those duties, instead of disparaging his office in his own person by performing them; and his authority over white and black alike, which was never compromised, maintained itself by a gentle tact, even as the most complete control over spirited horses is achieved by the most delicate hand. But now we will try to let him speak a little for himself.

Some idea of his many-sidedness may be conveyed by the following passage:—

'I can hardly tell you how much I regret not knowing something about the treatment of simple surgical cases. If when with W—I had studied the practical—bled, drawn teeth, mixed medicines, rolled legs perpetually, it would have been worth something. Surely I might have foreseen all this! I really don't know how to find the time or the opportunity for learning. How true it is that men require to be trained for their particular work! I am now just in a position to know what to learn, were I once more in England. Spend one day with old Fry (mason), another with John Venn (carpenter), and two every week at the Exeter Hospital, and not look on and see others work—there's the mischief, do it oneself. Make a chair, a table, a box, fit everything, help in every part of making and furnishing a house, that is, a cottage. Do enough of every part to be able to do the whole. Begin by felling a tree, saw it into planks, mix the lime, see the right proportion of sand, &c., know how to choose a good lot of timber, fit handles for tools, &c.

'Many trades need not be attempted, but every missionary ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook.'—Vol. i. pp. 378-9.

In a letter to his brother and sister he describes the dysentery at the New Zealand College in 1863:—

'Hospital, St. Andrew's:

'Saturday night, 9 P.M., March 22, 1863.

'MY DEAREST BROTHER AND SISTER,—I write from the dining-hall (now our hospital), with eleven Melanians lying round in extremity of peril. I buried two to-day in one grave, and I baptized another now dying by my side.

'God has been pleased in His wisdom and mercy to send upon us a terrible visitation, a most virulent form of dysentery. Since this day fortnight I have scarce slept night or day, but by snatching an hour here and there; others are working quite as hard, and all the good points of our Melanesian staff are brought out, as you may suppose.

'The best medical men cannot suggest any remedy. All remedies have been tried and failed. Every conceivable kind of treatment has been tried in vain.

'There are in the hall (the hospital now) at this moment eleven—eleven more in the little quadrangle, better, but in as anxious a state as can be; and two more not at all well.

'I have sent all the rest on board to be out of the way of contagion. How we go on I scarce know. . . . My good friend, Mr. Lloyd, is here, giving great help; he is well acquainted with sickness, and a capital nurse.

'I have felt all along that it would be good for us to be in trouble; we could not always sail with a fair wind, I have often said so, and God has sent the trial in the most merciful way. What is this to the falling away of our baptized scholars!

'But it is a pitiful sight! How wonderfully they bear the agony of it. No groaning.

'When I buried those two children, to-day, my heart was full, I durst not think, but could only pray and believe and trust in Him. God bless you.

Your loving Brother.

'J. C. P.

'O Lord, correct me, but with judgment!'—Vol. ii. pp. 42-3.

His day in Mota was thus partitioned:—

'At daylight I turn off my table and dress, *not elaborately*,—a flannel shirt, old trousers, and shoes; then a yam or two is roasted on the embers, and the coffee made, and (fancy the luxury here in Mota!) delicious goat's milk with it. Then the morning passes in reading, writing, and somewhat desultory talking with people, but you can't expect punctuality and great attention. Then at one, a bit of biscuit and cheese (as long as the latter lasts). Mr. Palmer made some bread yesterday. Then generally a walk to meet people at different villages, and talk to them, trying to get them to ask me questions, and I try to question them. Then at 6 P.M., a tea-ation, viz, yam and coffee, and perhaps a crab or

two, or a bit of bacon, or some good thing or other. But I forgot! This morning we ate a bit of our first full-grown and fully ripe Mota pine-apple (I brought some two years ago), as large and fine as any specimens I remember in hot-houses. If you mention all these luxuries, we shall have no more subscriptions, but you may add that there is as yet no other pine-apple, though our oranges, lemons, citrons, guavas, &c., are coming on. . .

'Then after tea—a large party always witnessing that ceremony—there is an hour or so spent in speaking again to the people, and then I read a little with Wadrokala and Carry. Then Mr. Palmer and I read a chapter of Vaughan on the Revelation, then prayers, and so to bed.'—Vol. ii. pp. 142-3.

His day in New Zealand is described in a letter to Professor Max Müller, intended to excuse him for not making more rapid progress in his philological labours:—

'I get in the full summer months an hour for reading by being dressed at 5:30 A.M. At 5:30 I see the lads washing, &c., 7 A.M. breakfast all together in hall, 7:30 chapel, 8-9:30 school, 9:30-12:30 industrial work. During this time I have generally half-an-hour with Mr. Pritt about business matters, and proof sheets are brought me, yet I get a little time for preparing lessons. 12:45 short service in chapel, 1 dinner, 2-3 Greek Testament with English young men, 3-4 classics with ditto, 5 tea, 6:30 evening chapel, 7-8:30 evening school with divers classes in rotation, or with candidates for Baptism or Confirmation, 8:30-9 special instruction to more advanced scholars, only a few, 9-10 school with two other English lay assistants. Add to all this, visitors interrupting me from 4-5, correspondence, accounts, trustee business, sermons, nursing sick boys, and all the many daily unexpected little troubles that must be smoothed down, and questions enquired into, and boys' conduct investigated, and what becomes of linguistics? So much: for my excuse for my small progress in languages. Don't think all this egotistical; it is necessary to make you understand my position.'—Vol. ii. p. 186.

It is the same tenor of life in Norfolk Island:—

'I am just finishing a translation of St. John, and have written many Psalms, &c., besides some four and a half or five hours teaching daily: not much, yet more than I did at Kohimarama, where I had a good deal of English Sunday work, and many interruptions. Here I can write from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M., and have really no distractions to speak of. Chapel at 7 A.M., breakfast (all together, of course) 7:30, school 8-9:30, work 9:30-1, dinner over in twenty minutes or so (not very elaborate), school 2-3, tea 6, school 7-8, chapel 8, when I catechise, and to my delight, at last, the Melanians, freely, *as a regular thing*, ask me all kinds of questions. I leave them

about 9, but my room opens into the chapel, and they sit there, many of them, till 10 talking over points; sometimes come in to me, &c., and so the day ends. Codrington and I don't pledge ourselves to out-door work from 9.30-1; and I have lessons to prepare for candidates for Baptism, Holy Communion and Orders (three Englishmen). You would like to be with us for a day; and I think you would be touched by the reverence of young men and lads and boys in chapel, of whom I could tell strange stories indeed, and by hearing the *Venite* chanted to "Jacob" in a strange tongue, and other music. There are times when my heart feels very full.'—Vol. ii. pp. 287-8.

The incessant labours and occasional dangers of his life were relieved by his vivid interest in the work, by his giving and taking the pleasures of domestic affection, and by his enjoyment of a climate which was to him highly genial. But the most marked characteristic of his life in its passive part was, without doubt, this, that even when grief was absent, and care was at its highest, it was a daily enduring of hardness. Quite casually he mentions his expenses for six months at about 20*l.* (ii. 333). But it is just this feature of hardness, that he is ever endeavouring to throw into the shade. We have seen the use he makes of the solitary pine-apple in Mota. From Norfolk Island he describes and dwells upon the comforts of his rooms; a print, a photograph, books, and flowers, though no carpet or curtains, which 'only hold dust and make the room fusty' (iii. 397). 'Such are missionary comforts; where the hardships are, I have not yet discovered.' The 'perfect cup of coffee,' or 'a four-pound tin of Bloxam's preserved meat from Queensland,' half of which had lasted him for twelve days, and which served to season his 'yam deliciously cooked' (ii. 258), is ever carefully recorded against himself, and to satisfy his loving correspondents. But never except once, so far as we are able to discover, did his mode of living, in bed or board or clothing, rise even to the modest standard of clerical life at home; then, indeed, he found himself amid the comforts and even luxuries of a European gentleman. The occasion was a voyage to Australia, for an active and laborious circuit there with the purpose of giving information and obtaining aid. He records his condition on board the steamer from New Zealand to Sydney on February 6, 1864, with a child-like wonder and freshness:—

'Fancy me on board a screw steamer, 252 feet long, with the best double cabin on board for my own single use, the manager of the Company being anxious to show me every at-

tention, eating away at all sorts of made dishes, puddings, &c., and lounging about just as I please on soft red velvet sofas and cushions.'—Vol. ii. p. 82.

And his biographer thankfully mentions the benefit he derived from this one involuntary backsliding into comfort and fairly good living; such, at least, as they could be to one who, with all his cheerful acceptance of se-life, never loved the sea:—

'Generally, he shrank into himself, and became reserved at once if pressed to tell of his own doings. He spoke one evening quite openly about his dislike to ship life. We were laughing at some remembrance of the Bishop of Lichfield's satisfaction when once afloat, and he burst into an expression of wonder, how anyone could go to sea for pleasure. I asked him what he disliked in particular, and he answered, everything. That he always felt dizzy, headaching, and unable to read with comfort; the food was greasy, and there was a general sense of dirt and discomfort.'—Vol. ii. pp. 447-8.

This habitual reserve about himself was based upon his profound humility, the proof of which bristles, or to speak more appropriately softly plays, upon every page of the volumes.

The spirit of fun, which had had free play in his boyhood, did not depart from him during his episcopate, and it found most fit openings in the innocent festivities (ii. 338) with which, after the religious office, he celebrated those marriages between his Melanesian converts, which were among the social first-fruits of his work. Nothing conveys a higher idea of his moral force, than the way in which he brought these people to a life of strictness in the point, in which the customs and tradition of the islands were most relaxed. Once we hear of a lapse from purity, in which he commuted the wrath, that a harsher man would have felt, into a sympathetic pain. He treated the case, however, according to the rules of a sound and considerate Church discipline. The following detail will give an idea of his tenderness of hand:—

'His own words (not suggested by me) were: "I tempted God often, and He let me fall: I don't mean He was the cause of it, it is of course, only my fault; but I think I see that I might have gone on getting more and more careless, and wandering further and further from Him unless I had been startled and frightened." And then he burst out, "Oh! don't send me away for ever. I know I have made the young ones stumble, and destroyed the happiness of our settlement here. I know I must not be with you all in chapel and school and hall. I know I can't teach any more. I know that, and I am miserable, miserable."

But don't tell me I must go away for ever. I can't bear it!"

'I did manage to answer almost coldly, for I felt that if I once let loose my longing desire to let him see my real feeling, I could not restrain myself at all. "Who wishes to send you away, U—? It is not *me* whom you have displeased and injured."

"I know. It is terrible! But I think of the Prodigal Son. Oh! I do long to go back! Oh! do tell me that He loves me still."

'Poor dear fellow! I thought I must leave him to bear his burthen for a time. We prayed together, and I left him, or rather sent him away from my room, but he could neither eat nor sleep.

—'The next day his whole manner, look, everything made one sure (humanly speaking) that he was indeed truly penitent; and then when I began to speak words of comfort, of God's tender love and compassion, and told him how to think of the Lord's gentle pity when he appeared first to the Magdalene and Peter, and when I took his hand in the old loving way, poor fellow, he broke down more than ever, and cried like a child.'—Vol. ii. pp. 847-8.

By degrees restoration to full Christian standing was granted.

Considerate in such matters, we might be sure he was not less considerate in regard to the sometimes difficult questions arising in heathen lands out of the divisions of sect. He set up, as we have seen, no rival missions. He corresponded with a Wesleyan missionary on a subject of common interest to both. He declined applications for pastoral care from the people of Lifu, where the agency of the London Missionary Society had existed, but had for some time been suspended, on learning that two missionaries were on the way from Sydney (i. 419-20). In that same island he had (in 1858) attended the service conducted by a native teacher acting under the Society, and only officiated himself when he had found, from good authority, that there would be no objection. His costume on this occasion was no other than a black coat and white tie, and he pursued the manner of service common among Presbyterians and dissenters, though employing freely the language of the Prayer Book in his extemporary prayer (i. 363-6). 'I felt,' he says, 'quite at my ease while preaching, and John told me it was all very clear; but the prayers—oh! I did long for one of our Common Prayer Books.'

His early promise as a speaker would seem to have been amply fulfilled in his preaching and speaking faculty. But without doubt what preponderated in his sermons and addresses was the intensity of their ethical character. Listen to the description of Lady Martin. At the critical period when he was about finally to part from Bishop

Selwyn in 1868, he said the prayers in the private chapel.

'After these were ended (Lady Martin says), he spoke a few words to us. He spoke of our Lord standing on the shore of the lake after His resurrection; and he carried us, and I think himself too, out of the heaviness of sorrow into a region of peace and joy, where all conflict and partings and sin shall cease for ever. It was not only what he said, but the tones of his musical voice, and expression of peace on his own face, that hushed us into a great calm. One clergyman, who was present, told Sir William Martin that he had never known anything so wonderful. The words were like those of an inspired man.'—Vol. ii. pp. 388-9.

It is, however, also plain that perhaps his most notable pastoral gifts lay in the closeness, clearness, and affectionateness, of his addresses in personal conference with the Melanesians; his rare faculty of language enabling him to combat the difficulties of so many foreign tongues, and his deep reverence preserving him from the great risk of caricaturing sacred things by inapt use of his instrument. And observe how skilfully, with the one great idea of converting islanders through islanders in his mind, he conducts the instruction of a class on the 9th chapter of the Acts, and leads his scholars up to the act of self-dedication.

'"Did our Lord tell Saul all that he was to do?"

"No."

"What! not even when He appeared to him in that wonderful way from heaven?"

"No."

"What did the Lord say to him?"

"That he was to go into Damascus, and there it would be told him what he was to do."

"What means did the Lord use to tell Saul what he was to do?"

"He sent a man to tell him."

"Who was he?"

"Ananias."

"Do we know much about him?"

"No, only that he was sent with a message to Saul to tell him the Lord's will concerning him, and to baptize him."

"What means did the Lord employ to make His will known to Saul?"

"He sent a disciple to tell him."

"Did He tell him Himself immediately?"

"No, he sent a man to tell him."

"Mention another instance of God's working in the same way, recorded in the Acts."

"The case of Cornelius, who was told by the angel to send for Peter."

"The angel then was not sent to tell Cornelius the way of salvation?"

"No, God sent Peter to do that."

"Jesus Christ began to do the same thing when He was on earth, did He not, even

while He was Himself teaching and working miracles?"

"Yes; He sent the twelve Apostles and the seventy disciples."

"But what is the greatest instance of all; the greatest proof to us that God chooses to declare His will through man to man?"

"God sent His own Son to become man."

"Could He not have converted the whole world in a moment to the obedience of faith by some other way?"

"Yes."

"But what did He in His wisdom choose to do?"

"He sent His Son to be born of the Virgin Mary, to become man, and to walk on this earth as a real man, and to teach men, and to die for men."

"What does Jesus Christ call us men?"

"His brethren."

"Who is our Mediator?"

"The Man, Christ Jesus."

"What means does God employ to make His will known to us?"

"He uses men to teach men."

"Can they do this by themselves?"

"No, but God makes them able."

"How have you heard the Gospel?"

"Because God sent you to us."

"And now, listen. How are all your people still in ignorance to hear it? What have I often told you about that?"

Whereupon the scholars looked shy, and some said softly, "We must teach them."

"Yes, indeed you must." — Vol. ii. pp. 178-80.

Among the many remarkable points in this very eminent life, not the least noteworthy of all is its many-sidedness. There seems to have been no office or function, however high or however humble, to which Bishop Patteson could not turn, and turn effectively, his mind or hand. There is one characteristic of the old-fashioned public school and college education of England, in cases where it has been heartily and genially received, for which, in our judgment, it has never yet had sufficient credit: its tendency to give suppleness and elasticity of mind; to produce the readiest and surest learners of the various occupations of life in all their shapes. In the case of Bishop Patteson, the difficulty really is to point out not all the things he did, but any things which he was not able and wont to do. An adept in early life at games, exercises, and amusements, he turned his gift of corporal versatility thus acquired to handicraft and labour of all kinds. Saint Paul, the tent-maker, lived in a civilized age and in civilized countries, and never could have been put under the straining tests of this class which were constantly applied to Bishop Patteson. Almost amphibious as between land and water, he became, while disliking the physi-

cal conditions of sea-life, a hardy seaman and an accomplished navigator. When ashore he was farmer, gardener, woodman, porter, carpenter, tailor, cook, or anything else that necessity demanded and his large experience taught. In higher regions of exertion he was, amidst the severest trials of epidemic dysentery or typhus, or in the crisis of some dangerous visit to an untried island, physician, surgeon, and the tenderest of nurses, all in one; without ever interrupting his sleepless activity in the most personal duties of a pastor, or the regular maintenance of the more public offices of religion, or abating his readiness to turn to that which was evidently the most laborious and exacting of all his duties, the duty of the schoolmaster, engaged upon the double work of opening the understanding of his pupils and of applying the mental instrument thus improved to the perception, and reception, of Christian truth.

Of his purely intellectual gifts, there can be little doubt that one was pre-eminent. He possessed, in a degree that must have placed at his command the highest distinction had he remained in Europe, the gift of languages, both in its practical and in its scientific sense. In the first eighteen months, or thereabouts (ii. 581), as he reports to his friend Professor Max Müller, he had become acquainted in various degrees with five of the Oceanic languages; but in his closing years, we are assured on the high authority of Sir W. Martin, himself no mean philologist, he spoke no less a number of them than twenty-three (ii. 590). He had prepared and printed, it appears (ii. 539), elementary grammars of thirteen, and general vocabularies of three; had executed considerable translations from portions of the Scripture, and had rendered hymns in the tongue of Mota, which, remarks Sir W. Martin, 'are described to me by competent judges as of singular excellence' (ii. 590). Also Psalms; of which Mr. Codrington observes that they are 'as lofty in their diction, and as harmonious in their rhythm, in my judgment, as anything, almost, I read in any language' (ii. 416). And he had comprehensively considered, as appears from many passages in his letters, the principles, of which the numerous tongues of that region might be placed in mutual relation. Mr. Max Müller has himself borne warm testimony to the great attainments and capacities of his friend. It is, we fear, too true, that much knowledge not to be reclaimed, and much hope for the progress of the important science of comparative philology, lie buried with him in the silent depths of the Pacific. But 'onward' and 'upward' were the in-

separable laws of his life; and through his great gift of tongues his mind passed on to consider the general relations of thought and language, the law of growth in power of expression to which language itself is subject, and its necessary imperfection as the medium through which truth is commonly presented to the human understanding. This tendency of his mind gives an additional interest to the views which he took of current ecclesiastical affairs, and of the controversies of the day beyond his own immediate sphere. In approaching this part of our subject, it may be right to begin with an endeavour to apprehend his own standing-point.

Bishop Patteson was eminently, and entirely, an English Churchman. He believed in the historical Church of Christ, in the foundation by the Redeemer of a society of men, which was to endure throughout all time, and was to be, and to be known as, the grand depository of religious truth and grace, and the main instrument for their communication to mankind. The Church is 'a Divine institution, the mystical Body of the Lord, on which all graces are bestowed, and through whose ministrations men are trained in holiness and truth' (ii. 387). Not less firmly did he believe that the English Reformation was a reform and not a revolution, lying within the proper competency of the local Church, and aiming, in the matters wherein it departed from current usage and opinion, at an honest recurrence to the principles and practice of the primitive and not yet disunited Christian Church. In this important respect Bishop Patteson precisely corresponded with another great Bishop of the English Church, Bishop Wilberforce, whose character and services we recently endeavoured to portray, and whose name never can grow pale upon the page of our Church History.

But while he was thus, in the best and truest sense of the word, an Anglican, like his distinguished father the Judge, and while he must rank among the prime honours of the name, the ductile and thoughtful character of his mind preserved him from all rigidity and narrowness. His indulgence in judgment of men would, we have no doubt, have overleapt all boundaries of opinion. With books and thoughts his sympathies, as was right, had their limits: but in his appreciation of our living writers on Scripture, we find him combining the names of Pusey, Ellicott, Lightfoot, Vaughan, Trench, Wordsworth, Alford, and others, as men from whom he drew copious and varied instruction in the main subject of his theological studies, the text of Holy Scripture. But

further, on the performances of what is called modern thought in religion he looked with a wise circumspection and jealousy, yet also with a considerate sympathy, and while he deplored the precipitancy and levity of the age, he recognised, and even could enjoy and commend, its earnestness. The following passage is extracted from a letter to his brother:—

'I read very little indeed, except books on theology, and critical books on the Bible and on languages. Of course I am following with more and more interest the theological questions of the day. I quite see that much good may (D.V.) result from the spirit of enquiry. It is recklessly and irreverently conducted by many. But no one can deny that great misconceptions prevail as to the Bible—the object, I mean, with which it was given, the true use of much of it, the necessity of considering the circumstances (political, social, &c.) of the people to whom at different periods of their national life portions of it were given.

'The proportion and analogy of the Divine revelation are often overlooked. A passage applicable to the old state of rude Jewish society is transferred *totidem verba*, and in the same application, to the needs of Christian men; whereas the principle is, indeed, the same, because God is ever the same, and the spiritual needs of man, and the constitution of man's nature the same, but the application of the principle must needs vary.

'It requires constant prayer and guidance from above to bring out of one's treasure things new and old. And it is most difficult, because men rashly solve the difficulty by introducing the notion of a "verifying faculty" in each man, by which he is supposed to be competent to discriminate between what is of universal and what is of partial value in the Bible.

'All these questions have, naturally, an exceeding interest for me, and I read with eagerness all such books as I can get hold of which bear on such matters.

'The movement is not one which ought to be, if it could be, suppressed. There is an element of good in it; and on this the true Churchman ought to fasten, thankfully recognising and welcoming it, and drawing the true inference. We can't suppose that men in the nineteenth century will view the questions as they did in the sixteenth or seventeenth. No one century exactly resembles another. We must not seek simply to reproduce what to any of us may appear to be a golden age of theological literature and thought. Men must be dealt with as they are.'—Vol. ii. pp. 147–8.

As the Colonial Church, since the movement commenced by Archbishop Howley in 1840, has on one side done so much to exhibit true vitality in the English Church, so it has on the other given occasion to perhaps its greatest pain and scandal in the publications and proceedings of Bishop Colenso; whose case stands in such a startling

contrast with that of his neighbour, Bishop Mackenzie, a too early victim of fondly devoted zeal. We do not presume to weigh each of Bishop Colenso's particular opinions; but it is difficult to doubt from his writings that he has unconsciously passed under the dominion of what may be termed the destructive spirit. Most unhappily, he only discovered in conference with a Zulu what he ought, as a Christian teacher and a Bishop, to have known long before; and, fluttered and surprised, he thought it his duty to deliver to the world in all their crudity those notions of a neophyte in criticism which a trained and instructed theologian would have been able to purge, limit, and reduce, and then to find their proper place for. With himself it is probable that the unseemly schism he has created will pass away. But to Bishop Patteson his works, and the notoriety they had attained through his Episcopal title and office, were a sore and standing affliction. 'Sadder, far sadder than aught else, is the case of Bishop Colenso' (ii. 22). This was in 1862. He frequently recurs to the subject: * and he forms a very mean estimate of Bishop Colenso's critical acumen and fidelity. But even here he derives thoughts of solace from the reason of the case:—

'Of course it will do great harm. At the same time the Church of the last century, in a state of lethargy, could not have produced the men of active thought, energy, and boldness, which must sometimes, alas! develop themselves in a wrong direction.'—Vol. ii. p. 32.

Nor can there be a better example of considerate handling in these delicate matters than the following passage, drawn from him by the unfortunate volume known as 'Essays and Reviews':—

'I hope that men, especially Bishops, who don't know and can't understand Jowett, won't attempt to write against him. A man must know Jowett, be behind the curtain, know what he means by the phraseology he uses. He is answerable, perhaps, for not being intelligible to the world at large; but I am sure that not above one out of fifty readers will have much notion of what he really means to say, and only that one can do any good by entering into a discussion. I confess it strikes me that grievous as are many opinions that I fear he undoubtedly holds, his essays are eminently suggestive—the essays appended to and intermixed with his Commentaries, and that it needs delicate handling to eliminate what is true and useful from the error with which it is associated. Anyhow he deals with questions openly and boldly, which men wiser or less honest have ignored, consciously ignored before. And

I pray God some one may be found to show wisely and temperately to the intellectual portion of the community the true way to solve these difficulties and answer these questions. Simple denunciation, or the reassertion of our own side of the question, or the assigning our meaning and ideas to his words, will not do it.'—Vol. i. p. 542.*

But he was as fearless as he was considerate: and that he was no slave to merely popular modes of statement, may be shown by a very interesting passage on the Atonement; one written, too, within that last period of his life, during which he seems to have attained to a yet clearer insight into the world he was so soon to enter. It is dated July 31, 1871:—

'There is no doubt that Matthew Arnold says much that is true of the narrowness, bigotry, and jealous unchristian temper of Puritanism; and I suppose no one doubts that they do misrepresent the true doctrine of Christianity, both by their exclusive devotion to one side only of the teaching of the Bible, and by their misconception of their own favourite portions of Scripture. The doctrine of the Atonement was never in ancient times, I believe, drawn out in the form in which Luther, Calvin, Wesley, and others have lately stated it.

'The fact of the Atonement through the Death of Christ was always clearly stated; the manner, the "*why*," the "*how*" man's Redemption and Reconciliation to God is thus brought about, was not taught, if at all, after the Protestant fashion.

'Oxenham's "History of the Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement" is a fairly-written statement of what was formerly held and taught. Such words as "substitution," "satisfaction," with all the ideas introduced into the subject from the use of illustration, *e. g.*, of criminals acquitted, debts discharged, have perplexed, perhaps, rather than explained, what must be beyond explanation.

'The ultra-Calvinistic view becomes in the mind and language of the hot-headed ignorant fanatic a denial of God's Unity. "The merciful Son appeasing the wrath of the angry Father," is language which implies two Wills, two Counsels in the Divine Mind (compare with this John iii. 16).—Vol. ii. pp. 535-6.

The opinions and feelings of such a man with reference to the particular contentions at home, of which the din is ever in our ears, cannot but be full of interest. His gentle voice, which never sounded in the tones of wrath or bitterness, cannot but soothe and soften us when whispering from his grave. Unfortunately, with the methods of partial investigation and extravagant interpretation, which are in vogue, it would not be impossible to convict Bishop Patteson, from isolated passages, either of Ri-

* Vol. ii, pp. 31, 69, 78, 117, 171, 192-3.

* Compare vol. ii. p. 297.

tualism or its direct reverse. One of the commonest of all vulgar errors is to mistake warmth of heart and feeling, and that directness of impression which is allied with sincerity of character, for violence of opinion. All that Bishop Patteson loved, he loved fervently. And he loved the old Cathedral service (ii. 200). He loved Church-ornamentation, such as he could practise it.

‘Our chapel is beautifully decorated. A star at the east end, over the word Emmanuel, all in golden everlasting flame, with lilies and oleanders; in front, of young Norfolk Island pines and evergreens.’—Vol. ii. p. 436 (*compare* pp. 200, 291, 345).

It is to be borne in mind that the structural baldness of the rude edifices, in which he had to officiate, rather urgently demanded the use of embellishment to establish that severance of character which most would admit to be requisite in a religious edifice. His aspirations, however, went further than his practice.

‘Sometimes I have a vision—but I must live twenty years to see more than a vision—of a small but exceedingly beautiful Gothic chapel, rich inside with marbles and stained glass and carved stalls and encaustic tiles and brass screen work. I have a feeling that a certain use of really good ornaments may be desirable, and being on a very small scale, it might be possible to make a very perfect thing some day. There is no notion of my indulging such a thought. It may come some day, and most probably long after I am dead and gone. It would be very foolish to spend money upon more necessary things than a beautiful chapel at present, when in fact I barely pay my way at all. And yet a really noble church is a wonderful instrument of education, if we think only of the lower way of regarding it.’—Vol. ii. p. 79.

But besides his having, as is plain, a very true and strong æsthetic faculty, Bishop Patteson was a man whose intensely devotional spirit entitled him, so to speak, to desire beauties both of edifice and ritual, which to common men might be dead forms, but which for him would only be well-proportioned appendages and real aids. ‘I see and love the beauty of the outward form, when it is known and felt to be no more than the shrine of the inward spiritual power’ (ii. 373). At the same time it is undeniable, that of what is known in England by the name of Ritualism, he distinctively disapproved. In 1866, he writes to a sister as follows:—

‘It is all wrong, Fan. Functions don’t promote the Catholic spirit of the Church, nor aid the Eastern and Western Churches to regard us as Catholic. Oh! how we need to pray for the spirit of wisdom, and understanding, and counsel, and knowledge! And even if these

things are right, why must men be so impatient? Fifty years hence it may be that to resist some such movement might be evidently “to fight against God.” But that a vestment, or incense, or genuflections, albeit once in use, are of the essence of Christianity, no one ventures to say.

‘There is a symbolism about the vestments, I admit, possibly of some value to about one in every thousand of our Church people, but not in such vestments as men now are using, which, to 999 in every 1000, symbolise only Rome. The next is Mediævalism: and if the Church of England accepts Mediæval rather than Primitive usage, I, for one, don’t know how she is to answer the Romanists.’—Vol. ii. p. 214.*

Neither indeed, in the high matter of Eucharistic doctrine, did he completely accompany the man for whom, of all living men, he seems to have had the deepest and most affectionate reverence. We do not wish to enter into the theological details of this lofty subject. As far as we are able to understand and harmonise the numerous references to it, he appears to have detected a decided tendency to materialism in the idea of a localised presence (ii. 409), and thinks he finds in Mr. Keble’s ‘Eucharistical Adoration,’ a foreign rather than an-English tone (ii. 472). He hesitates, even at the idea and phrase of the ‘continuation’ of the sacrifice of the Cross: while, on the other hand, he regrets that the ‘sacrificial aspect of the rite has for a length of time been almost wholly lost sight of’ (ii. 430). He speaks favourably of the teaching of Dr. Waterland. But what is most touching to observe is the strife in his mind between the desire, on the one hand, to walk in the tradition of his fathers, and maintain a healthy tone together with the balanced order of the truth; and, on the other hand, his constantly recurring reluctance to believe that such a man as John Keble could be wrong (ii. 265, 299), and the strong action of his habitual self-mistrust.

To the position of the Colonial Church in its independence of the State, and its dependence on voluntary alms, he had thoroughly wedded and fitted himself, and this not as matter of necessity, but apparently with full contentment of heart and understanding. He saw in its actual play the machinery of Church government, such as it had been organised by Bishop Selwyn: he nowhere charges it with insufficiency or inconvenience. Indeed he looks with what may be described as a generous compassion upon the difficulties of the Church in England. ‘I can well see how we in New Zealand should deal with such difficulties, as are presented by Ritualism, *e.g.*; but in England

* *Compare* pp. 234, 244, 298.

the Church seems powerless' (ii. 233). He speaks with as much severity as his kindly nature would allow of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council under the guidance of Lord Westbury. 'We have no desire to send appeals to Lord Westbury & Co.' 'We accept the Supremacy, as Wesleyans, Baptists, &c., accept it. I don't see in what other sense we can accept it' (ii. 235). Excesses in the Church at home he thinks are due to the want of a government, which in the Colonies they have. The Privy Council, in his opinion, exercises no moral influence. But with Diocesan Synods, including lay and clerical representatives in equal numbers, he thinks a mere fraction would be found to vote in the sense of Ritualism (ii. 245), so that free self-government would heal the sore.* The experience of the Colonial Churches may, he thinks, be supplying precedents for the authorities at home in the great change that must come (ii. 236).

Thus strong in faith and love, happy in a balanced mind, and armed at all points against evil, did this manly and truly English Bishop exercise his mind continually on the problems of the day during those hours which were not appropriated to some of the multifarious duties of his own sphere; and prove himself to be 'the man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.'

Even on common affairs he would appear to have been a shrewd and gifted observer. In January, 1867, when nothing had occurred to give token of any great coming change, he boldly prophesies 'Ireland,' i.e. the Irish Church, 'will soon be disestablished' (*ibid.*). So, speaking of France. 'The Empire seems almost systematically to have completed the demoralisation of the people' (ii. 498). And of all important events reported to him from home, however morally remote from his own sphere of action, he never fails to take a truly human and sympathetic notice.

Again, but shortly after the agonising distress of the Santa-Cruz massacre, he learns from a sister that she is going to Germany,

* It is certainly remarkable, and is very little to our credit, that while Parliament and the country have been so much excited during the present year on the subject of clergy discipline, and we are told that this excitement has been but a sample and foretaste of what is to follow in future years, the Anglican Church in New Brunswick, under the excellent Bishop Medley, has been able quietly and with general satisfaction to adjust a method for trying all complaints and causes against clergymen; and has even added provisions for repelling from the Holy Communion lay-people of notoriously evil life. See the very interesting 'Journal of the Third Session of the Diocesan Synod of Fredericton.' Fredericton, New Brunswick, 1878.

and is at once touched in his domestic sympathies. 'So, old Fan, you are again in Germany, at Aix, at Dresden. Oh, how I should like to be with you there' (ii. 113).

We shall now pass to the last division of the work, and the last period of the Bishop's life. It is marked, as regards himself, by severe pain and protracted uneasiness, with depression of vital force; and it is lightened up by previsions of some coming crisis, and by glimpses into the future that awaited him beyond the grave. It also presents to us in a marked manner the real growth of his missionary work, the increasing ripeness of his coadjutors, the larger numbers and greater vitality of scholars and of converts. But along with this is now opened to us more fully another and a hideous picture, on the features of which it is no less necessary than it is painful for us to dwell.

Scarcely had the West African slave-trade been suppressed, and the death-knell of slavery itself sounded in America and the West Indies (it having there now no legal existence except in Cuba), when a fresh call was made upon the philanthropic energies of Great Britain, in order to deal with a like evil on the coast of Eastern Africa. That call has not been unheeded; and both diplomacy and force have been employed with some success in the prosecution of the work of repression. In this instance, the empire of the Queen has provided many or most of the guilty carriers; but the demand at least, which has called forth the supply, has not been British.

The last few years have developed a new mischief, to which we are more nearly related. The climate of the young colony of Queensland has created a demand for coloured labour in order to develop the great capacities of that region for raising tropical or semi-tropical productions. And the reckless cupidity, or dashing enterprise, or both, of our countrymen, has poured British settlers, now some thousands in number, into the Fiji Islands; not less than seventy of which (out of a total number which has been stated at 200), are inhabited by a race who were, until a few years ago, reputed to be fiercely cannibal, but of whom a very large number have been brought within the pale of a Christian profession by the efforts of Wesleyan missionaries. But here also, with a view to the production of sugar and coffee, a desire for coloured labour has arisen far beyond what the islands can supply. And this circumstance opens to us the darkest part of the whole prospect. In Queensland the Colonial Government (ii. 425) has made local laws for the purpose of checking that

portion of the grievous evils engendered by the labour traffic, which have their seat within the colony. In Fiji we much fear the prevailing tone is lower, the settlers of an inferior stamp: there is no Government which can be held really responsible; and what is worst perhaps of all, the nature of the territory, the abundance of secluded sites (ii. 445), and of waters difficult or impossible of access to Queen's ships, will probably offer insurmountable obstacles to the enforcement of stringent regulations with respect to the admission of imported labour. It may be recollected, that in the single island of Mauritius, the introduction of slaves was practised for years and years after the legal abolition of the slave-trade; as was virtually admitted by Mr. Irvine, the representative of the Mauritian planters at a later date, in his place in Parliament.

To make provision for good government, and for the purposes of philanthropy, in the Fiji Islands, it has been seriously proposed by Mr. Macarthur, M.P., a fervid Wesleyan, that the British people shall, from the other extremity of the globe, undertake their government and police; and the Administration are engaged, with no light responsibility, in considering whether there are conditions on which this can be done. In the time of the late Ministry, the Australian Colonies recommended the measure, but when it was pointed out that this was rather a duty for them, under the circumstances, to undertake, that they had greatly superior facilities for its performance, and that the full countenance and moral support of the Home Government would be afforded them, the suggestion was rather warmly repudiated; so the political problem remains, awaiting its solution. §

And a very arduous problem it is. But its difficulties are light as air, compared with those which this mischievous traffic is, we fear, certain to create beyond the borders both of Queensland and of the Fiji Islands. From this point of view, indeed, the case is not merely serious but, possibly or even probably, hopeless. And its constantly disturbing features clouded the last years of Bishop Patteson, and extinguished the bright light of his presence among the Melanesian Islands.

Should the islands become part of the British Empire, settlers will multiply, new capital will be invested, and more labourers will be required. The labour traffic will be extended; the police of those seas will also be enlarged at great cost to the people of this country; but it will be for the regulation, not the extinction, of the enlarged traffic, and of that enlargement no improved

police can possibly neutralise the mischief.

From the tragical connection of this subject with Bishop Patteson, it comes about that the concluding portion of Miss Yonge's work is largely occupied with the painful topic, and it is also the subject of two able papers in the Appendix by the Bishop's valued friend and able coadjutor, Mr. Codrington. We proceed to collect from the work before us a general statement of the case.

A traffic of this kind does not begin in an abstract love of violence and cruelty, but in designs of gain, prosecuted under circumstances which present incessant and strong temptation, with feeble and rare restraint. Thus, full of lubricity at the best, it is certain to deviate and degenerate into the most fearful mischief; and the very efforts of police made for its regulation, and requiring rough and summary methods, often tend at once to drive the trade into the worst and most reckless hands. The Bishop, whose practical turn was as remarkable as the elevation of his ideas on every subject, proposed that only licensed vessels, with proper agents on board, should be allowed to convey labourers at all, and that every vessel not so licensed and provided should at once be confiscated (ii. 339, *et alibi*). Why no such measure has been adopted we are unable to say.

As the matter stands, we are first encountered by the fact that the Melanesian Islander does not live in an organised political society, but in what is termed the savage life. He is thus deprived of the natural protection which anything like a government would afford him in making an agreement which is to narrow his liberty, and pledge his labour. Then it is admitted that no labourer should go except under contract; but can the term contract be other than an impenetrable mystery to such a man, invited to leave his country and enter into what is for him an unknown existence in an unknown land, and to bind himself during a term of years, when his thoughts have scarcely gone beyond the passing day? There are no interpreters, that is, no persons comprehending the two languages, from which and into which they interpret. No European who has studied the languages of the islands is ever employed in the trade (ii. 44). The native interpreters are 'invariably untrustworthy,' 'ready with any lying story to induce natives to leave their homes.' The vast majority know neither where they are going, nor among whom, nor for what (ii. 438). The very best that can happen is that they

should go willingly and return at the end of their term. But what then? What experience have they had in the interval? Hear Mr. Codrington (ii. 596):—

‘These Melanesian labourers have in very many cases been taken away from direct missionary teaching; are still heathen, because carried into a Christian land! Very many others would now be approached by the Gospel, which is ready to spread among their former homes, but does not reach them, because they are living among a Christian people.’

And we see the consequences, described by the Bishop:—

‘Any of these natives that may be taken back to his island will be sure to do harm. Under such circumstances, the South Sea Islander acquires all the low vulgar vices of the worst class of white men, and becomes of course demoralised, and the source of demoralisation to his people. Any respectable traveller among ignorant or wild races will tell you the same thing.’—Vol. ii. p. 501.

Probably no great number will thus return; even a few, however, will be so many centres of mischief. What, then, is the other alternative? The depopulation of the islands. In this instance, very large drafts are made, from a very large field of demand, upon an extremely narrow field of supply. Mr. Codrington points out (ii. 600) that the population is (there appear to be some rare exceptions) already insufficient to keep up the cultivation; that from the withdrawal of the able-bodied, follows the contraction of the area, and then, through an insufficient supply of food, the death of the aged, the weak, and the children. ‘From this cause, as your Excellency has been informed, large tracts in Melanesia have already returned to the primitive wilderness.’

All this is apart from the outrages and abuses by which this traffic and the names of England and of Christendom have been and are disgraced. Where the limited number of those really willing to go is exhausted, others must be had. When, in some of the islands, the people gradually come to an inkling of what they are about, and begin to raise their terms, the ship-masters go ‘further north’ (ii. 599). Now comes the turn of fraud and force. The natives are inveigled on board to look at axes or tobacco; the hatches are then fastened down upon them: or they are told, with an incredible baseness, by these wretches and pests of their kind, in quest of their loathsome gains, that the Bishop, unable to come himself, has sent them to bring natives to him.

‘His ship had been wrecked, he had broken his leg, he had gone to England, and sent them to fetch natives to him.’—Vol. ii. p. 363.

‘In the Banks Islands, in every case, they took people away under false pretences, asserting that the Bishop is ill and can’t come, he has sent us to bring you to him.’—Vol. ii. p. 380.

‘Sometimes even a figure was placed on deck, dressed in a black coat, with a book in his hand, according to the sailor’s notion of a missionary, to induce the natives to come on deck; and then they were clapped under hatches and carried off.’—Vol. ii. p. 426.

The next step to this base decoying was violence outright and *ab initio*:—

‘But decoying without violence began to fail; the natives were becoming too cautious, so the canoes were upset, and the men picked up while struggling in the water. If they tried to resist, they were shot at, and all endeavours at a rescue were met with the use of firearms.

‘They were thus swept off in such numbers, that small islands lost almost all their able-bodied inhabitants, and were in danger of famine for want of their workers. Also, the Fiji planters, thinking to make the men happier by bringing their wives, desired that this might be done, but it was not easy to make out the married couples, nor did the crews trouble themselves to do so, but took any woman they could lay hands on. Husbands pursued to save the wives, and were shot down, and a deadly spirit of hatred and terror against all that was white was aroused.’—Vol. ii. p. 427.

A ship of this description is known among the islanders as a ‘snatch-snatch,’ or ‘thief-ship’ (ii. 517). But, strange to say, the tortoise-shell trade appears to be blackened with a yet deeper guilt, as it is believed (ii. 427) that some of the traders carry their customers in pursuit of enemies, whose skulls are a common trophy in the more savage islands.

We cannot wonder that in such a state of things the service of the Missionary Bishop should be a service of danger; but what we much fear is that, in the final issue, gain will be too much both for humanity and for the British Navy, and that, under its fearful power to depopulate and demoralise, the race itself will pass away, and the tradition of Bishop Patteson will soon belong to a past having no link with the present. Apart, however, from this mournful speculation, let us trace the actual effects as they appear in the volumes before us.

The death of Mr. Williams at Erromango was, according to the account in this work (i. 328), due to his having unawares interfered with a solemnity which the natives were celebrating upon the beach. But it appears that, from the first, Bishop Selwyn, a spirit no less heroic than his successor whom he chose and trained, found it necessary, in and before going ashore, to watch the signs of the prevailing temper of the

natives as he passed in circuit from island to island. The regular practice of both seems to have been, in all doubtful cases, to land, or rather, in most cases, to take the water for the shore alone. As early as in 1861, we have this record :—

‘As we left the little pool where I had jumped ashore, leaving, for prudence sake, the rest behind me in the boat, one man raised his bow and drew it, then unbent it, then bent it again; but apparently others were dissuading him from letting fly the arrow. The boat was not ten yards off; I don’t know why he did so.’

And the conclusion drawn is :

‘But we must try to effect more frequent landings.’—Vol. i. p. 524.

Again about the same time :—

‘Humanly speaking, there are not many places that as yet I am able to visit, where I realise the fact of any danger being run.

‘Yet it may happen that some poor fellow, who has a good cause to think ill of white men, or some mischievous badly disposed man, may let fly a random arrow or spear some day.

‘If so, you will not so very much wonder, nor be so very greatly grieved. Every clergyman runs at least as great a risk among the small-pox and fevers of town parishes. Think of Uncle James in the cholera at Thorverton.’—Vol. i. p. 526.

It was thoroughly characteristic of his chivalrous and unselfish character thus to minimise the perils of his own sphere, to put in the foreground the palliation of any act of violence, and to magnify, for the sake of self-depreciation, the risks which the faithful pastor sometimes encounters at home. Nothing else could account for a comparison so ill fitted to the facts. Out of the eight or nine men other than Melanesians, who appear to have been engaged in the work of his itinerant apostolate, two, Young and Nobbs, fell victims (and the Bishop had the narrowest possible escape) in 1864 on the fatal island of Santa Cruz; and the Bishop himself, with Joseph Atkin, in 1871, raised the number to four. But in truth, excellent as he seems to have been in his powers of business and organisation for any ordinary purpose, he was in his island work driven on by an intensity of love to his Saviour, and to those for whom his Saviour died, such as left him little power to take into his reckoning anything that stood outside the one absorbing issue. On one occasion, when a large number of natives were assembled, and the Bishop, as usual, went ashore alone and conversed with them, Mr. Tilly, R.N., who had charge of the vessel (and who has given us an account

of the Bishop, which will be read with deep interest), watched his countenance carefully in the boat, and saw it charged only with an intense expression of yearning love

‘After a while we took him into the boat again, and lay off the beach a few yards to be clear of the throng, and be able to get at the things he wanted to give them, they coming about the boat in canoes; and this is the fact I wished to notice, viz., *the look on his face* while the intercourse with them lasted. I was so struck with it, quite involuntarily, for I had no idea of watching for anything of the sort; but it was one of such extreme gentleness, and of yearning towards them.’—Vol. ii. p. 65.

But it is time for us to accompany this devoted man through the stages of the closing period.

While he had been ever trying to make little of his labours, and much of his scanty comforts, it is evident that unremitted exertion was carrying him through all the best years of his prime with great rapidity into an early old age. The incipient signs are found in playful allusions to the first grey hairs. But early in 1870 he was struck down by a severe and dangerous attack of internal inflammation. ‘There was a time when I felt drawing near the dark valley’ (ii. 430); and his thoughts ran upon the dearest of those who had already passed it. With darkened countenance, and frame prematurely bowed, he went to Auckland for advice; and seemed, says Lady Martin, quite a wreck, while he was striving cheerfully to describe his improvement on the voyage. The personal record of his thoughts during his illness (ii. 432) becomes even too solemn for quotation here. His ailment was declared to be chronic, not necessarily fatal, but one that, without careful treatment, might at any moment bring on a crisis. He began to be aware that there must be a change in the amount and character of his work :—

‘I think I shall have to forego some of the more risky and adventurous part of the work in the islands. This is all right. It is a sign that the time is come for me to delegate it to others. I don’t mean that I shall not take the voyages and stop about on the islands (D.V.) as before. But I must do it all more carefully, and avoid much that of old I never thought about.’ (May 9, 1870.)—Vol. ii. p. 433.

At this period Lady Martin describes him—

‘His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel while he spoke of these things, and of the love and kindness he had received. He seemed to have been standing on the very brink of the river, and it was yet

doubtful whether he was to abide with us. Now, looking back, we can see how mercifully God was dealing with His servant. A time of quiet and of preparation for death given to him apart from the hurry of his daily life, then a few months of active service, and then the crown.'—Vol. ii. p. 434.

He mended very slowly; but he determined to sail. The anxieties of the wretched labour-traffic weighed heavily upon him at this time. He went to Norfolk Island, and from thence to Melanesia. In September he approaches Santa Cruz, where the horizon still was charged with doom. No door had yet been opened there; but he hopes the time will come. He completed his circuit in October, and, arriving at Norfolk Island, resumed the old mapping of his day for teaching, study, and devotion, never forgetting correspondence in its turn; but with a lower level of spirits and of energy, and in the language of his loved and loving biographer, with 'already the shadow, as it were, of death upon him.' But

'From before 5 A.M. till soon after 9 P.M., when I go off to bed quite tired, I am very seldom alone.

'I may do a good deal of work yet, rather in a quieter way than of old; but then I need not have any more adventures, except at one or two places perhaps, like Santa Cruz.'—Vol. ii. p. 468.

His mind continues, however, to act with unabated interest upon all the portions of his work; and also upon Hebrew philologically viewed, upon the events of the year at Rome and on the French frontier, upon theology. But he confesses, as usual, his faults.

'I think that I read too exclusively one class of books. I am not drawn out of this particular kind of reading, which is alone really pleasant and delightful to me, by meeting with persons who discuss other matters. I make dutiful efforts to read a bit of history or poetry, but it won't do. My relaxation is in reading some old favourite—Jackson, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, &c.'—Vol. ii. p. 475.

An ordination approaches. That the whole Melanesian party may be present, the enfeebled man walks three miles up to the larger chapel at the so-called town, for a three hours' service. As he writes to his sister before setting out, he describes the heart-searching which such an occasion brings, and deprecates the selfishness! 'of many long years.'

On April 27, 1871, he set out for the closing voyage. At Mota, the missionary headquarters, he recognised a great progress. Christianity had so far become a power and habit of life, that he felt war-

ranted, notwithstanding all his strictness about the administration of baptism, in giving that sacrament to the young children. He contemplates a visit, or more than a visit, to Fiji. On a Sunday evening, a former scholar, who seemed in the interval to have forgotten all, comes to him in the dark like Nicodemus, and says:

"I have for days been watching for a chance of speaking to you alone! Always so many people about you. My heart is so full, so hot every word goes into it, deep, deep. The old life seems a dream. Everything seems to be new. When a month ago I followed you out of the *Sala Goro*, you said that if I wanted to know the meaning and power of this teaching, I must pray! And I tried to pray, and it becomes easier as every day I pray as I go about, and in the morning and evening; and I don't know how to pray as I ought, but my heart is light, and I know it's all true, and my mind is made up, and I have been wanting to tell you, and so is Sogoinvowut, and we four talk together, and all want to be baptised."—Vol. ii. pp. 528-4.

In July he leaves this island, where so deep a root had been struck, after baptizing 289 persons, and goes among the islands. His experience is generally pleasant; but it is chequered by rumours of crime, and of retaliation for crime, in connection with the labour traffic. Returning to Mota, he records a concourse of people flocking to be taught. 'I sleep on a table: people under and around it' (ii. 533, 541). Such was the nightly preparation of the invalid for his long, laborious, uncomplaining days. Here, on the 6th of August, we have several most thoughtful pages on difficulties of theology. 'How thankful I am that I am far away from the noise and worry of this sceptical yet earnest age' (ii. 542). Sailing on the 20th, he sends to Bishop Abraham (ii. 546) a most interesting summary of the state of things at Mota. The Bishops, his brethren in New Zealand, jointly urged him to go to England, but he declined. The labour traffic still casts a dark shadow across his path. 'I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz, and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty' (ii. 557).

And now, on September 16th, he finds himself off the Santa-Cruz group.

'I pray God that if it be his will, and if it be the appointed time, He may enable us in his own way to begin some little work among these very wild but vigorous energetic islanders. I am fully alive to the probability that some outrage has been committed here by one or more vessels. The master of the vessel that Atkin saw did not deny his intention of taking away from these, or from any other island,

any men or boys he could induce to come on board. I am quite aware that we *may* be exposed to considerable risk on this account. I trust that all may be well; that if it be His will that any trouble should come upon us, dear Joseph Atkin, his father and mother's only son, may be spared. But I don't think there is very much cause for fear; first, because at these small reef islands they know me pretty well, though they don't understand as yet our object in coming to them, and they may very easily connect us white people with the other white people who have been ill-using them; second, last year I was on shore at Nukapu and Pitini for some time, and I can talk somewhat with the people; third, I think that if any violence has been used to the natives of the north face of the large island, Santa-Cruz, I shall hear of it from these inhabitants of the small islets to the north, Nukapu and Pitini, and so be forewarned.'—Vol. ii. p. 560.

Accordingly, to Nukapu he went. Four canoes were seen, hovering about the coral reef which surrounded the island. The vessel had to feel her way; so, lest the men in the canoes should be perplexed, he ordered the boat to be lowered, and when asked to go into one of the native boats, as this was always found a good mode of disarming suspicion,* he did it, and was carried off towards the shore. The boat from the schooner could not get over the reef. The Bishop was seen to land on the beach, and was seen no more alive. But after a while, the islanders in the canoes began to discharge arrows at the crew of the boat, and Mr. Atkin was struck, with two others. The arrow-head of human bone was extracted from him, and, the tide now rising, in spite of suffering and weakness, he crossed the reef to seek the Bishop. A canoe drifted towards them: the body of a man was seen as if crouching in it.

'As they came up with it, and lifted the bundle wrapped in matting into the boat, a shout or yell arose from the shore. Watè says four canoes put off in pursuit; but the others think their only object was to secure the now empty canoe as it drifted away. The boat came alongside, and two words passed, "The body!" Then it was lifted up and laid across the skylight, rolled in the native mat, which was secured at the head and feet. The placid smile was still on the face; there was a palm leaf fastened over the breast, and when the mat was opened, there were five wounds, no more.

'The wounds were, one evidently given with a club, which had shattered the right side of the skull at the back, and probably was the first, and had destroyed life instantly, and almost painlessly; another stroke of some sharp weapon had cloven the top of the head; the

body was also pierced in one place; and there were two arrow wounds in the legs, but apparently not shot at the living man, but stuck in after his fall, and after he had been stripped, for the clothing was gone, all but the boots and socks. In the front of the cocoa-nut palm, there were five knots made in the long leaflets. All this is an almost certain indication that his death was the vengeance for five of the natives. "Blood for blood" is a sacred law, almost of nature, wherever Christianity has not prevailed, and a whole tribe is held responsible for the crime of one. Five men in Fiji are known to have been stolen from Nukapu; and probably their families believed them to have been killed, and believed themselves to be performing a sacred duty when they dipped their weapons in the blood of the Bisopè, whom they did not know well enough to understand that he was their protector. Nay, it is likely that there had been some such discussion as had saved him before at Mai from suffering for Peterè's death; and, indeed, one party seem to have wished to keep him from landing, and to have thus solemnly and reverently treated his body.

'Even when the tidings came in the brief uncircumstantial telegram, there were none of those who loved and revered him who did not feel that such was the death he always looked for, and that he had willingly given his life. There was peace in the thought, even while hearts trembled with dread of hearing of accompanying horrors; and when the full story arrived, showing how far more painless his death had been than had he lived on to suffer from his broken health, and how wonderfully the unconscious heathen had marked him with emblems so sacred in our eyes, there was thankfulness and joy even to the bereaved at home.

'The sweet calm smile preached peace to the mourners who had lost his guiding spirit, but they could not look on it long. The next morning, St. Matthew's Day, the body of John Coleridge Patteson was committed to the waters of the Pacific, his 'son after the faith,' Joseph Atkin, reading the Burial Service.'—Vol. ii. pp. 569-71.

We have not space to dwell on the slaughter of Stephen Taroaniara, a native companion of the Bishop, faithful like him unto death; but we must devote a few lines to following the fate of Mr. Atkin, his well-beloved son in the ministry, and, alas! the only son of his own mourning parents. He read the Funeral Office over the Bishop. On the 24th, he celebrated the Holy Communion. During the celebration, his tongue faltered over some of the words. He at once recognised the sign of doom. He met it on the morning of the 29th, with a mind contented in death, as it had been gallant, wise, and good in life, but with a body racked and stiffened by the horrors of tetanus.

The tearful history of so much nobleness

* See vol. ii. p. 78.

now draws to its close; and we have to bid farewell to a life which was one of the few lives, in our time, touching the ideal. We will cite the touching words of a native convert, which the biographer has chosen to mark the conclusion of her work.

'As he taught, he confirmed his word with his good life among us, as we all know; and also that he perfectly well helped anyone who might be unhappy about anything, and spoke comfort to him about it; and about his character and conduct, they are consistent with the law of God. He gave the evidence of it in his practice, for he did nothing carelessly, lest he should make anyone stumble and turn from the good way; and again he did nothing to gain anything for himself alone, but he sought what he might keep others with, and then he worked with it: and the reason was his pitifulness and his love. And again, he did not despise anyone, nor reject anyone with scorn, whether it were a white or a black person he thought them all as one, and he loved them all alike.'—Vol. ii. p. 579.

We are fully conscious that no summary can do justice to the character and career of Bishop Patteson, as they are exhibited in a work like this. But we trust that enough of its contents have been given to set forth an outline of the man, and to prompt our readers to learn for themselves how it was filled in. We shall endeavour to sum up what he was in few words; sensible, nevertheless, that to those who have studied the picture, they will convey no lights unexpected or new, and that, to those who have not, they must savour of exaggeration. In him were singularly combined the spirit of chivalry, the glorious ornament of a bygone time; the spirit of charity, rare in every

age; and the spirit of reverence, which the favourite children of this generation appear to have combined to ban. It is hardly possible to read the significant, but modest, record of his sacrifices, his labours, his perils, and his cares, without being vividly reminded of St. Paul, the prince and model of all missionary labourers; without feeling that the Apostolic pattern is not even now without its imitators, and that the copy in this case well and truly, and not remotely, recalls the original. Miss Yonge in touching words has observed that his wounds, like those of One greater than he, were five, probably in revenge for five murdered natives: and who in the records of the Church has more nobly won his *stigmata*? With a commendable reserve, she refrains from calling his death a martyrdom; yet, though the manslayer may have only been committing an act of revenge open to much palliation, it was in the strictest and most literal sense a death for Christ and for his Gospel; suffered once, courted a hundred times, by a man, who for years had borne his life in his hand, as he went upon his errand of true 'sweetness and light,' of mercy and of peace. The three highest titles that can be given to man are those of martyr, hero, saint; and which of the three is there that in substance it would be irrational to attach to the name of John Coleridge Patteson? To the country which owned him he was an honour; for the Church which formed him he was a token of high powers, and a pledge of noble destinies. Thankfully indeed might she commend him to his rest:—

'Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.'*

* 'Orlando Furioso,' xxix. 27.

A wayside cross has been erected to the memory of the Bishop, near Alington, by Lord Coleridge, as we are informed, with the following beautiful inscription:—

In Memory of

JOHN COLERIDGE PATESON, D.D., MISSIONARY BISHOP,

Born in London, 1 April, 1827,

Killed at Nukapu, near the Island of Santa Cruz,

20 September, 1871,

Together with two fellow-workers for our Lord,

The Reverend JOSEPH ATKIN and STEPHEN TAROANIARA

(In vengeance, for wrongs suffered at the hands of Europeans),

By savage men whom he loved,

And for whose sake he gave up

Home and country,

And friends dearer than his life.

— Lord Jesus!

Grant that we may live to Thee like him,

And stand in our lot with him

Before Thy Throne

At the end of the days.—Amen.

— A kinsman desires

Thus to keep alive for aftertime

The memory of a wise, a holy,

And a humble man.

- ART. VII.—1. *The English Peasantry*. By Francis George Heath. London, 1874.
 2. *The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper*. By George C. T. Bartley. London, 1874.
 3. *The Revolt of the Field*. By Arthur Clayden. London, 1874.
 4. *Murray's Handbook of the Eastern Counties*. London, 1870.

THE strikes and lock-outs of the last few months, occurring for the most part in the Eastern Counties, have brought that corner of the Kingdom into somewhat more prominence than it usually assumes.

Norfolk and Suffolk, or East Anglia properly so called, lying as they do in a kind of back-water out of the way of the stream of intercourse which connects London and the South with Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and the manufacturing districts, are comparatively unvisited, and, although containing many objects of interest, are much less known than most other parts of England.

The railways which intersect the Eastern Counties are proverbial for the slowness of their trains, the inconveniences of their principal termini, and their abstinence from the wholesome and not unusual practice of paying dividends.

Owing to the absence of coal and the deficiency of water power, there are hardly any manufactures except that of agricultural implements. A few silk-mills, a decreasing amount of silk-weaving, a few paper-mills, a manufacture of shoes, some local breweries and a tolerably extensive malting trade, make up the sum of such enterprise; and the dulness of even the largest towns, except on market day, appears in curious contrast to the teeming and swarming activity of what are usually called the 'hives of British industry.'

There is plenty of work going on nevertheless. Corn and stock farming are nowhere more successfully practised than in the Eastern Counties. The climate is dry almost to a fault, and the variety of soils enables the farmers of one part to raise wheat which vies with that of the Isle of Thanet, and of another to produce the best quality of barley grown in England; while by help of the mangold of the heavy and the turnips of the lighter and mixed-soil lands, innumerable 'yards' of bullocks are being continually made ready for the London market.*

The isolation, however, of East Anglia existed as much in times when London and the North had comparatively little con-

nexion, as now when three vast lines of communication are transporting goods and passengers day by day and hour by hour to and from the Metropolis. Norfolk and Suffolk practically constituted an island; for the fen district, which cuts them off from the rest of England on the west, was not less an obstacle to intercourse than the Wash to the N.W., or the sea to the N. and E., while to the south the broad estuary of the Stour and the marshy land which runs on each side of that river after it ceases to be tidal, continued the belt of demarcation to a point not more than seven or eight miles from the S.E. corner of the Cambridgeshire fens, while part of this short distance was further blocked by the Devil's Ditch, an embankment which travellers to Newmarket can hardly fail to notice about three miles on the Cambridge side of that town.

Nor was this isolation merely topographical. The earliest accounts we possess tell us that a single British tribe, the Icenii, were the occupiers of the land; and although they were utterly crushed in the battle after which 'the British Warrior Queen' destroyed herself, their name still remains in the Icenild Way, and probably in the word Icklingham, and the names of other villages in Suffolk. Later also, in Saxon times, the colonists as we should now term them, seem to have been more purely Teutonic, or less permanently affected by Danish inroads than those of any other part of England; it is indeed asserted that no local Suffolk name can with any certainty be ascribed to a Danish or Norwegian origin. The speech of the people, in its intonations and its peculiar vowel sounds, differing however in different districts, gives unmistakable proof of common ancestry.*

To this day also, an East Anglian talks, not without a shade of contempt, of an inhabitant of another county as a *sheeres* man; and if a neighbour leaves the village and inquiry is made for him, the answer is very likely to be that it is not known where he is, but very probably he may be gone 'into the sheeres.' And thus the old habit of the Egyptians according to Herodotus and of the Greeks according to Plato,† of calling all men except themselves barbarians, is reproduced in effect, though not in words, by the inhabitants of an outlying district of our own country.

* We may observe that no East Anglian peasant drops an *h*, and that there are consonantal as well as vowel peculiarities; such as the pronunciation of the *t* and *th*—'now and t'en,' Essex—and of the *w*, as something between a *w* and *v*, Norfolk.

† Βαρβάρους δὲ πάντας οἱ Αἰγύπτῳ καλεῖσιν τοὺς μὴ σφίσι ὁμογλώσσους.—Herodotus, ii. 158.

* It is not an unusual thing for 10,000*l.* worth of fat bullocks to be sent up in a single cattle-train from Norwich to London.

There are perhaps few things more interesting than local peculiarities of speech. Why should the inhabitants of one district habitually and instinctively use the muscles of the mouth and tongue in such a way as to give the peculiar effect of local pronunciation to a certain set of vowels or consonants? Why, for example, should the *s* in Somersetshire be a *z*, and the double *o* of Norfolk approach to, but be not entirely identical with, the German *ö*? What, too, is that instinctive process by which words, learnt not orally but by reading, are pronounced, not as the schoolmaster or the dictionary commands, but according to the 'law' which particularises the pronunciation of similar words in habitual use in the district?

These are interesting questions, but we have neither time nor inclination to pursue them. This, however, is certain, that, as local fashions of dress are all but extinct, so local habits of language will soon follow. Manchester prints have destroyed the one, and Birmingham school-boards will abolish the other. It is not long since a Manx man left a considerable legacy for the completion of a dictionary of what is now a dead language,—the language of the Isle of Man. If the extinction of dialects goes on as rapidly as it has done during the last fifty years, the child may be already born who will live long enough to see a similar act done under similar circumstances for East Anglian speech.

Nor is it the influence of schoolmasters and pupil-teachers only that wars against the existence of dialects. Any cause, like migration or emigration, which produces a wholesale change in the *personnel* of a district, is sure to affect its dialect. The East of England had one great emigration in the seventeenth century; an emigration the linguistic effects of which are clearly traceable in the existing peculiarities of Yankee speech. If the farmers of Suffolk succeed in expatriating any considerable number of their workmen, and substitute, even in smaller masses, a mixed multitude from other parts of England, there is no doubt that East Anglian speech will fade, and ultimately disappear, before the influence of extraneous settlers, to whom other fashions of pronunciation and utterance are familiar.

It is not only the speech of East Anglia which is worthy of notice. The country abounds with curious and, in some cases, beautiful remains of Middle-Age architecture, and contains some of the best speci-

mens of the 'brick age' of the 16th and 17th centuries. In Suffolk, Helmingham and Hengrave Halls, built in the reign of Henry VIII., and Melford Hall in that of Elizabeth, are very remarkable, as are Blickling and Barningham Halls in Norfolk. They are both of the 17th century.

Owing probably to the fact that building-stone does not exist in these counties, the nearest quarry being, we believe, in Lincolnshire, there are fewer remains of conventual buildings in East Anglia than may be met with in other parts of England. Of the great abbey at Bury St. Edmund's, for example, little now remains, except the external wall and a gate-house of rare beauty, although there is hardly an old wall in the town which has not more or less of ashlar built into it; and there can be no doubt that the vast conventual church, 300 feet long, which has almost totally disappeared, as well as the ordinary monastic buildings, were for many years after the Reformation a stone quarry for the town. Buildings for defence fared better—witness Norwich Castle and Castle Rising in Norfolk, and Framlingham Castle in Suffolk, not to mention Colchester and Hedingham castles, which are just over the border in Essex; but it is in the town and village churches that the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk are especially remarkable. One feature of these churches is almost peculiar to these two counties, the round towers, of which there are in Norfolk 125, and in Suffolk 40; the whole of the rest of England supplying only 15, of which nine are in the adjoining counties of Essex and Cambridgeshire. It has been conjectured that some of these towers existed before the introduction of Christianity, as places of refuge, like the Peels of the Border country, and had churches tacked on to them, so to speak, to which they served as belfry. Their peculiar shape is no doubt to be attributed to the fact that a square tower can hardly be built without cut stone for the quoins, whereas the flints picked off the fields and gravel-pits were applicable for round towers without addition of material which, if used, would have had to be imported from Lincolnshire. This theory, however, of the pre-Christian origin of some of these towers is hard to substantiate. It is well known that the prevalence of flint in the chalk and gravel of East Anglia has given rise to a peculiar class of masonry. Not only are untrimmed flints employed with mortar for walls, but the workman, taking advantage of the planes of cleavage, chips them with the hammer into regular cubes, which fit so exactly together that it is not possible to insert a knife be-

Τὸ μὲν Ἑλληνικὸν ὡς ἐν ἀπὸ πάντων ἀφαιροῦντες χωρὶς, σύμψασι δὲ τοῖς ἄλλοις γένεσιν. . . . βαρὺν μὲν κλῆσει προσειπόντες αὐτὸ.—Plato, *Politicus*, 262, D.

tween the joints. There are examples in Norfolk and Suffolk of walls so constructed, with a face as smooth as glass. The flint is also often mixed with ashlar, and this masonry, peculiar to the district, and existing nowhere else in Europe, may be seen in many of the finest Suffolk and Norfolk churches of the 15th and 16th centuries. It is said that there are no churches in Suffolk, and very few in Norfolk, which can be certainly ascribed to an earlier date than the Conquest. We have heard that on some church-doors on the Suffolk coast, remains of leather, presumably *human*, have been found under the broad-headed nails with which such doors are studded, and it has been supposed that the skin belonged to some Danish *Marsyas*, flayed to 'encourage' the visits of his countrymen. But it by no means follows that the door might not have been part of an earlier structure than any now existent church. A few years since an old oak stood in the parish of Hoxne, to which St. Edmund the Martyr was, according to local tradition, bound when he was shot to death by the Danes; and if a tree existed of so great an age, there seems no reason why oak timber should not keep sound for as long a period.*

But it is not only the smaller churches which are interesting in these counties. Some of the larger are remarkable for the curious disproportion between their size and the number of the inhabitants in the parishes to which they belong. Along the coast, both of Norfolk and Suffolk, the height of the church towers is worth notice. Like 'Boston Stump' in Lincolnshire, they are useful as sea-marks, some of them being between 150 and 200 feet high. Nor are they all tower, for it not unfrequently happens that the nave and aisles are large enough to hold the whole population, men, women, and children, so that the actual congregation is lost in the vast precincts. There is a village church on the coast of Norfolk, 120 feet long and 70 broad. We believe the congregation seldom exceeds 100 persons.

Placed, as this population has always been, apart from the high-road of national intercourse, it is not unnatural that old habits should linger long, and that even in the matter of wages the farmers should have testified more than customary unwillingness to depart, to their own detriment, from the usual tariff. The consequence has been that up to the last three or four years wages

have been exceptionally low, so far as money payment is concerned. Within the last twenty years, in many parishes in Suffolk and Norfolk, the ordinary rate of Saturday night payment has not exceeded 9s.; to this would have to be added 4d. or 6d. a day, for the services of any child of the family able to do the task of what is somewhat enigmatically termed 'keeping birds,' in other words, 'keeping them off,' for any time of the year when such services are useful, and somewhere about 5l. for the harvest work, be it for a longer or shorter duration. In the old days of reaping with the sickle, the gleanings were calculated as enough to pay the rent—that rent ranging from 3l. to 5l. Now-a-days, however, what with the horse-reaper and the horse-rake, these casual accessories to wages are not so available. But it is worthy of remark that in parishes only a few miles apart, the rate of wages has been often found to be far from uniform, varying in two places not far from each other to the extent of some shillings a week, so that the averages which are given in statistical returns, such as that of the Royal Commission to which the Hon. E. Stanley belonged, and which he has summarised, and such as those contained in the Poor Law Returns, give no clear notion of the actual amount of wages in single parishes. Thus, for example, we are told that in the Samford Union, in Suffolk, wages are 11s. a week. But that union contains many parishes, and while in some parishes the wages might have been considerably above, in others they would be considerably below the specified amount.

These inequalities, it is quite easy to see, will henceforward rapidly diminish. The whole tendency of prices all over the country has been, and will still more distinctly in future years be, towards equality. In the remoter parts of Wales and Scotland the influence of railways and cheap postage is every year increasingly apparent; and what applies to prices in general, applies to wages in particular.

Perhaps if we could ascertain the truth with accuracy, we should find that cheap postage has had a greater effect on the social condition of the labouring classes than all other causes put together. Consider what was the position of the scattered members of a labourer's family forty years ago. Village post-offices hardly existed, and the postage of letters being according to distance, made it a matter of the most serious expense for any communication, however slight and sparse, to be kept up between parents, children, brothers, and sisters. And the worst of it was that the more dis-

* Curiously enough, when the tree—which fell in 1840—was cut up, an arrow-head was found in the heart of it.

persed the family, the greater out of all comparison the tax on intercourse. It was, in fact, a sort of prohibitive duty on family affection and parental influence; and many a poor boy and girl, who, broken off from all news of home, have been swallowed up in the nauseous vortex of city crime and city vice, might have been saved from ruin if Sir Rowland Hill's practical good sense had existed and fructified in the brain of some earlier Secretary of the Post Office.

The view, then, which is taken of the present agricultural wages contest, as of a new thing sprung from the inventive mind of a Primitive Methodist preacher, and nursed into activity by the vulgar clap-trap of persons like 'Mr. W. G. Ward, of Peniston Towers, Ross,' who figures as a land-owner, and who enunciates revolutionary and seditious sentiments in a strongly provincial accent, and with an impartiality of abuse which spares no rank or profession, —this view we repeat, is entirely false. That state of things where 'seven halfpenny loaves should be sold for a penny, and the three-hooped pot should have ten hoops,' has been promised at various times in our history. And such promises have been liberally showered on the Eastern Counties. The Litterer's rebellion in the fourteenth century, and Kett's rebellion in the sixteenth, are instances of this; and the latter outbreak, which is well described by Mr. Froude,* has in its elements which strongly remind us of the events of this year. The enclosure of commons, or rather the conversion of arable land into pastures, appears to have been a chief grievance then, and now-a-days Mr. Arch seldom makes a speech without denouncing enclosures.

Again, in the memory of the present generation, there were disturbances on the introduction of the first rude machinery for thrashing and dressing corn. The writer of these lines remembers how night after night the horizon used to be lit up with a dull glare, sometimes at one point sometimes at another, by the flames of burning stack-yards; and the assize records of 1830-1832 will give but too many instances of the retribution exacted from the unhappy authors of the damage. 'Swing,' the half-mythical impersonation of the flail and its rights, is not yet forgotten, and might almost be foreshadowed by the 'drudging goblin,' of whom Milton sings, that—

'—in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail has thrashed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end.'

'Swingal' is the East Anglian name for

that part of a flail which beats the corn—the thong, so to speak, of the wooden whip, and is in fact the Anglo-Saxon 'swingl,' whip. Threatening notices, left on the doorstep or pushed into the window of a farmhouse, and warning the occupant that if he persisted in using a thrashing-machine his stacks would be burnt, were usually signed 'Swing.'

In this point, however, the labourer of the present day shows himself far in advance of his fathers. In spite of much provocation, in spite of speeches which cannot be termed less than incendiary, there has been no instance of riot on the part of the labourers themselves, unless indeed one or two cases of intimidation, with which the wives had perhaps as much to do as the husbands, can be called by that name.* This is a matter for which we cannot be too thankful: it shows a real advance in civilisation,—an advance due, as we believe, to a conviction on the part of the working classes, and this in spite of all assertions to the contrary, that they are members of a community where law and justice exist, and that their fellow citizens, whatever Mr. Arch and Mr. Ward may say, are not disposed to allow them to be unjustly or tyrannically used by their employers, or by any one else.

Although similar movements among the country poor have taken place from time to time, there is of course no question that the present stir arose about two years since, and that the most important person in this movement is Joseph Arch. Nevertheless, long before Joseph Arch's name was known except in Primitive Methodist circles, a man who belongs to a profession which Joseph Arch and all his less scrupulous allies delight in vilifying,—the profession of an English Clergyman,—had made a proposal for the formation of a National Union of Agricultural Labourers. This was done by Canon Girdlestone at a meeting of the British Association at Norwich, as long ago as 1868; and at that time he stated, as he had in effect done long before in the columns of the 'Times,' that nothing short of combination would effect any improvement in the deplorable condition of the peasantry.

It is an unfortunate thing that the people who write neatly bound books with metaphorical titles and illustrations on a subject like this, cannot be persuaded to tell us the

* On each of two occasions when cases of this nature were brought before the magistrates at Bury St. Edmund's, a clergyman was on the Bench. If there are country gentlemen enough to perform the duties of Justice of the Peace, as is certainly the case in the county of Suffolk, it would surely be much better that the clergy should not interfere in matters of criminal law.

* 'History of England,' vol. v.

plain truth without edging it with prismatic colours. We have placed at the head of his article the names of three books, all of which contain a certain amount of information on the subject of this 'Labour Movement,' but none of which is free from the vice to which we have referred. Of these the most valuable is a book by Mr. Heath, entitled 'The English Peasantry;' and although there is in it something of the tendency to which we have alluded, which, if we might coin a phrase, we should call 'Our-own-Correspondentism,'—there is much valuable information derived from trustworthy sources.

Mr. Heath devotes two chapters of his book to an account of the state of the peasantry in the *West* of England, giving copious details, and details of such a nature as to make us wonder, not that strikes take place among that class, but that the class itself did not either cease to exist or at all events begin to strike years and years ago. These chapters lead naturally on to a very interesting statement of what, in the slang of the day, is called 'the work' of Canon Girdlestone. That gentleman having, as we are told, spent part of his previous life in Lancashire, had been used to see the bright side of peasant existence. He was shocked at the spectacle presented by Devonshire labourers receiving 7s. to 8s. a week, and three or four daily pints of cider of execrable quality, with very little piece work and hardly any harvest wages, with bad cottages, chance fuel, and only such milk as was not given to the pigs. He tried private remonstrance, but in vain. Then, in the midst of the cattle plague, he adopted an expedient somewhat similar to that of a Scots minister who, in respect of his enemies, took a safe revenge by praying for them: the forms of the liturgy not admitting this procedure, Canon Girdlestone boldly preached against them, and, taking for his text these words, 'Behold the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle,' he urged upon his hearers the consideration that they had been treating their labourers worse than they would their cattle. He raised a terrible storm. The farmers persecuted him in every way, and finally insulted him in a peculiarly agricultural fashion: they came to his tithe dinner, and then refused to drink his health. Canon Girdlestone, being a brave man, pursued the one course open to every Englishman who suffers persecution: he wrote to the 'Times.' This opened the whole subject to public view. General sympathy was aroused; offers of money, of employment, of help to migration poured in. And there can be no doubt that the discussion which

arose in consequence of this proceeding on the part of Canon Girdlestone, has been among the main causes of that stir among farm-labourers which has prevailed during the last few years, as in like manner it is to him the labourers owe the first suggestion of a Labourers' Union.

The career of Joseph Arch is a matter of notoriety. It cannot be asserted that the English labourer is as a rule 'addicted' to piety. And, perhaps, our clerical readers will not be inclined to agree with us if we assert that peasant piety has a great tendency to adopt some form or other of Methodism. Dissent, nay even Wesleyan Methodism itself, is not strong in the villages. Congregational nonconformity requires, naturally enough, a congregation. Numerous pews must be filled to create a stipend. There is, by the bye, little doubt that the pleasure of exclusive possession contributes largely to the attractiveness of the 'chapel' as it is now called, or 'meeting-house,' as was its name when nonconformity was religious, not political, and would as soon have touched pitch as made alliance with Bradlaugh; but day labourers can afford but very slender seat-rents, and often prefer the uncouth utterances of a preacher taken from their own class to the more varnished vulgarities of the ordinary 'minister.' Hence the growing power of Primitive Methodism in villages and small country towns. Liturgical forms 'bore' the peasant. Ordinary Dissent finds it does not pay to start a 'cause' where no grist comes to the ecclesiastical mill, and there is nothing left but this form or no-form of worship, its deal desk for pulpit, its rough benches for pews, and men of the class of Joseph Arch for preachers. When the dream of radical politicians is realised, the Church of England disendowed, and the land restored to its 'rightful' owners, it will be well if the four-acred farmers of those times get such recognition of divine things as these rude ministrations supply, for assuredly they will in many places get none which is better.

The first public appearance of Joseph Arch as what is called an 'agitator,' was at a meeting convened at Wellesbourne, in Warwickshire, a village where the labourers came to the conclusion that the time had come to do something for the purpose of raising wages.* He made his speech from 'a pig-killing board' set under a tree. The

* One of the flippancies of modern English is the use of the Scotch vulgarism 'wage,' in place of the good old English word 'wages.' The first form does not occur either in the Authorised Version or in Shakespeare; the second form is both singular and plural.

police stepped in, the gas in the village lamps was turned off, but he persevered. Many subsequent speeches have been reported, but of this his maiden speech there is no record. No doubt however it was very effective, for a few weeks afterwards began the Wellesbourne strike, and in the May following, this meeting having been held in February 1872, the National Agricultural Labourers' Union was established.

The first number of the Labourers' Union Chronicle was printed 6th June 1872. Its original title was as follows: 'The Labourers' Union Chronicle and Journal of the National Agricultural Labourers' Organisation,' conducted by J. E. Matthew Vincent, Hon. Treasurer of the N. A. L. U. (National Agricultural Labourers' Union.) Within the last few weeks it has altered its title to 'The Labourers' Union Chronicle, an Independent Advocate of the British Toilers' Rights to Free Land, Freedom from Priestcraft and from the Tyranny of Capital,' and Mr. Vincent has dropped his designation of 'Hon. Treasurer of the N. A. L. U.,' although he appears still to act in that office, so far, at all events, as regards contributions for the locked-out labourers. It will be at once seen that this change of title is significant, and that what was originally and ostensibly a movement for the improvement of the financial and social condition of the Agricultural Labourer, is now assuming larger dimensions, and identifying itself more and more with the general programme of the advanced Radical Party.*

This, we think, is much to be regretted, but it is the natural tendency of all agitations to go further than their original promoters intend. And the peculiar feature of this movement is, that it is almost sure to be dependent for its voice on persons who take it up, more or less, as a means to an end, and who parade the wrongs and sufferings of the agricultural labourer in order to be able more conveniently to attack institutions, such for instance as the parochial ministry of the Church of England, and what are called the 'Land Laws,' on the plea that these

are answerable for the condition of the peasantry. Abolish the Church of England tomorrow, and how will that tend to raise wages or improve cottages? Many villages would lose the presence of a respectable gentleman, whose profession puts him on something like an equality with all his neighbours, who may sometimes not be very active in that profession, nor have very clear views of doctrine, nor very great power of exposition, who may not be very keen in visiting his flock, or very judicious in the exercise of benevolence and the dispensing of charities, but who, after all, is likely to apply his time, and his income, slender though it may be, in a less selfish manner than any ordinary small country gentleman would do. Surely the influence of country clergymen is usually a humanising and civilising influence. And if they have not generally been so chivalrous as Canon Girdlestone in the defence of the rights of the poor, it cannot be said that as a body they have sided with oppression. If they have not done all the good they could, they have not done much positive harm.

There can be no doubt, however, that among the leaders of this movement, hatred to the clergy has been a very prominent motive. After all, Joseph Arch is not a labourer; he is a dissenting minister of a rustic type, influenced by the jealousies and prejudices of his class. From the Rev. Baldwin Brown and Mr. Spurgeon, down to the humblest Primitive Methodist minister, there is an abiding sense of social inferiority to the clergy, which lies, we are persuaded, at the root of those feelings which have created, and which support, such institutions as the Society for the Abolition of State Patronage and Control, of the Church, or whatever, accurately, its lumbering title may be. The Nonconformist Haman is a good Christian of a most respectable though rather vulgar type; but the glory of independence of State control, and the multitude of the congregation, and the abolition of tests, and the extinction of church-rates avail him nothing, so long as the State Church Mordecai sits at the King's gate.

But while the fact of Joseph Arch's position has helped to give to this movement an Anti-State Church character, it must not be forgotten that among the labourers many of the more thoughtful are attached by conviction to Primitive Methodism. These thoughtful labourers are naturally the most inclined to review and be dissatisfied with their position, and taking up their own cause and the cause of their fellows as religious men, they have produced in these strikes some of the characteristics of a re-

* The following is an extract from the leading article of the first number of the regenerated 'L. U. Chronicle':—'All the toilers . . . must be our clients. Our heart is large, our purposes are great, our influence is extensive and is extending; and when all who live by toil shall give their fealty to us, our advocacy will be irresistible.'

How forcibly it reminds us of Jack Cade:—'Valiant I am . . . I am able to endure much . . . and when I am king, as king I will be, all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.'—Second Part *King Henry VI.*, act iv. sc. 2.

igious conflict. And when, as has been the case in Suffolk, the locked-out men, or those who are on strike, meet together in the humble village chapel on Sunday, and hold religious services having especial reference to their struggle, that struggle is likely to be more lasting in its duration and more permanent in its effects.

The pages of that Book, full of varied lore, suited to all the needs and sorrows and joys of human life, contain passages which are strong weapons for a cause like this. Behold, the hire of the labourers who haveaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.' There's a text for a sermon to lock-outs! And when they look for apostolic practice, they read that 'all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as everyone had need.'

This semi-religious character which the contest has assumed is not its least serious feature. The East Anglian labourer may not have much acuteness, but he has great solidity. Some time since, one of the largest landowners in Suffolk, after noticing what we have just noticed—the religious element in the contest—observed that no two more obstinate classes were ever pitted against each other than these farmers and these labourers; they are in fact of the same stock—the stock who, as officers in the great Continental war used to observe, would go more doggedly to certain death than any other soldiers in the army.

Another, and a very different cause of this agitation, is that hunger for land which seems almost, if not quite, a natural and congenital propensity in the human race. The labourer with no garden, pines for a garden. The man with a small allotment, pines for a larger one. The man with six acres wants fifteen.* The man with a two-

* See a letter in the 'Times' of August 15, in which the writer gives a most interesting account of a 'cottier,' as he calls him, near Ipswich, who had managed to maintain himself on six acres of land, although with great difficulty, but who said, 'if I only had fifteen acres, I should not care to call the Queen my cousin.' It may be observed that the 'Labourers' Chronicle,' being rather puzzled how to reply to the plain statement contained in this letter, calls the 'cottier' a cunning peasant, assumes that the gross produce of an ordinary farm would equal 104. an acre, whereas three quarters of wheat per acre on the whole farm would not amount to that sum; and puts words into the 'cottier's' mouth which he is not reported to have used, viz., that he 'grows' a certain crop, when he only says he 'has grown' such a crop on some occasion or other.

horse farm wants a four-horse farm; and so on. But this *sacra fames* is made use of by the professional people of the movement to serve their own ends; those ends being simply what plain people call confiscation.

'The objects contemplated by the National Union of Agricultural Labourers are, as set forth by the Union:—1. "To improve the general condition of agricultural labourers in the United Kingdom." 2. "To encourage the formation of Branch and District Unions;" and 3. "To promote co-operation and communication between Unions already in existence."'

But these are not the objects of the leaders of the movement, at least not the ultimate objects, so far as land is concerned. These objects may be best stated by a quotation from Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics,' extracted with approval in a leading article of the 'Labourers' Chronicle' of June 18th, 1874:—

'We see that the right of each man to the use of the earth, *limited only by the like rights of his fellow-men*, is immediately deducible from the law of equal freedom. We see that the maintenance of this right necessarily forbids private property in land . . .'

This goes rather farther than that celebrated article in the Rules of the Lincolnshire Labour League, which specifies that the rate of wages should not be less than 18s. per week. And that stirred the Suffolk farmers to frenzy!

This is not the place to discuss at length the question of the Land Laws. Suffering, however, as we do, from that stupidity and ignorance which is one of the invariable characteristics of the London Press,† we are obliged to confess that we are unable to see why the right of each man to the use of his own hat, limited only by the like rights of his fellow-men, is not as immediately deducible from the law of equal freedom, as his right to the use of the earth; and if so, why it does not immediately follow that the maintenance of this right necessarily forbids private property in hats. If all the land is to be cut up into four-acre patches, and everybody is to use, that is, we suppose, dig up and plant any four-acre patch, according to the law of equal freedom, we can hardly expect much of a crop. Putting that aside, however, why does not the law of equal freedom apply just as much to railway shares as to land? In which case everybody will appropriate everybody else's

* 'The English Peasantry,' p. 200.

† Heading of leading article 'Labourers' Union Chronicle' of July 4, 1874, 'The Stupidity and Ignorance of the London Press.'

dividend, subject, of course, to that highly-intelligible proviso, that his right to the use thereof must be limited by the rights of his fellow-men.*

But granting as much as any landowner could desire as to the rights of that order, and having no wish to fall in with theories which can never be carried into practice except after a bloody and disastrous civil war, rendering almost valueless the subject of the quarrel, we are still constrained to acknowledge that much hardship has been inflicted on the poor in previous generations by the enclosures which took place before the passing of the present General Act on that subject. Arthur Young was no radical leveller. He was heir of land which had belonged to his forefathers for two centuries. He was Secretary of the Board of Agriculture in the reign of George III. But what does he say about enclosures? 'The fact is, that by nineteen enclosure Bills out of twenty the poor are injured—in some, grossly injured.† And he puts into the mouth of a poor man words which might have appeared in the 'Labourers' Chronicle':—

'Go to an alehouse kitchen of an old enclosed country, and there you will see the origin of poverty and poor rates. For whom are they to be sober? For whom are they to save? (such are their questions). For the parish? If I am diligent, shall I have leave to build a cottage? If I am sober, shall I have land for a cow? If I am frugal, shall I have half an acre for potatoes? You offer no motives; you have nothing but a parish officer and a workhouse. *Bring me another pot.*'

Going then into calculations as to the comparative cost of keeping families in the workhouse on the one hand, and giving them money to settle on common land on the other, he declares himself much in favour of the latter alternative. It must, however, be observed that he makes a stipulation that *the land should be inalienable*. This is hardly consistent with the modern complaint of the difficulty and expense which

* Sir George Campbell, at the late meeting of the British Association, read a paper on 'The Privileges of Land, wrongly called Property,' meaning, of course, to point out by this verbal paradox that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that a man has *not* (pace a late Duke of Newcastle) a right to do what he likes with his own. What *we* mean by property is, a personal appropriation of the duties attaching to income, whether derived from land or from any other source, but we do not deny that those duties exist. The Christian notion of property is stewardship.

† 'Inquiry into the Propriety of applying Wastes to the better Maintenance and Support of the Poor.' Bury St. Edmunds, 1801. P. 42.

attaches to the *transfer* of land—a difficulty ascribed to the greed of the aristocracy.

Among the injurious results of enclosures he specifies one, that the poor were thence compelled to *sell their cows*. Now if, instead of stimulating the bad passions of ignorant men, the spokesmen of this labour movement would take up some practical question like the supply of milk to labourers, they would do incalculable good. No one who has seen a milk-fed peasantry can have any doubt that the want of milk in all 'enclosed countries' (to use Arthur Young's words) is a most serious evil. It is almost too soon to speculate what effect this want may have upon the physical strength of the race; but no one can deny that the Irish and Scotch, who are fed on milk, with perhaps nothing else except oatmeal, are a far finer race than the farm labourers of the Eastern Counties, who, as children, hardly ever taste milk.

But we must proceed with our subject. During the last two or three years, under the influence of various causes, there has been a gradual 'hardening' of the price of labour, so to speak, in Norfolk and Suffolk, as in other parts of the country. It showed itself more distinctly at harvest than at any other time, and harvest wages sprung up from 6*l.* or 7*l.* to 8*l.*, 9*l.*, and even 11*l.* But the first clear evidence of the action of the Labourers' Union appears to have been given by a letter, reprinted in the 'Times' some weeks since, which, as a specimen of the mode of procedure adopted by that body, we here produce:—

Alderton, February 22, 1874.

'DEAR SIR,

'The Agricultural Labourers of this branch of the National Agricultural Union in your employ beg respectfully to inform you that on and after 2 March 1874 they will require A rise in their wages of One Shilling per week. A weeks work to Consist of fifty hours being desirous of retaining good relations between employer and employed and to assure you that no unbecoming feelings prompt us to such A course we invite you if our terms are not in accordances with your view to appoint an earley time to meet us so that we may fairly Consider the mater and arrange our affairs amicably.

Your obedient servants,
'The Committee'

Alderton is a parish near the sea, in the extreme S.E. of Suffolk, and partly belonging to Lord Rendlesham; and this letter, or a similar one, was served on twelve farmers in that district, the Wilford Hundred. It appears to have been sent in accordance with the ordinary rules of Agricultural Unions. We extract from the rules of the Lincolnshire Union:—

'DISPUTES BETWEEN EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.'

'1. Members of this League wishing to obtain any material alteration in the conditions of their employment, must, before acquainting their employers of their intention to obtain such alteration, lay their case before the Committee of the Branch to which they belong, who, in turn, must at once give information to the Council through the General Secretary; and the Branch Committee and Executive Council, in conjunction, shall immediately take such action thereon as may be necessary; but in no case will members of the League receive assistance from its funds should they voluntarily cease to work without the sanction of their Branch Committee and the Executive Council.'

'3. When members have obtained the sanction of their Branch Committee and the Council to ask their employers for an alteration in the conditions of their employment, the request must be made in a civil and conciliatory manner; no threat or angry words must be used. And should the employers decline to grant their requests, the Branch Committee shall use every endeavour by deputation and offers of arbitration to settle the differences in an amicable manner; at the same time keeping the Council well informed, and acting on any advice the Council may give.'

There is nothing in the wording of this letter which suggests a reason why it should not have been noticed by those to whom it was addressed. It is quiet and respectful, and is addressed to members of a class not very perceptibly different in rank from that of the writer. In many cases, the children of the labourer are better taught than the children of the farmer; the habits of the two classes are much the same, the chief difference being that the one does the hard work and the other the easy work of the farm which they both unite in cultivating and tending. At the same time it must be remembered that the persons to whom it was addressed belong to a class which is not distinguished for consideration of the feelings of others, which is easily irritated, and which, at the particular juncture when this letter was written, had had much to irritate it. It is only lately that the farmers have been awakened to the fact that labourers have ceased to be children. It is, however, so, and this fact has to be met. It happens in many households that the first assertion of independence on the part of the eldest son is a sore trial—a cause of heart-burnings and coldness; he is no longer a child, but the parents are unable to realize the new relations which must henceforth exist between them and him. So with the farm labourer. For generations past his wages and his position have been pretty

much what his employer chose. Without being legally tied to the soil, he was virtually so. Having legal freedom of contract, he had no actual freedom of contract. This is so no longer, and never can be so again. And this was the fact which the farmers, first of East and then of West Suffolk, have had to face. In East Suffolk they refused to recognise it; they sent no reply to the letter of 'the Committee,' and the consequence was a strike. In West Suffolk they anticipated action on the part of any 'Committee' by a lock-out.

There is a great distinction between the two cases, but we cannot acquit the farmers of all blame in either. In the first case, however, we think their error not much more than an error of judgment. Although the letter of the labourers was most properly worded, we must remark that the persons to whom it was addressed had been loaded with abuse by the orators of the Unions and by the newspaper which is or was the organ of all the Unions in the country. And thus being very partially able to defend themselves, having never been used to much notice of any kind, particularly of an unfavourable nature, when they awoke to the fact that they were being most freely criticised, that speeches were being made which they had not eloquence to reply to, and articles written which they had no literary ability to answer, and even songs made upon them—a grievance which has been felt to be such ever since the time of the Psalmist—which they could not repel by any counterblast of poetry, they simply did what their cart-horses are sometimes inclined to do when over-weighted: they turned what they would call 'rusty,' and did nothing. This, we think, was an error in judgment, but it is an error which persons suddenly introduced into new circumstances are very apt to commit. For a labourer to speak was a portent like that which occurred to a certain prophet in Old Testament story, and the impulse of the other interlocutor was probably much like Balaam's: 'I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee!' The farmers, however, did not go so far as manslaughter—they only did not raise their labourers' wages. Upon this the men struck; the strike extended to other parts of the country, and things looked serious, particularly as about that time a similar state of things existed in Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, and elsewhere. From this time, for about two or three months, a game of brag was played between master and men; unfortunately, however, for the men, the spring was unusually dry, the usual amount of weeding and other spring labour was not re-

quired, and the weather fought against the Labourers' Union. Had the spring been wet, matters would not have been so pleasant for the masters; the result might practically have been the same, but attended, for them, with far greater inconvenience.

In West Suffolk the farmers, or at least a large proportion of them, played a different game. Headed by an eminent Parliamentary barrister, who is himself a considerable farmer, and backed by some local land-surveyors and lawyers, they formed a Defence Association, and locked out all men who belonged to the Union, passing a resolution at a public meeting, which in effect, though not in words, was directed against all Unions whatever. This meeting was held in the first days of June, and from that time until harvest a contest was carried on, the results of which cannot be very clearly traced, but which appears to have ended, so far as the farmers are concerned, by their having stuck to the text of not employing Union men, and, so far as the labourers are concerned, by some of them having lost their harvest work, some having emigrated, and some having silently or otherwise dropped their connection with the Union.

But when we come to the statistics of the subject, it will be seen that the struggle has not yet assumed such dimensions as to render it at all probable that the present state of things is final. So far as is known, the farmers have had the best of it; they have done with less work before harvest, they have had no difficulty in the harvest itself, in many cases the Union men have not succeeded in getting employment, and in some cases they have become chargeable upon the parishes as paupers. But what are the numbers of the combatants, compared to the total numbers of each class in the county of Suffolk? Out of 38,000 labourers, not more than one-fifth are members of any Union. Out of 4600 farmers and graziers, little more than one-eighth have joined any Defence Association. It is also asserted that half the Union labourers were at work all through the heat of the struggle, so that the contest, so far as it has gone, has been a contest in which one-eighth of the farmers have vanquished one-tenth of the labourers. Who can say that this is a decisive victory?

And such as it is, there is some reason to suppose that the victory has been achieved by an instrument of doubtful legality. There was a trial at Manchester during the Summer Assizes of this year, which, if the decision of Mr. Baron Pollock was good law, seems to show that a combination of persons for objects like that of the Farmers'

Defence Association is of an illegal character. The case was this:—Certain members of the Manchester Self-acting Minders' Association refused to work with a man who was not a member of this association—the result being that this man lost his work. Baron Pollock, as reported in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of August 6, said, 'It was perfectly lawful for one man to say he would not ride in a particular omnibus, or buy bread from a particular baker; but if a body of men agreed together not to ride in that omnibus, or not to buy bread from that baker, it would be an improper interference with a man's earning his livelihood. One farmer may refuse to employ a man who belongs to a Union, but if 200 farmers unite in pledging themselves not to employ him, surely it is 'an improper interference with that man's earning his livelihood.' We commend this to the careful consideration of the able lawyer who presides over the destinies of the West Suffolk Farmers' Defence Association.

What are the practical lessons to be drawn from the struggle which we have reviewed, for landlords, farmers, and labourers? May we urge upon landowners the consideration that we live in times in which the title to all property is jealously scrutinised, and in which the duties which by general consent attach to property, especially to visible and tangible property, multiply daily! There are parishes from which the grandfathers of the present owners swept away every cottage, to prevent the possibility of any labourer who worked on the land and created the rental, being a burden on that rental for time to come. Happily at present there is no temptation to repeat this practice in other parishes, the law of settlement having been altered. But society is rapidly coming to the conclusion that one of the duties, either of the owners of land as owners or of the State coming to their aid and making up for the deficiencies and malfeasance of past generations, is to provide dwellings, not hovels, not pigsties, as Lord Shaftesbury called them, but proper dwellings for the labourer who tills the land, at a reasonable distance from the land which he tills. A man who has to walk two or three miles to and from his work is most unfairly handicapped against one who steps from his cottage into the field where he has to spend his strength. Moreover, he loses his chance of working at an allotment or cultivating his garden, if he have one.

Where cottages exist, it is very commonly the practice to let them to the tenant of the land around. We very much doubt the propriety of this practice. It puts the la-

bourer too much at the mercy of his employer, and also encourages short tenancies. Nothing tends so much to settle a labourer and to render him satisfied with and attached to his position as security of tenure, particularly if that tenure extend to a garden as well as a cottage, and if that garden be a quarter of an acre in extent, so much the better. We believe it will be found that most labourers would be better off with regular and fair wages, together with a cottage and large garden, than if put into possession of that four-acre farm of which Mr. Arch and Mr. Taylor draw such golden pictures.

If the farmers will condescend to hear a word of advice, we should make bold to remind them that, although at present they seem to have had the best of the contest, it has been but a preliminary skirmish, and that unless the labourer is placed in a condition more satisfactory, both as to wages and as to the general condition of hiring, than has been the case up to this time, they may depend upon it that these battles will recur with renewed intensity and increased bitterness. Never again, in the face of Labourers' Union Chronicles and a propaganda of discontent, can farmers hope to retain the labourer in the former subjection. They must be prepared to have to deal with him, if not more as a free agent, certainly as one much more under foreign influences than heretofore. In self-defence, the farmers will do well if they do what they can to attach the labourer to the land. For weekly notice and weekly hiring, three months, or still longer terms, should be substituted, with particular stipulations as to harvest. We have before referred to the milk question: it is only to be regretted that some power does not exist, just as a water supply is compulsory in towns, to make a milk supply, for labourers' children, compulsory in the country.

It may be well to remind the tenant-farmer that he is, after all, the least necessary element in the agricultural hierarchy. Owners of the land there must be, either public or private, under the present or under any future state of 'land laws.' Cultivators of the soil there must also be so long as agriculture goes on; but the tenant-farmer, the middleman, is an accident of English country life, which has no analogy in many other countries, and which, under other circumstances, may well possibly cease to exist even here. The tenant-farmer then will do well to remember that, although his house stands strong as things now are, obstinate resistance to the fair demands of his labourers may stimulate emigration, may introduce the practice of co-operative farm-

ing, and, if and when the county franchise is extended to the labourers, may again make the counties the strongholds of extreme opinions, just as they were in the days of an un-reformed Parliament.

It cannot be too strongly urged on the labourer, that, of all luxuries and necessities, fresh air is the greatest, and that the want of fresh air is but poorly made up by larger wages. This is not the place to enlarge on the charms of the country, nor are we about to urge the virtues of contentment and ten shillings a week. The Catechism, which many poor children learn, has been misrepresented as inculcating the duty of being content with that state of life into which it has pleased God to call us. It does nothing of the kind, it simply says that we should do our duty in that state of life into which it *shall please* God to call us; not that we are to be content with ten shillings, but that we are not to misapply twenty.

But while the labourer is fully justified in taking all lawful and orderly means of improving his position, he ought to bear in mind that, after all, there are great advantages in a state of life in which we know our neighbours, in which we 'dwell among our own people,' in which the relations of employer and employed, landlord and tenant, have a permanent rather than a temporary character. In towns, all men are more or less Arabs, here to-day and gone to-morrow, according to the laws which regulate the demand and the supply of labour. In the country, there is less excitement, less competition, a lower scale of pay; but, for all except the most pushing, the country affords attractions for the steady and industrious labourer which are never to be found in the roar of the streets and the bustle of the factory.

There is a good deal of coxcombry talked about the order of the peasantry; the distinctive smock-frock has had many mourners; but we may depend upon it, this is an order to which its members are attached not of their own free will but by compulsion alone. In a new sense we may say,

'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

It is the order of the peasantry which has colonised Canada, which is pouring year by year into the illimitable plains and woods of the West, constantly setting back the boundary of the desert and turning uncultivated wastes into verdure and fertility, and which in one generation has raised Australia to the dignity of a fifth quarter of the globe. This is not an instrument to be thoughtlessly misused or carelessly thrown away. It is their bone and sinew, nay their shrewdness

and skill, which is constantly recruiting the ranks of the upper classes, which makes England what she is, and which in the next half-century will make the English tongue the ruling language of the world.

Good done to this class spreads through all the ranks of society; and if those who possess influence with this class would use their influence, as some men have used it, not in pandering to its prejudices or influencing its passions, but in developing its best instincts, consulting its real welfare and increasing its self-respect, they would deserve far more than most men the honourable title of benefactors of mankind.

ART. VIII.—*Worthies of All Souls; Four Centuries of English History illustrated from the College Archives.* By Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Fellow of All Souls. London, 1874.

THE history of a college or of any corporation which has enjoyed an independent existence for more than four centuries possesses a special value as reflecting the continuous development and change going on in the world around. A college is a microcosm of the university, the university of the nation.

'Chronica si penses, cum pignant Oxonienses,
Post paucos menses volat ira per Angligenenses.'

Mr. Burrows in the work before us endeavours to represent the history of All Souls as a microcosm of the history of the nation. The interdependence of national and university history he has already illustrated in an interesting lecture on the 'National character of the old English Universities,' published in his former volume of 'Constitutional Progress.*' The connection between the smaller corporation of the college and that of the nation is one degree more remote; and when an alternative title is given to the work before us of 'Four Centuries of English History illustrated from the College Archives,' we must warn the historical student against expecting much. The 'illustrations' appear to us more suitable to the lecture-room than the library. For ourselves we should have liked more of 'All Souls' and less of 'English History.'

* 'All Souls College was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century; the Papal bull

of institution is dated 1439. The college therefore belongs to a special class of university foundations. New College, All Souls, and Magdalen, institutions which commemorate the magnificence of Wykeham, Chichele, and Waynflete, mark the transition between mediæval and modern Oxford. Merton and its compeers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, had fought the battle of the college system within the university. New College, All Souls, and their successors entered into the fruits of the victory. That victory was more easily and more completely won in the English universities than elsewhere in Europe. The system of organisation by 'nations' was in essence an attempt to ameliorate the evils of division and dissension by giving legal constitution and discipline to the contending parties. At Oxford it never found much favour. As early as 1313 the division of the students into Northerners and Southerners (Boreales and Australes) was denounced as not lessening but aggravating dissension.* Peace and tranquillity could only be really secured by exercising an effective control over the domestic life of the students. Hence from the voluntary unions of the hostels for common life and mutual protection arose the official hostels or halls presided over by a university officer. These, too, eventually had to give way before the stronger organisation of the endowed colleges; and it was at the beginning of the fifteenth century that the exclusive superiority of the colleges within the university began to be acknowledged.

The century which elapsed between the period of the foundation of All Souls and the Reformation, is not a distinguished one in University annals. It was the century of the Wars of the Roses and of early Tudor oppression; but it was the century also of the Renaissance, when the 'new learning' first became known in England. Mr. Burrows, we think, shows singular want of grasp in his conception of what the Renaissance was. He looks upon it merely as the revival of the study of Greek in Western Europe, and fails to recognise the multifarious character of the movement, and the multifarious accomplishments of its prophets, of whom Liacre—of All Souls—was one of the greatest. He does not observe that the Renaissance is really a period or an epoch—a cluster of events and of discoveries—an Aufklärung or Illumination—a marked step onwards in the advance of the human intellect. Whilst in Italy the Universities adopted the 'new learning' with enthusiasm, and suffered only

* 'Constitutional Progress,' 2nd edition. London, 1872.

* 'Munimenta Academica Oxon.,' vol. i. p. 92.

because of the establishment of the rival 'academies,' and the restless desire that men had of hearing what *all* teachers had to say or of teaching at *every* University,* north of the Alps a real struggle was engaged in. In Germany the obscurantists, the maintainers of scholasticism, were in a great majority, and at one time the Theological Faculty of Cologne had actually obtained leave from the Emperor to collect and burn all Hebrew books. The *auto da fe* was fortunately prevented from taking place. The eventual triumph of the cause of enlightenment was there due, to a great extent, to the satire of the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;' in France and England it was only brought about by the interference of the Crown in the foundation of the Regius Professorships at Paris and Oxford. In what relation did the new collegiate foundations, such as All Souls, stand to this movement, and how comes it that these, the most magnificent of Oxford colleges, are contemporary in their early years with that general decline of the University, noted by Wood† and other writers? These are problems which Mr. Burrows does not deal with, probably because he has no help to give us for their solution. In one passage he is somewhat tantalizing when he says—

“Among the earliest entries on the college books occur notices of permission of absence, given to different fellows for stated periods, in order that they may pursue their studies at foreign universities.”—Page 47.

and then gives no names. The lines from the 'Ship of Fools' on the subject are well-known :—

'One runneth to Almayne, another into France,
To Paris, Padway, Lombardy, or Spaine :
Another to Bonony, Rome, or Orleane,
To Cayns, to Tholous, Athens, or Colayne,
And at last returneth home agayne
More ignoraunt.'

We should like to have been able to test the experience of All Souls as to the results of these dispensations. We regret that Mr. Burrows has not given us a Register of the Fellows, as well as a list of the Wardens, and a Calendar, even though an imperfect one, of the documents in the archives relating to public men and public affairs. The volume is already bulky, but we think we could find room for two such appendices. Of the book as it is, the most interesting parts are the history of the relation of the college to the Crown, the history of the dis-

position of the surplus, and of the tenure and succession to Fellowships, and the connection (still honourably maintained) of All Souls with the study of law. These subjects we shall touch upon successively, gathering together the materials provided for us by Mr. Burrows.

All Souls, like the other colleges of the University, passed safely through the crisis of the Reformation. Henry VIII., as is well known, kept the University for a long time in suspense; and it and its constituent bodies were eventually spared much more by submission in the matter of the divorce, and by acknowledging the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown, than by the 'highly-cultivated minds' of the Tudor princes and their enlightened conceptions of what a 'Tudor Reformation' was to be. All Souls, however, long before Tudor times, had had a narrow escape from royal rapacity. Chichele, with a view, as he thought, more effectually to secure his new institution, associated King Henry VI. as co-founder with himself. Both Edward IV. and Henry VII. were fain to consider that the property of a royal foundation became royal property. This danger was escaped, we know not how. But although foiled in its designs of entire confiscation, the Crown attempted to obtain the right of regulating the disposition of collegiate property. For instance, the University and colleges, as ecclesiastical foundations, had always been taxed by convocation, and, like the clergy, were free from extraordinary war taxes. Nevertheless, applications for loans and benevolences were made to them, as to all rich proprietors. A good example of such an application of the reign of Henry VII. is given by Mr. Burrows. The conclusion is very characteristic, and worth quoting :—

'This is a thing of so grete weight and importance as may not be failed. And therefore faile ye not for your said part eft soone we pray you, as ye tendre the good and honour of this our realm, and as ye tendre also the wele and suretie of yourself.'—P. 36.

Nevertheless, the college was bold enough to refuse, and strong or weak enough to refuse successfully.

College property, however, could also be made use of by the powerful to reward followers and partisans. Edward VI. required the college to grant a twenty-one years' lease of one of their farms to 'Dr. Mendye, our physician, for such rents as ye have granted the same in times past' (p. 66). The college refused humbly but persistently. Later on it was even successful in recovering property which had been kept by Elizabeth for thirty years (pp. 96, 97).

*Faccioliati, 'Syntagmata Gymnasii Patavini,' cap. vii.

†*E.g.*, sub annis 1438, 1455, 1460, 1466, 1500, &c.

Resistance to royal encroachments was thus more successful than perhaps could have been anticipated, though doubtless victories have been much more carefully recorded than defeats. It was less easy to withstand the recommendations made by the powerful of friends and adherents for election to Fellowships, or for presentation to college livings. Such recommendations were made by almost every sovereign from Elizabeth to the Revolution, by several Archbishops of Canterbury, by princes of the blood, and by powerful nobles. Sometimes the college had to submit, but seldom, if ever, without protest. It, of course, by no means followed that those intruded were men of inferior mark or talent. On the contrary, All Souls owes Jeremy Taylor to archiepiscopal, Sydenham to Parliamentary, intrusion. For the sake of illustration we will notice the earliest and latest instances mentioned by Mr. Burrows: the first a mild recommendation, which does not appear to have been complied with; the last a mandate, which had to be obeyed.

The former is a letter, headed 'by the Prince' whom Mr. Burrows identifies conjecturally with Prince Arthur, Henry VII.'s eldest son. It runs as follows:—

'Trusty and right well beloved wegrete you wel. And forasmoche as we ben credibly informed that your late election is past and nowe of late devolved into the hands of the most reverend fadre in God o' right trusty and most entirely beloved cousin y^e Cardinal of Canterbury, we desire and right affectionately pray you that the rather for o' sake and at the contemplation of these o' letters, ye wol have our right and well beloved William Pickering, scolar of lawe, inasmoche as he is of alliaunce unto the founder of y^e place, and that his fadre also is in y^e right tender favour of our derrest modre the quene, especially named in y^e next election, as we especially trust you, whereynne be ye ascertayned us to be unto you and y^e said place the more good and gracieux lord in any y^e reasonable desires hereafter.'—P. 88.

With the mild request of 'the Prince,' let us contrast the style of James II. :—

'Trusty and well beloved we greet you well. Whereas we are well satisfied of the loyalty and learning of our trusty and well beloved Leopold William Finch Esquire Master of Arts and one of that our college of All Souls; we have thought fit hereby to recommend him to you in the most effectual manner for the place of Warden of our said College, now vacant by the death of Doctor Jeames late Warden thereof: Willing and requiring you forthwith to elect and admit him the said Leopold William Finch into the place of Warden aforesaid with all and singular the rights privileges and emoluments profits and advantages thereunto belonging, any statute customs or constitution of

our said College to the contrary notwithstanding, with all which we are graciously pleased to dispense in his behalf: And so not doubting of your ready compliance herein we bid you farewell.

'Given at our Court at Whitehall 15th January 1686(–7) in the second year of our reign.

By his Majesty's command

SUNDERLAND.'

(Gutch's '*Collectanea Curiosa*,' vol. ii. p. 282.)

William Pickering is not to be found on the list of Fellows; Finch was Warden for sixteen years. Fortunately as this was the most violent, so it was the last attempt at forced intrusion. Nay, the intruded Warden, twelve years afterwards, had to submit to a formal re-election; and in a curious letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury (also printed by Gutch, vol. ii. p. 49), he apologises for making use of the mandate, on the grounds that his so doing was the only means of keeping a Papist out of the place. We would call attention to the character and career of Finch as typical of a certain class (not the very worst perhaps) of University men at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

The history of the disposition of the surplus can best be considered in relation to the general history of the Fellowships. The Fellow, according to the 'pious founder's' conception, was a student in one of the higher faculties whom the college endowments maintained during his residence at the University, and whilst engaged in these studies. Those who were maintained by the endowment became also its administrators, and the endowment being generally in the form of landed property, was susceptible of increase and decrease in value. It was not long before there was such a surplus at All Souls—surplus, that is to say, over the sum actually necessary for the maintenance of the forty original members of the foundation. This surplus was first applied to the improvement of college property, and after the Reformation to the purchase of livings, which became a species of retirement for the Fellows. An important statute was passed in the eighteenth year of Elizabeth's reign, which decreed that a certain portion of the revenue should be always set apart for the 'relief of commons and diet.' From the 'relief' to the 'augmentation' of commons was but a step, and that step was taken at All Souls by Archbishop Bancroft. The augmentation was to be 'reasonable;' but the judges of what was 'reasonable' were those who were to profit by the result. Abbot, Bancroft's successor, attempted to stem the tide, and

when 'for this time' he allows 'a double livery,' he adds:—

'I should be glad to hear that when such money cometh extraordinarily unto you, it be employed in buying of books and furnishing of your studies, and not spent upon vanities which carry nothing with them but distemper and disorder.'—P. 112.

Laud, after providing that a fixed reserve should always be put into the Treasury, definitely allowed what remained to be divided. The consent of the Visitor was still necessary for the actual division, but it was never refused; and from the middle of the seventeenth century the college possessed complete control over the disposition of its revenues.

Long before the surplus had become anything tangible, before Fellows were in receipt of a definite income, Fellowships had become marketable commodities of a certain monetary value. The best-executed and the most valuable part of Mr. Burrows' book is that which relates the final struggle between Sancroft and the College, resulting in the 'abolition of purchase in Fellowships.' As early as the visitation of Cranmer in 1541, the practice of receiving money for the resignation of Fellowships was denounced. Parker followed Cranmer's example. Whitgift imposed an oath upon the Fellows; Abbot a more stringent one, namely, that 'all electors should take a corporal oath to make the elections and nominations freely without any reward, gift, or thing given or taken for the same.' No oath, however, was sufficiently stringent to bind a college of lawyers. As soon as liberty of election was restored to the college by the Parliament, the abuse reappeared. It was not peculiar to All Souls, but that college and New College appear to have been the most persistent offenders, and its eventual suppression at All Souls was the signal for its suppression elsewhere in the University, although as late as the middle of last century (1759) it is still spoken of as an existing abuse. The best idea of what this corrupt custom was will be obtained from the Report of the Visitors in 1657:—

'The Colledg of Alsoules in Oxon hath for a long season to the dishonour of the University suffered under a common reputation of corruption in the buying and selling of fellowships. Besides the notoriety of sundry particular instances, the constant custome and practice of resignations so ordered that ordinarily none so much as standeth for a fellowship (unlesse there happen to be a dead place*)

* A vacancy caused by the death of the occupant.

who hath not the benefit of a resignation from some that leave the society, and the perpetual choice of them who have such resignations doth confirme that reputation, the resignation being not made before the evening next before the election, whereby none know what places may be voyd. The major part of the fellows having an interest in keeping up this corruption agreeing together still to chuse him or them who have obtained resignations, expecting the same compliance from others when they come by any means to leave the Colledg, it is not possible for the Warden and the rest of the fellows that desire reformation to prevent this corrupt practice; things being carried amongst them by a plurality of suffrages

. To prevent this abuse, Orders and Injunctions have been made by the Visitors, with the prescription of oaths to that purpose, which yet have had no other effect (because of the several means of bargaining invented to evade them) than as we fear to add perjury to the other abuse and corruptions. Not long after the election in the year 1656 it pleased God to load and trouble the conscience of one Mr. Egerton who was then chosen into the Colledg: among other things this added to his perplexity that according to the custom he had given 150*l*. for the resignation whereby he obtained his fellowship. The Lord pursuing his work of grace upon his heart, he makes acknowledgement of that corruption, and resigns his fellowship unto the Colledg, as that which he could not hold upon that foundation after he had borne an open testimony against that wicked practice, and other abuses against some of the fellows of that society. Notwithstanding this testimony from heaven against that corrupt practice and bringing to light by the hand of God, the fellows this year proceed to a new election in the same way as formerly; and in all probability with the same corruption. And whereas the Warden with some of the godly and honest fellows agreed that they would chuse Mr. Egerton now again that he might come in on a clear accompte, seeing he was like to be an eminently useful member of that society, not only the major part did refuse him, but also the Sub-warden of the Colledg made a speech publicly at the election against him, desiring the Warden to take some course to proceed against him to convict him as one that had brought a scandall upon the Colledg. . . .—Pages 210, 211.

The interest of the details and the similarity of the custom to that recently abolished in the army will excuse the length of the extract. Cromwell supported his Commissioners in their attempt to repress this abuse, and his death prevented the reform from being carried out successfully.

Twenty years later the crisis arrived, and the victory was due to the persistence of Archbishop Sancroft and Warden James. For the details of the struggle we must commend the reader to Mr. Burrows' own account. We can only mark the facts and

the result. An election, which the Warden knew to be due to corrupt connivance with the candidates, he vetoed. Consequently, by the statutes, the right of election devolved upon the Visitor. Sancroft (the Archbishops of Canterbury are *ex-officio* Visitors of All Souls) appointed four individuals other than those selected by the Fellows:—

'To countenance the Probationers' (i.e. the new Fellows), writes the Warden, 'at their first entrance into commons, I dined in the hall myself yesterday and shall again to day, and have reduced the Fellows to their ordinary commons in messes and chops, whereas I have for some years allowed them to be served up in whole joints, but because they abused this liberty into excess, and brought a great charge upon the poorer Fellows, I now thought fit to retrench it. After dinner when I was returned to my lodgings, the two Bursars and the two Deans came, with the Library Statute Book in their hand, and admonished me (in obedience to an injunction of Archbishop Whitgift) to expel the head cook, who that day chopped out their commons, and the groom of the stable for being married men, and their relation to me (one having been my servant and the other having married my wife's maid) being the only crimes they could lay to their charge.'—P. 275.

He may well add, 'We are now in a perfect state of war.' Eventually the whole question was brought by the Fellows before the Court of the King's Bench, and decided against them. The victory, once gained, was final, and the result was hailed with general satisfaction within the University.

All Souls, as is well known to Oxford men, possesses this peculiarity, that, so far as direct provision is concerned, it is a wholly non-resident, non-clerical, and non-educational college. How did this anomaly arise?

As regards the last feature in its character, there is little to be said. In the century between 1550 and 1650, it appears that servitors (servientes) are to be found on the roll, and in 1612 their number amounted to thirty-one. At the time of the Civil War they disappeared, and did not afterwards return. With this trifling exception All Souls has never admitted within its walls members not on the foundation.

The growth of the lay element is connected with that of non-residence, and both with the weight and influence which lawyers and the study of law have always possessed in the College. Of the original forty Fellows, it was provided by the Founder that sixteen were to be jurists, and all 'clericales.' Dispensation from taking orders was obtained comparatively early for the

jurists. They were merely obliged to show that they had definitely, within two years, taken up the practice of Civil Law. As regards the remaining twenty-four, the obligation continued to be enforced, unless special dispensation was obtained. A connection, at first, perhaps, accidental, with the study of medicine, brought it about that a certain number of fellowships, eventually four, were reckoned as 'physic places,' and for their holders dispensation could almost invariably be obtained. The ordinary plea, however, for exemption was the service of the Crown, at first a reality, afterwards a form; and until the changes of the Commission of 1852, all lay fellows held some commission in Her Majesty's service. Since that time obligation to take orders has been entirely removed, and what is still rare in Oxford, laymen are equally eligible with clergymen to the headship of the College.

We have already noticed the fact that, during the first century of its existence, the College was in the habit of granting leave to its members to continue their studies at foreign universities. Crammer, at his visitation in 1549, decreed that non-residence for more than six months, except through illness, or on the King's service, should entail forfeiture of a fellowship; and throughout the sixteenth century, the College jealously watched all such dispensations. When, in 1581, the Earl of Leicester sought such leave for a friend or dependent, it was specially provided that during absence the fellow in question should derive no emoluments from the College. The growth of the Common Law induced the Jurist Fellows to prefer its study and practice in London to that of the Civil Law in Oxford. As early as 1582 Archbishop Grindal, as Visitor, refused to sanction such dispensations given by the College to its members. Whitgift attempted a compromise, but in vain. Bancroft suspended Whitgift's injunctions. It was not until after the Revolution that the whole matter was definitely settled. In the year 1702, Gardiner became Warden, and he determined to make a bold stand against what he considered the abuses of non-residence, and of dispensation from holy orders. The state of the two questions at his accession was this:—

'The change of the All Souls Jurists from Oxford Civil and Canon Lawyers to London Common Lawyers' was complete. 'Their freedom from the obligation to take orders had become by long custom legitimate (though even this Gardiner disputed), and the system of dispensations which had crept in everywhere before the Revolution, under the example of the Stuart sovereigns, enabled them to pursue their

profession tolerably undisturbed. Physicians, members of Parliament, public servants, such as commissioners of various kinds, were numerous both among the artists and jurists. All wanted to retain their fellowships while they performed their respective functions as non-residents; each dispensation diminished the number of clergymen, and strengthened the growing dislike to take holy orders.'—P. 353.

In the contest which ensued, which Mr. Burrows gives in detail, the Warden was defeated, and the question of non-residence was considered henceforth as settled. The Fellows were unwilling, the Warden was unable, to revive it; for when defeated he was disarmed, and the right of veto, which had been his weapon of war, was taken away from him.

The legal reputation of the College by no means suffered from the victory of the Fellows. It was within the hall of All Souls, as is well known, that Blackstone delivered his Commentaries, and Blackstone was but a distinguished successor of many Fellows who had not unworthily preceded him in the same line. We have already noticed the preponderance given to Law in the original foundation. Cranmer, in his enlightened proposal for systematising study within the University, by setting apart certain colleges to certain subjects, destined All Souls to be a purely Civil Law College. Its artists were to be transferred to New College, and the jurists of New College brought over to All Souls. The scheme was not carried out. We do not sympathise with Mr. Burrows in rejoicing over its failure, and his joy clothes itself in somewhat incoherent language (p. 73). Nevertheless in principle Cranmer's design has been revived in modern times. In accordance with the directions of the University Commissioners, Fellowships at All Souls, for the last sixteen years, have been awarded on examination in Law and Modern History only; and the study of these two subjects it is the special duty of the College to foster within the University. Thus two professorships in these subjects have been founded—one of International Law and Diplomacy, the other of Modern History, held by Mr. Burrows; and the College has further established and, with no niggard hand, maintained a Special Law Library, probably the most complete outside the metropolis, open not only to members of the University but to barristers and all students of the law. It has too modestly in this respect hidden its light under a bushel, but we trust that when the public spirit which it has shown becomes better known and better appreciated, it will find other imitators in other fields within the University.

There are many other interesting features connected with the College and its history which, if space permitted, we should like to call attention to. There is the Chapel, in its architecture midway between those of New College and Magdalen, showing evident signs of the decadence, but in other respects recalling the glories of the past, especially in its magnificent *redos*, mutilated at the Reformation, and hidden for centuries, now again discovered and being munificently restored; still more there is the Codrington Library—the real glory of the College, and the quietly-heroic character of its founder, Christopher Codrington. The College of Wren rightly possesses buildings not unworthy of the architect of St. Paul's; the College of Leland and Tanner, of Linacre and Sydenham, rightly possesses the first College Library in Oxford.*

We venture, in conclusion, to notice the relations, as they are and might be, of All Souls to the University.

A University, as we conceive, has to promote at once education and learning. With education within the University, as we have seen from Mr. Burrows' book, All Souls has never had anything to do, and a proposal to introduce undergraduates into the College was very rightly rejected by the University Commission. The establishment of another small College within the University (and notwithstanding the imposing character of its buildings, All Souls could only be a small College) is not to be desired. Such an idea could only be entertained if it formed part of a general scheme for amalgamation of different collegiate foundations. It is rather to the interests of learning than of education in the University that All Souls is designed to contribute. A College of students, free to pursue their own separate branches of study, devoting their time to original research, without being disturbed by the harassing care of educational work, is a pleasing idea, but one hardly to be realised. Such societies cannot be created either by Parliament or pious founders. But although a College of students is impracticable, a College of professors is by no means so; and All Souls appears peculiarly adapted to become the nucleus of such a society. The interests of learning in the University are entrusted to the Professoriate. The Professor in idea re-

* Leland does not appear to have been actually a Fellow. See p. 50. We fear that in the Chapel of All Souls, as elsewhere, the 'restorer' is none the less a ruthless iconoclast of works of beauty and dignity, which either he cannot appreciate, or which offend his rigid ideas of uniformity and congruity.

presents the latest development and advanced interests of his science, and he is bound to supervise generally its study within the University. Professorial lectures are to give the student a general idea of the subject in its principles, and on its relations to other departments of knowledge, rather than to enable him to answer so many questions in the schools, to be a perpetual protest against cram, and that great danger in the University, of all work being made subsidiary to the examinations. Excellent as the present system of Examinations, in many respects, is, it is not favourable to the pursuit of learning for its own sake. The desire of obtaining a high place in the class-list, is the predominant feeling in the student's mind, and often exercises a prejudicial effect. It is with University not with College work that the Professor is concerned; nevertheless, it is notorious that owing to the utterly insufficient salaries given to the Professoriate generally in Oxford, the occupants of the chairs are obliged to accept, or to retain, different College offices, and consequently to occupy themselves much with the duties of these sometimes incongruous appointments, or perhaps occasionally to sink the Professor in the Tutor.

As long as the Colleges practically constitute the University, the connection of Professorships with the Colleges is of great value. There may be various opinions as to the College-rights which should be conferred upon Professor Fellows, but at any rate no duties as regards tutorial work should be imposed upon them. And in a non-educational College like All Souls, they would be entirely free from that burden or temptation, whichever it may be. This is not the place in which to go into details upon the subject, nor to say in what cases new Professorships should be founded, and in what cases the salary of old Professorships should be supplemented; nor can we deal with subsidiary questions, such as the establishment of Readerships, or the value of occasional lectures on special subjects. An interesting paper has recently been circulated in Oxford, containing the replies to a letter of inquiry upon these very subjects, addressed by the Vice-Chancellor to the different Boards of Studies. The replies are generally in favour of a considerable increase in the Professoriate, and a general systematisation of University instruction. To go no further at present than the two subjects of Law and History, it seems to us very unsatisfactory that the first University in England should possess no resident Professor either in Roman or in English Law, and no Professor of English Literature, or of Archæology, or of Geo-

graphy. The College of All Souls, whose special province it is to promote the study of these two departments of learning, would do honour to itself, and act in consonance with its great traditions, if it endeavoured to supply some of these deficiencies.

ART. IX.—1. *Tables of the Number of Criminal Offenders, 1841–1855.*

2. *Judicial Statistics, 1856–1873.*

3. *Correspondence on the Subject of the late Disturbances in the Manufacturing and Mining Districts.* Edited by Rev. John Sinclair. 1842.

‘The first annual record of the state of crime in England and Wales, as evidenced by the commitments for trial, was prepared in the year 1805, and from that time to the present time (1841) there has been a progressive increase in the numbers committed. Until the peace in 1814 the increase was gradual, but commitments then increased so rapidly that they were nearly doubled in three years. This great increase was maintained until 1821, when a slight decrease took place, and continued during the two following years, at the end of which an increase again commenced, which continued almost uninterruptedly for the ten succeeding years. The tables on the present enlarged plan were then commenced, and the comparison from that time being direct, the number of commitments annually are given. They were in—

| | | | | | |
|------|----|----|----|----|--------|
| 1834 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 22,451 |
| 1835 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,731 |
| 1836 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,934 |
| 1837 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23,613 |
| 1838 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 23,094 |
| 1839 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 24,443 |
| 1840 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,187 |
| 1841 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,700 |

These figures do not show any decrease of commitments; on the contrary, the temporary decrease in 1835 and 1836 was followed by a large increase, which has not since suffered any check, and comparing the average of the first three years of the above period with the last year, this increase is almost 30 per cent. In 1841, as compared with the preceding year, the increase amounted to only 2.1 per cent. but it follows two years in which the aggregate increase exceeded 16 per cent.*

Such is the introduction to the official tables of criminal statistics for 1841 in the Parliamentary Blue-book. As in some manner explaining the cause of this growth of

* ‘Criminal Tables for 1846,’ p. 5. It would be difficult for statistics to be more complete or better arranged than are those in these Blue Books.

crime, we make some quotations from ‘Correspondence on the Subject of the late Disturbances in the Manufacturing and Mining Districts,’ published by Archdeacon Sinclair in 1842. It is there stated in one letter :—*

‘There cannot here be less than a population of 60,000; and until lately there were but three churches and church schools (and those only Sunday schools) for that large multitude. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are mill operatives. The very want renders the mass of them insensible of, and therefore indifferent to the want, so that no aid can be obtained from them; and *many* of the masters are in this respect as bad as their men. There is as yet no daily school for the benefit of the operatives in this place; no daily school, save those opened by schoolmasters for their own private emolument, and from which, consequently, the population at large can derive no benefit, while the education given in them is of course merely secular. There are no means to guide the young, who are left therefore to follow the example of their elders; and those elders are almost all unrestrained by the moral precepts and sanctions of the Christian faith. In consequence of this state of things, vice and infidelity most fearfully abound. Not only are there to be found among the population persons so ignorant as to become the followers of every blasphemous and extravagant sect that may spring up, as Southcottians, Mormonites, &c., but infidelity is openly professed. A statistical society, not having any religious object in view, but merely for information, has ascertained that in this township there are above 1100 heads of families who profess no religion, while in the adjoining town there are above 200. Now connect this with the fact that it was in this neighbourhood that the late extensive commotion commenced—it was the populace of this place that marched to Manchester and all the surrounding districts. Where infidelity and ignorance are so strong, thence this insurrection took its rise. And it has been stated to me by a gentleman long resident here, that he never knew a disturbance among the manufacturing population in which this neglected township did not take a lead.’

Another writes :—†

‘The moral condition of the people is as bad as it is possible for it to be. Vice is unrebuked, unabashed; moral character is of no value. The bad are employed both in factories and private houses as readily as the virtuous. Unchastity is no disgrace, and no hindrance either to employment or to marriage.’

A third writes :—‡

‘The want of church schools in this neighbourhood is most remarkable. In all the great towns of the district, containing from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants, there is seldom more

than one public school for the children of the poor, and sometimes none at all; and even these very coldly and indifferently supported. It well deserves remembrance that in Staley-bridge, containing 26,000 inhabitants, the place in which the late disturbances originated, and where only they still remain unquelled, up to the commencement of the present year there was no public school of any kind.’

With a quotation from a speech by Lord John Russell in 1839, delivered in his place in Parliament after the Chartist rising, and cited in one of these letters, we will bring these extracts to a close :—*

‘There are in the manufacturing districts very large masses of people who have grown up in a state of society which it is both lamentable and appalling to contemplate. They have not grown up among the concomitants of an ordinary state of society, under the hand of early instruction, with places of worship to attend, with their opinions of property moulded by seeing it devoted to charitable and social objects, with a fair and gradual subordination of ranks; but it is in many cases a society necessarily composed of the working classes with the few persons who employ their labour, but with whom they have, little other connection, and unhappily receiving, neither in schools nor places of worship, that religious and moral instruction which is necessary to knit together the inhabitants and classes of a great country.’

It would be easy to illustrate this subject still further from a variety of sources, and to show from the investigations of a Parliamentary Committee the worse than heathen ignorance in which a large portion of the working population was suffered to grow up. But it is unnecessary to do so, as it is not our purpose to attempt the impossible task of minutely tracing the connection between crime and ignorance of revealed truth, between offences against the law and absence of religious training. We are content to place before our readers explanations of the rapid growth of crime in certain parts of the country, given at the time by persons qualified by their position to judge, and to contrast with the state of things then existing, the more recent statistics of crime, and the present condition of affairs.

Let us, then, first examine the number of commitments since 1841. By changes in dealing with certain classes of crime, allowances will have to be made, but of these we will speak hereafter. The numbers stand as follows :—

| | | | | | | |
|------|----|----|----|----|----|--------|
| 1842 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 31,809 |
| 1843 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 29,591 |
| 1844 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 26,542 |
| 1845 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 24,803 |
| 1846 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | 25,107 |

* ‘Correspondence,’ p. 8. † Ibid., p. 11.
‡ Ibid., p. 15.

* Correspondence, p. 18.

| | | | | | |
|------|----|----|----|----|--------|
| 1847 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 28,833 |
| 1848 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 30,849 |
| 1849 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,816 |
| 1850 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 26,818 |
| 1851 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,960 |
| 1852 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,510 |
| 1853 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 27,057 |
| 1854 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 29,359 |
| 1855 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 25,972 |
| 1856 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19,487 |
| 1857 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,269 |
| 1858 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17,855 |
| 1859 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16,674 |
| 1860 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 15,999 |
| 1861 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18,326 |
| 1862 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,001 |
| 1863 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,818 |
| 1864 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19,506 |
| 1865 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19,614 |
| 1866 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18,849 |
| 1867 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 18,971 |
| 1868 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 20,091 |
| 1869 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 19,818 |
| 1870 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 17,578 |
| 1871 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 16,269 |
| 1872 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14,801 |
| 1873 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 14,898 |

There were two Acts of Parliament passed during this period which affect these returns. The first was an Act for the more speedy trial and punishment of juvenile offenders, passed in 1847. Its object was to enable two magistrates to deal summarily with offenders whose age did not exceed fifteen years, who had stolen or embezzled property of a value not exceeding forty shillings. It will be seen from the figures above that this Act exercised no appreciable influence upon the number of commitments. The other was an Act passed in 1855 for diminishing expense and delay in the administration of justice in certain cases. It authorized the Justices of the Peace at Petty Sessions to deal summarily with persons charged with simple larceny, or with stealing from the person, or larceny as a clerk or servant; but it limited the punishment they could inflict to imprisonment for six months, and in all cases it gave to the person accused the power of claiming to be tried at the next Sessions or Assizes. The effect of this Act is thus described in the official returns for 1856:—

* 'The commitments for trial in the last year show an unprecedented decrease, especially when the decrease in the previous year is considered. This must be largely, but not wholly, attributed to the extended powers of Justices to deal summarily in cases of larceny under the Criminal Justice Act, 18 and 19 Vict. c. 126, which has been in operation over the whole of the year. This would refer, however, only to the lesser offences of stealing, while it might have been feared on the other hand that the almost total abandon-

ment of transportation, and the return of large numbers temporarily removed from England by the war, would lead to the increase of the offences of violence in a greater ratio than proves to be the case. On this latter point the state of commitments bears a very gratifying comparison with that at the close of the war in 1815, when the total of the commitments was immediately doubled, and the offences of the gravest description bore their full proportion in this sudden increase.'

These remarks apply to every year subsequent to 1855: our readers, therefore, in comparing the number of criminals in more recent years with those of an earlier period must take this into the account. It will help us to judge of the allowance to be made if we remember that the average annual number of commitments for all kinds of offences against property without violence during the five years preceding the passing of the Act was 20,212; during the five years which succeeded its becoming law, 12,370; and during the five years ending with 1871 it was 12,726. After making this allowance the result is far from unsatisfactory, when we remember the great additions which have been made to the population of the country. The number of criminals is not much more than half in 1873, out of twenty-three millions of people, of what it was in 1841, out of sixteen millions: or, if we take into consideration the addition which ought to be made for the reason just assigned, it is about three-fourths now of what it was at the earlier date. In other words, whilst the growth of population has been nearly 45 per cent., crime has actually diminished by about 25 per cent. When we compare the character of the offences committed, we find that there is no increase in any class of offences at all comparable to the increase of population. In the official statistics crimes are classed under six heads. The first contains all offences against the person. In 1834 there were 2455 persons committed for such crimes, in 1856, 1919, and in 1871, 2173. The second division comprises offences against property with violence. Here the numbers were 1459 in 1834, 2258 in 1856 and 1509 in 1871. The third division is the one affected by the Criminal Justice Act of 1855; it includes all offences against property without violence; and we find the offences reduced from 16,608 in 1834, and 13,670 in 1856, to 11,265 in 1871. The fourth division exhibits the number of commitments for malicious offences against property. These have increased from 162 in 1834, and 180 in 1856, to 197 in 1871. The fifth division shows the number of forgers and offenders against the currency laws:

* 'Criminal Statistics for 1856,' pp. vii. viii.

1834 there were 431,893 in 1856, and in 1871, 483. The last division includes a variety of offences, which cannot be classified under any of the foregoing heads—such as treason, sedition, poaching, perjury; and where there is a very large decrease, the numbers being 1336 in 1834, 517 in 1856, and 40 in 1871. If we look at the intervening years, we find that they present no special features which interfere with the conclusions to be drawn from what has been just stated. Of the magnitude of the crimes committed, the only index we could have would be the punishments inflicted; but, for reasons which will presently be stated, it will be seen that, under existing circumstances, any argument drawn from such a comparison would be completely fallacious.

These figures require to be supplemented with further information to make the impression they give of the criminal state of the country at all complete.* The deterrents from crime, and the hindrances to its successful commission, as well as the chances of discovery, have to be taken into account before we can be satisfied that we are safe in the conclusions we draw from such statistics.

With respect to the deterrents from crime, the whole character of the punishments awarded has been changed; our criminal code, instead of being almost Draconic, now verges on the opposite extreme. This is, perhaps, better shown by a comparison between the number of persons capitally sentenced and executed at the two periods than it would be by a statement of the changes made in the law. In the seven years ending 1820, 7107 persons were sentenced to death, of whom 649 were executed; in the following seven years, 7952 were so sentenced, of whom 494 were executed; and in the seven years ending with 1834, 8483 persons were condemned to die, of whom 355 were executed; whilst in the seven years ending 1871, only 140 persons were sentenced to death, of whom 59 were executed. This did not arise only or chiefly from a diminution in the number of capital crimes, but from the altered state of the law. In the official Blue-book for 1841 it is said:—†

‘The magnitude of the recent changes in the criminal laws will be strongly exemplified when it is stated that, had the offences tried in 1841 been tried under the laws of 1831, the eighty capital sentences which were passed last year would have been increased to 2172.’

A further amelioration in the penal code was made in 1857 by the cessation of transportation as an instrument of punishment, for transportation was considered the sentence next to death in severity:—*

‘The revival of transportation in 1787, like its final abolition in 1857, appears to have been governed by necessity as much as policy; though, looking only to its effect in one point of view, there can be no doubt that it has relieved this country of large numbers of the most dangerous criminals. To preserve a record of how greatly transportation must have tended to keep down the home criminal population, and the demoralisation which surrounds every convict of this class, I have calculated from the original lists the number of offenders transported from England and Wales to Australia, from those first landed down to the last diminished shipment to Western Australia (the only part of the Australian continent to which they have been lately consigned). These numbers classed in each ten years were:—

| | Males. | Females. | Total. |
|----------------------|--------|----------|---------|
| From 1787 to 1796 .. | 3,792 | 865 | 4,657 |
| „ 1797 „ 1806 .. | 2,568 | 813 | 3,381 |
| „ 1807 „ 1816 .. | 4,390 | 1,252 | 5,642 |
| „ 1817 „ 1826 .. | 16,750 | ,472 | 18,222 |
| „ 1827 „ 1836 .. | 32,780 | ,337 | 37,117 |
| „ 1837 „ 1846 .. | 23,550 | ,708 | 27,258 |
| „ 1847 „ 1856 .. | 10,241 | ,736 | 11,977 |
| In the Year 1857 .. | 461 | .. | 461 |
| Total.. .. | 94,532 | 14,183 | 108,715 |

Let us look next at the means used to protect property and to discover crime. For these we naturally turn to the strength and efficiency of the police force kept on foot at the different periods. The changes which have been made in it are thus well summarized:—†

‘In the boroughs a police was established in 1835, under the Municipal Corporations Act of the 5 and 6 Will. 4 c. 76, varying from a high degree of efficiency, chiefly in the larger boroughs, to a great want of system and efficiency in others, among which the boroughs of least population and progress are the most conspicuous. In the counties a constabulary has been in the course of gradual formation since the passing of the 2 and 3 Vict. c. 93, in the year 1839. In several counties a most efficient

* In a letter to the ‘Times’ of September 2, 1874, Mr. T. B. L. Baker says:—‘In 1844 we (County of Gloucester) had just enlarged our gaols (we had seven of them in county, city, and boroughs), and we had room in them all for 800 prisoners, and we were greatly found fault with by the Home Office for not having built more, as from the rapid increase of crime we were certain to be over full in ten years. Thirty years have passed. We have shut up or pulled down six gaols out of the seven, and the largest number of prisoners at any one time, in 1873, was 197.’

† ‘Tables of the Number of Criminal Offenders, 1841,’ p. 7.

* ‘Judicial Statistics, 1857,’ p. xvii.

† Ibid., pp. v. vi.

police has been formed, and altogether 29 counties and parts of counties had availed themselves of the permissive powers of the Act of 1839, when in 1856 the establishment of a police force throughout the remaining parts of England and Wales was made compulsory by the statute 19 and 20 Vict. c. 69.

'From this statute the establishment of a uniform system of police must be dated; no locality or jurisdiction is exempted for which a police had not been previously provided. Up to this time in many extensive districts no other provision had been made for the protection of life and property than such as might be obtained from the unpaid, untrained parish constable, unwillingly selected for his year of duty, no other means at hand for the prompt pursuit of the most atrocious or the most subtle criminals. While for many years the amendment of the laws for the punishment of criminals had been one of the prominent cares of the legislature, no general provisions were enacted for the prevention of crimes and the pursuit of offenders. This is the office of a paid, trained police; and the numerous enactments passed for the custody and punishment of offenders would not probably have so long preceded a care for the prevention of offences had not a constitutional jealousy of police systems, which has, I trust, disappeared, stood in the way.'

Since the passing of this Act, the strength of the police force has been steadily growing, its efficiency has been tested, and its general utility acknowledged. At the census of 1861 the total police and constabulary force gave one for every 937 of the population; at the census of 1871 there was one for every 828; last year there was one for every 795. In 1871 there were 27,425 men engaged in this work, including Commissioners, Superintendents, Chief Constables of Counties, and Head Constables of Boroughs, and the expenditure was almost two and a quarter millions; last year the number of men engaged had risen to 28,550, and the cost to 2,567,491*l*.

There is another point to be examined before we have before us such materials as are within our reach, to enable a fair comparison to be drawn as to the worth of the statistics with which we commenced. What are the chances of discovery now when compared with what they were thirty years since? Unfortunately, our information on this head is incomplete; it is only since 1857 that we have returns of the number of crimes committed. Up to that time we are told how many persons were committed for trial, and how many of these were convicted, and how many acquitted. But this tells but imperfectly the amount of crime of which the perpetrators escaped detection. Moreover, it does not even fairly tell of the completeness or incompleteness of the evi-

dence produced against the persons charged with crime. For it is clear that juries were much biassed in the verdicts they gave by the sentence which was likely to follow. If the probable sentence seemed to them excessive, they demanded an amount of proof far beyond what would have sufficed under other circumstances. This is clearly shown by the following statement:—*

'It may be worthy of remark here, in reference to the change made in the punishment for rape, that in the three years 1835-6-7 when executions for this offence had not ceased, the numbers convicted were 19, acquitted 163, or little more than one conviction to nine acquittals. In 1839-40-41, during which and the preceding year no executions for rape had taken place, the numbers convicted amounted to 61, acquitted 150, and the proportion was raised to 1 conviction to 2·4 acquittals.'

The proportion between the numbers convicted and acquitted has not very materially varied when our view is extended to the whole number of criminals, and perhaps what difference there is may be accounted for by applying the fact just alleged to the various classes of offences for which the punishment has been mitigated. The census years will sufficiently illustrate this point, adding to them 1834 as the first year for which we have complete statistical returns.

| Year. | Convicted. | Acquitted. | Proportion. |
|-------|------------|------------|-------------|
| 1834 | 15,995 | 6,456 | 1 to 2·47 |
| 1841 | 20,280 | 7,480 | 1 „ 2·71 |
| 1851 | 21,579 | 6,859 | 1 „ 3·39 |
| 1861 | 13,879 | 4,423 | 1 „ 3·13 |
| 1871 | 11,946 | 4,283 | 1 „ 2·8 |

Since 1857 these statistical returns give us the number of offences committed, in addition to the information previously furnished. In that year the returns were far from being complete. They showed—†

'57,278 crimes committed;
82,031 persons apprehended; and
17,861 persons committed or bailed for trial

'But it is necessary to state that in comparing the number of the crimes committed with the number of offenders apprehended, some grounds of difference will exist. Several persons often participate in one crime, and on the other hand many crimes are committed by the same person. Again, when compared from year to year, the crime and the criminal are

* 'Tables of Criminal Offenders, 1841,' p. 7.

† 'Judicial Statistics, 1837,' pp. vii. viii.

not appear in the same return, for in crimes committed towards the end of the year, the offenders may not be apprehended until the commencement of the following year. Subject to these remarks, I would add that the returns show that in the crimes against the person, the number of persons apprehended equal, and in many cases exceed, the number of offences committed; while in attempts upon the dwelling, burglary, house-breaking, shop-breaking, &c., including sacrilege, the apprehensions are 2084 persons to 5428 offences committed; in robbery and attempts to rob, 854 apprehensions to 1029 offences committed.*

In 1861 the number of crimes committed is stated to have been 50,809, whilst 27,174 persons were apprehended; in 1866 the numbers were very similar, there having been 50,549 crimes committed, and 27,190 persons apprehended; in 1871, with diminished numbers the proportions were not materially altered, the crimes committed being returned as 45,149, whilst 23,919 persons were apprehended.

It is difficult to apply the considerations which have been set forth with any degree of certainty to the criminal tables at the commencement of this article. Take for example the relations between the amount of discovered and undiscovered crime. If the proportions were the same in 1842 that they were in 1871, the numerical improvement which has taken place is greater than those tables show; but with the improved condition of the police force, and its complete diffusion all over the country, it is only fair to suppose that a much larger proportion of offenders is now brought to justice than was the case thirty years since. On the other hand, when our endeavour is to ascertain the amount of criminality or moral evil that there is in the country, we must assume that the same increased efficiency in the police force has proved an effectual deterrent from crime, and that in many cases offences have not been committed, because of the increased chance of discovery.

But it may be said that although there has been a considerable decrease in more serious crimes, there has been more than a proportionate increase in minor offences. There is some truth in such a statement, for the number of offences summarily dealt with has grown. During the five years ending with 1856, the average annual number of commitments for lesser offences was 100,411; in the five years ending with 1861, 112,632; in the five years ending with 1866, 119,951; and in the five following years, 136,070. These figures at first sight seem very discouraging; but if we examine them closely our disappointment will be much diminished. We shall find that they re-

present* 'in a great degree the vices rather than the crimes of the population; and that our improved position with respect to criminals emboldens those who have to administer the law to deal with such cases in a way upon which they would never have ventured had the returns of serious crimes been less favourable than they are. For the earlier years detailed statistics are not furnished in the Blue-books as they are in the later ones; but a comparison between 1861 and 1871 will be sufficient for our purpose. In 1861 there were 110,800 persons committed for minor offences; in 1871 there were 145,766. These offenders so punished were taken from a much larger class brought before the magistrates, of whom a considerable portion were dismissed with fines, or upon finding sureties, or were sent to Reformatories, or were handed over to the military or naval authorities, or were acquitted. A comparison of the numbers charged for the different offences so dealt with at the two periods will furnish the best guide to the amount of criminality. In 1861, 82,196 persons were charged with being drunk and disorderly; in 1871, 142,343. In 1861, 26,331 persons were apprehended under the Vagrancy Laws; in 1871, 39,532. In 1861 there were 33,350 offenders against Local Acts and Borough Bye-Laws; in 1871 the number was increased to 38,333. In 1861, 19,900 persons were taken into custody for violating the laws regulating Highways, Turnpikes, Railways, and Carriages; in 1871, the number was 29,408. In 1861 there were 17,651 offenders against the Police Acts; in 1871, 19,645. In 1861, 10,827 persons were accused of violating the laws regulating Licensed Victuallers and the sale of Beer; in 1871 the number was 11,004. In 1861, 10,393 persons were charged with offences against laws relating to Servants, Apprentices, and Masters; in 1871 the number was 10,810. In 1861, 6474 persons were accused of using fraudulent weights and measures; in 1871 the number was reduced to 4989. Under the Mutiny Acts there were 4578 charges in 1861; 3654 in 1871. In 1861, 6282 persons had to answer for alleged offences against the Poor Law Acts; in 1871 there were 8939. In 1861, 3728 persons were accused of causing nuisances, or otherwise offending against sanitary laws; whilst in 1871 there were 8642 charges of a like kind. In 1871 there appears an item which finds no place in 1861—it is for breaches of the peace, want of sureties, &c.—and under this head there were 18,060 persons charged. The

* 'Judicial Statistics, 1857,' p. ix.

commitments of 1861 included 13,591 debtors, and persons committed by civil process; those of 1871, 9232.

An examination of these details will show that the two great causes of increase are drunkenness and temper, leading men to disobey regulations by local or other authorities. We would not speak lightly of either offence, but in estimating the moral condition of the country they rank very differently to crimes of violence or dishonesty. At a time when luxury so much abounds, and when higher wages place the means of self-indulgence within the reach of so much larger a number of persons, it is not surprising, though much to be regretted, that such offences should increase. Moreover, it is to be noted that with increased vigilance on the part of the police,* offenders are now charged before the magistrates who would have certainly not been apprehended a few years since. We ought also to remember that our sanitary laws have created offences which, until lately, were unknown; as *e.g.*, by making vaccination compulsory, by making penal the adulteration of food, &c. We may now expect to find the list of offences still further increased by charges under the compulsory Bye-Laws of the Education Act of 1870.

But there is further evidence serving to illustrate our condition with respect to crime, to which we would call attention. Since the construction of a complete system of police all over the country in 1857, there has been inserted in the official statistics a statement of the numbers of the criminal classes known to the police. It must be difficult to decide the exact value of such returns; for it seems natural to expect that when an evil doer knows himself to be suspected by the police he will seek an early opportunity of changing his residence, and that in such a way as would make it difficult to trace him. On the other hand, the poorer classes find it no easy matter to recommence life where they are utterly unknown, and many of them shrink from making such a venture. Another element of uncertainty must arise from varying modes of judging persons to be of the suspected classes, and of retaining or removing their names from lists of such classes. Taking,

* 'In 1840 our (county of Gloucester) police began to work, and detected many more crimes, and procured the prosecution of many slight offences which had before been considered not worth notice, and the numbers so tried rose from 537 in 1834 to 797 in 1842. Yet, though the detection and the noticing slight offences continued, by 1846 they had lowered again to 559.'—*Letter to the 'Times,'* Sept. 2, 1874, from Mr. T. B. L. Baker.

however, such returns for what they may be worth, they tell us that whereas in 1861, counties with a population of 11,720,263 had 46,250 known or suspected wrong doers, or 3·94 out of every thousand of their inhabitants; the same counties in 1871, with a population increased by a million, had only 33,077 known or suspected criminals, or 2·59 to every thousand of the people. In boroughs containing in 1861, 5,124,726 people, there were 16,012 persons against whom the police felt it their duty to guard the rest of the community; whilst in 1871, in the same boroughs then numbering 6,056,202 inhabitants, the suspected had fallen to 13,521. So that whilst in 1861, 3·12 out of every thousand were reckoned as belonging to the criminal classes, in 1871 the proportion had fallen to 2·19. But for the metropolis diminution to a still lower point is claimed; there in 1861, with 3,221,235 people, 5286 persons, or 1·67 in every thousand of the population, were regarded as belonging to the criminal classes; in 1871, with 3,883,092 people, the suspected offenders were only 3546, or ·91 out of every thousand. It seems a probable suggestion to make from the above figures that the outskirts of the metropolis and large boroughs are the favourite haunts of suspected persons; this would place them beyond the jurisdiction of the more numerous police forces, and cause them to be reckoned in the counties, and not in the boroughs or in the metropolis.

The return of crimes committed scarcely bears out this favourable estimate of the diminution in the number of criminals, as they were reported to be 45,149 in 1871, against 50,809 in 1861. We shall give the clearest idea of the extent to which crime and vice exist in the different parts of the country by inserting a comparative view of the number of crimes committed in each county in proportion to the number of its inhabitants in the years 1861 and 1871; and also of the number of persons summarily proceeded against at those two periods. We would remind our readers that we have already described the kinds of offences which are thus dealt with, and we have enumerated them for each of those census years on the opposite page. It will be observed from these tables that the diminution of crime is found in nearly every county; whilst the increase of minor offences is equally general.

The number of births registered as illegitimate is not on the increase. In 1842 there were 34,796 such births registered; in 1852, 42,482; in 1862, 45,222; and in 1872, 44,766.

| | INDICTABLE OFFENCES. Proportion to Population. | | OFFENCES DETERMINED SUMMARILY. Proportion to Population. | |
|-------------------------|---|-----------|--|----------|
| | 1871. | 1861. | [1871.] | 1861. |
| Bedford | 1 in 1160 | 1 in 1176 | 1 in 88 | 1 in 127 |
| Berks | 1 " 789 | 1 " 640 | 1 " 73 | 1 " 77 |
| Bucks | 1 " 814 | 1 " 615 | 1 " 63 | 1 " 84 |
| Cambridge | 1 " 958 | 1 " 956 | 1 " 120 | 1 " 169 |
| Chester | 1 " 490 | 1 " 818 | 1 " 40 | 1 " 46 |
| Cornwall | 1 " 2448 | 1 " 1260 | 1 " 94 | 1 " 106 |
| Cumberland | 1 " 1053 | 1 " 941 | 1 " 48 | 1 " 63 |
| Derby | 1 " 719 | 1 " 1060 | 1 " 50 | 1 " 66 |
| Devon | 1 " 1445 | 1 " 849 | 1 " 71 | 1 " 92 |
| Dorset | 1 " 1143 | 1 " 743 | 1 " 61 | 1 " 128 |
| Durham | 1 " 1479 | 1 " 1120 | 1 " 23 | 1 " 37 |
| Gloucester | 1 " 858 | 1 " 626 | 1 " 49 | 1 " 70 |
| Hereford | 1 " 656 | 1 " 881 | 1 " 46 | 1 " 44 |
| Hertford | 1 " 928 | 1 " 1050 | 1 " 65 | 1 " 92 |
| Huntingdon | 1 " 1179 | 1 " 1189 | 1 " 81 | 1 " 109 |
| Lancaster | 1 " 251 | 1 " 167 | 1 " 22 | 1 " 26 |
| Leicester | 1 " 792 | 1 " 570 | 1 " 67 | 1 " 78 |
| Lincoln | 1 " 1063 | 1 " 684 | 1 " 55 | 1 " 68 |
| Metropolis* | 1 " 279 | 1 " 262 | 1 " 36 | 1 " 37 |
| Monmouth | 1 " 653 | 1 " 539 | 1 " 34 | 1 " 47 |
| Norfolk | 1 " 961 | 1 " 586 | 1 " 95 | 1 " 107 |
| Northampton | 1 " 886 | 1 " 764 | 1 " 77 | 1 " 88 |
| Northumberland | 1 " 581 | 1 " 501 | 1 " 35 | 1 " 53 |
| Nottingham | 1 " 1021 | 1 " 598 | 1 " 54 | 1 " 69 |
| Oxford | 1 " 988 | 1 " 733 | 1 " 72 | 1 " 83 |
| Rutland | 1 " 2207 | 1 " 840 | 1 " 69 | 1 " 109 |
| Salop | 1 " 835 | 1 " 599 | 1 " 43 | 1 " 46 |
| Somerset | 1 " 1039 | 1 " 660 | 1 " 66 | 1 " 71 |
| Southampton | 1 " 672 | 1 " 359 | 1 " 63 | 1 " 69 |
| Stafford | 1 " 653 | 1 " 444 | 1 " 33 | 1 " 38 |
| Suffolk | 1 " 910 | 1 " 528 | 1 " 108 | 1 " 121 |
| Sussex | 1 " 796 | 1 " 373 | 1 " 95 | 1 " 119 |
| Warwick | 1 " 568 | 1 " 465 | 1 " 39 | 1 " 56 |
| Westmoreland | 1 " 910 | 1 " 800 | 1 " 73 | 1 " 96 |
| Wilts | 1 " 1346 | 1 " 1362 | 1 " 95 | 1 " 108 |
| Worcester | 1 " 787 | 1 " 387 | 1 " 60 | 1 " 66 |
| York, East Riding | 1 " 794 | 1 " 896 | 1 " 44 | 1 " 53 |
| West Riding | 1 " 623 | 1 " 579 | 1 " 46 | 1 " 52 |
| North Riding | 1 " 939 | 1 " 925 | 1 " 36 | 1 " 53 |
| Anglesey | 1 " 1020 | 1 " 2730 | 1 " 106 | 1 " 117 |
| Brecon | 1 " 1151 | 1 " 725 | 1 " 36 | 1 " 47 |
| Cardigan | 1 " 3338 | 1 " 3283 | 1 " 76 | 1 " 201 |
| Carmarthen | 1 " 1361 | 1 " 923 | 1 " 65 | 1 " 79 |
| Carnarvon | 1 " 1278 | 1 " 968 | 1 " 64 | 1 " 102 |
| Denbigh | 1 " 1347 | 1 " 1901 | 1 " 88 | 1 " 84 |
| Flint | 1 " 1695 | 1 " 1937 | 1 " 49 | 1 " 68 |
| Glamorgan | 1 " 780 | 1 " 484 | 1 " 37 | 1 " 47 |
| Merioneth | 1 " 1533 | 1 " 2050 | 1 " 98 | 1 " 110 |
| Montgomery | 1 " 697 | 1 " 539 | 1 " 53 | 1 " 66 |
| Pembroke | 1 " 1460 | 1 " 853 | 1 " 95 | 1 " 83 |
| Radnor | 1 " 1338 | 1 " 507 | 1 " 48 | 1 " 85 |

The amount of juvenile crime has shown considerable diminution. In 1856 there were 1990 children under 12 years of age committed to prison, and 13,981 under 16 years; in 1860, when the numbers were fewest, there were 1480 under 12, and 8029 under 16; last year there were 1482 under

* No proportions are included in the above lists for Essex, Surrey, and Kent, as well as for Middlesex; as parts of these counties are included in the metropolis.

12, and 9359 under 16. The first certified Reformatory school was opened in 1854, under powers conveyed by the Statute 17 and 18 Vict. c. 86, when 23 juvenile prisoners were sent to it; in 1861 the number of such schools had increased to 51, and 1001 boys and 236 girls were committed to them; at the end of 1871 the number of Reformatories had not increased, but there were then being trained in them 3522 boys and 846 girls; in 1873 there were two more

establishments, and at the end of the year, 3625 boys and 890 girls were remaining in them under detention.

With respect to the amount of education possessed by criminals there is, excepting under one head, little change. In 1836, 33·52 per cent. of the criminals were unable to read and write; in 1871, 34·1 per cent. were in a like state of ignorance; in 1873, 33·4 per cent.; in 1836, 52·33 per cent. were able to read and write imperfectly; in 1871, 62·3 per cent.; and in 1873, 63·1 per cent. were in that condition; in 1836, 10·56 per cent. were able to read and write well; in 1871, 3·2 per cent. were equally instructed; in 1836, ·91 per cent. of the criminals had received instruction superior to reading and writing well; in 1871 and in 1873, ·2 per cent. were thus better educated. These facts could not be ascertained concerning 268 of the convicts in 1836, whilst the unknown quantity was reduced to ·2 in 1871. The most unexpected feature in these returns is that the standard of education was higher amongst the criminals at the earlier period than at the later; the number of those who were able to read and write well being more than three times greater in 1836 than in 1871. In the years immediately succeeding 1836 we find the number of criminals thus described much higher than in later returns; in 1837, it was 9·46 per cent.; in 1838, 9·77; in 1839, 10·07; in 1840, 8·29; in 1841, 7·4; whilst in 1868, it was only 2·9 per cent.; in 1869, 3·; in 1870, 3·1, and in 1873, 3·. Ought this to be attributed in any way to the fact that at the earlier period a large portion of the education was given in private venture schools that were practically secular? whilst at the later period religious teaching was combined with secular in nearly all schools?

So far as it is safe to draw inferences from these statistics they show that the great mass of our poorer population who have used our existing schools to any purpose have been thereby trained to avoid flagrant crime; but that the principles implanted have not sufficed to root out vicious tendencies. They also confirm the impression that there is amongst us a criminal class, that has been very partially reached as yet by philanthropic efforts, and whose children are allowed to grow up without any education. That this must be so is proved by fully one-third of the persons committed being utterly unable to read or write; it cannot be pretended that these were ever at school; though no doubt the larger portion, if not the whole, of the remaining two-thirds, of whom there are few who can do more than read and write imperfectly, were

for a longer or shorter period, more or less irregular attendants at school. If the system of compulsory education can reach these waifs and strays of society, it will accomplish a great work, and then we may perhaps hope that the next thirty years may achieve results at least equal to what the last thirty years have done.

The comparison between the present state of crime, and what it was forty years since, certainly shows signs of improvement, though the result is very far from being all we could wish. Most people will agree that there is much to encourage in the figures that have been placed before us, whilst about the causes of the improvement thus indicated, there will be great differences of opinion. For our own part we do not hesitate to attribute our preservation from increased crime, under the manifold temptations from the growth of wealth and luxury, and the wider gulf which consequently separates the rich from the poor, and also the many hopeful signs exhibited by the criminal tables which we have been examining, chiefly to the religious education given in our primary schools, and to the greater reverence generally felt for religion. As thoughtful persons at the earlier period traced much of the growing evil among the poorer classes to their lack of religious education and sound moral training, and at great cost and with much self-denial supplied these priceless blessings for them; it seems to us that it would be ungracious as well as untrue to deny to those efforts so originated the credit of much of the improvement that has taken place. Those who are jealous of the power of religion, and are eager to attribute to any influences, rather than to those of Christianity, whatever advances may be made in the morality or social well-being of our people, may claim for advancing civilisation, improved legislation, secular education, greater material prosperity, a more efficient police, benevolent efforts for assisting criminals on their being discharged from prison, reformatory schools, the honour of elevating the lower grades of society. We are far from denying to all or to any of these a portion of the credit; but we believe that all of them would have been inoperative for good without the basis of sound moral training which has been imparted chiefly in our national schools; and which has been subsequently fostered by a higher tone of religious teaching in our churches, and by those more efficient pastoral ministrations on the part of the clergy which have certainly been felt in all parts of the country.

But whilst claiming that considerable improvement is to be found; it is but too

obvious that very much more remains to be done than has been yet accomplished, and that the present condition of things is very far from being satisfactory. Greater reverence for law has been successfully inculcated; a sense of the wrongfulness of dishonesty and of some crimes has been implanted in the minds of the people; a feeling of moral responsibility is more widely entertained; a small awakening to the idea that mere selfishness ought not to be the guide of a man's life has been made; brutality has been lessened. We do not claim that much more than this has been effected; this the criminal statistics certainly show, and apart from those returns we think there is abundant proof that this has been accomplished. As evidence of it, we may point to the diminution, though, alas! not complete cessation of amusements, such as dog or cock-fighting, prize-fighting, bull-baits; to the indignation now aroused amongst the poorer classes by the still too frequent acts of gross brutality towards women; to the general esteem in which probity is held, and to the different weight which would be given to character in the selection of a person for any public office in this country and in some others, for example, in the United States.

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- ART X.—1. *Six Judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.* By W. G. Brooke, M.A. London, 1872.
2. *Legal Ritual.* By J. M. Dale. London, 1871.
3. *An Act for the Regulation of Public Worship,* 1874.

THE last two years have brought changes to the Church of England, which may materially affect its position as a National Church.

The Judicature Act of 1873 changed the Supreme Court of Appeal, hitherto a mixed court of clergymen and laymen, into a purely secular court. The Public Worship Regulation Act of the last session has created a new tribunal and course of procedure for causes connected with public worship. One knows not whether to wonder more at the silence and indifference with which the former change was received, or at the unreasonable clamour that greeted the latter. Both sprang from the same causes, working deeply through many past years. The change in the Appellate Court passed suddenly near the close of a session; and Parliament, becoming conscious of the greatness of the change it had made so hastily, seemed part-

ly to retrace its steps in hastening to introduce a plan for episcopal assessors to the Supreme Court in all Church cases. The Public Worship Regulation Bill, introduced late in the session, altered, transformed, amended at every stage in the House of Lords, left that House with little hope that it would find its way to port through the storms and the enforced calms of an expiring session. If it did not perish for want of friends, want of time would complete its destruction. And when the late Prime Minister produced a string of resolutions, going to the foundations on which Churches rest, people began to speculate on the fate of the measure of 1875, seeing that for the measure of 1874 the late Prime Minister had provided a protracted and a cruel death. But its fate was not decided so. The House of Commons adopted the measure with a passionate enthusiasm, which never grew weaker to the very end. A measure of sufficient importance to draw the late Premier from his repose, a measure distasteful to no small section of the Cabinet, passed without a division, after a debate of great power and interest, well calculated to sustain, or even to raise, the dignity of the House of Commons. Relieved from a position of great difficulty as head of a divided Cabinet, Mr. Disraeli, interpreting the will of the Assembly, which he understands perhaps better than any man living, adopted the measure at this point. He was wrong in saying that the measure was one to put down Ritualism, for it is applicable alike to slovenly neglect and fantastic tricks of worship. But he was right in his interpretation of the will of the House of Commons, which accepted so eagerly, as a remedy against sacerdotal pretension and attempts which have sickened the heart of the constituencies, a measure of procedure neutral in itself, and capable of other and wider applications.

The events of these two years, whatever be their result, must be an epoch in the religious movement which began in 1833.* For forty years England has been the scene of a religious struggle, only second in importance to the Reformation itself. The story of its beginning is well known. The Reform Bill had put representative government in the power of a far larger number; Irish bishoprics were suppressed; Welsh sees were threatened; German rationalism

* The following Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of "National Apostasy." I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833.—J. H. Newman, *'Apologia,'* p. 100.

threatened to sweep over the land as a flood; dismay and sorrow were spread through the ranks of the clergy and of the more thoughtful laity. But there was one mind, at least, which saw in this great crisis occasion for more than sorrow or dismay. Wandering over Europe, comparing with the distractions of his own Church the ideal of another, John Henry Newman, logician, poet, mystic, with a spirit as devout as it was inquiring and critical, was stricken with sickness at Castro Giovanni, and had time to meditate on the waste condition of his own Church. Before the sickness and after it, he felt and said, 'I have a work to do in England.' A renewed attack of illness at Lyons, from over-travelling, only intensified the desire which it opposed. He hastened to England. Keble's sermon preached five days after, touched a string that was vibrating already. At least a few earnest spirits would stand in the breach to confront the 'National Apostasy.' Newman, Keble, Froude, Pusey, Rose, Palmer, were no despicable band,—but the genius of Newman was its strength. The reactionary movement was begun. One peculiarity marked it from the first, its attitude towards the Church of Rome.

'I have a supreme confidence,' writes Newman, 'in our cause. We were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican services. That ancient religion had well-nigh faded out of the land through the political changes of the last hundred and fifty years, and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second Reformation—a better reformation—for it would be a return not to the sixteenth century, but to the seventeenth.'

But the divines of the Caroline period had no leanings to Rome, such as have marked the present movement from the first. 'I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation,' writes Froude in January, 1834; and in December of the same year he had advanced a good deal: 'Really I hate the Reformation more and more, and have almost made up my mind that the rationalistic spirit they set afloat is the *ψευδοπροφήτης* of the Revelation.' And Newman, in acknowledging the influence of Froude upon him in this direction,* reminds us of his own words in 1834:—

'Considering the high gifts and the strong claims of the Church of Rome, and its dependencies on our admiration, reverence, love, and gratitude, how could we withstand it as we do, how could we refrain from being melted into tender-

ness and rushing into communion with it, but for the word of truth itself, which bids us prefer it to the whole world?' *

From this kind of talk the Caroline divines are almost free. Where admiration, love, and reverence are already engaged, it is likely that the claims of truth will not long resist them. That, at least, was the result with Newman: his mind travelled round to new 'truths' by the circuitous route of the theory of development; but his perversion to Rome was a foregone conclusion. The admiration and the love, indeed, could hardly have existed without some latent persuasion that truth was on that side. The leaning to Rome has been the character of this movement from that time; and now the doctrine of transubstantiation 'rightly explained' is the doctrine of the extreme party, and nothing stands in the way of communion with Rome except the dogma of the Pope's infallibility.

It was a convenient aid to this tendency to allege that the Church of England has no distinctive or definite doctrine, and that her Articles and formularies may, therefore, be interpreted into accordance with so-called Catholic truth, the truth of the Tridentine Catechism. Dr. Newman gives this account of the purpose of Tract 90.

'The main thesis of my essay was this:—The Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching, they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was to draw the line as to what they allowed and what they condemned. Such being the object which I had in view, what were my prospects of widening and defining their meaning? The prospect was encouraging; there was no doubt at all of the elasticity of the Articles: to take a preliminary instance—the fourteenth was assumed by one party to be Lutheran, by another Calvinistic, though the two interpretations were contradictory to each other; why then should not other Articles be drawn up with a vagueness of an equally intense character?'—*Newman's 'Apologia.'*

With what logical force, with what fine English to clothe it withal, this object was pursued, those who remember 'Tract 90' can say. Amidst some hard words for the Church of Rome, the writer reaches the conclusion that the Articles of the Church of England do not condemn the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome on Purgatory, on the Invocation of Saints, or on the Mass. But any one who will spend a few hours in examining the Articles, the Augsburg Confession, and the Catechism of the

* 'Apologia,' p. 126.

* 'Apologia,' p. 127.

Council of Trent, will see clearly that the battle of the Reformation was not with 'popular notions' of Roman Catholics, nor with 'popular practice,' nor with existing abuses, but against a Romish doctrine well known and ascertained. Rome, more than any other Church, has been at least consistent with herself. If she has had abusive practices, they have been closely connected with a doctrine. No scheme of doctrine could have been framed which could condemn her practices and leave her dogmas untouched. Cardinal Wiseman had almost gained his point in advance when he denied that there existed anywhere any authoritative teaching in his Church, distinct from the teaching of the Council of Trent. But, with whatever flaws of argument, the conclusion was reached, that one might hold a great many of the conclusions of Rome, even of those which appeared to be in terms contradictory to the Thirty-nine Articles. Thus, 'an assent to the doctrine that faith alone justifies, does not at all preclude the doctrine of works justifying also.'* It is true that the Article says 'that General Councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes, and being assemblies of men whereof all are not governed with the spirit and word of God, they may err, and sometimes have erred;' but this does not apply to any council which, besides being gathered according to the commandment of princes, is gathered by the will of Christ. The Article merely contemplates 'the human prince, and not the King of saints.'† 'The Romish doctrine about Purgatory is a fond thing, vainly invented.' True; but what is the Romish doctrine? Not the doctrine of the Council of Trent, for that had not yet been given forth: not the primitive doctrine; that could not be 'Romish.' Something, perhaps, is condemned which existed at the time of the Articles, and disappeared at the Council of Trent; a harmless condemnation enough; for the doctrine, whatever it was, is gone. The Romish doctrine of Invocation of Saints is also a fond thing, vainly invented; but what is it? Invocations are not censurable 'if we mean nothing definite by them.' Perhaps the doctrine condemned is that which the Council of Trent condemned when it says that this Church doth not teach that sacrifice is offered to saints, if invocation and sacrifice can be by possibility brought together.‡ True; the Article says that the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord is re-

pugnant to the plain words of Scripture: but this does not 'deny every kind of change,' nor need it be a contradiction of any council.* No doubt the Article has it that 'the sacrifices of masses, in which it was commonly said that the priests did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.' But this is not 'against the mass in itself, nor against its being an offering for the quick and the dead, for the remission of sins, but against its being viewed as independent of, or distinct from, the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross, which is blasphemy.'† We need not go on. Language in such hands is a Lesbian rule of lead, taking the mould of every one's thought. Cranmer and Melancthon might have spared their pains. They were not writing against Rome; rather against some existing corruptions of Catholic doctrine not written down in her creeds. In words of condemnation of Rome, however distinct and vigorous, there is the precious balm of explanation, and no heads need be broken. Black is not so very different from white if the mind approach it by the road of grey. No one who has read the 'Apologia' will dream of accusing Dr. Newman of conscious falsehood; his mind was convinced before he gave forth his startling conclusions. That his better mind soon re-asserted itself is manifest: his was too noble a spirit to sit long under such a mist of confusion. He went to Rome, where he could hold Rome's creed without squaring it with England's Articles. But he has left behind him the evil heritage of a sophistry that has been troubling us ever since. The Church of England is a branch of the Catholic Church; the Catholic doctrine is the Roman doctrine; therefore the Roman doctrine must be to be found in her standard of faith. As it must be there, difficulties of language must not prevent us from seeking it.

What Dr. Newman did for the Articles, an active party has been engaged for the last twenty years and more in doing for the Prayer Book. Of a Catholic Church the ritual must be catholic and, therefore, the bald simplicity of the English rite cannot be tolerated. One writer, in words that were thought worth quoting in the debate on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, thus described the correlation of doctrine and ritualism.

'It may be argued that good and vigorous preaching will fill the cravings of the congregations, and make the employment of material stimuli superfluous, if not mischievous. But

* Tract 90, p. 12. † 'Apologia,' p. 81.

‡ Tract 90, p. 40.

* Tract 90, p. 51.

† Ibid., p. 68.

good preaching is amongst the rarest of good things, much rarer in proportion even than good acting, because it requires a wider range of physical and mental gifts. If very good actors were common, the adventitious aid of scenery and properties would be comparatively unimportant, because the harmonious action of all the persons of the drama would be sufficient to create an illusion able to rivet the attention of the spectators. But as the great majority of actors are mere sticks, and even the chief stars are not always shining their best, managers have constantly been compelled to make gorgeous spectacle their main attraction, and a splendid transformation scene or a telling stage procession will draw crowds night after night, even in the absence of any theatrical celebrity. Hence a lesson may be learnt by all who are not too proud to learn from the stage, for it is an axiom in liturgiology that no public worship is really deserving of its name unless it be histrionic.—*Rev. Dr. Littledale, in 'The Church and the World,' First Series, 1866.*

It is the business then of those who conduct worship to make it an acted doctrine; to supply the want of efficient actors by accessories of a splendid kind.

We accept this view of the subject that doctrines have been inculcated by means of rites. For twenty years and more the most active efforts have been made to bring our worship into harmony with that of the Romish Church, and especially to assimilate holy communion with the mass by 'histrionic' means. This has been the chief battle fought before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The judgments of that body have been on the whole unfavourable to these practices; and this must have been all the more galling to the party who adopted them that, in many points, the court below was with them. In two great cases the authority of the Prayer Book as it stands was confirmed, and the power of bringing back usages supposed to be 'catholic,' but not found in the Prayer Book, was denied.

In the former of these two cases, Mr. Mackonochie, 'simply using,' as he says, 'our own liberty as members of the Church of England,' thought himself free to adopt the following practices. He placed on the holy table two lighted candles at noonday at the holy communion. He lifted above his head the paten and the cup when he was consecrating the elements; afterwards he knelt down with his head prone to the ground, when he had replaced the cup on the table. Incense was freely used. The wine to be consecrated was mixed with water. These were the chief changes introduced. In the second case, Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, appears to have claimed a larger liberty. A crucifix was borne in procession in the church; and crucifer, and thurifer, and acolytes were about it. A group of acolytes held a crucifix near him when he read the gospel. A crucifix also was above the communion table, and Mr. Purchas did it acts of reverence. Incense was abundant. A 'paschal taper' marked the Easter festival: a stuffed dove suspended from on high was thought suitable to Whit Sunday. On Palm Sunday branches of palm, sprinkled with holy water, were carried in procession round the church. On Christmas Eve, 'a modelled figure of the infant Saviour' was placed above the credence table. On Ash Wednesday a 'black powder' resembling ashes was taken from the Communion table and rubbed on the foreheads of those who came forward for this purpose. On the Feast of Purification, 'when no artificial light was necessary,' Mr. Purchas distributed candles to the congregation, who then followed their pastor round the chapel, all carrying their candles lighted, and singing. These candles were extinguished for the early part of the communion service, and were all lighted again for the gospel. Water was mingled with the wine, and the paten and the cup were elevated. Round wafers were substituted for the usual bread. A bell was rung at various times in the prayers. 'A mortuary celebration for the repose of a sister' seems to have been marked by the interpolation of a prayer for the departed soul contained in no part of the Prayer Book. The book from which the gospel of the day was read was held by an attendant, and the reader reverently kissed the book. The admission of an acolyte took place before the Lord's table: a candlestick with candle was delivered to him; also 'glass bottles containing water and wine.' Copes were worn at evening service; 'chasubles, albs, and tunicles' at holy communion.

The least that can be said upon this curious catalogue is that none of the things contained in it are mentioned in the Prayer Book; that they change the service of the Church to a considerable extent, and that the general direction of the change is to assimilate the communion office to the service of the mass in the Church of Rome. If these practices lay within the range of the liberty of any clergyman, it would have been legally possible that in one country parish the mass might be celebrated by a priest in alb and chasuble, with lights and incense, and many prostrations, ministering the mixed chalice and the wafers, whilst in the adjoining parish the surpliced celebrant, consecrating the usual wheaten bread and the unmixed wine, might plead two centuries of use for his simpler practice, founded on an exact adherence to the Prayer Book. And

supposing this diversity to become general, one might well ask of what use it is to include under our system things so different? The broad stream of the Reformation rolls between them. Such a union would be at best mechanical only. The parishioner who should stray from the simpler to the more ornate service would find himself unable to join in a rite stuffed and overlaid with every practice which neither he nor his fathers could bear. 'I could not follow it in my Prayer Book,' complained to her friend a casual worshipper of this kind. 'I have left that at home for many a day,' rejoined her friend. But the courts had nothing to do with consequences, their business was to ascertain the law. And if the work of the Reformation had been done so negligently that all the things then cast out could be introduced again after generations of disuse by any clergyman 'in the exercise of his reasonable liberty,' it was the duty of the courts to expound that state of things, in order that the grievance, if there was one, might find a remedy. It would have been surprising, if after nearly two centuries of utter disuse, it had proved that all these ceremonies were lawful and admissible under the present service book. Vain would have been all the hair-splitting disputes of 1662, vain the small complaints of the Puritans on minor points, if, after all, the Prayer Book was the mass-book still. The liberty of making these changes rests with no responsible author except the clergyman himself. No diocesan, no convocation, no universal consent of public opinion has given them sanction. They may be commenced to-morrow in any church, with as little warrant from authority as Mr. Mackonochie or Mr. Purchas could plead. They may be discontinued by the next incumbent, and then recommenced. But the Church of England, ever since the Prayer Book of 1549, has carried this sentence conspicuous in the front of its formularies:

'Where [whereas] heretofore there hath been great diversity in saying and singing in churches within this realm, some following Salisbury use, some the use of Bangor, some of York, and some of Lincoln; now from henceforth all the realm shall have but one use.'

If, however, these clergymen were right, then we have but exchanged some five or six 'uses' for some thousands. The stuffed dove and *bambino* of Mr. Purchas did not commend themselves to Mr. Mackonochie, who, however, has his own favourite ceremonies; another imaginative clergyman will have his own set of additions. In a well-known watering-place, where a church is

named after St. Clement, the congregation were instructed to uplift a festive strain, the burden of which was, 'We will go a Clementing,' and one of the most fervent singers of this *refrain* was asked in vain what the process was to which they then pledged themselves. But even supposing that the rites thus added were as seemly as they have been in fact absurd, they are inconsistent with the principle of having 'one use;' and whereas the Church of England has been regulated by Acts of Uniformity, and her fixed ritual has been alternately her glory and reproach, it would appear, if Mr. Purchas is right, that she gives room for the widest licence and the wildest caprice.

These then were the principal questions to be solved by the Ecclesiastical Courts and the Committee of Privy Council: Is the ritual of the Church to be sought in the Prayer Book and the Act of Uniformity, or in these as interpreted by ancient canons and by other service books? Is the Prayer Book not only a guide to the ritual, but a complete guide? If it should be decided that it is a complete guide, then most of the matters in dispute would fall away at once, for they are additional rites not mentioned in the Prayer Book. Two points would remain, turning on disputed interpretations of rubrics. It is a wonder that so much importance should have come to attach to two things apparently so insignificant as the dress which the minister should wear at the holy communion and the place at which he should stand. But the Comte de Chambord's white flag stands between him and a possible crown; and these two small points are the white flag of the advanced party.

The Court of Arches, answering these questions in *Martin v. Mackonochie*, laid down the principle that—

'Whatever is subsidiary to what is ordered [in the Rubrics], and whatever being in itself decent and proper is in accordance with primitive and catholic use, and is not by any fair construction necessarily connected with those Roman novelties which the Church "cut away and clean rejected" (to use the language of the Prayer Book) at the Reformation, is, under restrictions to be mentioned, lawful.'

The restrictions seem to be that the judgment of the Ordinary is to be sought for doubtful things, and that his opinion is to be reviewed, if necessary, by the Archbishop. Here the language of the judgment—a learned and elaborate performance—seems to be somewhat vague. What is subsidiary to the service, and what is not? The learned judge in applying his own principles, decides that the use of incense is 'not necessarily subsidiary' to the celebra-

tion of the Holy Communion; 'that it is an ancient, innocent, and pleasing custom,' but that it is illegal, and must be discontinued. Here, however, the text is altered in the application. 'Subsidiary' and 'necessarily subsidiary' are very different; and Mr. Mackonochie would have argued that incense was at least the one if not the other. If it was 'an ancient, innocent, and pleasing custom,' it must have been decent and proper, with something to spare; and, on the whole, might have been expected to obtain the protection of the principle laid down. Again, what is 'primitive and catholic use'? What are Roman novelties? and how are they to be distinguished from Roman usages that are not novelties? A whole Tract 90 might be written on such a theme, were there but left a Newman to write it. But such a sentence, expounded in such a tract, would have been fruitful of novelties. The objectionable changes are almost always justified, when they are challenged, upon some such grounds. Every caprice of a fledgling curate is justified on the ground of 'catholic' usage. Every quaint rite which the curate adds to the beautiful order of holy communion, is supposed to be subsidiary to the service. Only the discretion of the Ordinary is interposed; and a method all too summary has been found for dealing with this—that of disregarding it altogether. After that, any number of rites may be added which are at once catholic and singular,—which are subsidiary to and yet subversive of the original office.

The decisions of the Privy Council seem to have rescued the Church from this great danger. In the case of *Westerton v. Liddell*, the principle already admitted by the courts ever since 1811, was adopted,—

'that in the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies ordered by the Prayer Book, the directions contained in it must be strictly observed; no omission and no addition can be permitted.'*

This does not imply that the articles not mentioned in the Rubrics are all inadmissible: hassocks, pews, curtains, seats, an organ, are all used, and are subsidiary to the service, for they supply the means of carrying out its directions. To place lighted candles on the table in daylight was thought 'subsidiary' by the Dean of Arches; but the judgment in *Westerton v. Liddell* stopped far short of this. There must be either 'express directions or implied permission' to use a thing in the Prayer Book, in order to make it lawful.† Thus candles for giving

light would stand on a different footing from candles lighted as a ceremony in broad day. Without following minutely a most intricate argument on the present force of old statutes and canons, we may take it that the successive judgments have brought out into broader and broader relief the principle that 'the form or order of service' contains positive directions for public worship; that these directions are meant to be complete; that it matters nothing that a practice is not prohibited, if it is not ordered; want of order is prohibition. 'What the law does not order it forbids.' That Archbishop Walter has ordered lighted candles, and that Lyndwood has explained the order, will for the future be inadmissible even in an argument before the Courts.

'Their lordships are of opinion that it is not open to a minister of the Church, or even to their lordships in advising Her Majesty, as the highest ecclesiastical tribunal of appeal, to draw a distinction in acts which are a departure from, or violation of, the Rubric, between those which are important and those which appear to be trivial. The object of a statute of uniformity is, as its preamble expresses, to produce "an universal agreement in the public worship of Almighty God," an object which would be wholly frustrated if each minister, on his own view of the relative importance of the details of the service, were to be at liberty to omit, or add to, or to alter, any of those details.'*

'If the minister be allowed to introduce at his own will variations in the rites and ceremonies that seem to him to interpret the doctrine of the service in a particular direction, the service ceases to be what it was meant to be—common ground upon which all Church people may meet—though they differ about some doctrines. But the Church of England has wisely left a certain latitude of opinion in matters of belief, and has not insisted on a rigorous uniformity of thought, which might reduce her communion to a narrow compass.'

The two Acts of Uniformity of Elizabeth and of Charles, have annulled the injunctions of 1547 and other constitutions referred to; and thus the rule, and the sufficient rule, of worship is to be sought within the four corners of the Prayer Book.

This is the leading principle that has guided all the decisions of the Privy Council on ritual questions. With a sigh of relief the much-enduring layman may rest from examining them, consoled to feel that he need not get up 'the Council of Oxford in 1322,' nor an earlier Council in *Wilkins's Concilia*, of 1222, in order to ascertain whether the multi-colored vestments just in-

* Brooke, Privy Council Judgments, p. 74.

† Dr. Stephens in 2nd Report, Ritual Communion, p. 352.

* Judgment in *Master v. Mackonochie*, in Brooke, p. 119.

† Judgment in *Sheppard v. Bennett*, in Brooke, p. 233.

roduced, and the superfluous candles twinkling in the sunshine, are lawful in the Church of England in the year of grace 1874.

Two questions, however, turn on the interpretation of the Rubrics themselves. We mention them, not so much for their past interest as for the future. It is probable that a great deal of discussion will be spent on them during the next two years, and the efforts of the Ritualist party will be concentrated on them. They are in themselves so small, that some will scarcely give them a serious consideration. That a Church should be endangered and a schism threatened because a clergyman is ordered to stand at a particular part of the table and wear a white garb, and not a coloured, is at first sight humiliating enough. But after the Purchas judgment, about 7000 clergymen signed a protest against its ruling on this question of the position of the celebrant; and in the present year, a much smaller number have published a declaration which demands, among other things, that steps should be taken 'to protect clergymen from interference in respect of the position which they may conscientiously feel it their duty to take at the holy table during the communion service': a form of words which assumes that no one else has any rights in the matter, however preposterous or even shameful the acts of a clergyman might be in this particular point. It is not asked that the eastward position may be made legal; but that the clergyman conscientiously assuming *any* position may be safe from interference. But there can be no 'conscientious' binding to any position except that which the Prayer Book orders, whatever it prove to be; for every clergyman has most solemnly bound himself to obey the Prayer Book; and therefore the real question is—What is the lawful position? This we will try to answer, premising that most of the difficulty surrounding the subject, in itself by no means obscure, has arisen from reckless writing about it of those who either did not know the facts, or were precluded by prejudice from weighing them.

The Rubrics that come into question here are two. At the beginning of the service, 'the priest standing at the north side of the table, shall say, &c.' Before the prayer of consecration, 'when the priest, standing before the table, hath so ordered the bread and wine, that he may with the more readiness and decency break the bread before the people, and take the cup into his hands, he shall say the prayer of consecration, as follows.'

Upon these two it may be asked, where is the minister to stand at the commencement of the service? Whither does he remove at the beginning of the prayer of consecration? Does he remain in this place during the prayer of consecration? Does he return to his original place afterwards? In the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., the priest stood 'afore the midst of the altar.' In the Prayer Book of 1552, he is directed to stand 'at the north side of the table,' which 'shall stand in the body of the church or in the chancel.' This direction has continued the same in substance ever since, in the revisions of 1559, 1604, and 1662; this is important to remember, because the table did in practice undergo changes of position before the last revision. Now, the plain English of this direction is that the priest stood on the north and faced south. The table being placed 'table-wise' down the church or chancel, with its longer axis east and west, the priest would neither face the whole congregation nor turn quite away from them; he would occupy a middle position, where the congregation could see his acts done at the table and hear his words. Nothing can be plainer so far. But a crowd of critics deny that north is north, and side side. One tells us, that the expression 'right corner' had been ambiguous, as it might be used with relation to the priest in front of, or to the crucifix on the altar; that a Pope cleared it up in 1486, and that the Reformers only put 'north side' to do away with ambiguity as to 'right hand corner,' and that both mean the same thing. In other words, this new direction was only a means of clearing up an old direction of the mass books; although these were to be swept away and used no more, and although altars were done away and tables put in their place. Everything about the mass was at an end; but we are told that the position of the celebrant, and that alone, was left the same. Equally ingenious is this argument: the front of a Roman Catholic altar was divided into three parts, the middle, the left or north, and the right or south; therefore he who would obey the Rubric, would stand at the northern part of the east side of the table. But this connection we repeat, between altar and table, was exactly what the promoters of the Reformation strove to avoid. The substitution of tables for altars took place all over England in one year.* It was no temporising or colourable change, for Archbishop Grindal asks later, in his 'Visitation Articles,' 'Whether all altars

* Burnet, 'Reformation,' ii. p. 95.

be utterly taken down and clean removed, even with the foundation, and the place where they stood paved, and the wall whereunto they joined, whited over and made uniform with the rest, so as no breach or rupture appear?''* Another writer divides the Jewish altar of burnt-offering into two parts, by a broad red line passing along the front; when the priest stood opposite this line, his right and left would be the north side and the south, though parts of the west side. Thus, one side is three sides; the middle of the west side is west side, and the end of the west side is north side, and the other end is south side! As for the broad red line across the front of the altar of burnt-offering, it seems not to have existed. Some line there was that went all round the altar; but the Jewish sprinkling, even if it had anything to do with the communion table, has been mistaken and misdescribed; and a quotation from Lightfoot, on which all this rests, has been, we regret to state, garbled and changed.† Another argument is, that although the Rubric did beyond doubt alter the position of the minister, at the same time that a new place was given to the table, and remove him from the middle of an altar to the north side of a table, standing in the chancel or the body of the church; still this cannot be a binding order now, for no table does so stand; but in all cases the altar-like position, against the east wall, has been adopted. The order to stand on the north side has therefore been unmeaning, and may be disobeyed. This view, elaborately argued by Mr. Walton and others, is in conflict with all those opinions that would connect the former altar, and all that belongs to it, with the present table. If the order had reference to a table only, in a table's position and use, all the arguments as to north-west corner and altar of burnt-offering fall at once to the ground. But the answer to it is curiously complete. The copy of the Prayer Book used at the revision of 1662 has been lately found, and beautifully reproduced by photography. In the beginning of it is a sheet of changes proposed to be introduced; it seems to be in the handwriting of Bishop Nicholson. One of these alterations affects the Rubric under discussion; for 'side,' it was proposed to read 'part.' Turning to the place in the book itself, we find 'part' inserted, but afterwards erased: the alteration had been proposed, considered, and rejected. But unless the altar-like position of the table had been

in view, there would have been no meaning in such a discussion. Those whom we have spoken of, as placing the 'north part' on the west side of the table, but towards the north, would naturally wish that 'part' might be read for 'side;' it would make the difference between facing east and facing south, which was what they desired. But if the table were placed lengthwise in the chancel, the dispute was idle; no one has ever suggested that the northern part of the west end of a table so situated was the place to stand. No doubt it is remarkable that, just at the Restoration, when the Churches had been in Puritan hands so long, it should be assumed that the altarwise position would prevail. But the fact is so; and the significance of it cannot be mistaken. One objection more: it is added that the priest cannot stand at the north side in our present churches, because it is an end and not a side that forms the north. This needs no elaborate answer. Euclid's definition of a parallelogram as a four-sided figure should be amended if this be true, and also the Scottish Liturgy of 1637, which has 'the presbyter standing at the north side or end thereof.' The controversy between Williams and Heylin began with a direction of Bishop Williams to the Vicar of Grantham. 'This table, without some new cause, is not to stand altarwise and you at the north end thereof, but tablewise, and you must officiate on the north side of the same by the Liturgy.' And throughout the dispute it was assumed that whatever the position of the table, the vicar must stand on the north of it, side or end.*

All this loose writing is rendered vain by two or three facts as indisputable as any historical materials can be; that in 1550, Edward VI. and his council ordered, 'that with all diligence, all the altars be taken down, and instead of them a table be set up;'† that the Rubric of 1552 referred to this table and not to the altar; and that in 1662, at the last revision, the priest was directed to stand at the north side, and not at the north part.

Still there is the second Rubric to interpret. Before the prayer of consecration some change seems to be prescribed: 'When the priest standing before the table hath so ordered the bread and wine . . . he shall say,' &c. Is this a permission to leave the north side? Is the priest to return immediately? Or is he to remain till the end of the consecration prayer in his

* 2nd Report, Ritual Commission, p. 407.

† Mishna, ed. Surenhusius, v. p. 23.

* Rev. C. J. Elliott, 'North Side of Table,' pp. 34, 35.

† Cardwell, 'Documentary Annals,' i. p. 89.

new position? Or even to the end of the service?

Now this second Rubric was first introduced in 1661-2; the Rubric corresponding to it in 1604 was simply 'the priest standing up;' and as this did not order a change of position, it did not permit one, for 'no addition is permitted.' A party in the Church had desired some change, and Laud and Wren had made occasion of the apparent inconvenience of the existing Rubric to suggest a relaxation of the direction, so that the priest might have more convenient access to the elements. The Rubric in question was new in 1661, new in substance as well as in form. The corresponding Rubric of 1604 was simply 'the priest standing up, shall say.' In the one there was some change of position with reference to the table, in the other no change, except that of posture from kneeling to standing. For the first time since the reign of Edward VI., some change at least was ordered, some relaxation allowed from the direction to stand at the north side. And the matter was not one to which people had ever become indifferent. A minister with his back to the people would have always been thought to have his face set towards Rome. Laud was charged with a similar change in the Scottish Liturgy, and he is most anxious that a right interpretation should be given. It was for the sake of allowing the priest freer use of his hands, answers Laud, 'and I protest, in the presence of Almighty God, I know of no other intention therein than this.' Wren had actually consecrated with his back to the people; he too is anxious not to be misunderstood: 'being low of stature he could not reach over his book if he stood on the north side;' an answer which, by the way, implies that the north was the prescribed side.

An alteration, then, of the priest's position in consecrating was not a thing that could escape attention in 1661. It had never been discussed or acted without raising alarm. If the alteration actually made be only a permission to leave, for a time, the position in the north to order the bread and wine for convenient access, then there is no more reason for alarm than there is in the priest's walking to the rails to distribute the elements; but if a permission is given to turn away from the congregation altogether for the prayer of consecration, and, perhaps, for all the service after it, then there is a change with a meaning, and one which, to say the least, some one or other would have been indignant about.

The silence is so general as to prove that

no one suspected that this Rubric had let in the eastward position.

The Puritan party at the Savoy Conference knew nothing of it. They puzzled over the careless answer of the Bishops to another objection, which seemed to imply that priest and people were to turn their backs upon each other in prayer. Of this greater change they say nothing.

'The minister's turning to the people is not most convenient throughout the whole ministration. When he speaks of them, as in lessons, absolutions, and benedictions, it is convenient that he turns to them. When he speaks for them to God, it is fit they should all turn another way.' The ministers answer: 'What you may mean by *they all* we know not.' *

Again the Rubric is not optional in form; it is a positive order. Before it, before 1661, the minister was to stand according to the normal position; after it he must stand 'before the table,' from the beginning of the consecration service. Between the adoption of the 'north side Rubric,' Bishops, at their visitations, were always inquiring how it was observed. Ridley, Hooper, Parkhurst, ask whether there is any 'shifting of the book,' that is, any change of position from north to west, during the celebration. Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop Cosin), asks if the minister stands at the north side, and performs all things there, save when he had cause to remove from it; but the saying the consecration prayer is not one of the occasions for removing.† If, then, the order made in 1661 is a different order, reversing this practice, we ought to find the Bishops and others inquiring after its observance: there is no such thing to be found. Add to this important negative testimony the positive witness of all the principal writers on the subject, as to what was the practice about and after 1661, and the argument seems very conclusive. L'Estrange, in 1659, two years before this Rubric, says of the practice of standing at the north side, 'this seemeth to avoid the fashion of the priest's standing with his face towards the east, as is the Popish practice.‡' Nicholls, in 1710, in his 'Commentary on the Book of Common Prayer,' after describing the Popish practice, says:

'But our Church enjoins the direct contrary, and that for a direct contrary reason. He is to

* 'Documents on Act of Uniformity,' pp. 165, 313.

† Brooke, 'Privy Council Judgments,' p. 198 (*Purchas' Case*).

‡ 'Alliance of Divine Offices,' p. 245.

stand before the table indeed just so long as he is ordering the bread and wine; but after that he is to go to some place where he may break the bread *before the people*, which must be the north side, there being in our present Rubric no other place mentioned for performing any part of this sacrament. But to say the Consecration Prayer (in the recital of which the bread is broken) standing before the table is not to break the bread before the people, for then the people cannot have a view thereof, which our wise reformers, upon very good reasons, ordered they should.'

Bennet, writing on the Common Prayer in 1708, writes:

'If the table be close to the east wall the minister stands on the north side and looks southward, and then turning to the westward he looks full towards all the people.'

Wheatley, in his well-known work, published in 1710, explains:

'Whereas it stands the priest is obliged to stand at the north side of it, which seems to be enjoined for no other end but to avoid the practice of the Romish Church, where the priest stands before the table with his face towards the east.'

These passages are unintelligible on the supposition that in 1661 the order was altered, and the priest was allowed to go through the most solemn part of the service, precisely in that position which had been described as Popish, and against which such objections could be brought.

We cannot pursue the subject. Minute as the point is, it has a literature of its own. The tracts of Mr. Ross, Mr. Droop, and others, have collected nearly all that could be said; but a whole number of the 'Quarterly' would be required to develop it. But there are two conclusions that must be drawn from the facts. One is, that from the Second Book of Edward VI. down to the Book of Charles II., the north side was the normal position of the minister, and that north side meant north end when the table was at the east wall. The evidence for this seems crying and irresistible. The other is, that no general change of order was understood to take place in this respect from 1661 onwards, and that the silence of objectors, and the comments of interpreters, show very clearly what the practice was during the next hundred years; a practice which prevailed almost universally down to the year 1840, or thereabouts: which was, in the words of the 'Non-Jurors' Liturgy' of 1718, that 'whenever the priest is directed to turn to the altar, or to stand or kneel before it, or with his face towards it, it is always meant

that he should stand or kneel on the north side thereof;' this side being explained in a later edition as the same as 'north end.'

The judgment of the Privy Council virtually affirmed these propositions. It is important to observe that if they had decided otherwise, they would have reversed the practice of three centuries.

It is true that there is an apparent contradiction between two judgments of that learned body on this point. The Lord Chancellor, departing from the usual practice of refusing to discuss in Parliament judicial decisions which may again be the subject of review, admitted, in the debate on the Public Worship Bill, the existence of such a difficulty, and may be said even to have exaggerated it in the zeal of debate. Perhaps it may be regretted that the words in which the posture of standing was insisted on in the Mackonochie case were not more guarded. 'They [the Lords forming the Court] think the words "standing before the table" apply to the whole sentence.' This interpretation is inconsistent with the practice and the comments to which we have alluded; and it was not at all required for the general course of the judgment, which was, that in a service so carefully constructed and revised, a great change of posture, from standing to kneeling, importing adoration, could not be allowed to take place in the midst of a prayer without some special direction. But if the matter comes under review, as it probably will, any court must decide upon the formularies as interpreted by history; it must not, because there is an appearance of contradiction between two judgments, dismiss the question as one that cannot be solved. In few points is the intention of the Church, from the Reformation downwards, plainer than in this. The Lord Chancellor recommended the House to make it a thing indifferent by legislation, and the House shrank from the task; but it was within the competence of Parliament to do so: it is not within the competence of a court.

A large party is asking at this moment whether this concession cannot be made to them. The answer is not easy. A point so trifling in itself it would seem to be very severe and intolerant not to concede. It is trifling, replies the layman, but you have made so much of it. Seven thousand clergymen have passed a censure on the judgment of a court, which, perhaps, not seven hundred of them had read, and upon which, perhaps, not seventy were qualified by their reading to pass an opinion. Whence all this stir? Mr. Walton would use the 'mid-altar position,' in order to be

'in harmony with the better mind and ascertained principles of our own Church in preceding centuries, and in harmony too and outward conformity with the prevailing usage of Catholic Christendom.' *

These are no trifling results. The Union Jack is but a rag of bunting, but when it is made a symbol of the power and might of England, it is no more a rag, but a national emblem. If the mid-altar position is to carry the Church back to the centuries preceding the Reformation and to conform it to the existing Churches of the Romish communion, then the trifling gesture and the important intention will have to be considered together. No one would grudge a modern Bishop Wren of diminutive stature the leave to stand where he could reach over the book. No one would prevent a Laud from having the use of his hands, if that were all. Such pleas are not now put forward.

'We have to make confession the ordinary custom of the masses, and to teach them to use Eucharistic worship. We have to establish our claims to catholic ritual in its highest form. We have to restore the Religious Life, to say mass daily, and to practise reservation for the sick.' †

The reader can judge for himself what is the temper and disposition of the country at this moment towards Romanism, and what is the probability that the movement will be facilitated by the nation granting leave to take the first steps. If this particular change were conceded, would it not be accompanied by other explanations and limitations, which would show that it was not the mind of Church or people of England to change the laws of the Church, in order to conform them again to the superstitions from which she had long escaped?

It would occupy too much space to discuss at length the use of 'the sacrificial vestments' as they are called. Like the eastward position, they have given occasion to a very learned discussion; like that, they are things indifferent in themselves, but are sought on one side and feared on the other, as part of what is magniloquently called 'the great catholic revival.' The right to wear them is insisted on in the 'declaration' quoted above, and already counter-declarations protesting against them are beginning to rustle in the air.

There have been, it seems, two kinds of dress for the clergy of the Church of England. One of these consists of chasuble, alb, and tunicle, and is supposed to imply a sacrificial ministry in the wearer; the other

consists of surplice and (in cathedrals on great occasions) cope. The chasuble is often called the 'vestment,' as in the Rubric of the Prayer Book of 1549, the first book of Edward VI. In that book the name of 'mass' is preserved, and the use of the 'vestment' permitted. In the second Prayer Book the sacrificial vestments were forbidden. Seven years later came the book of Elizabeth, which seemed to bring back the vestments, as in the former book of Edward VI. It appears, however,* that the intention was not to revive the use of the vestments, but to keep them together in the churches, until they could be dealt with advisedly. The Injunctions issued in the same year, ordered inventories to be taken of all the vestments and ornaments of worship that belonged to the altar and the mass; then came the Advertisements of Elizabeth, in 1564, forbidding the use of the vestments, and prescribing instead 'a comely surplice with sleeves.' A great mass of testimony proves that before the scathing breath of these Advertisements the 'vestments' withered away and disappeared, save where an occasional alb or two were preserved, as material for new surplices. In a few years they were gone. Discussions took place as to whether these Advertisements had the Queen's sanction; but they were acted on as if they had received it; and in 1603-4 the canons expressly recognised their validity. The course adopted by the revisers of the Prayer Book in 1603-4 seems somewhat inconsistent. They left the ornaments-rubric as it stood in Queen Elizabeth's book; but the canons which sanctioned the use of this Prayer Book provided that the surplice should be in use, and did not order or recognise the vestments.† The two, however, were read together, for there was no attempt whatever to bring back the vestments between 1604 and 1661. It was a hard matter sometimes to get the surplice itself worn. Then comes the present Prayer Book and its Rubric differing in several particulars from the former one, yet following the language both of the Rubric and of the statute of Elizabeth. It had run, 'the minister at the time of the communion and at all other times in his ministration should use such ornaments in the church as were in use by authority of Parliament,' &c. It now becomes 'such ornaments of the Church and of the ministers thereof at all times of their ministration should be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England by authority of Parliament,' &c. The changes

* Archbishop Sandys, in Brooke, Privy Council Judgments, p. 169 (*Purchas' Case*).

† See 'English Church Furniture,' by E. Peacock, 1806.

* 'Celebrant's Position,' p. 44.

† Rev. O. Shipley, 'Four Cardinal Virtues.'

are slight in appearance, but significant. They show that the Rubric was reconsidered, and we know that objections had been taken to it. They do away with the distinction between different ministrations as needless, now that the surplice was the one garb of the minister. And they insert from the Act the word 'retained,' the revisers being well aware that the vestments had disappeared for the best part of a century, so that in order to restore them, the word 'retained' would have had no force. The canons of 1603-4 continued to be binding, and these showed that the surplice was to be worn.* The vestments were then restored under the amended Rubric. It is a positive order, if it is anything. It is not permissive merely; yet the Bishops in their visitation articles are always asking if the surplice is used in all ministrations; suggesting, in other words, a breach of the law, on the supposition that the new Rubric brought back the vestments.

The Privy Council have drawn out with elaboration in the Purchas judgment the facts which we have hastily sketched. And now that criticism has had its say upon that decision, the laity may ask themselves what would have been the result of an opposite judgment? To 'retain' would have meant to 'restore' things abolished two centuries ago, the very form of which had been forgotten. Nothing was more remarkable than the want of information shown before the Ritual Commission by the leaders of the 'Catholic Revival' as to the 'minutiae of Rubrics,' and the origin of the very changes they were making. The gaudy dress with which some have lately astonished or distressed their congregations in holy communion, would have become of universal obligation under an express Rubric. And the Church would have confessed, Queen, Bishops, Priests, and Laymen, that from 1559 to 1871 the Church had made a complete mistake as to the legal mode of celebrating its chief rite! If law and history had proved this, the strain upon common sense would have been severe; happily law, history, and common sense had the same tale to tell, and the vestments not being 'retained' must be deliberately 'restored' by the Legislature, if they are to be used.

Here, then, is a short summary of the principles which seem to have guided the Privy Council in matters of ritual. The Prayer Book is to be regarded as the complete and sufficient guide of worship, and no one is to add thereto. The things removed from worship in the time of Edward VI. and Elizabeth were lawfully removed

then, and have not since been restored by any law.

If doctrinal cases are included in the survey, it will appear that the Judicial Committee have had cases before them affecting every one of the three great parties in the Church. They have shown themselves somewhat slow to convict for errors of doctrine on any side. In the cases of Mr. Williams, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Voysey, the latitude to be allowed in interpreting the Articles and formularies was fully discussed. Mr. Heath and Mr. Voysey were condemned: it is difficult to conceive any system of interpretation under which they could have escaped, short of the right to affirm as true, and then to deny, the same proposition. The other defendants were acquitted, and there was a decided tendency shown in the judgment upon them to afford them all benefit from possible interpretations of their words. But in a penal case any court would think the defendant entitled to this. In the Gorham case (which, by the way, was not a case under the Clergy Discipline Act) the interests of the 'Evangelical party' were thought to be involved. The judgment established their right to a place in the Church of England. In the recent case of Sheppard v. Bennett the 'High Church party' threatened secession if Mr. Bennett were condemned from statements which were characterised by the Judgment as 'rash and ill-judged, and perilously near a violation of the law.' Mr. Bennett was not condemned; but, as an editor of these judgments observes,* 'all that is decided in his favour amounts to no more than this: that the dogmatic statements which he makes, when charitably viewed and taken in *meliori sensu*, are not so plainly repugnant to, or irreconcilable with, the teaching of the Church as to justify the Court in visiting him with punishment.' Throughout this group of cases there has been evinced a disposition to examine with patience and respect the doctrinal standards of the Church, and a marked indisposition to inflict punishment or loss on account of doctrinal expressions. A different course would have resulted in condemnations which would have been taken by each of the great parties in the Church in turn as affecting itself. No doubt each judgment in its turn brought pain and excited comment; nor are we called on to defend or discuss the decisions. But the general course of them does not seem to be repugnant to the principles of English justice; nor can it be said that it tends to the

* Canon 58.

* Brooke, 'Privy Council Judgments,' p. 272.

protection of any one party or the extirpation of any other.

Under the Judicature Act of 1872 the court is now reconstituted. The recasting of all the machinery of jurisprudence through the country gave the occasion, which those who afterwards opposed the Public Worship Bill were not slow to seize, and for the future all those cases will come before a purely secular tribunal. Convocation, taken by surprise perhaps, made no sign. But a great and fruitful change has been effected—with what results it may be difficult now to presage. It is certain that the Ritualistic party have again and again protested against the present Judicial Committee as a secular tribunal, having no right to decide in spiritual causes. Will they obey the new secular tribunal for which they have successfully agitated? If not, will the nation consent again to alter its highest tribunal because an active party finds its decisions do not help them to 'a harmony and outward conformity with the prevailing usage of Catholic Christendom'?

The condition of things in the Church had become such as to fill the boldest with astonishment and the bravest with alarm. The Ritualistic party asserted their right to disobey alike the admonitions of the Bishops and the decisions of the Courts in favour of 'the voice of the Catholic Church.*' The voice of the Catholic Church, being interpreted by each clergyman for himself, is equivalent to the fancy of each clergyman; and what was openly claimed was 'protection from interference' for any clergyman in doing his own will, and speaking according to his own fancy, in the parish where he ministered. The discipline that was to deal with this lawlessness was vested in courts which, for slowness and for cost, might break the spirit and ruin the purse of any one who attempted to put them in motion. In the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie* the costs were about 5000*l.*; and one scandalous fact connected with that case was elicited in the debate on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, that when Mr. Mackonochie had been duly sentenced and the prosecutor had to come back to the court to enforce obedience, the costs for a monition to enforce obedience amounted to 1459*l.* The offences charged were laid in 1866, and it was not till 1870, or four years after, that the last order was made.† It was a sentence of three months' suspension from duty upon one who had

been twice before the court for setting its monition at defiance. Litigation being too expensive for private purses and too long for the ordinary life of man, passed into the hands of two Limited Liability Companies: the Church Union offered to prosecute Mr. Voysey and to defend in the Ritualist cases; the Church Association had for its object to proceed against the Ritualists. Fees, such as counsel dreamed not of before, were paid from the stock thus raised. An attempt by the Bishop of London to enforce the law in all the cases in his diocese, the most important, might have absorbed the whole revenues of the see for five years. In short, the old order of a Church governed by an episcopate was fast returning to primeval chaos, and those were the dissolvent principle who professed in theory the greatest reverence to catholic order. A Church or a State can subsist through troubles and even errors; but an organisation without laws is a contradiction in terms, and what would be mere anarchy in a State cannot *à fortiori* have place in the Church of God, who 'is not the Author of confusion but of peace.' The question was no longer whether this or that practice should prevail, but whether any clergyman, who had vowed to his Ordinary a reverent obedience, and had solemnly declared his approval of and adherence to the Prayer Book, might manipulate the Prayer Book to suit his own fancy, and defy and lampoon his Bishop upon the slightest remonstrance.

Whence was to come the remedy? Both Convocations had pronounced their opinion; it was hostile to the pretensions of the Ritualists. Perhaps the Duke of Marlborough was in theory right when he said that any measure for reforming the Church courts should be a Government measure; but no Government was likely to undertake so thankless a task. The laity had gone on complaining for twenty-two years. In April, 1851, the Queen sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury an address to the Crown, signed by 230,000 persons, against innovations in public worship. On the 5th of May, 1873, an address was presented to the two Archbishops at Lambeth, drawing attention to the magnitude of the evil and suggesting remedies. It was signed by more than 60,000 persons of weight and influence. The Archbishops took some time to consider their reply, and in it they admitted the existence of the evil. The admission has been echoed from every side in the recent debates in Parliament, even by those who were most opposed to legislation. The reply of the Archbishops was probably the origin of the Public Worship Regulation

* See for illustrations a work called 'Facts and Testimonies touching Ritualism,' by Oxoniensis. 1874.

† 'Times,' May 12, 1874.

Bill, which was an attempt on the part of the Bishops themselves to remove a wrong and a danger admitted on all hands to exist.

The attempt to legislate produced, as might be expected, a storm of invective. All the fountains of abuse in that strange portion of the press, the Ritualistic papers, poured forth their black streams anew. Nobody seemed to study the measure itself; every one viewed it through some distorting lens. What was less to be expected and more to be deplored, was that the High Church party, who would not come under the scope of the measure at all, joined their voices with the rest in indignant protest against legislation. They, too, refused to view the measure in its real nature. But the time has now come for describing it as it really is.

What with the changes forced upon the measure by various parties; it may be said that there were three Bills for the regulation of public worship. They were all alike in these points: the right to complain was strictly limited to those who might have an interest; the offences were also specified and limited with care to changes in the fabric and ritual of the churches; and contumacious disobedience to the orders of the tribunal was to be followed by suspension.

In the Bill originally proposed the idea was to give to the Bishop that directory power as to worship which the Prayer Book and the Canons seem to have contemplated, in more than one place where matters are to be decided by reference to the Bishop. But there was to be associated with him a board of assessors, clerical and lay, belonging to the diocese, whose advice and determination would guide him. An appeal was to be allowed to the incumbent from the Bishop and his assessor to the Archbishop with an assessor, whose decision would be final. The objections to such a proposal are obvious. It was a new kind of tribunal, and it involved elections of assessors and the consequent excitements. The mode in which an untried body would do its work was matter of conjecture. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that this measure was an attempt to get rid of judicial mechanism, and to refer complaints less formally to a Bishop sitting in his chamber with advisers round him. It soon became evident, however, that this novel proposal would meet no support from those without whose legal knowledge and official position no proposal coming from the Bishops could have been expected to be adopted by Parliament.

Hence it came that, on the second read-

ing, a number of amendments were announced that virtually made the measure a new one, and the second Bill came into existence. Complaints were to come from the same quarters, and were to relate to the same things, as in the first draft, but the hearing was to be before the Bishop and his Chancellor, or, if the Chancellor were not a lawyer, then before an assessor in lieu of the Chancellor. The Bishop might refuse to proceed in the case; but then the complainant might appeal to the Archbishop, who might adjudicate. If the case was heard before the Bishop, then either party might appeal to the Archbishop; but the Archbishop might then send the case at once to the Privy Council without retaining it for hearing in his own court; by which much time and expense would be saved.

But this amended Bill was to give place to a third Bill. As the day for the committee approached, a mass of amendments accumulated, probably unexampled in amount. Out of them, however, emerged three of chief importance. Lord Shaftesbury proposed that one ecclesiastical judge should preside in the courts of Canterbury and of York, with a salary of 4000*l.* a year, to be raised ultimately out of the fees on marriage licences, and other like payments, but in the meantime by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. All cases of complaint under the Act were to go direct to this judge, and an appeal lay from him to the Supreme Court of Appeal. The appointment of the judge would be in the two Archbishops, with the approval of the Crown. Some amusement was afforded by the Bishop of Peterborough on the second reading, who pointed out that Lord Shaftesbury had been denouncing several principles that had been adopted from his own Bill of 1872 into the Archbishops' Bill; but the probable solution was that the amendments which now stood in his name had been drawn for him by another hand, and that he had not considered their bearing upon his own legislative efforts on the same subject.

The objection to these schemes—to the Archbishops' and Lord Shaftesbury's alike—to the minds of many Churchmen besides Lord Selborne, was the inevitable ~~of~~ litigation which it introduced. The authority of the Bishop himself seemed likely to be merged for ever in that of his court. There had been enough of law and of courts; could not the office of a Bishop be restored, with its attributes of counsel in all things and decision in cases of doubt? Was it worth while to enact that for the

future there should be two courts and not three, and good rules of procedure, instead of those which had proved bad and antiquated? Might not some nobler mode of treatment of such subjects yet be found? Lord Selborne endeavoured to answer that question in some amendments, which, if they had been introduced at first as a substantive measure, would have received, as they certainly deserved, a fuller consideration. The Bishop was to have power to issue a monition on any subject dealt with by this Act with or without complaint, addressed to the incumbent, directing him what to do or to discontinue. The incumbent had only two courses open; he must either obey, or must return for answer that he believed the monition to order things 'unauthorised by law.' Thereupon the Bishop would take steps to obtain a legal decision by application to the Archbishop, who might, as in a former draft, send the case direct to the Court of Final Appeal. But that court would have before it simply the monition of the Bishop and the objections of the incumbent, and would determine in a summary manner, and as a matter of urgency, whether the monition was legal or not. There would be no provision as to costs. This plan would be distasteful to those who wished to use the law courts for fighting inch by inch the ground of Ritualism; but to all others it would offer several advantages. It would bring back to a reality the visitatorial power of the Bishop, and his power as referee in the doubtful cases mentioned in the Preface to the Prayer Book; nor would it have carried that power much higher than it had stood in former times. But, besides this, it would have been a real and complete remedy for all the evils complained of; and no one can promise so much for the Act that has at last been passed. The Bishop's monition would be valid in all cases where it was good in law. A few more decisions upon disputed points would have made the body of the law complete: if in one or two cases the Court of Final Appeal had modified its judgments, these reconsidered opinions would guide the law. That the remedy would have been very complete, and far less expensive than any other, may safely be said. But there were objections which could not have been got over. The Bishops did not seek a power which would seem to make them immediately responsible for every change in every parish, and to reduce to the position of curates to the Bishop all the incumbents of the diocese. The laity had become sore and angry with the Bishops at the long delay of the remedy

which they sought. The Government would probably have lent no help to the proposal. It is even possible that a leading member of the Cabinet regarded Lord Shaftesbury's amendments, which moved upon another line, with something of parental regard. From all these causes it happened that the plan of Lord Selborne hardly received the full and attentive consideration which the position of the author and the merits of the scheme itself would have commanded at another time.

The only other amendment that need be discussed as fundamental was that brought forward by the Bishop of Peterborough. It provided that certain things were exempt from proceedings under this Act, on the ground that doubts were entertained about them, and 'it is not desirable that the clergy and laity should be disquieted by litigation about any such matters;' a remark applicable, we should hope, to all matters. The class of *adiaphora* thus created contained seven heads:—1. The 'North Side' question; 2. The use of the words of administration to each communicant separately; 3. The use of hymns in worship; 4. Evening communions; 5. The preaching of afternoon or evening sermons; 6. The compulsory use of daily public prayer; and 7. The use of the Communion Service. To these it was immediately proposed by Earl Stanhope to add 'the use of the Athanasian Creed.' It is now understood that this amendment was not conceived by the Bishop of Peterborough; nor could it have escaped a Bishop that there is no law against afternoon sermons at present, but, on the contrary, a stringent provision for enforcing them, and that the sermon as a distinct service, and the severance of holy communion from the morning service, have been already legalised; and that if hymns in the service are illegal, the way to deal with a custom absolutely universal is to make it legal as soon as possible, and not to offer a mere exemption from proceedings. When the amendment was stripped of these superfluities, it appeared to offer to the 'Low Church party' the power to disuse the Communion Service in return for the power to the 'High Church' clergyman to stand on the north side. But this proposal was viewed with swift-growing disfavour by almost all parties. It was seen that this original list of exceptions was delusive; that far more things would be added, or at least striven for; and no party was disposed to barter important principles for leave to carry out its own principles more fully. If the Athanasian Creed were to be included, none would be content with that mode of dealing with a

symbol so venerable and so valuable,—the exempting people from prosecution who neglected its use. If the list of exceptions became very large, the principle of uniformity would be abandoned, and the list itself reduced to an absurdity. Other reasons may have come in. But, at all events, when the Bill went into committee that amendment was withdrawn by its proposer, and its details were not discussed at all.

It is well known that the amendments to which Lord Shaftesbury's name were attached were incorporated in the Bill, and gave colour to the measure which passed the Legislature with such unexampled strength of support. Much has been said as to the Bishops allowing their measure to be so materially altered as to become a new Bill, without withdrawing it and leaving the matter in the hands of the Government. It should be remembered, however, whatever be the view taken at last upon that point, that the Bishops could not possibly carry a measure without the aid of one or other of the great parties in Parliament, and that as soon as it became evident that Lord Shaftesbury's amendments would receive a modified but substantial support from several members of the Government, the chief question would be whether with these a moderate working measure would be produced. If the Government would not initiate a measure, and the Bishops could not pass one, there was no practicable way but that the Bishops should introduce a measure, and allow amendments to be proposed to it. So far the course taken was reasonable, and it is well that the Bishops did not stand upon their dignity and demand that Parliament should either adopt or reject the whole measure. The subject was far too difficult, the mind of the country in far too excited a condition, for that high-handed treatment. But it is not explained how this revising process was submitted to twice over. On the second reading large and substantial amendments were announced by the Archbishop of York; and it might have been supposed that these represented the opinion of persons who were found to be disposed to support the measure. It was after this stage that the measure which the leading Lords in the Cabinet were prepared to support, took its shape, and in the hostile hand of Lord Shaftesbury. The explanation is to be sought perhaps in the divided condition of the Cabinet itself on this question. The practical result was that the Bishops suffered, but the measure was saved. Lord Shaftesbury, whose soul was vexed by the fate of his own manifold Church Discipline Bills in for-

mersessions, was appeased by being made the instrument of compelling the Archbishop to accept his amendments. The measure thus received a shape in which it was possible for most of the Ministers to support it, without the Government assuming the responsibility at that stage. It is not necessary to decide whether the Bishops should have stood upon their dignity and should have clung to their original measure, or to that modified Bill which they had framed to meet the real or supposed wishes of the Government: one thing is certain, that if they had done so no measure would have been passed in the last session, and it is doubtful whether, with increasing confusion in the Church, the opportunity would ever have returned of passing a moderate Act.

Parliament was not long in expressing its opinion. The second reading in the House of Lords was adopted without a division. When the Bill went into committee the strength of support for it was yet more manifest. The first important division showed a majority of four to one; and in a later clause, giving power to the Bishop to hear and decide in private by consent, when the Government and the Opposition seemed to combine to reject a part of Lord Shaftesbury's scheme, which was thought an essential qualification of the whole, the united leaders carried into the lobby only 49, whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury was supported by 93. By this time, the fate of the measure in the Lords was decided, and the ultra-sacerdotal party had begun to rely on 'pressure to be brought to bear upon members of the House of Commons.'

Pressure of one kind there existed from the first. The Bill left the House of Lords on the 28th of June. During the month of July, through a road encumbered with lagging Bills, amongst which the ablest charioteer might find the measure he was guiding clogged and overthrown, an independent member of the House undertook the task of directing to a successful issue a Bill that must excite at every step as it passed along passions and animosities of every kind, a Bill that would find its wheels spoked with 'amendments' intended to be fatal. From far-off Wales came a breath of rumour that did not presage peace. Achilles was returning to the fray, with the flame upon his head, and that voice the very sound of which carried fear and confusion to Trojan hearts.* In more sordid prose, Mr. Gladstone rose from nursing his heart upon the War of Troy, and from trimming the quiet

* *Iliad*, xviii., line 203, &c.

woods of Hawarden, and with resolution in his heart and Six Resolutions in his pocket, was to cast himself in the path of this hated measure and to destroy it. So thus, without other pressure, the mere pressure of time seemed to fight against the measure. Upon the whole the prospect of the Public Worship Regulations Bill seemed very poor at the close of the first night's debate upon the second reading. Mr. Gladstone's speech was passionate and vehement from first to last, and promised opposition at every point. A prominent member of the late Government went away from the House and made known to his friends at dinner that Mr. Gladstone had just delivered a most statesmanlike speech, introducing six remarkable resolutions, and that the fate of the Bill was sealed. 'When Mr. Gladstone sat down,' says a writer in the 'Guardian' newspaper, 'every one felt that the Bill had received a fatal blow, and that "not all the King's horses nor all the King's men could put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again," unless, indeed, the Government gave it exceptional advantages.' The actual event, the fate of these resolutions, no writer in the press nor critic in the clubs succeeded in divining. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Gladstone undertook that the ground should be contested inch by inch; and the speech of the latter showed that his powers for such a task were at their best. Never, according to the unanimous opinion of all who heard him, did the great orator of the House of Commons speak with more brilliancy or greater effect.

Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, containing a distinct policy, should be recorded here:—

'1. That in proceeding to consider the provisions of the Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship, this House cannot do otherwise than take into view the lapse of more than two centuries since the enactment of the present rubrics of the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England; the multitude of particulars embraced in the conduct of divine service under their provisions; the doubts occasionally attaching to their interpretation, and the number of points they are thought to leave undecided; the diversities of local custom which under these circumstances have long prevailed; and the unreasonableness of prescribing all varieties of opinion and usage among the many thousands of congregations of the Church distributed throughout the land.'

'2. That this House is therefore reluctant to place in the hands of every single Bishop, on the motion of one or of three persons, howsoever defined, greatly increased facilities towards procuring an absolute ruling of many points hitherto left open and reasonably allowing of diversity, and thereby towards the establishment of an inflexible rule of uniformity throughout the land, to the prejudice, in mat-

ters indifferent, of the liberty now practically existing.'

'3. That the House willingly acknowledges the great and exemplary devotion of the clergy in general to their sacred calling, but it is not on that account the less disposed to guard against the indiscretion, or thirst for power, or other fault of individuals.'

'4. That the House is therefore willing to lend its best assistance to any measure recommended by adequate authority, with a view to provide more effectual securities against any neglect of or departure from strict law which may give evidence of a design to alter, without the consent of the nation, the spirit or substance of the established religion.'

'5. That, in the opinion of the House, it is also to be desired that the members of the Church, having a legitimate interest in her services, should receive ample protection against precipitate and arbitrary changes of established custom by the sole will of the clergyman and against the wishes locally prevalent among them, and that such protection does not appear to be afforded by the provision of the Bill now before the House.'

'6. That the House attaches a high value to the concurrence of her Majesty's Government with the ecclesiastical authorities in the initiative [of legislation affecting the Established Church.]'

Now, there can be no doubt that these resolutions are entirely against the whole principle of Acts of Uniformity from the beginning. Sir William Harcourt found an easy triumph in pointing out that, from the Reformation downwards, the having 'one use' instead of the numerous service-books that had prevailed, had been the purpose of the Church of England, expressed in the preface of all her Prayer Books in succession. There are, of course, objections to this absolute uniformity; and it admits of argument whether the advantages or the disadvantages of uniformity predominate. The Shortened Services Act of 1872 is an admission that in some points relaxation of uniformity may be permitted and is desirable. Further steps may be taken in the same direction; it is likely that they will. But this is not the question here. Shall a clergyman have power to make changes himself in any or all of the services of the Church irrespective of the practice of his predecessor, of the wish of the congregation, and of the ruling of the Bishop? Shall he have no limit upon his power of doing so except that his alterations must not 'give evidence of a design to alter, without the consent of the nation, the spirit or substance of the established religion'? Is such a test at all practical? The reason for an Act of Uniformity is, to recall the language of the judgment in the Bennett case, that 'if the minister be allowed to introduce at his own will varia-

tions in the rites and ceremonies that seem to him to interpret the doctrine of the service in a particular direction, the service ceases to be what it was meant to be,—common ground on which all Church people may meet, though they differ about some doctrines.’ The parishioner as he goes to church has a right to know, as to all substantial points, what service it is in which he is to engage and to which he is to commit himself by taking his part. No doubt he should have some protection as to the sermon also; but his share in that is different. If it is against his views of doctrine he mentions that fact to his wife and his neighbour on the way home. If it is dull and careless, another kind of remedy steals over him of itself in the course of it. But to see his clergyman bowing to the elements when no such homage is directed, or wearing various garbs that are not ordered, which are so much the more alarming to him by how much the less he understands their origin or meaning; these things irritate and concern him even when he does not know in what quarter to complain. But his clergyman would not admit that these changes are intended ‘to alter the spirit and substance of the established religion.’ On the contrary, the language held by the Ritualists is always, from Tract 90 downwards, that the formularies of the Church of England, rightly understood, are consistent with medieval doctrine, rightly understood. So that the parishioner has put upon him the onus of proving that the changes are intended to subvert the established religion, in the face of a protest from the clergyman that they will do nothing of that kind. The last times of that parishioner would be worse than the first. For the passing of these Resolutions would have been a complete change in the position of the Church of England. Besides the well-known passage in the Preface to the Prayer Book the whole history of the Rubrics from 1549 to 1662 [shows that directions, even distinct ones, in the Prayer Book were held to be strictly binding, and that those who wished them altered sought to do it by law. Even where there were offences, the mode in which they were dealt with proved the principle. When did not plead that his eastward position ‘was not intended to subvert the religion of the country;’ he pleaded that he was a little man. Laud, in like circumstances, advanced no such general plea, but only that he could use his hands better. In modern times, long before this controversy arose, that eminent judge, Sir John Nicholl,*

affirmed the principle of uniformity: ‘The law directs that a clergyman is not to diminish in any respect, or to add to, the prescribed form of worship; uniformity in this respect is one of the leading and distinguishing principles of the Church of England; nothing is left to the fancy of the individual. If every minister were to alter, omit, or add according to his own taste, this uniformity would soon be destroyed.’ The courts have again and again affirmed this principle in later decisions, and it may now be taken as settled. But in order to meet and arrest a Bill, which made no new law, created no new offence, and only improved the procedure of the Ecclesiastical Courts, the great liberal chief came down from his retreat, prepared not to relax a little the principle of uniformity within definite limits, not to increase the number of things that may be done in one of two ways at discretion; but to abolish the principle of uniformity altogether, in favour of the principle of diversity, with this distinction only, that if it could be proved that the changes were subversive of the national religion some check should then be applicable.

This, however, was not to be. On the 15th of July, after an adjourned debate of unusual power and dignity, Mr. Disraeli, in a speech of great force, disposed of the resolution which laid on the Government the duty of dealing with Church Discipline Bills by an easy reference to the series of Lord Shaftesbury’s Bills of past years, to none of which the Government of the day had put its hand. Doing justice to the three great parties in the Church, he denounced the action of those who foster Romish doctrines which when they entered the Church they had taken a solemn promise to reject utterly. He described the debate as only part of a great struggle agitating all Europe.

‘I speak from strong conviction and from a sense of duty when I say that I wished to direct the public mind as far as I could to the consideration of circumstances in which it was so deeply interested, and which could not fail to influence the history of the country. I said then that it appeared to me to be of the very utmost importance—and I am speaking now at the time when I addressed a large body of my countrymen as lately as autumn last—I said then as I say now, looking to what is occurring in Europe, looking at the great struggle between the temporal and spiritual power which has been precipitated by those changes, of which many in this House are aware that in the disturbances and possible disasters which may await Europe, and which must to a certain extent sympathetically affect England, it would be wise for us to rally on the broad platform of the Reformation, believing as I do that those

* In *Newberry v. Goodwin*, 1 Phillimore’s ‘Reports,’ p. 282.

principles were never so completely and so powerfully represented as by the Church of England, and that without the learning, authority, wealth, and independence of that Church they would by this time have dwindled into nothing.'

Seizing the occasion which Mr. Gladstone had given him, he promised the fullest discussion of the resolutions, and announced that after anxious consideration he thought it best that the question should be settled in the present session.

Eye-witnesses have described what followed. Evening had arrived, and the House, jaded with a long and anxious sitting, was eager to divide. A clear voice made itself heard above the clamour; it was Mr. Hussey Vivian, an old and tried follower of Mr. Gladstone. He rose to warn him not to persevere with his resolutions; 'not twenty men on his own side of the House would follow him into the lobby.' But already deft lieutenants, mournful of aspect, had brought slips of paper to their chief, fraught it seemed with no good tidings. When the Speaker put the question there was no challenge for a division. Amid the roar of mixed cheers and laughter the House broke up; and the six resolutions that seemed to bear in their womb six days of weary fight, melted away into darkness. They were formally withdrawn the next day; and from that time, Mr. Gladstone, yielding not ungracefully to the manifest resolution of the House, abandoned his intention of contesting all the ground, and filled a useful place in the discussion.

From that time the course of the measure was easy; the majorities were overwhelming on all the main details. A conflict seemed at last to impend between the Lords and the Commons on a subject of very minor importance. A discretion was given by the Bill to each Bishop to allow or to refuse to allow the Act to be put in motion. There is nothing analogous to this in other courts; that an official should have power to close the door of his court against a suitor. The Commons, considering that the matters dealt with under this Act are difficult and delicate, agreed with reluctance to this provision. But they desired to weight it with an appeal to the Archbishop, so that there might be a power of reserving the Bishop's discretion. This had been considered in the Lords, and the Lord Chancellor had there disposed of it, with the words, 'an appeal for discretion is a thing unknown to the law.' The House of Commons reinserted it by a large majority. In the Lords, the Bishop of Winchester, affirming that Bishops are by divine

right and that Metropolitans are of human institution, and adding with needless vigour that if he were not sure of his divine commission he would strip off his robes and trample them under his feet, led the opposition to this provision of the Bill. The prelate's argument is difficult to follow. As the law now is, Archbishops are vested with the power of reviewing the discretion of Bishops in many particulars. In Ireland, up to the Disestablishment, the Archbishops could and did inhibit the Bishops whilst they visited their dioceses. In England, as to the sale of glebe lands, the admitting colonial clergy to officiate, the holding of livings in plurality, the celebration of marriages in unusual places, the Bishop cannot act without an Archbishop. Yet these are never construed as restraints on the sacred functions of the Bishop, or on his high commission. All that was proposed here was that if the Bishops were to have a new power of interposing between a suitor and the justice that he sought, there should be some restraint upon the somewhat hazardous privilege. For less high-flown reasons, however, it was well that the provision should be excluded. It was the inevitable result of past struggles that the relations of Bishops to clergy should be those of law rather than those of pastoral guidance. To grant this appeal would practically have abridged the Bishop's power of mediation very greatly.

Another short debate in the Commons settled the fate of the Bill. Sir William Harcourt inveighed against Mr. Gladstone, but was not suffered to depart unscathed. Mr. Gurney, whose tact and temper had contributed much to the success of the Bill, advised the Commons not to insist on their amendment; the Prime Minister in another speech of vigorous eloquence adopted the same course. The Public Worship Regulation Bill took its place among the completed measures of 1874.

Whilst this paper is passing through the press, Mr. Gladstone has published* his matured view of 'Ritualism.' He defines the word in three senses: as an undue disposition to ritual, as an attempt by means of ritual to assimilate the Church of England to the Church of Rome, and as any changes in ritual which being novel are displeasing to the prejudices of this man and that. Dismissing the last as a mischievous prejudice, he discusses the first, whilst all the rest of the nation has been regarding the second. If, indeed, the question were only, how far

* See 'Contemporary Review' for October, 1874.

ritual might be carried so as to be consistent with the degree of fervour and devotion of which a congregation is capable, Mr. Gladstone would be a useful guide. Here are some remarks which offer matter for thought:—

‘To accumulate observances of ritual is to accumulate responsibility. It is the adoption of a higher standard of religious profession; and it requires a higher stand of religious practice. If we study, by appropriate or by rich embellishment, to make the church more like the House of God, and the services in it more impressive by outward signs of His greatness and goodness, and of our littleness and meanness, all these are so many voices, audible and intelligible, though inarticulate, and to let them sound in our ears unheeded is an offence against His majesty. If we are not the better for more ritual we are the worse for it. A general augmentation of ritual, such as we see on every side around us, if it be without any corresponding enhancement of devotion, means more light but no more love.

‘But it is even conceivable, nay, far from improbable, that augmentation of ritual may import not increase but even diminution of fervour. Such must be the result in every case where the imagery of the eye and ear, actively multiplied, is allowed to draw off the energy, which ought to have its centre in the heart. There cannot be a doubt that the beauty of the edifice, the furniture, and the service, though their purpose be to carry the mind forward, may induce it to rest upon themselves. Wherever the growth and progress of ritual, though that ritual be in itself suitable and proper, is accepted, whether consciously or unconsciously, and whether in whole or in part, by the individual, as standing in the stead of his own concentration and travail of spirit in devotion, there the ritual, though good in itself, becomes for him so much formality, that is so much deadness.’

But this is a part of an answer to a wrong question: What amount of ritual may precisely suit the English Prayer Book? That is a question which might be settled without much heat, and with which Parliament would not interfere. But the question which has occupied the public mind is a quite different one. When certain clergymen tell us that they hate the Reformation; that the leading Reformers were villains; that the present Prayer Book is inadequate, and that we must at least go back to the first Book of Edward VI., in which Holy Communion was still the Mass; that their object is to revive the doctrine with which the word ‘mass’ has always been associated, and to establish the system of the confessional in connection with it; when aspirations after a return to medieval practice and doctrine, and to conformity with “the Western church,” are freely uttered; in short,

when every step taken is a step nearer to Rome, and is openly proclaimed to be a step in that direction; it seems that there is one question, which should take precedence of Mr. Gladstone’s: Which is the Service Book to which our ritual is to be made to conform? That question does not trouble Mr. Gladstone much. It is hopeless, he thinks, to bring the country back to Romanism:—

‘At no time since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth; when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *semper eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith: when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history. I cannot persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief.’

True; the task is hopeless now as it has been in the past. But in times past it proved impossible, because the nation shook from its neck the imposed or offered yoke. It is no consolation to a parish condemned to bear with the vestments and gestures of Rome, its wafers and mixed chalice, its confessional and its doctrine of transubstantiation, to be told on high authority that the end of such experiments will be that the nation cannot be perverted. They do not wish to suffer the process; they are not disposed to be the body on which the experiment is to be made. To put an end to the experiment itself is the demand of the people, and the task of the legislature and of the government of the Church. Throughout his paper Mr. Gladstone speaks of ‘the congregation,’ and not of the parishioners, a change not without a wider significance than the limits of this question. Congregations have some power of self-protection: they can cease to gather together. The parishioners, who have all equal shares in the common parish church, have no such protection for their rights. They may reasonably object to being used for experiments. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone may hereafter discuss the other question, much more interesting to the people, and on which he could no doubt give a just and sound verdict:—Is it a legitimate use of the pastoral office in the Church of England to endeavour to change her formularies and standards to those of a different Church? That has been the question of the

hour, and seems to need the earliest reply. The elaborate paper of Mr. Gladstone condemns such an attempt, but would not hinder it by law: it will probably satisfy no one. The answer of the country, so far, is written in the Act for the Regulation of Public Worship.

It is much to be regretted that some of those who have so loudly condemned this measure have not passed part of their time in reading its provisions. For a measure less like a tool of persecution it would be difficult to conceive. No new offences are created. If a clergyman is supposed to have committed some breach of order, a complainant must first be found, and the Bishop himself cannot be that complainant; so far his hands are tied. The complaint is made. If the clergyman finds that he is wrong and has not a leg to stand on, he can submit at once to the Bishop. If he is confident in his case, he is sent before the new judge of the Ecclesiastical Courts. But that is his fate now, except that he has the possible advantage of being haled before a diocesan Chancellor first. Once in the hands of the new Dean of the Arches he is surrounded with all the safeguards and protections of law, just as at present. Suppose him to be condemned, however, in that court, still he has another resource. The Court of Final Appeal is open to him, and there again all the protection that law can give him is his. The whole process is one step shorter as to time, and it will be one-third cheaper in consequence. We are told that this is the very grievance, that the costs and slowness of the Courts were a protection; but can any party lay claim to a vested right in the dearness and tardiness of justice? If it does, can any country admit such a claim? If it is the right of one side that a cause should last for years and cost five thousand pounds, it is just the wrong of the other side. But now the cause is over and the condemnation pronounced. What is the amount of it? Not suspension or deprivation or pecuniary mulct; but an order not to do the like again. It is only when this order is disobeyed that penal results arise; and in case of prolonged resistance, deprivation would follow at last. It is impossible that this should be otherwise. Every court must have power to enforce its own decrees; and in this class of cases the clergy have formed a special contract with the Church that they will use and obey the Prayer Book. If they fail in their part of the contract, they cannot expect to hold their position and influence and emoluments. These are the other side of the coin. There are not wanting some who attribute much of the re-

cent troubles to the false leniency shown by the Privy Council to Mr. Mackonochie. But however that may be, the immunity from punishment in contumacious and persistent breaches of the law, is a right that cannot be set up or conceded. One grievance that was made the most of has been that a judgment of the court is to take effect at once, unless it is otherwise ordered by the court. Dr. Pusey exclaims, 'We are to be suspended *pendente lite*,' in a manner to touch the hardest, if it were true; but there is, we repeat, no suspension at all except for disobeying orders or decisions of court; and it is not unreasonable that a clergyman doing a new act or introducing a new garb, should be asked to refrain until he has established completely his legal right. Considering closely the provisions of the Act, the laity will wonder by-and-by what there is so very different from present practice as to cause such effervescence of feeling, and why, if the Bishops were afoot, they did not ask for powers more stringent from a Parliament so willing to grant. The law against new ornaments and against structural changes without a faculty, was just as strict before as it is now. How can the Church be puritanised or reduced to a dead level of uniformity? How can 'the position of every clergyman in the Church be altered,' if the law about ritual remains the same, but with an administration somewhat quickened? Those are not the best friends of the Church of England who use such exaggerated language in the present crisis. There is nothing more remarkable about the Public Worship Regulation Bill than its moderation; and indeed a feeling of disappointment is sure to arise when the working of this measure falls short in thoroughness of the expectations of many who have watched its progress. The promoters were wise to ask for moderate powers; but they must have made their account with that kind of disappointment when they did so.

But it is not the measure itself that pinches, but the resolution to have a measure. In the High Church movement at present there is far less intellectual vigour than there was in its palmy days; and there is a sensitiveness to public opinion in its leaders that suits ill with the violence of their language towards others. They have assumed that all the real work done in the country is their own, and that to suppress Ritualism is to commend and invite laziness. A glance at any large town will show that there is no foundation for this complacent assumption. The Ritualist party has a few successful and active clergymen; and also a good many of whom this could not be

said. It has a small but active following, who, like the supernumeraries at a theatre, create an impression of multitude by entering at many points in divers dresses. They are the same voices that shout at St. James's Hall, respond at St. Albans's, and demonstrate at Church Congresses. The present movement has furnished the first test as to the progress made by the Ritualist party in its ambitious programme of obliterating the Reformation and bringing back the nation to the position of past ages and of other nations. They have had unusual advantages, supporters in the present Cabinet and in the last. But when the question was fairly before the House of Commons whether it was not high time to check their proceedings, the answer was unanimous, and their friends were unable even to divide. This is the really important point, far more so than the measure which was produced.

The lesson thus given may yet be wisely received. There can be no disposition on any side to narrow the Church of England. Within her borders have met together Taylor, Bull, Waterland, Barrow, Butler, Leighton, Beveridge, Burnet, Ken, and Tillotson, in generations gone by; and in our own time a Keble, a Trench, a Stanley, a Mac Neile, a Robertson have found room for their feet. With a National Church, to narrow is to destroy; but the narrowing begins when any one party tries to trim the Liturgy for its exclusive use. If vestments and genuflections and attitudes of mystery are required as essential then strife begins, and intolerance and exclusion. The three great parties that have existed in the Church will still exist, and each will contribute its share to the common life. For the motto of the Church of England might well be 'evangelical truth and apostolic order'; and her attitude towards the culture and science of the world, one of friendly but independent interest; and the High Churchman, the Evangelical and the Broad Churchman, each finds in this programme the point that he would make prominent. The Church has done and is doing a great work; hers is not a life that can be snuffed out by a Church Discipline Bill. If there should be restored to her by means of this act the grace of obedience and order, it will reinforce her with new strength to deal with problems that require all the powers spiritual, moral, and intellectual that she can put forth.

For this is no question of a few wilful priests and disorderly churches. Far greater interests are at stake. The Church of England occupies at this moment a position of deep importance to the whole modern

world. Mr. Disraeli, almost alone of the speakers in the late debate, lifted the discussion to that higher level, and warned his hearers of the coming struggle. We are engaged in it already. On the one side, Popery severing itself more and more from all modern interests, and exercising less and less influence over them, has stretched to the utmost the measure of her pretensions. The ideas of the world and of the Papacy are two streams proceeding in opposite directions. To welcome culture and civilisation, and to trust the masses of the people gradually with higher and higher privileges, these are the aims of all parties in the modern world; and the Conservative shares them as well as the Liberal. And these are no worldly impulses in the bad sense of that word: freedom and education and independence are of the spiritual part of us; they ennoble him that receives them and him that confers. The Pope replies to these ideas, to this tendency, with a Syllabus and a Dogma of Infallibility. To curse the knowledge which it cannot control, and to strive more and more towards absolute irresponsible power, are the tendencies of the great spiritual guide of millions in Europe. What is the consequence? Search the literature of every Roman Catholic country, and you see how little influence of any kind the dominant religion possesses. The thought of the world has passed out of its hands: it has no sympathy with it: it is moving in an opposite direction. The Papacy has begun by anathematising and casting out all modern thought and science; how then can it hope to influence them? Intellectually the Pope is passing fast into the position of Benedict XIII., when the Council of Constance had deposed him, and he was shut up with a handful of followers: 'The whole Church is assembled in Peniscola, not in Constance, as once the whole human race was shut up in Noah's Ark.' This is the guide whom millions have inherited as their one authority in spiritual things; this is the power with which many desire to be in communion; this is the Church that makes proselytes in this country. No doubt an infallible guide in spiritual things would be better than our troubles, only three things stand in the way: this claim to infallible rule and supremacy is a violation of the old constitution of the Church, a contradiction of all the history of the Papacy, and a blasphemy against the Almighty.

Contrast with this the Syllabus of Prof. Tyndall at Belfast, and you have the other great force at work upon modern thought fully before you, and described in eloquent

language. It is, however, materialism of the most thorough-going kind. Before it, should it prevail, prayer and faith in God, and fear of God, must go down; and all the churches that teach these must dissolve. It has already prevailed much; in Germany and France its power is great, and spreads widely. It is at the bottom of many social troubles that have befallen other countries; and, perhaps, this country is not safe. We are not to suppose that science confines itself to its own work of observation and classification of facts; it has become in its turn dogmatic. 'Though in the course of ages,' says Mr. Maxwell, 'catastrophes have occurred, and may yet occur, in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved, and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built, the foundation-stones of the material universe, remain unbroken and unworn.' Here is a guarantee for the eternity of atoms from one who must confess that he never isolated an atom, and that all he knows of its eternity must be the conjecture of his own mind. Can dogmatism go further? On certain scientific minds, too, the subjects of prayer and miracles exercise a fevering and exciting influence, so that they cannot, after demolishing them, leave them on one side, and do their proper work. Against science, true to its aims, and modest in pursuing them, not a word should be said. The names of Faraday and John Phillips, departed from us, are beautiful to the memory in this connection. Many a living name lies ready, but we must not select. Nor would we attribute to Professor Tyndall any motive other than a love of truth, which all who know him attribute to him. But the atomic theory is but a poor gospel; and if men are to part with all their traditional motives, all their future hopes, and receive in return a dogma as arbitrary as any that the mediæval Church is chargeable with, that Molecules are the Eternal, we question very much whether the interests of the molecules are so important to most people as to furnish them with a spring of action or a motive of life. We can even conceive it possible that, satisfied of the permanence of the molecules, an intelligent disciple might be the more disposed for some very ugly and sudden form of social change. We even think that this lesson has been clearly recorded and red-lettered on the page of history.

Between the imperishable Atom and the infallible Unit, social institutions are destined to sustain severe trials. This country has hitherto been lightly visited; but there

is no hope of a complete escape. The papacy has been from the beginning antagonistic to political order. Claiming authority over all things, and jealous of all modern developments, her very attitude is hostile to states as they are. We feel it in Ireland; the Germans know it in Germany; the Spaniards in Spain. As for science, we do not pretend that she never can supply new motives in place of the old ones she tries to take away; but if the powers that be are not ordained of God, but only developments of the eternal molecule, we do not find as yet any serious attempt to give mankind some strong motives for social order instead. Science at present lacks authority. Ask the colliers of Durham and Staffordshire to adjust their claim for wages by political economy, and you will find that when the scale is rising they are willing to abide by it; but when the tide turns, the laws are resisted to the utmost.

Now the thought and the mind of the world never can and never will kneel again at the feet of the Pope. Infallibility leaves itself no place for repentance, and the breach between Rome and the modern world is utter, is final. Nor can the modern world live without a religion; in the rarified atmosphere of the temple of the atoms, common spirits cannot breathe. Moreover, the two extremes draw further from each other, and are more utterly hostile. Between the Pope and the atoms, between superstition and unbelief, between denial of all science on one side, and the glorification of science on the other, mankind needs some refuge; and here the Church of England has a work to do. Identified with the social interests of the people, she has never opposed their improvement; she has taken a leading part in their education; she has afforded to science many of its best votaries; she is often charged with intolerance; but, compared with other religious bodies, her large and paternal toleration is conspicuous. The great truths of the Christian Creeds she has kept faithfully. She has been gaining by greater activity a deeper hold upon the affections of the people of late years. Her parochial organisation has been very favourable to the rural districts. Large masses of population can provide for their own instruction; the village is less self-helpful than the town. In every country place there is one educated man proclaiming the message of consolation, administering the sacraments, comforting the unhappy, making the death-bed less dark by consolation. With all her faults, her work of this kind has been immense. She makes no claim to crush the will of the layman that the priestly will may

prevail; nor to chain up the conscience that blind obedience may take the place of free action. Against the confessional as a system she has set her face steadfastly. And now, when her work is prospered the most, and her line of action stands clear before her, the same fanaticism that prevails everywhere else, is invading her. She is invited to get up a pale and feeble imitation of Rome; of course without Rome's discipline. In order to revive some show of the mass, and some imitation of the confessional, a party in her pale is prepared to risk all disorder and to employ all forms of slander and disobedience. It is vital to the whole Church that this should cease. The Church cannot do her work till it ceases. The pretence that this party has a monopoly of work in the Church is now pretty well understood. There are amongst them good, bad, and indifferent, as in other parties; and of the best it may be said that they would have worked better if they had worked in loyal obedience to their own Church without trying to bring her nearer to another. In Acts of Parliament as instruments of a great reform, we have not much faith; but from the general tenor of this year's proceedings, much good may come. In 'the great catholic revival,' the nation has taken no part. It has not had the effect that its authors hoped for. Its very lawlessness made it weak; for God is not the author of confusion but of peace. Looking out upon the stormy waste, from the tower that God has still made so strong, the Church of England sees enough of perils without, and of works of virtue to be done, to awe her into peace, and to restore a substantial unity of spirit in the overmastering unity of aim and work. For wielding safely free social institutions, which have repeatedly broken down in other hands, England is now the admiration of the world. It is possible yet that she may establish a greater title to admiration, in a Church able to raise and refine the national life, instead of sourly condemning its ideas and strivings; in a Church tolerant towards other religious bodies, but clear and definite in its own teaching; in a Church where charity of thought and speech is something more than a lesson to teach school-children, is an active principle for clergy and laity alike.

NOTE UPON THE ARTICLE 'PRIMITIVE MAN
—TYLOR AND LUBBOCK,' in No. 273.

We have received the following letter for publication:—

Trinity College, Cambridge,
7th August, 1874.

SIR,

In the July number of the 'Quarterly Review' of the present year reference is made on p. 38, in the article entitled 'Primitive Man—Tylor and Lubbock,' to an essay by me, published in the 'Contemporary Review' for August 1873, and entitled 'On Beneficial Restrictions to Liberty of Marriage.' The passage is as follows:—

'Elsewhere (pp. 424-5) he (Mr. George Darwin) speaks in an approving strain of the most oppressive laws, and of the encouragement of vice to check population. There is no sexual criminality of Pagan days that might not be defended on the principles advocated by the school to which this writer belongs. This repulsive phenomenon affords a fresh demonstration of what France of the Regency, and Pagan Rome long ago, demonstrated; namely, how easily the most profound moral corruption can co-exist with the most varied appliances of a complex civilisation.'

The Reviewer thus asserts,—

First, that I approve of the encouragement of vice to check population, and of the most oppressive laws.

This I absolutely deny.

These pages (424-5) form part of a merely historical sketch of the various marriage customs and laws which have obtained at various times and places. The sketch is prefaced by a distinct statement that the facts are merely given historically. The laws and customs referred to by the Reviewer are those of the early German communistic bodies, and considerable prominence was given to them on account of their extraordinary nature and barbarity.

Secondly, he asserts that there is no hideous sexual criminality which might not be defended on the principles advocated by such as myself.

I deny that there is any thought or word in my essay which could in any way lend itself to the support of the nameless crimes here referred to.

The reference to myself is moreover introduced by the statement that,—

'Now, however, marriage is the constant subject of attack, and unrestrained licentiousness theoretically justified.'

The whole object of my essay was to advocate the introduction of further regulations in our marriage laws; and the institution of marriage is attacked only in so far as that I maintained that certain changes therein are required.

Each of these charges is absolutely false and groundless.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
GEORGE DARWIN.

To the Editor of the Quarterly Review.

Nothing could have been further from our intention than to tax Mr. Darwin personally (as he seems to have supposed) with the advocacy of laws or acts which he saw to be oppressive or vicious. We, therefore, most willingly accept his disclaimer, and are glad to find that he does not, in fact, apprehend the full tendency of the doctrines which he has helped to propagate. Nevertheless, we cannot allow that we have enunciated a single proposition which is either 'false' or 'groundless.' Mr. Darwin's own words are (p. 412): 'The object of this article is to point out how modern scientific doctrines may be expected in the future to affect the personal liberty of individuals in the matter of marriage.' That the mode in which they may be expected to affect 'liberty' and 'marriage' has his approval is manifest, since he tells us (p. 419): 'one may hope' for certain preliminary restrictions, and that (p. 420) 'we can only make a really successful attack by compelling the production, before marriage, of a clean bill of health in the party, and ultimately in his parents and ancestors.' He next considers the possibilities of future legislation, and, as a preliminary, enumerates various laws and customs which have already prevailed. But as he does not say a single word to intimate his disapproval or condemnation of them generally, we may be excused if we misapprehended his meaning as to certain of them, more especially as some of the practices (as for instance great facility of divorce) enumerated in the same pages are elsewhere expressly approved by him. Thus he remarks (p. 418): 'A next step, and one to my mind urgently demanded, is that insanity or idiocy should of itself form a ground of divorce,' adding that the 'patient, should he recover, would suffer in no other respect than does everyone who is forced by ill health to retire from any career which has been begun; although, of course, the necessary isolation of the parent from the children would be a peculiarly bitter blow.' Certainly it would be difficult to advocate legislation more oppressive and heartless than this. Mr. Darwin will not probably venture to assert that the persons, whom his

proposed legislation would debar from marriage, can be expected to lead a life of continency. We are confident that no unprejudiced person, certainly no Christian, can regard the approval of such laws and practices as anything less than an approval (however little intended) 'of the most oppressive laws, and of the encouragement of vice to check population.'

But the whole tone and tendency of the article is (as Mr. Darwin would probably be the last to deny) in harmony with the teaching of that school which, regarding temporal welfare as the one only end and material prosperity as the one only sanction, logically denies all absolute individual rights, asserting that man is essentially no better than the brutes, and may, like brutes, be treated in any way useful for material ends without regard to any Divine law. Mr. Darwin (p. 413) himself speaks of difficulty in carrying out such restrictions as he advocates, 'so long as the *pernicious idea* generally prevails that man alone of all animals is under personal and direct management of the Deity; and yet what believer in evolution can doubt that results as surprising might be effected in man, as are now seen in our *horses, dogs, and cabbages?*'

We would further remind Mr. Darwin that the words, 'there is no sexual criminality of Pagan days which might not be defended on the principles advocated by the school to which this writer belongs,' by no means imply that Mr. Darwin himself has in his essay defended such crimes. We expressly disown the interpretation which he puts upon our words. We spoke of the school, and not of an individual. But when a writer, according to his own confession, comes before the public 'to attack the institution of marriage,' even though it be 'only in so far as that certain changes therein are required' (such changes being, in our opinion, fatal in their tendency), he must expect searching criticism; and, without implying that Mr. Darwin has in 'thought' or 'word' approved of anything which he wishes to disclaim, we must still maintain that the doctrines which he advocates are most dangerous and pernicious.





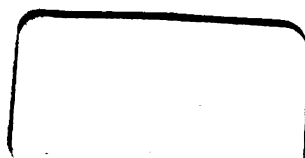
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